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# Spring 3100

MARCH  
1931



# Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

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VOLUME 2

MARCH, 1931

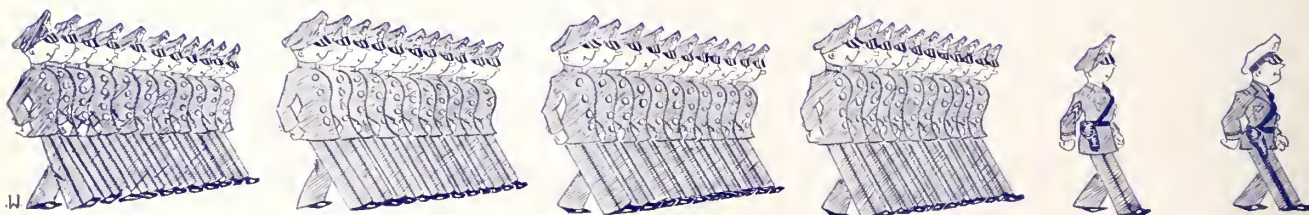
NO. 1

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

## STAFF

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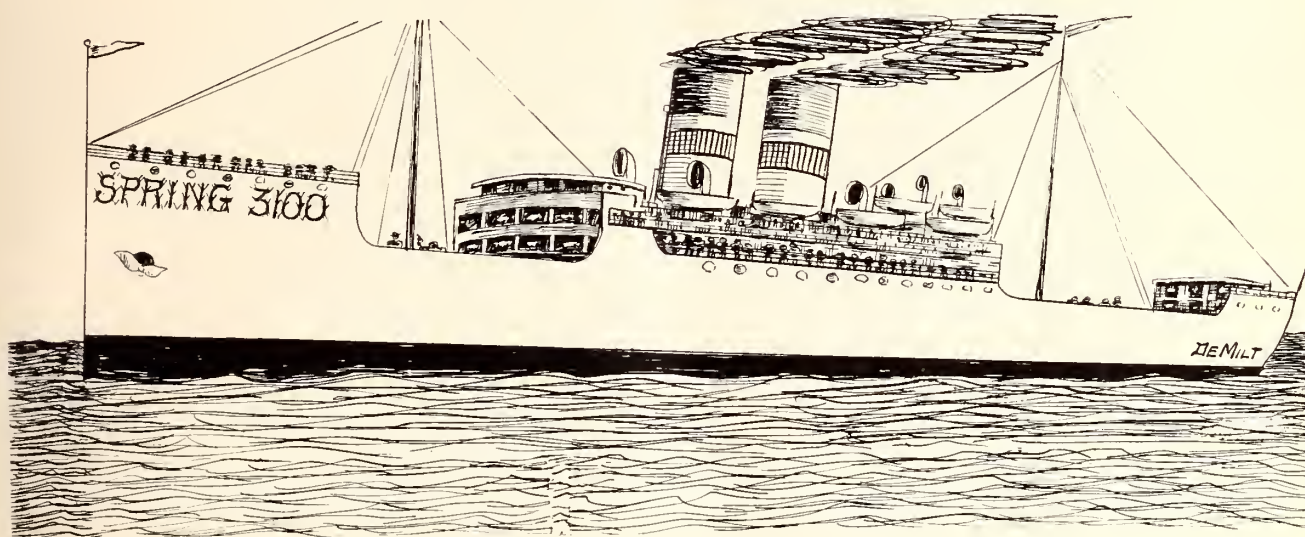
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Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.



# editorial page, or what have you?

SAILING ALONG NICELY, THANK YOU



With this issue, dear fellow members of our club and faithful readers, spring 3100 becomes a year old. just think of it, once we were a mere babe in arms and now we are big enough to ride in a kiddy car as you will see by our cover. (adv.) we trust our infant fingers have curled so closely around the heart of the department that it can't beat without us and we hope those alleged friends of ours who predicted we would wither up and die in three months feel sorry for themselves.

but there is nothing deader than yesterday's news. yes, we know that dead has no comparative but we are using our poetic license. onward and upward is our motto. however, before we climb to new heights, it might be just as well to review the past and get our bearings so that we may more easily scale the peaks.

first of all, we think we picked a pretty good month to be born in, what with st. patrick's day and shamrocks and four leaf clovers, and a chap named grover a. whalen as our founder. we carried on the good old tradition by having a gentleman named mulrooney as our second big boss and of course our

staunch friend john o'brien has stuck right by us from the first. so for all of those reasons we are strong for march as the month in which to start our career.

then speaking of other things to be thankful for, we are glad we have changed a good deal of the make-up of this magazine. you remember those cuts we had in the first issues, slammed squarely in the middle of the page—well they aren't with us any more for which we may be all devoutly grateful. no more squares, nothing less than a triangle now when it comes to make-up.

and we are also thankful, while on the subject of thanksgiving, that we have such splendid regular contributors as for instance, deputy inspector john j. o'connell with his questions and answers department, and such good occasional contributors as the writers whose stories and articles have of late graced our pages. we also praise the sterling reporters whose precinct news is read before all else. the regular staff of this magazine doesn't get any praise—it's their job and they have to do it or get hell.

this is a plan we worked out to ascertain how many of our readers study these editorials. we ask all of you to celebrate spring 3100's birthday by sending in a suggestion regarding the magazine. tell us if you would like more stories, tell us if you would like more articles and if so of what nature. tell us if you would like more or less humor—well, anyway, you get the idea—just tell us even if you like us as we are.

see you at the big league opener next month and we hope to have a lot of communications to discuss with you at that time. so until april.

# A Page to Please The Big Boss

*Courtesy, intelligence and efficiency have been stressed above all other qualifications by Police Commissioner Mulrooney in his public and private talks since taking office. The Commissioner's attitude is that New York is the most generous of all municipalities and that her citizens rightly demand intelligent, efficient, courteous service.*

*It is therefore a pleasure for SPRING 3100 to print the following letters from citizens commending police officers who have shown the qualifications sought by the Commissioner. May the other members of the Department all follow these good examples.*



"Thank you, officer, I hope I haven't troubled you too much."

"It is NEVER too much trouble to be of service, dear lady; it is always a sincere pleasure."

## Postmaster Kiely Thanks Us

February 3, 1931.

Hon. Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Police Commissioner,  
240 Centre Street, New York City.

My dear Commissioner:

I wish to extend to you my thanks for the services rendered by the police detail assigned to this building on Saturday, January 31st, during the Communist demonstration.

I desire particularly to congratulate you upon the tactful forbearance exhibited by the members of your force who were assigned to this task. It was indeed a pleasure to note the manner in which those policemen performed their duty on that occasion.

With best personal wishes,

Sincerely yours,  
JOHN J. KIELY, Postmaster,  
New York City.

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## The Cops Were On The Job

BOOTH AMERICAN SHIPPING CORPORATION  
Pier Foot 33rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

March 2, 1931.

Honorable Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Commissioner of Police,  
240 Centre Street, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

This A. M. I received a telephone call requesting my presence at District Attorney Dore's office in Brooklyn, relating to an arrest which had been made in connection with the shooting of a patrolman in August, 1929, from my Buick car, which was stolen some weeks previously.

There are a number of people who are very partial to adversely criticizing the Police and the Police Department, but I take this opportunity of commending the work of your department in this case, which I am sure is only one of many, proving that the New York Police Department are on the job, regardless of how long ago a crime was committed.

Yours very sincerely,  
RICHARD W. BEGLEY,  
Superintendent Engineer

## Spring 3100 Is Read In China

THE CENTRAL POLITICAL INSTITUTE  
Nanking, China

January 30, 1931.

The Editor, Police Journal,  
New York City, U. S. A.

My dear Sir:

Kindly send me a sample copy of your magazine: as I am a Professor of Police Administration and will be interested in subscribing to it. Thank you in advance.

Yours respectfully,  
TAO YUAN HU.



Silly: "Rose's are red and Violet's are green."  
Dilly: "Heh! Heh! You mean blue."  
Silly: "No, green. I saw them on the line yesterday."



# Hook, Line and Sinker

## Another Sad Story

By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT



*"Don't worry, Old Timer, I'm wise to the racket."*

**I**T'S a great life if you don't weaken, young feller, and the longer you go on in this racket the more you will appreciate the significance of that time-honored slogan.

"Let's see now; you're in just about a year and a half. Right? And, sonny, quoting another popular slogan, you ain't seen nothin' yet, and don't let anyone kid you into thinking different. Get me?"

It was the Old Timer speaking, of course, and young Bill Bonner, veteran of nearly two years' service was the uneasy listener. They were on patrol. It was a little past four in the morning, and they had met at the intersection of the posts to chew the rag a bit and compare notes.

That the Old Timer was in a reminiscent mood was quite apparent, and young Bonner not only knew he was in for a long listening job but had already resigned himself to the inevitable.

"Yes, sir," continued the Old Timer, "I've seen quite a few kids go wrong in this job and not altogether from rum, either. As long as I live, though, I'll never forget the case of young Dick Mullens, as snappy and clean cut a young copper as ever massaged a crook's forehead with a nightstick. A



smart boy with the ladies, too, and there wasn't a Jane living on the post who wasn't clean nuts over him.

"And that's what had me worried, son, because in this job there's nothing will take a fellow's mind off his work quicker than a Jane will. I've seen plenty, believe me, and with all my experience I know less about them today than I do about why a fool cat is blessed with nine lives while a poor frog has to croak every night.

"Repeatedly I warned him—make no mistake about *that*. I liked him an awful lot. He was such a slashing good copper that you couldn't but help admire him. Inclined to run wild every once in a while but I could always handle him. He feared nothing. And fight—say, that kid would sooner mix it up with a corner load of tough guys than eat. *Single-handed, too, remember.*

"He always had the same answer for me. He'd just slap me on the shoulder and say—'Don't worry, Old Timer, I'm wise to the racket. I'm strictly a *"Love 'em and leave 'em"* guy—you ought to know that by this time.'

"I had my misgivings, however, in spite of his brave talk. Then, suddenly, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky it happened. He had just returned from vacation—on a big farm somewhere up in Connecticut. Boy, you never saw such a changed kid in all your life. It seems he went for some farmer gal up there, and she took him—hook, line and sinker.

"Believe me, it was pitiful. On the level it was. Almost overnight he changed from the dashing, dare-devil young copper he was into the nearest approach to a blushing pansy you ever saw in all your days.

"And it wasn't bad enough that I had to *witness* this metamorphosis, but being his buddy I had to *listen*—day in and day out—to a gosh-dang line of mush that every once in a while made me feel like I wanted to sock him—for his own good, y'understand.

"Every day off found him on the first train out, and upon his return I'd be entertained with something like this:

"*'Don't mention this to a soul, Old Timer, but last night we sat on the veranda for over an hour. The moon never before beamed so beautifully. Then I gently put my arm about her glorious waist and I whispered—'Beloved one, you are the light of my life—my inspiration—my guiding star. You thrill me—you BEWILDER me with your heavenly loveliness. Without you life would be but a bleak, barren desert. Bereft of all hope I would wander forth. Misery—gloom—desperation—DESPAIR—would be my bitter potion.'*

"Nice line of boloney for a big he-cop to hand out, eh, what? But that was NOTHING. Another time he nails me and hands out *this* line: They had had the most *delightful quarrel*, he explained, about who was going to wash the dishes after they were hitched, and very dramatic like, he said, *'Ah—a cruel and bitter disappointment awaits her.'* And like a big slob I butts in and says, conciliatory like—"That is silly, Ed., suppose now that she washes 'em and you dry 'em, no regular feller ought to kick about that." And he comes back with—"No. **EMPHATICALLY** no! *That's going to be MY devoted task in all its sweet entirety.'*

"Then, another time he tells me about a *glorious accident* she was in. It seems she fell off a hay wagon head first into a snowbank. Nothing but her dainty, silken-clad limbs were visible; and after he'd yanked her out she blushed so prettily, he said, and coyly accused him of having been *entirely too deliberate* in the sweet, SWEET task of extricating her.

"Remember, sonny, this went on for weeks. And will I ever forget the day he raved about how she had never—never—even **VISITED** the wicked city here. And I says casual like—"But ain't you afraid she's gonna miss the cows and the chickens and the geese and the ole jackass and all that stuff?" And he comes back with—"Of **COURSE** not. *She'll always have ME, won't she?*" which was evidence enough he figured on subbing for the whole bloomin' barnyard.

"Well, he grew steadily worse. As a copper he wasn't worth a dime a dozen. Half mumbling to himself he'd scramble over his post, eyes staring vacantly and a twitching around his Adam's apple that to this day I cannot explain.

"That innocent little farmer gal sure did a first-class job. One of the slickest I've ever seen, in fact. Of course, you know how those dizzy romances generally work out. That's the *tough* part. Poor Ed. He was licked before he even started, and never even *suspected* it. And finally, when the big blow-off came—as it had to—of course—he flopped completely.

"I haven't seen him these past few years, but I hear he's working now somewhere out in Queens. He's put on a lot of weight, they tell me, and has settled down away beyond his years. He'll never be the same, poor kid; he can't. It's not in the natural scheme of things.

"And that, sonny, is what a sweet little country lass did to as slashing and rip-snorting a young copper as ever you'll set eyes on."



"Half mumbling to himself he'd scramble over his post."

"Gee-whiz," ejaculated young Bonner, tremendously impressed, "that's a mighty sad story at that. I suppose she just kidded the poor sap along until she had him good and groggy, and then, Jane-like, gave him the old business. I'll say it's tough—no kiddin'."

"Tough is right, sonny. Ah, well, as Bill Shakespeare would say—*such are the vicissitudes of life*—whatever t'hell *that* means. But as I said before I really liked that kid, expected him to **BE** somebody in this job, and somehow or other I always want to remember him as he was before this young country Jane came along and deliberately—"

"Broke his heart—I know exactly what you're getting at."

"Say, you're not trying to be funny, are you?"

"Why, no. But—er—she *canned* him, didn't she?"

"No such luck, silly, she **MARRIED** him."

"O-h-h! ! ! ————— ! ! !

## The Police Academy Library

The Police Academy now has a reference library, which is located at the easterly end of the sixth floor of the Police Headquarters Annex and is open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., except on Sundays and holidays. The Extension Division of the New York Public Library co-operated splendidly with Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell, dean of the Police Academy, in the establishment of the library.

Among the books now available for study are standard works on police service, crime repression, crime prevention, criminal investigation, social work, behavior and personality. The best authorities on parole, probation, penology, sociology, psychology, psychiatry and psychoanalysis may also be consulted. The library is available to all members of the Police Department, and the students at the Police Academy are especially urged to make use of it.



# The "Dip"

By LIEUTENANT WILLIAM J. RAFTIS, *Pickpocket Squad*



*Soft Pickings*

**M**Y policy has always been one of direct action. I like to begin at the beginning, to say what I have to say, and then to stop. So in telling about pickpockets, against whom I have worked for more than a score of years, I will start with a brief description of the type of youth who usually enters upon this particular method of crime.

The pickpocket generally develops from the kind of a boy who, not being blessed with a strong physique, has to make slyness and cunning serve him instead of force in his boyhood struggles. He therefore builds up these traits until he relies upon them to serve him throughout his life. There is nothing strong or forceful about the pickpocket either physically or mentally, but he is often very cunning, shrewd, wary and difficult to catch.

Well, let us suppose that a youth with the characteristics I have mentioned loses his job when he is in his late 'teens or early twenties. He loafs around in the corner hang-out of his gang and tries to figure out how he can beat the game of Life by using his cunning. The boy calls it using his brains—but he hasn't any brains—if he did have he wouldn't be heading straight for a life of crime.



There is generally a pickpocket among those who frequent the boy's hangout. Perhaps the thief has made a good haul and is flashily dressed and seems to have plenty of money. The youth makes inquiries and finds out that the man is a pickpocket and soon afterwards the world of crime has a new recruit.

The youth starts out as a patch pocket worker—the lowest type of pickpocket, and that's pretty low, indeed. Patch pocket workers operate mostly in the Spring, Fall and Winter, but not in the summertime because then the women do not wear coats with their pocketbooks in the outside pocket. This primary class of pickpocket usually starts his day's work around 7:30 o'clock in the morning and continues until about 9 A. M. He starts again about 4:30 P. M. and quits about 7:30 P. M., when the evening rush of homeward-bound honest working people is over.

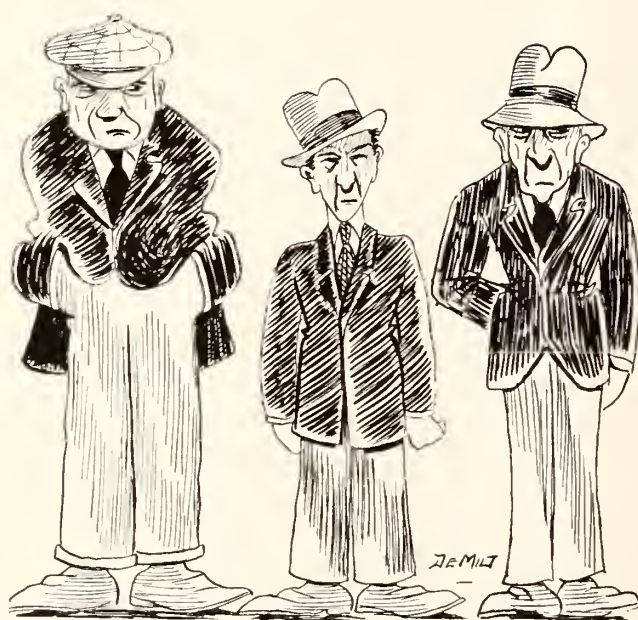
The patch pocket worker's methods vary in three degrees, depending upon the amount of experience he has had. He usually carries a newspaper in one hand or has his overcoat over one arm. When he sees a bulging pocket, and usually he picks out a woman's coat pocket, he feels to see whether the bulge is a pocketbook. If it is a pocketbook he extracts it from the owner's pocket, using the overcoat or newspaper as a shield for his hand.

Some members of this class of thieves operate with a newspaper held in the left hand. After one of them puts his hand in somebody else's pocket, he removes the contents of the pocket and places them between the newspaper pages and backs away from the crowd. I neglected to mention that the patch pocket worker usually operates in five and ten cent shops, at parades, or wherever there is a gathering of women.

The patch pocket worker is particularly easy to catch because of his inexperience. Nevertheless, detectives of the Pickpocket Squad have to exercise great care in dealing with this elementary class of "dips," and usually follow the practice of letting the

thief dip into four or five pockets before arresting him. The victims are nearly always working people, who often prefer to lose the small amount of money the pickpocket has stolen from them rather than go to the trouble and additional expense of losing a day's work by appearing in court against the thief.

Since the patch pocket workers are nearly always first offenders, they are generally charged with disorderly conduct—placing the hands in the proximity of another person's pocket. The defendants very often present character witnesses, and if their previous record has been good they are placed on probation. I am happy to say that very many of these patch pocket workers are brought to see the error of their ways by this first arrest and turn their manual dexterity into honest channels.



*Birds of a Feather*

However, this article deals with the pickpocket who will not reform. I have told my readers what he was like before he became a "dip," and how he operated when he first started to steal. I will now tell you how he looks at the end of the road—when he has become what detectives term a "fob worker."

About 99 per cent. of the fob workers are men between fifty and seventy years of age. They have been working in every branch of pocket-picking and are now hopelessly rounding out a misspent life. They look like the kind of men who stop you on the Bowery and beg for a hand-out, and they follow wherever a crowd collects, working usually from 11

A. M. until 2:30 P. M., depending on the season of the year.

There are only two pockets in a person's clothing from which the fob worker can steal; that is, the outside overcoat pocket or the right-hand inner coat pocket. This class of pickpocket carries a handkerchief in his left hand, and standing beside his victim, covers his own right hand with the handkerchief in his left hand, inserts a couple of fingers in the victim's pocket, takes out whatever money is there, backs out of the crowd, looks around and edges away. If no one has noticed him, the fob worker looks at his loot, gives the crowd the once-over again and repeats his illegal activity.

While fob working is larceny from the person, and therefore grand larceny, it is usually prosecuted as disorderly conduct. This again is because of the reluctance of Mr. Average Citizen to appear as a witness. Every fob worker, however, has a long criminal record, and therefore, instead of being paroled, generally receives an indeterminate sentence of from six months to two years in prison.

By this time you know something of the beginning and the end of a pickpocket's career. The prospect isn't very encouraging, is it? What comes in between?

There are four other types of pickpockets, known as lush workers, bag openers, toilet workers, and pants pocket workers. The pants pocket worker's method calls for the highest degree of skill and he is recognized by pickpockets as being at the top of the heap in this particular class of thievery. The pants pocket worker often works alone, although sometimes he has a partner and occasionally operates in "mobs" of two, three or five. His favorite time is during the rush hours of the morning and in the evening and he likes motion picture theatres, subways, piers at the time when ships are departing—oh, anywhere there's a crowd.

The pants pocket worker, operating by himself, carries as a rule either a coat over his arm or a newspaper in his hand. Skillful as he very often is, an experienced detective can spot him rather easily because the pickpocket does not act naturally. He has more purpose in his expression than an honest man, there is more of a sharp look about him—it's something hard to explain, but easy to detect, that something which sends a feeling crawling up a detective's spine, that a pickpocket is about. The lone pickpocket of this class nearly always operates in the subway because most people are in a tremendous hurry getting on and off of subway trains.

When pants pocket workers go in pairs, one who does the actual pocket picking is known as a "tool"; his partner is called a "stall." The "stall" has three objects—to cover the hand of the "tool" when it is in the victim's pocket, to bump into the victim and divert his attention from the "tool," and to receive the pocketbook which the "tool" has removed from the victim's pocket. When such thieves work in groups of four or five, there are two "tools" in the outfit. One "tool" takes his position on either side of the intended victim. This is done so that the "tools" will not have to shift from one side to the other to locate the victim's pocketbook.

(Continued on page 19)



# Barney on the Beat

By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT

## BARNEY CELEBRATES HIS FIRST ANNIVERSARY





# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



**W**E would be decidedly remiss in our duties if we failed to remind you at this time that Old Man Sunshine, he of the bewhiskered chin, the voluminous ears, the eagle eye and the big blabber-mouth, celebrates in this issue the first anniversary of his truly hectic existence.

Of course, some may harbor the profound belief that said hectic existence has already existed *exactly one year too long*; while others feel that the old gentleman should be spared a bewhiskering—for a while longer, at least, or until such time as it becomes imperative to invoke the services of a good firing squad. There is a remote possibility, these latter few claim, that he might improve—or at least mend his ways. At best, they argue, he can't get worse.

And that, gentle reader, is the precarious situation with which the old boy is confronted today—the commencing of his second year on earth, as he takes his trusty typewriter in hand and continues with the solemn business of trying to inject a little monthly sunshine into your otherwise jaded lives.

And surely, if he hasn't brought you a few smiles in the past, his prattle has at least induced an odd chuckle or two. Isn't that true? Of course it is. We have been sorrowfully assured so, anyway.

It hardly seems that a year has passed since Old Man Sunshine first strutted into our office, shook hands all around, picked out a brand new desk for himself and blithely launched his mirth-provoking career as a cop columnist and gloom-chaser. That his powers as a clairvoyant are uncanny beyond all human conception has long since been established. Honestly, wherever he digs up those fantastic facts, fables and foibles with which he embellishes *The Minutes* each month is away beyond us. And don't lose sight of the fact that we have been assured by more than one of SPRING 3100's faithful readers that until they saw themselves spread out in Old Man Sunshine's column they had never even dreamed they possessed the alluring accomplishments and the many noble qualities with which the old fellow so unselfishly vests his devoted subjects.

And you certainly must acknowledge he plays no favorites. No, indeed. One of his biggest scoops of the past year, a real *coup d'etat*, we'll say, was the heart-rending tale he sprang about the Big Boss in our October issue. Remember? About how he was all set (*Annie Oakleys, railroad tickets and all*), to witness the opening game of the world series in Philadelphia—and instead wound up in the Mayor's office discussing crime prevention until long past nightfall?

The P. C. sure got a kick out of *that* story, believe us. And we'll bet he's still wondering how in the name of sense Old Man Sunshine ever got hold of it.

And with the starting of his second year he has promised to regale you with even bigger and better stories, and to inject into his column plenty of vim, vigor and vitality—even a *little taste*, if necessary, so as to insure a standard of breeziness guaranteed to out-breeze even such breezy places as the beaches Palm and Miami.

And all to the end that SPRING 3100 may continue to enjoy its well-earned reputation as—one of the friendliest little magazines ever published.

**H**OW about a swell little air drama, for a change? Okay? Fine. We'll start right in by introducing the principals.

*The Hero:* Tom Rochester, Chief Engineer of the Department. (*Conceded the logical successor to Tom Edison's crown in the sphere of high and applied electrical science.*)

*First Conspirator:* Art Chamberlin, our distinguished Managing Editor. (*A very personable chap. Recognized as one of America's great fliers.*)

*Second Conspirator:* Art Wallander, pride of the Air Service Division. (*The only copper who ever flew 3,000 miles for no particular reason other than to get himself handcuffed.*)

Now go on with the story.

The Police Commissioner is intensely interested in the perfection of radio's newest imagination stretcher—wireless telephone communication from and with airplanes in flight.

So arrangements were made with the Bell Laboratories and the Western Electric Company to stage a special demonstration on February 18th at Hadley Field, New Brunswick, N. J., with Art Chamberlain and Art Wallander, Inc., participating as representatives of the Air Service Division. Fair enough.

Then they happened across Tom Rochester, backed him into a neutral corner, applied the air pressure and eventually cajoled him into joining the expedition in his capacity as technical expert. And Tom, don't forget, was never before known to go up in the air—not even in a plane.



Anyway, on the appointed date our two intrepid airmen and their game but apprehensive victim headed for Jersey, and from Hadley Field took off in a big tri-motored Ford plane piloted by Captain Ray Brooks, of the Bell Laboratories, and for forty minutes soared through the skies and experimented to their hearts' content.

Then, immediately upon landing, and before he'd even regained his land legs, Tom was eagerly questioned as to his technical reaction to the astounding experiment. And Tom feelingly replied:

*"It was delightful. I was amazed by the ease with which I was able to instantly recall every single prayer my dear old mother ever taught me."*

And when he was pressed further by his puzzled listeners, Tom, still a bit up-in-the-air, added:

*"Oh, yes, and I forgot to mention a few old hymns, too, the words and music of which I thought I had completely forgotten years and years ago."*

**F**OR quite a spell we've been wanting to say a cheery word or two about Inspector Johnny Gallagher, ruler supreme of Queens detectives, and not having much of a line on him we called up Detective Johnny Werle, of the 16th Detective District, one of our real up-to-snuff reporters, and asked him could he help us out. And could little Johnny

help us out? Could he? He nearly broke our wrist taking it down. And here's exactly what our notes disclosed after Johnny finally got winded and hung up:



*"About fifty years old, but—don't look it. Not married, but DOES look it. Likes girls, but don't marry 'em. Wears same size hat he wore when he was a cop. Head never swelled—but wears size nine shoes. Changes his socks daily and is collegiate (minus garters). Loves water—and SWIMS regularly. Popular everywhere—but loves onions. Likes to be shaved by the same barber every day, but shies at tonics with alcohol in them. Was formerly a horseshoer and learned his philosophy at the anvil. Never shod a jackass, so that philosophy is lost on him. Never missed a mass, except when sick, and then—so many of the clergy visited him he never knew he missed any. Numbers among his friends—everyone. Bootblacks, senators, judges, button-hole makers, waiters, stenographers and the clergy; all think he's a wonder—and the wonder of it is, that they are right. Still wears flannel underwear, but it don't itch—has seven suits with extra pants, but never wears them at once. Never wears suspenders—keeps his pants up by faith. One of his shortcomings is faith—he has more faith in human nature than faith is entitled to—that's the reason he never cusses or swears. Usually counts 'ten' before he raises H—and then he can raise it with greater gentleness than anyone else. Was cut out for the priesthood, but done more good being a cop. Always looking out for himself—after everyone else is taken care of. Always on every job—first and last. Can sleep faster than any other cop—can sleep ten hours in four—he must if he wants to cover all the ground he does cover. Can go without sleep longer than a camel can without water—but likes his water with or without. Loves speeches if the other fellow renders them. Is shy himself, but Oh, how that man can speechify. Congressmen cannot compare. Never was in politics—but believes in suffrage—and Al Smith. Familiar with antonyms and synonyms, but likes plain American best.*

*"His pet aversions are—women who seek to beguile him—a bum cigar—a lazy detective.*



"His hobbies are—the other fellow's. Blue silk shorts and pink pajamas—a dinner with everybody enjoying themselves.

"And the best of all—HE'S PROUD TO BE KNOWN AS ONE OF THE FINEST."



**H**ERE'S one for the True Story hour. It concerns a charming incident in the extremely busy life of Lieutenant Nick Sussillo, a much traveled gentleman performing duty as supervisor of the Emergency Service Division.

On Saturday, January 31, 1931, Lieutenant Sussillo, ever mindful of his duties both to the city and to the social requirements of a man of his rank and standing in the community, was faced with the dual responsibility of rendering a certain amount of effort to his job and also to attend the ball of the P. B. A. that evening.

Therefore, on looking over his diary he determined that it was about time for him to visit and check up on the truck and crew of Emergency Squad No. 19, located in Bayside, Queens. So he consulted the timetables of the Long Island Railroad and noted that he could perform that duty and be back in time for the ball. He therefore boarded a train and proceeded to the quarters of Emergency Squad 19, and after attending to his various duties thereat decided to return to the railroad station and board a train for Manhattan.

However, being a stranger in the vicinity of Bayside, he stood at the railroad station and when a train pulled in asked the conductor if he was going to Manhattan. The conductor answering in the affirmative, Nick boarded the train and flashed his Lieutenant's tin. The conductor, being a good fellow, remarked that the tin was no good, but that he would overlook the fact and allow Nick to continue on the trip with him; but Nick reflected in his mind, "What does this fellow mean, the tin is no good? It was good coming out, and why not going back?"

A few stations further along the route the conductor gently tapped Nick on the shoulder and said, "Here is your station, Lieutenant;" but Nick, gazing out of the window, said: "The hell it is." The conductor said: "You asked for *Manhasset*," and Nick answered: "But this is certainly not *Manhattan*;" and the conductor said, "Of course it is not *Manhattan*; it is *Manhasset*; that is what you asked me." Nick then explained that there was a grave misunderstanding somewhere and that he wanted to get back to the big town in time for the P. B. A. ball. The conductor consulted his timetable and said: "There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to continue with me to the end of the route, and after an hour's swing we return to Penn Station. I will be glad to let you ride free." Upon the conductor's invitation Nick had to be content to do this and continued to the end of the route.

The last station was Port Washington and the "all out" signal left Nick standing in an isolated town without a friend. He then observed the conductor with his crew laden down with lanterns and flags, etc., and being a friendly sort of person, Nick immediately took up conversation with them. He invited them to take a cup of coffee at a nearby restaurant, which they did, *BUT INSTEAD OF COFFEE THEY ALL HAD SMALL STEAKS, AND THE BILL AMOUNTED TO \$12.25, WHICH NICK, LIKE A GOOD SPORT, PAID.*

The return trip was without incident, except that upon arrival at Penn Station the conductor thought himself that he had a three-hour swing and had no place to go, so Nick gallantly invited him to the P. B. A. ball, and on arriving at Madison Square Garden, a cop on the door refused to recognize the Lieutenant's shield and Nick had to fork out for his friend the conductor and himself. Poor Nick.

**W**E received a very serious complaint recently from Deputy Chief Inspector Johnny O'Connell, of the Police Academy, involving Patrolman Adam Schultz, of the Brooklyn Borough Headquarters Squad, whom he accuses of deliberately attempting to chisel into his domain and encroach upon his reputation as the greatest living educator of this or any other decade. And all because Adam, who is a persevering and far-seeing youth, has established in the Brooklyn Borough Headquarters Squad a class for aspirants for promotion to the rank of sergeant, which he tutors during the meal hour.

Personally, we feel that the esteemed Deputy Chief Inspector should be delighted to know that someone has stepped in and is making an honest effort to relieve him of at least a part of the tremendous burden he has been carrying since the inception of the Police Academy. We are sure that when he looks at it in this light he will no longer feel resentful. And while Adam's curriculum differs slightly from that employed in the Academy, we consider it a remarkable course, indeed, and we're most happy to recommend it to all ambitious patrolmen eager to be decorated with stripes. (*Sergeant's stripes, we mean, of course*).

Here are just a few of his questions and answers:



Q. What fire apparatus cannot drive on a play street?



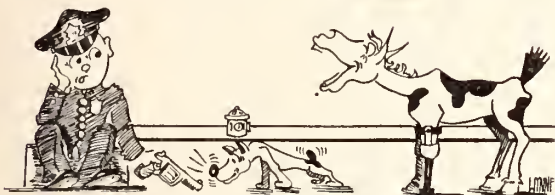
A. A fire boat.

Q. You are a sergeant on patrol in the night time. A patrolman on post informs you that he has discovered a fire in a deaf and dumb institution. He requests advice from you as to arousing the inmates. What instructions would you give him?

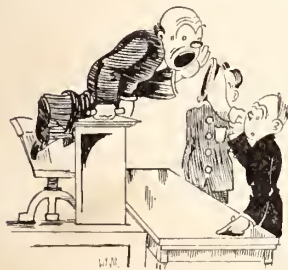
A. I would tell him to ring a dumb-bell.



Q. You are a sergeant on signal monitor duty, and a patrolman calls you and states he is about to shoot a horse with a wooden leg. What instructions would you give him?



A. I would advise him to use his gun as it would be highly impractical and unethical to shoot him with a wooden leg.



Q. As a patrolman on post, you arrest a deaf mute. State your action from beginning to end.

A. After arraigning him at the desk I would take him to court and get him a hearing.

Q. You are a sergeant on desk duty. An officer brings a colored man into the station house with a colored baby. He states that the colored man attempted to abandon the baby on a mail box. What charge would you entertain against the colored man?



A. Blackmail.

What do you think of it. Good? We'll say it is; and if any of our readers want to avail themselves

of this wonderful opportunity for real knowledge take our advice and get in touch with Adam.

HERE'S the perfect anachronism at last—a copper in the 88th Precinct with so much faith in prayer that he prays continuously while on patrol. Can't beat that, can you? And the story is strictly on the up and up, too. We got it straight from Patrolman George Muehleek, our preeinet reporter out there, whose news items we have always found unimpeachable. And while George was loyal enough to send in a flash on this almost unbelievable story, and even went to the great trouble of getting a copy of the prayer for us, he begged us not to divulge the copper's name. And as SPRING 3100 never violates a reporter's confidence, we'll have to withhold it. We feel free to mention, however, that he works on the fourth squad and is assigned to a post on Fulton Street. And now get a load of the prayer:



"Oh Lord, now that the new year has come, place this poor, sinful copper under Thy protection. Keep me safe from those demon Sergeants, who prowlest throughout the highways and byways, searching for me that they mayst tear little pieces out of me, and who doth accuse me of being off post when, verily, and in truth, was I heaving not so far off post that it wouldst make much difference. Yea! deliver me, above all, from Satan's representatives on earth, the 'shoo-flies' who light upon me when least expected and who inflicteth painful stings upon my carcass because of my weakness for 'going in' to partake of the weed commonly known as tobacco. Fill the Trial Commissioner with kindness and understanding, so that upon my appearance before him he may be moved with pity and find it in his heart to do nothing more than reprimand me.

"Pour out Thy blessings upon me and my friends and if it wouldst not offend Thee, may I ask that Thou allowest Satan to take care of mine enemies?"

"Knowing that nothing is impossible to Thee, move our Commissioner to institute shorter tours and longer meal periods. Amen."

# THE KING'S CIGARETTE

A TRUE STORY

By Sergeant JULIAN F. RHODES, 123rd Precinct

ON a sunshiny day about eleven years ago an immigrant Russian Jew stepped ashore from the Ellis Island boat with a ticket in his hand that gave him the freedom of all America. The bright sun seemed but a symbol of his feelings and prospects.

Hardly had he gone ten feet from the Barge Office gate when he was accosted by a man of his race, who offered him work. The immigrant boy, even though his mind was filled with stories that had come to him in Odessa of the golden opportunities that awaited the newcomer in free America, was rather surprised at the suddenness of the luck that confronted him. Yet he could not doubt, for here was a fellow of his own race and religion, who spoke, in an alien land, his language, and who offered him the work he sought.

When the stranger told him that he, too, was from Odessa and convincingly named streets and business houses in that city of Russia, the boy could no longer doubt. Therefore when he was asked how much money he had, his spirit of watchfulness was so dulled that he confided in his new-found friend the exact amount in the Czar's rubles. He did not know what it came to in dollars, into which it had just been converted for him at the money exchange on the Island, but it was a goodly sum.

The stranger made his living, he told the boy from Odessa, by finding work for such as he, and the only pay he got was of their free giving. For half what the boy had with him he would send him to a place where he would be immediately employed. Gladly did the Odessa immigrant part with half of his money and take the ferry for Staten Island. He was told that when he reached the end of that ride across the bay he was to walk along the road to the left until he came to a farm with a large red brick house, give the name of his friend in New York to the man there and go to work. That was all.

So Sammy Bender took his way to Staten Island and followed the directions of his New York benefactor. His shoes were new and stiff and he was unused to wearing shoes, so they made his feet sore. Miles from the ferry, when the farm with the red brick house was still undiscovered, he stopped by a roadside pond, removed his shoes and bathed his tired feet.

He heard a noise and looked up. Above him stood a man in a blue uniform. Now, to Sammy Bender of Odessa all uniforms meant enemies, possibly the knout or prison. With a shriek, he sprang to his feet and plunged headlong into the water.

For a moment the policeman stood laughing at the plight of the queer looking youth, whom he had at once recognized as a newly landed immigrant. Then this uniformed man did a most unexpected thing. He sprang into the water and dragged the half-drowned boy to shore. Sammy bethought him that this was not like Russia. To Sammy's further



amazement he was neither beaten nor imprisoned. Rather he was taken to a police station, but instead of being clamped in a cell, as he had half expected to be, he was allowed to remain free and was even entertained with a solid dinner that was brought in while he was questioned through an interpreter.

One of the policemen in that station house happened to know a farmer who wanted just such a boy as Sammy Bender, and Sammy got the job. For seven varied years he worked for the farmer, and with each year he swore more and greater fidelity to the police in general, and to the Staten Island force in particular.

He saved his money, after the fashion of his kind, and in seven years went into business for himself, opening a legitimate employment agency for Russian immigrants in lower Greenwich Street. He thrived and became a personality in his small section, one of the prosperous business men of the lower west side.

But Sammy never forgot his experience with the man who had robbed him when he first came to America. Perhaps, in fact, that loss saved him from other greater ones. And he never forgot the kindness of the policeman who saved his life and of the others who fed him when he was hungry and found him the work that had started him on the road to his present prosperity. And, although he has never wavered from the faith of his forefathers, it is also to be said of him that never a Christmas passes that he does not send gifts of toys and goodies to the babies of the policemen of his neighborhood, and also to the kiddies of those men of Staten Island who first befriended him.

But there are other things in the world than gifts and gratitude. There's memory, for instance.

Came an evening in late October, 1918, when Sammy's employees had gone for the day. A man entered the office. He was tall and well dressed. Sammy hastened forward, scenting a customer.

"Is your name Bend?" asked the newcomer.

"No, not Bend," replied Sammy, "Bender."

"I understood the name of the man who ran this place to be Bend," was the reply, accompanied by a doubtful look. "Still, I might have been mistaken.



Perhaps it was Bender. I'll have to make some further inquiries. I'll see you again about it."

Producing a gold cigarette case, he offered Sammy a cigarette, lighted one himself and strolled out before the keeper of the employment agency could gather his wits sufficiently to ask what was wanted of either Bend or Bender.

But there was one thing that did not escape the alert Sammy. He knew that he had seen that man before. And because of the stranger's peculiar behavior, he set about a search of his memory to recall where and under what circumstances he had met him. The thing eluded him. Late into the night he lay puzzling his brain to recall the where and the when of their meeting. Through several succeeding days the man's face was ever before his mind's eye. Yet he could not make the face and the circumstances meet.

Once more the man visited the office, as suddenly as he had come the first time. Sammy was again alone in his office, the help having gone for the day.

"I have made further inquiries," the mysterious stranger announced, without formality, "and am pretty sure you are the man I have been sent to find. But my partner is not quite convinced, and we have to make sure in a business like this. I cannot tell you now what the business is, but it means a fortune to you if you are the man we seek. By the way, just what part of Russia do you come from?"

"Odessa," replied Sammy, and as he uttered that single word, the answer to the mystery that had troubled him came flashing into his memory. The word brought a flood of recollection of the day he had landed from Odessa—and of the man from Odessa who had met him at Battery Park and, by pretending to befriend him, had swindled him out of half his savings.

That man, too, he recalled, had spoken of making his fortune for him. Before him again stood that man. And speaking the same language! The mysterious stranger, Sammy noted with relief, did not recall him as the youth he had swindled so many years before.

"Odessa," he repeated, with apparent pleasurable surprise. "Good. I lived in Odessa when I was a boy. My name is Margolis. Let us go and have a good cigar."

Herein was displayed the amazing conceit that led the mysterious promiser of benefactions to believe himself safe from recognition. He felt himself so far above the herd among which he worked that he would not credit them with even memory. Also the robbery of the youthful Sammy Bender had been to him so small a thing that he had not taken the trouble to impress the face of the boy upon his memory.

Margolis, as he now called himself, took Sammy to the best cigar store in the neighborhood and there purchased a plentiful supply of expensive cigars. He paid the bill with a twenty-dollar note of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, which he took from a wallet packed with similar bills. Before parting with Sammy on this occasion he made an appointment for the employment agent to meet his partner or principal in the conferring of wealth on Sammy.



He promised to bring this greater mystery man to the agency in Greenwich Street two days later.

The moment the stranger, now known to Sammy as Margolis, left the agency the little proprietor bestirred himself to revenge the swindling of so many years before. Then the mere sight of a policeman had been enough to send the Russian immigrant boy plunging to possible death in a roadside pond. To-day he sought the uniform as a help and a comfort in time of trouble. Into the nearest station house he rushed and there told his story. At its end the writer was detailed to investigate the case.

Do nothing and do it intensely, was the watchword I set myself, meaning that I must watch and wait for further developments. I knew the man, Margolis, would not keep that appointment to take his principal to Sammy's agency. Such as he never keep first appointments. If they did they would be caught oftener than they are.

Their first care is to ascertain if their intended victim has been talking, and they also seek assurance that the "bulls" have not "planted" the meeting place. In short, they are always on the alert for a police trap. Of course all this is known to the detective bureau, which impresses it upon its operatives. So I waited. Several appointments for a meeting of Sammy and the two men were made and broken. Meanwhile their exact purpose remained a mystery. These chaps were unusually cautious, but after several weeks an appointment was kept. Then it was that my real work began.

The art of "trailing," "tailing" or "shadowing" is a very delicate and a very exacting operation. It is one of the most difficult features of a detective's work and becomes proportionately more and more difficult as the suspicions of the trailed one grow. Let an amateur detective attempt to shadow a real



crook and he will be spotted within two blocks by the man he is after, or, if he has a little early luck and does not at first arouse the suspicions of the subject, he will lose his man in the crowd.

In the art of disguise the average dime-novel detective is so rapid and versatile as to leave the greatest of vaudeville quick change artists hopelessly beaten. This is "bunk." Disguise of some sort is, to be sure, necessary, but not the blue-goggle, false-whiskers sort.

The real detective doesn't make himself conspicuous by wearing funny looking whiskers. What he wants is to efface himself from the landscape, not try to adorn it. If he could disguise himself as a flower pot, or a bottle of milk or a garbage can, it would be ideal. Not having that power of disguise at his command, the best he can do is to try and look as inconspicuous as possible—which means to fit himself as well as he can to the scene in which he is operating.

This point is clearly illustrated by the method I adopted at the first meeting of Sammy and his mysterious friends. Following the breaking of an appointment made with Sammy—which occurred several times—Margolis invariably appeared with elaborate apologies and carefully detailed explanations that never explained the truth, but which were merely intended to keep Sammy interested in the vast importance of the affairs of the great man of mystery who was to favor him with his acquaintance.

The long-looked-for word from Sammy came at last. He was to see the twin mysteries at his office between five and six o'clock that evening.



Did I go to the Bender office? I did not. I went to the nearest branch of the Street Cleaning Department, where I enlisted among the White Wings—that is, I borrowed a sweeper's white uniform, suit and cap and a street broom.

When Margolis arrived there was, apparently, no one about, for he was unconscious of the White Wings who swept the gutter. Nobody ever sees a street sweeper. He is a part of the general landscape of a city. The street might as well be empty.

Margolis was alone. He avoided Sammy's office,

gazed searchingly in all directions to note any suspicious circumstances, found none, and passed on. As he did so, I promptly resigned from the Street Cleaning Department by the simple process of discarding that white uniform. In its natural surroundings it was as inconspicuous as a coal-hole lid in a street, but in Sammy's office, where I now would have to go, an actual white-winged angel hardly would attract more attention.

On the other hand, a shabby man, showing every sign of needing work, would be expected to be in such a place. It was for such that the office was maintained. So I hastily donned a dirty coat and worn trousers that I had provided for the occasion, pulled an old slouch hat down over my eyes and waited by the stove in Bender's outer room. I was positive that the pilot-fish, after having convinced himself that all was clean, would bring a shark. And so he did.

A most impressive shark he was! Portly figure, fur-lined coat, watch-chain of heavy gold and a gold-headed stick, everything about him, in short, expressed the very last degree of blatant prosperity. As well it might. Such an appearance was vitally necessary for a successful business man of his type. And he was successful—highly so.

"Balis, the Rain-Coat Man," he called himself. A jobber in raincoats he very likely was, but we soon found that this mysterious business of his had naught to do with raincoats.

Like Margolis, Balis looked the place over carefully, in order to see for himself that nobody was concealed there, at the same time explaining to Sammy Bender that he was afraid of draughts. It is true that the night was chilly, so the excuse, though far-fetched, was not entirely incredible. I hastened to shake down the fire and put on more coal. It would be a pity if Mr. Balis took a chill; but a much greater one if I failed to be near enough to hear what he said.

It was Balis who did the talking. Margolis, in the august presence of his chief, assumed the attitude of an obsequious subordinate.

"Mr. Bender," said the great man, "I have been looking for you for years, and rather than give up the search I employed Mr. Margolis to find you. I am glad to say that I am going to make you a very rich man, but before we go any farther, there is one question that I must ask. Have you told anyone of this matter?"

"I told Lena, my wife," answered Sammy.

"Too bad! A great pity!" reproved the magnate, with a shake of his head. "Women are not to be trusted with important secrets like this."

"But it pleased her so!" pleaded Sammy. "When I told her you were going to make us rich, and that we'd never have to work any more, she said it was like an angel from heaven that had come down to help us."

At this speech the great Mr. Balis was also greatly pleased. It was Sammy's plump, pink face, which reminded one of an overgrown baby, that had caused him to be marked in the first place for an "easy thing." Now he spoke with a round-eyed innocence which left no doubt in the minds of his mysterious visitors that he would accept their deeds as those of benefactors.

Sammy gave me the most efficient co-operation. No trained actor could better have played the part. No victim ever fell more completely for the wiles of Mr. Balis than did Balis, the Rain-Coat Man, for Sammy's apparent guilelessness.

His caution, however, did not altogether desert him, but neither did Sammy fail in his intelligent co-operation. Mr. Balis proposed that the party repair to Fritz's cafe, a block distant. At first Sammy demurred, saying he was expected home at six o'clock. This was in order that I might fade unobtrusively away and make arrangements to meet the new emergency.



I had made Fritz's acquaintance and when the party arrived I was there, clad in a waiter's black jacket, apron and glistening shirt-front, with a napkin over my arm. In the employment agency I had been a park-bench down-and-outer looking for work; here I was a necessary part of restaurant machinery. I fitted into both pictures like the furniture of the rooms, so that when I flourished the customers toward a secluded table there was hardly a chance that either of the two men would know that they had ever seen me before.

The order was two beers and a good cigar. Balis was not a drinking man; he couldn't afford to be. He paid with a new twenty-dollar bill, an exact duplicate, except for its serial number, of those with which Margolis had been so free. It was a perfectly good bill, so I took it and brought the change.

He gave me a ten-cent tip, which I accepted with a waiter's perfunctory thanks. He slipped the paper money into his wallet and took care to make it plain that this wallet was stuffed, except for that change, with nothing but twenty-dollar Federal Reserve Bank bills.

The three were sitting in a small room which contained only the one table. I went out, leaving them alone, but remained near enough to hear all that was said. The conversation was unimportant, however, the intention evidently being to give the sight of those twenty-dollar bills time to sink into Sammy's

consciousness. When I heard a chair scrape on the floor I dodged back and was wiping a table in the outer room when Balis opened the door. Already they were leaving—and without having spoken a word of value to me.

The next meeting, Sammy later informed me, was to take place at a Jewish restaurant on Houston Street, frequented by the better class of East Side business men. Again to pose as a waiter was impossible, so first I watched the place from without, and after the three were seated, took another table near by. Nothing happened. Balis now flashed those twenty-dollar Federal Reserve Bank notes from a huge roll, in order to display them, but that was all.

Interviews that followed were no less disappointing. The mystery remained undisclosed. Sammy did not yet know how he was to become rich. A detective must have two essential qualifications, plenty of patience and serviceable legs. I found use for both and was rewarded.

Balis and Margolis by this time were accustomed to seeing me loafing around the Bender office. Doubtless they took me for what I pretended to be: the type of "workingman" who spends his days in a bluff at looking for a job, and his nights in praying that he may not accidentally find one.

When the twin mysteries appeared for what turned out to be the first significant interview, I followed in after them with two-thirds of an ostensible jag, which I stoked from time to time with a flask of cold tea. If its color was convincing, the way that Sammy took my cue and played up to it was even more so.

With just the right degree of testy impatience, he assured me that his office wasn't the "Bums' Retreat," and demanded to know what I was doing there. I mumbled a reply to the effect that it was cold outside and I wanted to get warm; then took a copious swig from the flask and slumped into a chair. Sammy would have continued to remonstrate, but Balis didn't want to waste time or risk the attention that would be attracted by forcibly ejecting a drunken man. So he shrugged his fat shoulders and got busy with his fairy tale. And a wonderful tale it was!

Years before, he said, some plates for the printing of money had been stolen from the Washington Bureau of Engraving by a relative of Sammy Bender. Through the death of this relative the plates had come into the possession of Mr. Balis. Naturally, these plates were of enormous value, hence the care that Mr. Balis had taken to find the man to whom they "rightfully" belonged.

I slumbered during this recital, slumbered loudly, but not boisterously enough to prevent my hearing all that was said. Neither were my eyes so tightly closed that they failed to see the two freak bank notes that Balis proceeded to show.

The first of these was a ten-dollar note on one side and a one-dollar bill on the other; the second a twenty-dollar note on one side with the other side a blank. They were supposed to be samples of the work that could be turned out from those stolen plates. In reality, of course, they were as genuine as any money that ever came from the presses of Uncle Sam. They were what are known as "split bills."



By a tedious process, involving a great amount of extremely expert labor, the paper of a bill is split through its thickness and the halves are left blank on one side, or else halves of dissimilar bills are pasted together.

After having assured himself, as he thought, that Sammy had no conscientious scruples against profitable crime, it was upon those samples that Balis really depended for success.

He claimed to hold in trust plates which had been stolen from the United States by Sammy Bender's dead relative. Because this relative and he belonged to the same fraternal order, his great desire was to restore these plates to their "rightful owner," that is, the heir of the man who stole them. He didn't want any pay for those plates. Not he! All he desired was reimbursement for the expenses incurred in finding the man to whom they belonged.

Honor among thieves was his preachment. Though there is no such thing, and never has been. One thief will play fairly with another just so long as it suits his purpose, not an instant longer.

"Mr. Bender," said he, rising, "I want you, if you will, to jot down the numbers of those samples. Mr. Margolis and I are going now. Tomorrow I will send you the finished bills, bearing those same numbers. Take them, spend them, and see for yourself how readily they will be accepted."

Sammy took the numbers down, as requested. The two ex-mystery men took their departure, and I took mine directly afterward. I was not present at the next interview; there was no necessity, for now I knew what must happen, and it was not well to be seen by that precious pair any oftener than could be helped. The mystery was a mystery no longer. From a distance, however, I watched Margolis enter the Bender office. After he had left I called Sammy on the telephone and we made an appointment to meet outside.

Sammy kept the appointment gleefully. He had with him the three bills, thirty-one dollars in all. To "make" them was a simple matter for Balis. All that he had to do was paste together the halves he had so carefully split. We purchased much good cheer, and offered those bills in payment, as Mr. Balis had requested. They were accepted, right enough. Why not? Who would refuse perfectly good Federal Reserve Bank notes? We felt that Balis had financed an exceedingly pleasant interlude in a long-drawn-out case.

During our talk Sammy informed me that events were moving swiftly. On the morrow our absent hosts, Balis and Margolis, had agreed to bring to the Burger office \$50,000 in finished bills, together with the plates, and—this was exceedingly important—three more of those "unfinished" bills. In return Sammy was to give them \$5,000 to reimburse them for their "expenditures."

Thus far the case had run absolutely true to form. So confident was I that it would continue to do so that I had already prepared for it by cutting a newspaper to the exact size of bills, with a genuine fifty on the outside and several one-dollar bills scattered within the roll, with protruding ever so little, all of which gave it, to quote a certain high-brow criminologist, "convincing but fallacious verisimilitude."

This roll, which was supposed to contain the \$5,000, I turned over to Sammy; afterward going home to rest, but not to sleep, as I had hoped. I had been working on this case since the fourteenth of November, and it was now December 23. The next day would tell the tale. Would it be a Merry Christmas for me or for the King of the Green-Goods Men?

Dusk of the next day found me dressed in brown overalls, with a leather bag of plumbers' tools, sitting in an empty truck that stood near Sammy's doorway. Soon I saw the men approaching, and noted that Balis carried a package. I watched them as they entered. And, to my dismay, I heard Balis lock the door from within.

This wouldn't do at all. It wasn't a question of the men being able to escape by a back way. I knew they couldn't do that. But once their suspicions were aroused, I feared they might find time to make away with the evidence upon which my case depended.



Quick action was imperative. I went to the door, tried it, and then banged with indignant emphasis. It was unlocked, and through a crack of opening, into which I thrust my foot, Balis told me that I couldn't come in. I assured him gruffly that I must come in, that I was from the gas company, and that I must get at the meter to turn it off because there was a leak upstairs. Balis still demurring, I put my shoulder to the door and forced an entrance just as Margolis came hurrying to the aid of his chief. I pushed them both back. Never before had I realized how useful a bag of plumber's tools might be to a cop. Then I flashed my shield.

They weren't at all the strong-arm variety of crooks, and gun-play was quite out of their line. Now that their game was up they just wilted. After handcuffing them and making a hasty search for weapons that I didn't find, the sense of relief was so great that I felt weak. There was no need now to hurry, so I sat down, smoked a good cigar and greatly enjoyed it.

Having finished it I went deliberately about the real work that had to be done. First I opened the package which Balis had given to Sammy with instructions that its seals should not be broken until he, Sammy, was at home and alone. It contained, as

I knew it would, neat pieces of newspaper which Balis intended to sell for five thousand dollars. But the proof that such was his intent was what I now had to find. Those split bills were what I wanted. They and that bundle of newspaper clippings together would make my case, but without them the clippings were useless; my case would fall flat. I went after those split bills.

My first search of the crooks' persons had been very perfunctory, merely patting them wherever weapons might be concealed. But this second search was different—very. It began, naturally, with their pockets. My own little bunch of camouflaged newspaper clippings was promptly disclosed, in the possession of Balis. So far, so good. At least I wouldn't have to explain the absence of that fifty-eight dollars to the Commissioner. But those split bills—where were they?

I searched and kept on searching, my heart, which had been so light, sinking steadily as I worked. I have "frisked" many men in my time, and know how to do it thoroughly, but never before nor since have I searched as I did them, with Sammy helping me in every way he could. The spirits of the crooks rose as mine went downward, but as I wasn't any too gentle with them toward the last, they allowed their anger to show. I feared, when taking off their shoes, that they would try to plant one of them under my chin. It probably was lucky for me that they didn't, but it certainly was lucky for them.

I was sick—sick from the marrow out. Those crooks had had no chance to chew those split bills and swallow them. I had looked out for that. Nevertheless, the bills seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. Despairingly I made a mental list of every possible place in which anything could be hidden. Each one had been searched before, except one. Balis had a package of cigarettes. He was the accredited King of the Green-Goods Men, a top notcher in his line, and a spender! Why should he have cigarettes when we all knew he smoked costly cigars?

I grabbed one of the King's cigarettes and tore it open. There was tobacco inside. Sammy did likewise, with a like result. I grabbed a third one and—glory hallelujah! it crackled! The split bill was inside. Two other cigarettes yielded two more split bills. My evidence was complete.

Once more I sat down, with a long sigh and a silly grin, so great was the relief. I looked at the two crooks, who now realized they were fairly started on the road to those ten-year sentences which they still are serving. I couldn't help a gleam of pity. Truly, "the way of the transgressor is hard"—and the morrow, now only a few minutes away, would be Christmas Day.

But Sammy—no pity there! He thought of that day in Battery Park and whooped with joy. He began excitedly to plan a jubilee celebration. The coming holiday, it is true, is not one that is observed by those of his faith, but this Christmas, to him, would have a significance all its own.

## "THE DIP"

(Continued from page 8)

Let me explain how I once reformed a notorious pants pocket worker—at any rate I made him shift from this type of thievery. My partner, Detective Finn, and myself, had trailed a "mob" of four to the Liberty Street ferry house, where we saw them robbing some Italian immigrants. One of the "mob" was "Dossy" Doyle, a "tool" who had the reputation of always obstructing a police officer so that his "stall" could escape.

As Finn and I closed with the "mob," Doyle and the other "tool" showed fight, while the two "stalls" started to run. Unfortunately for them there was only one exit from the ferry house and Finn and I blocked that. Well, I k. o.'d Doyle with a short right to the chin, and Finn stopped the other "tool" so effectively that the "tool" lost four teeth. The "stalls" then surrendered. Some time later I met Doyle, and he said to me:

"Raftis, you certainly ruined me when you arrested me that time with a 'stall.' I can't get anybody to work with me now, and I've had to quit."

In the next installment I will tell some of the tricks of the "bag openers," who are mostly women and very hard to detect. I will also discuss the six qualities most needed by detectives who work against pickpockets.

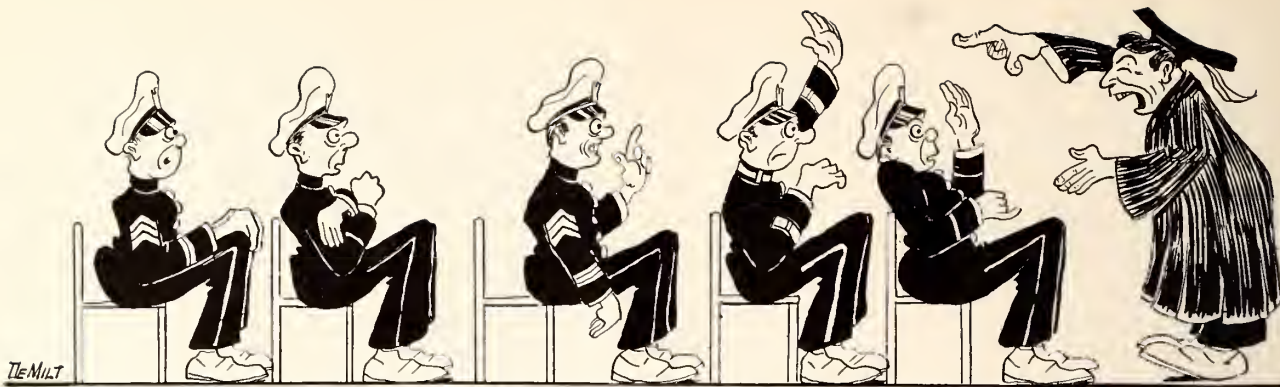
*The second and concluding installment of Lieutenant Raftis' interesting article will appear in the April issue of SPRING 3100.*



DEMILT

"So Clancy got sore and broke off the engagement, eh? Maybe you lost your temper again."  
"No. My job."





# THE POLICE ACADEMY

## City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

### OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.  
Sessions will be held at 10 A.M. and 7.30 P.M. daily except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  

Mondays	-	-	-	12.30 P. M.
Tuesdays	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursdays	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Fridays	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  

Mondays	-	-	-	12.30 P. M.
Tuesdays	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursdays	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Fridays	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.



### QUESTIONS FOR THE MARCH ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

1. Who may be parties to crime? And how?
2. The State Legislature may make laws as to crime, being restrained by certain limitations found in the Constitution of the United States and of the State of New York. What are these limitations and for what purpose are they intended?
3. Public health and safety are of paramount importance. Under present day living conditions the public needs every possible protection. Enumerate twenty-five offenses under these headings.
4. Considerable national publicity has recently been given to the deportation of aliens. Under what conditions and for what reasons are aliens liable to deportation? How do police departments cooperate?
5. As a police officer or detective assigned to the following case, how would you act?

Mr. X is the owner of a five story tenement house. He resides on the second floor with his wife and children, and conducts a grocery store on the first floor. Through the mail he receives a letter demanding \$500.00 under threat of injury to his family and property. He notifies the police. On the afternoon fol-

lowing his notification a man delivered a corrugated box, ostensibly containing groceries, to Mr. X in his store. Opening the box, Mr. X found a letter instructing him to put \$500.00 in bills into a small cloth bag which was attached to one of the legs of one of five live pigeons. Further instructions were to release all five pigeons at sunset from the roof of the tenement house.

6. X, a tenant of B's, has been dispossessed by lawful process and his furnishings were placed on the sidewalk. Some friends came along and moved the furnishings back into the apartment from which they had been removed. X went into the apartment to take new possession of it.  
Has X committed any crime or offense? If so, what?
7. A bought \$2,000.00 worth of furniture upon a conditional sales agreement, paying \$200.00 down; the balance to be paid by monthly installments. After the third installment had been paid A, with intent to defraud, moved out of the city. The conditional sales contract at the time of the delivery of the furniture was filed in the county where A resides.  
What crime, if any, has A committed?
8. What crimes may be compromised? How is a compromise accomplished?
9. (a) When is an officer justified in arresting a professional criminal who is not actually engaged in the commission of a crime?  
(b) What would you do to locate the whereabouts of a young man who was reported missing from his home.



10. What is meant by

- (a) Compounding a felony
- (b) Forgery
- (c) Malfeasance
- (d) Misfeasance
- (e) Nonfeasance

11. The goal in the social life of man is in a large sense the elimination of crime. What, in your opinion, would constitute a practical program for controlling factors in the causation of crime, from the standpoint of society at large.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1 IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

1. The person operating car violated the law.

Reasons: Section 15 of the Vehicle and Traffic Law and Article 3 of the traffic regulations provide that:

"Every motor vehicle operated or driven upon the public highways of the state or city, shall be provided with adequate brakes in good working order and sufficient to control such vehicle at all times when in use."

In the case cited, the foot brakes, though in good order, were not adequate to control vehicle. The additional emergency brake is merely a part of that which, together with the foot brakes, would be fully adequate to control the car. This emergency brake was defective, due to coating of grease, and, therefore, was not in good order.

A violation of the Vehicle and Traffic Law is a misdemeanor.

Operating motor vehicle on the highway with such defective brakes is evidence of negligence.

Section 244 of the Penal Law provides that "A person who operates a motor vehicle in a culpably negligent manner whereby another suffers bodily injury is guilty of assault in the third degree."

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2 IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

2. The inadmissibility of evidence tending to prove a defendant guilty of any crime not alleged in the indictment has the following exceptions:

When the evidence of other crimes tends to establish

- (a) Motive
- (b) Intent
- (c) The absence of mistake or accident
- (d) A common scheme or plan embracing the commission of two or more crimes, so related to each other that proof of the one tends to establish the other, or
- (e) The identity of the person charged with the commission of the crime on trial.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3 IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

3. The courts have ruled that the additional sentence for committing a felony while armed, after the defendant had been sentenced for a violation of Section 1897 of the Penal Law for unlawfully possessing a firearm, was unjustifiable; and that imposition of the sentence under Section 1897 precluded the State from having recourse to the self-same incident (unlawful possession of gun) as a basis for a still further or added sentence under Section 1944 of the Penal Law. To sustain the imposition a further or added sentence under Section 1944 of the Penal Law would, in such circumstances, give countenance to placing a person twice in jeopardy for the same or identical act, which, as a matter of substance, would be a violation of Article I, Section 6 of the Constitution of the State of New York.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4 IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

4. (a) Witnesses may appear voluntarily.

(b) If the witness wanted is within the county a subpoena served upon him under the seal of the court and subscribed by the clerk of said court will be sufficient to bring him before the court.

(c) If witnesses are in prison, a court of record may order their production as witnesses and the person who has them in custody must produce them.

(d) If the witness is without the county there must be endorsed on subpoena, an order for the attendance of such witness. Such endorsement can be made only by judge of county court before whom subpoena is returnable, justice of supreme court or other court of record and endorsement will only be made after affidavit by defendant or attorney, stating evidence of such witness is material.

(e) If witness is in a state bordering on New York such witness may be compelled to appear under same circumstances. These circumstances are as follows:

State where witness is shall have a reciprocal provision. Judge of court of record of this state shall certify—felony action is pending in court; witness in other state is material; witness is given an opportunity to be heard and if no good reason can be shown why he should not come to this state to appear as a witness, a subpoena will be issued. A fee of \$5.00 a day shall be given, and ten cents a mile to and from place of trial and the number of days to be specified in the subpoena. Neglect or refusal to attend will be contempt of court in the other state.

(f) Courts of special sessions and magistrates' court also issue subpoenas for misdemeanors and minor offenses.

(g) Failure to comply with the subpoena issued by court of record will be contempt of court under Section 750 of the Judiciary

Law. Failure to comply with subpoena issued in magistrates' court will be contempt of court under Section 600 of the Penal Law.

(h) If the defendant claims that a material witness for him is

- (1) About to leave the jurisdiction, or
- (2) Is sick or infirm

he may have such witness conditionally examined before a magistrate. Deposition is made in writing, cross examined, and such testimony may be produced at trial if witness is absent.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5 IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

5. The operator of aircraft may not transport explosives.

Reason: Chapter 7, Sec. 74, Subdivision K of the U. S. Air-traffic rules forbid it.

Exception is made in the following cases:

- 1. That which is necessary for signalling or fuel for such air craft while in flight.
- 2. Materials for industrial and agricultural spraying.
- 3. Special permission obtained from the Secretary of Commerce.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6 IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

6. The aunt is guilty as an accessory.

Reason: Pursuant to the provisions of Section 2186 of the Penal Law, a child of more than seven and less than sixteen years of age who shall commit any act or omission which, if committed by an adult, would be a crime not punishable by death or life imprisonment, shall not be deemed guilty of any crime, but of juvenile delinquency only, but any other person concerned therein, whether as principal or accessory, who otherwise would be punishable as a principal or accessory, shall be punished as a principal or accessory in the same manner as if the child were over sixteen years of age at the time the crime was committed.

Section 2 of the Penal Law defines an accessory as follows:

"A person who, after the commission of a felony, harbors, conceals or aids the offender, with intent that he may avoid or escape from arrest, trial, conviction, or punishment, having knowledge or reasonable grounds to believe that such offender is liable to arrest, has been arrested, is indicted or convicted, or has committed a felony, is an accessory to the felony."

The act done by the boy would be a felony (Grand Larceny—second degree), if he were over sixteen years, and the aunt, knowing that he was wanted by the police for the commission of a crime, became an accessory by harboring and concealing him.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7 IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

7. (a) Evidence necessary to convict for receiving stolen goods.

- (1) That the property was stolen.
- (2) That the receiver knew them to be stolen—and
- (3) That he bought, received, or concealed them with felonious intent.

(b) Method of procedure to establish the necessary evidence.

- (1) Have the complainant establish proof of the theft, and identify the recovered property, making notes thereof.
- (2) If the complainant was unknown, the Lost Property Bureau could furnish information upon receiving description of the goods; or otherwise traced to its rightful owner.
- (3) The receiver's admissions of purchase without reasonable inquiry would constitute presumptive evidence of guilty knowledge, but since he may successfully rebut this presumption, guilty knowledge and intent could be established by—

A. The order copy—

- (1) His inability to produce one, or the fact it was made on a fictitious concern.
- (2) If ordered by telephone, by tracing the call number given and proving it fictitious, or
- (3) If ordered from a salesman, his inability to establish his identity.

B. Absence of reasonable inquiry.

- (1) By seizing and marking book entry and
- (2) Corroboration that concern named was fictitious.

C. Circumstances attending the finding.

- (1) Property concealed or covered up.
- (2) Evidence of identification marks having been removed.
- (3) Receiver evasive in answers.
- (4) If a ridiculously low price was paid as shown per book.
- (5) If any of the property was sold at an unusually low price.
- (6) By thorough search, endeavoring to find some of the original markings in the premises to show removal.

D. Unusual storage—such as furs, silks, jewelry, in a candy store, restaurant, etc.

E. A thorough search for the thief by any clues available with a view to using his testimony against the receiver.

F. The property should be marked, tagged and secured in presence of witnesses.

G. Note should be made of all facts, circumstances, and statements and corroboration had thereof.

# SPORTS

PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



**T**HE Police Department Basketball Team made great strides recently, under the able leadership of that ex-pro player, Sergeant Dan Tierney. Not only have four victories been scored in the last five contests, but the team has been complimented from many quarters for its clean, hard playing.

From a social standpoint it has been observed that the feminine sex are eager to dance with the manly exponents of the cage game, after each contest. The season closes shortly, and in view of the fact that all of the games were played without any time off, causing a changed line-up at times, the team did exceedingly well to score eight victories in eighteen contests.

On Sunday, February 22d, the team traveled to the Saint Nicholas of Tolentine court, at Fordham Road and University Avenue, where they defeated the strong Tolentine Big Five by the score of 26-16. Morgan, for the home team, starred with eight points. Povey, running forward on the police team, scored six points.

The game started off with a bang, both teams playing good fast basketball. At the end of the first half the score was 13-10 in favor of the "Bluecoats." In the second half the coppers put on a burst of speed that was entirely too much for Father Zeisner's athletes, and won by ten points.

## SIDELIGHTS

Povey took a long shot in the first half that made someone yell, "That's too far, Stan." The ball went right through the hoop and the crowd cheered.

The referee kept close tabs on Maroney. All you could hear him say was, "Maroney! Pushing, shoving or hacking." Poor John, I guess he thought he was in a red riot.

Casey played a nice steady game at guard. He held his man scoreless.

"Stretch" Talbot made a couple of one-hand "grabs" that were "beauts." If he gets his lunch hooks on criminals the way he does on a basketball—that will be the end of the crime situation.

Morgan, for the Tolentines, dropped two long shots in succession without cracking a smile.

Moran, at forward for the coppers, played a fast game and was in every play.

During the halves the orchestra played a new number for the folks, but it was an old one for the police. The name of it was "Would You Like to Take a Walk?"

Sergeant Dan Tierney enjoyed both the game and the music. He was observed dancing a few lively fox trots with his wife. After watching him dance you'd never believe that he was a "Flatfoot."

The game was scheduled for 4 P. M., but did not take place until 4:30 P. M. The delay was due to the absence of Maroney, who was doing an 8 to 4 tour. He showed up with a grin from ear to ear. What the heck was he grinning about? The sidewalks must be soft where he patrols.

The scores of the last four games follow:

Police, 33; Jamaica Jewish Center, 32. Police, 26; St. Nicholas of Tolentine, 16. Police, 32; Jamaica Jewish Center, 42. Police, 31; Mt. Vernon, 29.



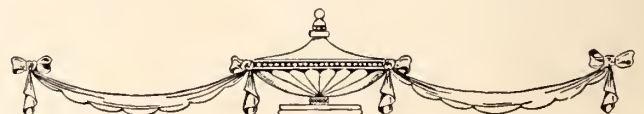
## BASEBALL

Plans are under way for the re-organization of the Bayside Police Team, champions of Queens, for the coming season. Sergeant Martini, formerly of the New England League, who manages the team, expects to do some playing himself. He thinks that with the addition of Patrolmen Stanton, Spillett and Carroll, who have been assigned to the Bayside precinct, he will have a club capable of playing the best.

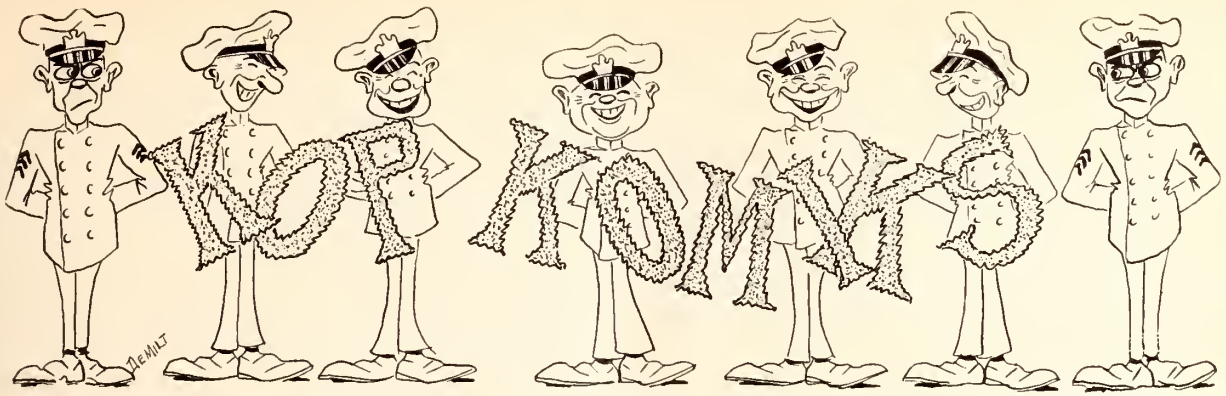
Stanton has had minor league experience, while Spillett and Carroll need no introduction to the baseball fans of Long Island City. Most of last year's successful team, which won ten straight games, will again be ready for action. These men are Patrolmen Schladebeck, Smernoff, Wirth, Schleimer, O'Hara, Hartmann, Strathowe, Robison, Guidera and Huber.

## In Memoriam

Ins. John J. Stapelton	18th Div.	Feb. 16, 1931
Ptl. Vincent V. Clementi	Traf. B	Feb. 17, 1931
Ptl. John J. Flynn		
Boro Hdqts., Brooklyn Feb. 18, 1931		
Ptl. Christopher W. Scheuing		
	18th Div.	Feb. 19, 1931
Sgt. Charles A. Noye	18th Div.	Feb. 20, 1931
Ptl. Patrick Lovett	Traf. D	Feb. 21, 1931
Ptl. Alfred C. Headwell	14th Pct.	Feb. 23, 1931
Ptl. Francis T. Kelly	84th Pet.	Feb. 28, 1931
Ptl. James J. Flanagan	25th Pet.	Mar. 12, 1931
Ptl. John F. Buckley	34th Pet.	Mar. 14, 1931
Ptl. Frank J. Byrnes	73d Pet.	Mar. 14, 1931







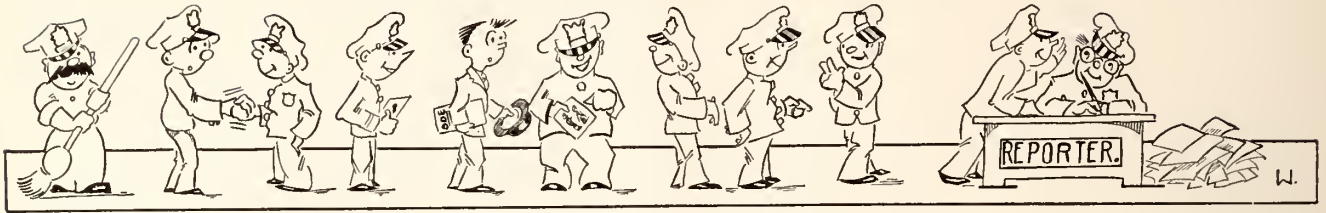
THIS PAGE IS DEVOTED EACH MONTH TO CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE Department. They must be drawn in black drawing ink on white card board, eight inches square.





# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley  
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

## PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch  
6th Pct., Ptl. A. Buttacavolin  
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

In the weekly distribution of food to the poor and needy families of the 2d Precinct, a great deal of fun arose from the Italians when they saw carrots and turnips in their baskets. If there are any vegetables that they dislike, they are these two. However, Patrolman Foster has found a way of fooling them. He puts the carrots and turnips at the bottom of the basket, and the macaronies and onions on the top. Then they walk away happy.

Lieutenant Casey, of the 1st Precinct, must be losing his appetite. He left some gravy on the plate the other day after eating a leg of lamb, a loin of pork and a "horse" mackerel.

## 3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

## LT. JOHN J. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Stephen Kennedy  
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

Patrolman Francis Devlin, of the 10th Precinct, was directing traffic at 24th Street and 7th Avenue, when traffic became blocked due to the efforts of one of those "Sunday drivers." Frank lost his usual good nature and yelled out, "Why don't you look where you're going, Buttercup?" The "S. D." politely replied, "You're nice looking, TOO."

Patrolman Thomas Grady, of the 10th Precinct, while driving his "gas wagon," struck the rear of a car driven by one of the "fair sex." "Didn't you see me stick out my hand?" the woman asked. "No, I didn't," Tom replied. "Well, if it had been my leg you'd have seen it," she replied, and drove away. Poor Tom is sure having his troubles.

Just a little tip to that sterling bachelor, Patrolman Mike Kissaue. It is easy to make a success of marriage. Just find a girl who wants to leave a \$30 job and wash dishes for nothing. Ask Matty Lynch; he knows.

Sergeant Fred Hoffman, who worked as a bookkeeper before joining "The Finest," is going to visit Hollywood on his vacation. That's a great place, you know, for anyone who is interested in figures. Fred has some figure himself.

On Sunday afternoon, March 8, at the Broadway Temple, 174th Street, Governor Roosevelt made the following statement: "I am sure that the community, as well as myself, appreciates the magnificent work done in the past, is being done now, and will continue to be done by an overwhelming majority of the New York Police Department."

It is very gratifying to know that the Chief Executive of the Empire State should express this confi-

dence in the New York Police Department at the present time, when the press in general has done everything to destroy it in the minds of the public.

A young patrolman by the name of Hennessey was observed applying all sorts of methods to an apparent drunk lying on the sidewalk on the 49th Street side of Madison Square Garden. He had worked on him for about fifteen minutes, rubbing his ears, pressing in the eyes, pinching the thighs, and after all this had failed to revive him, he finally began to pat his soles with a nightstick. He was beginning to grind out an oath due to his exertion, and then along came the sergeant, who discovered that the drunk was a D-O-A. Can you imagine?

After a long time doing desk duty, Lieutenant Edward J. Moran (famous for that last line "that makes us write" after he procured some ink), was transferred from the 18th Precinct to the 7th Division. He must have been good, for they sent two lieutenants in his place, namely, David A. Condon and Dennis Shea. The boys all wish him the best of luck.

## 4TH DIVISION

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin  
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

## LT. JAMES DONLON

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll  
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney  
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

At 4:30 P. M., February 13th, Patrolman Charles Nagle, of the 22d Precinct, jumped into the Central Park Lake at 72d Street and the West Drive and rescued five boys—ages from 8 to 12 years. They had walked on the ice and fell through into eight feet of water. The patrolman's wife received \$100 in gold from the Daily News for this meritorious rescue.

Sage remark by Lieutenant Donlon: "Prior to prohibition "THE GOLD CURE" was an assuagement when persons were found suffering from alcoholic submersion, but since the aforementioned prohibition it is applicable in water cases."

## 5TH DIVISION

24th Pct., Ptl. Henry Thiebaud  
34th Pct., Ptl. Leo Hoy

## SCT. JOHN J. DOWD

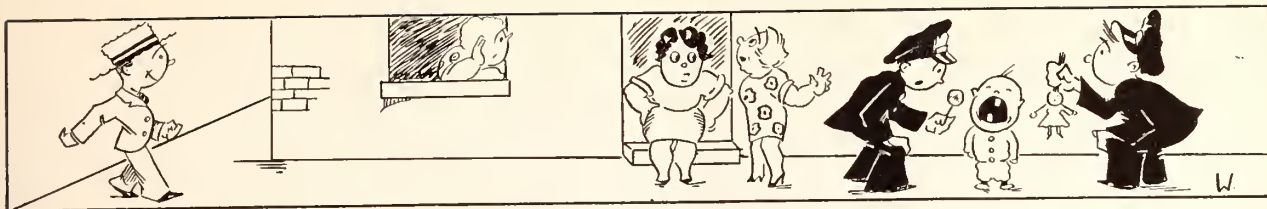
30th Pct., Ptl. James Wall

Patrolman Harry Gallagher is known as the sheik of the special day squad. Harry uses a special brand of perfume to keep his schoolboy complexion, but he'll have to use more than perfume to keep his hair.

Sergeant Patrick Kirley is all smiles these days. That number 107 on the lieutenants' list stands out as the only "red light" in his path so far; but Pat says that "when he reaches this light, it is going to change to Green." Good luck, Sergeant.

There's no truth in the rumor that Sergeant Tom Madigan is going to take up ballroom dancing. Although he can still show some of the youngsters how to step, on the sidewalks.





## 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

## LT. WILLIAM TURK

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Sgt. Fred Norman

Some of the entries that puzzle a commanding officer when checking up the blotter: Patrolman Jones left post to shoot; Patrolman Brown on Post 19 and 20. —12:01 A. M., Auto Inspection—Sergeant Smith reports inspecting auto 528 and assigns same, roll call in serviceable condition.—Auto Patrol 528 out of service. Rear end and clutch broken in front of the station house. (What part of the car is that?) Entry 8 A. M., January 23—32d Precinct—Patrolman Bevans from patrol to investigate Clerical Patrolman McMahon—Patrolman Sumpter, Post 18-19-20, entry 2 P. M., January 29, 1931.

Captain Joseph L. McGrath, of the 23d Precinct, has established a very efficient system for the distribution of food, and there is never any cause for holding people in line. The food is made up in separate containers, and is ready for distribution as fast as the people arrive. More than nine hundred allotments are disposed of in less than six hours.

Patrolman "Bob" Clibborn is either wearing very low shoes or tight suspenders. There's entirely too much space between his shoe tops and trouser bottoms. Still, others think that he may be going in for shorts. "Bob," how could you?

Patrolman Edward Edgerly still hangs on to his soup strainer. We would like to have seen "Ed" in the good old days of "handle bars and four-gallon hats." He must have been a handsome brute.

John Ayres is known as the copper with the wonderful disposition. There is a prize of one bottle of Patrolman Bill Kelly's hair tonic for any one who can get John sore.

Patrolman Fred (Dilly) Strakosch is known as one of the wise men of the East. He sees all and knows NOTHING. Fred is assigned to welfare duty, and holds the reputation of being the only man of the squad who can answer three telephone calls at the same time while eating a liverwurst sandwich.

The 23d Precinct has two very ambitious delegates for the Holy Name Society. They are trying to make this one of the best-showing precincts at the Annual Breakfast. Come on, every one, and join the crowd. See Patrolman Bill Delaney of the 8th Squad or Barney Rogers of the 3d Squad.

Patrolman George (Farewell) Reichle is putting so much extra weight on the rear porch that he has to look around for a wide chair when he wants to sit down.

Patrolman William Drettler was seen on several occasions strutting along Broadway with a cane and spats. We can stand for the cane, but the spats happened to be of a lavender color.

This month ye scribe of the 25th Precinct has to resort to a few boosts instead of knocks, or else the premium on his life insurance policy will take an upward rise.

The other night Patrolman Edward Jefferson, of this precinct, investigated three suspicious-looking characters and found them armed. Each had a long record. Keep up the good work, Jeff. it's just this sort of stuff that makes people call us "The Finest."

Boys, did you see how Haek Inspector George Heim (Maxie) looks since he put on his new uniform? He feels like he would like to lose the word "Haek" from his title. Get me?

Patrolman John Conway, the hard-working kid of First Avenue, is now assigned to the special day squad. That is why we are getting so few complaints from that post on the 8 to 4 tour.

Patrolman Charles Westervelt, who is temporarily assigned to the Emergency Division, pays us a visit every once in a while. We found out that he is only paying his respects to Patrolman Peter Mulvihill, who is lost without him.

Did you ever hear Sergeant Abe Braveman transmit alarms over the signal boxes? It would make some of our radio broadcasters jealous. It makes receiving them such a pleasure. Keep up the good work, Abe, it won't be long now.

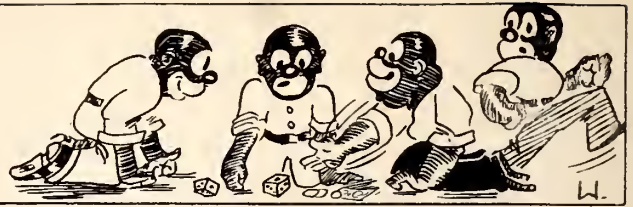
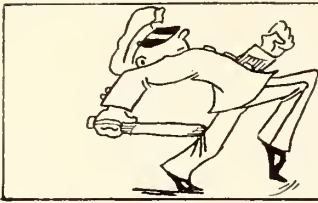
The only one who can unravel traffic at that intricate detour point on 8th Avenue and 121st Street is Patrolman Bill Cashel, of the 28th Precinct. He encountered a famous editor recently who was so dumb about the traffic situation and its detouring facilities that the good-natured copper didn't have the heart to give him a summons. The editor promised to send him a copy of his latest booklet, free of charge.

Patrolman Allen A. Benton, who gets more newspaper publicity in the Harlem press than any other Harlemit, read an article in a newspaper about a patrolman being classified as the "Adonis" of the Department. Benton, after inquiring the meaning of this word from Lieutenant Paddy Sheridan, said, "That's what I want to be called in the future." Allen has acquired so much notoriety due to his enlarged wardrobe, obtained by walking up one flight.

Jim Callan, the old-timer of the 32d Precinct, who in his youthful days was somewhat of a pugilist, still retains his knockout punch. Jim had a recent encounter with a well-known boxer on Seventh Avenue, who had the reputation of never losing an engagement. He tried to demonstrate his fistie ability on Jim. Now Mr. Pugilist has one decision against him.

Jim McMahon, the clerical man, refuses to smile these days. When asked the reason for his sadness, Jim confided to the reporter that he lost his beautiful set of false molars while fishing in Pelham Bay.

Sam McFadden, whose former occupation was second cook, still claims that he retains his ability as master of the culinary art. Sam says he can cook pigs' feet and Chitterlings, both favorite Harlem dishes, better than most Harlem chefs. He has of-



ferred to try his art on the members of his squad, but to date none has accepted.

Ruby Spiegel, the 32d Precinct "buff," failed to "show" on the recent patrolman's list. He blames his failure on the candidates for sergeancy; but is going to try again.

Joe Brown, who patrols in front of the Lafayette Theatre in Harlem, recently had the honor of seeing himself and his police activity impersonated on the stage of that theatre. Joe said the act was all right, and his only objection was the black paint the comedian used on his face.

#### 7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

#### LT. WILLIAM WITTMAN

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan  
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green

Patrolman Martin Baggott, of the 42d Precinct, is a very happy man these days. He's been heard humming that popular tune, "Somebody is coming to my house, Somebody is coming to stay." Who is it, Marty, not the iceman?

Patrolman Robert Seaton is putting on a lot of avoirdupois, but he still retains his sex appeal.

Ed Reilly, the Big Leather Man of Highbridge, seems to have acquired new honors along Mt. Eden Avenue—the model of what the well-dressed man should wear. How that handsome physique thrills the girls as he nonchalantly passes by on post. Since Ed stepped out, that charming detective, "Curly" Miller, hasn't got a chance.

Paul Straniero and Mrs. Straniero wish to announce, ever so proudly, the arrival of a bouncing baby boy.

Ed Finland, the sphinx of the boiler room, claims that he is very retiring by nature, and that his silence should not be commented upon. But, Ed, you used to tell some real good yarns when we did reserve.

Marty Daly is preparing for the day when he shall become the first broom of Highbridge. Nothing like being prepared, eh, Marty?

"Al" O'Kecfe seems to have lost his pull with the fair sex since one of their number caught him in a restaurant on Ogden Avenue without his cap. Oh, yes, Serge, it was on his meal period.

Jimmy Haggerty, the desk officer with the charming personality, is requested to finish that song that the boys are so anxious to hear. "Here comes a policeman."

Some of the boys at the 48th Precinct will be qualified Bathgate Avenue merchants before the food distribution is over.

The blue and red bowling teams are having it out "hot and heavy" every Tuesday night. As Heusel would say, "Let that be a lesson to you."

"Pcte" Nolan has ordered his rope at one of the Third Avenue hardware stores, to avoid the rush.

John Mergner has dropped his books, and is devoting all his time to the course of instruction at the

Motor Transport School. He claims his car runs better since he started.

#### 8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Haslitt  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Maver

52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

#### LT. JAMES L. CLANCY

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan

Patrolmen John Belton and Fred Volk, of the 8th Division office, are The Bronx "Happiness Boys." These two bachelor play boys are two jumps ahead of all the "Flaming Youth" in the country. They are pals socially, and every Sunday evening visit the homes of a couple of girl friends. There they enjoy themselves like nobody's business. Monday morning they meet at the office all in, after being out until almost 10:30 P. M. the night before—but still game. Then they review Sunday's fun something in this manner:

Fred: "I thought at the start the party was going to be a WASHOUT, but it turned out to be a KNOCKOUT instead."

John: "Yeah, it was a WOW, and those school teachers were a wow, too."

Fred: "Yes, but that don't mean that they have no PRINCIPAL, though, by the way, John, my feet are not standing up the way they used to, and I do not know what to do about it."

John: "Did you ever try washing them?"

Fred: "No. Yes!"

John: "Say, Fred, I am getting behind in my home work, so I think that I shall take a vacation down in Florida to sort of PEP me up, at the same time catch up on a little sleep."

Fred: "That's a good idea, John; it would be better for you to get sunburned on your vacation than on your week-end."

John finally gets his little brown bag under his arm, and Fred gets into position behind his typewriter, both fingers aimed and "rarin" to go. "So long, Fred, I'll be seeing yuh." They sign off like Amos and Andy. There's fifteen minutes of real enjoyment every Monday morning to all those listening in, and minus the advertising.

Clerical Patrolman George Dingle, 43d Precinct, is diligently keeping count of the number of days he still has to work before he is eligible to retire. He is scheduled to get a good position at that time. "MAKING FACES IN A WATCH FACTORY."

Sergeant Thomas Reilly, of the 46th Precinct, is wearing his "Tom McAns" ragged, getting in shape for the 17th of March, to parade with the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

What a break for Patrolman George McCormack, 52d Precinct. He is getting a 90-day leave to go to Ireland. You can tell the world that it's not for the purpose of attending the Eucharistic Congress. Bon voyage, George. Erin go bragh!

Lieutenant Kessler, of the 50th Precinct, claims that a quick relief from the business depression is





for the government to produce a good cigar that can be sold for five cents—a box.

Sergeant "Big" Ed Seeley was seen at the skating rink on Broadway recently. They had no skates to fit his "brogans" so they got him a pair of Austins from a nearby garage. After fifteen minutes of skating, Ed took a Brody and they had to tear the building down to get him out.

Patrolman Fred Muhlbach, of the 46th Precinct, is terribly afraid of getting fat. He has rigged up a miniature gymnasium in his house so that he can keep in shape. You better cut down on the wife's home cooking, Fred.

#### 9TH DIVISION

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

Thomas (Lord) Byron gets very peeved when he is relieved a few minutes late, and he quotes verse after verse of prose and poetry pertaining to tardiness and being punctual.

Charles (Gypsy) Franklin knows his tribe. After receiving an alarm that four Gypsies were wanted for holding up and robbing numerous chain stores in Staten Island he pitched his tent on the outer bridge. A few minutes later he had the whole band corralled and on their way to the hoosegow.

Godfrey Jensen, known as the "Crown Prince," is becoming a wizard at recovering stolen cars. He's getting so proficient that he can spot them on the fly. Good work, Old Timer.

George (Baby) Wall, thinking that the stove in the booth didn't look pretty, decided to give it a coat of paint. He painted the oven pink, and the top and bottom a baby blue. After the fire was started in it, all the paint turned to a beach tan. Now he is going to have it nickel-plated.

Henry (Count) Pauze has grown a beautiful pair of henna red sideboards. They actually protect his ears from the wintry blasts, and when he struts around on a Sunday morning, with his cane and spats, he looks like a fashion plate. He's some ducky wucky—also the only aristocrat in our house.

#### 10TH DIVISION

#### LT. PAUL LUSTBADER

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan

64th Pct., Ptl. James Jennings

61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp

68th Pct., Ptl. P. De Martini

62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

70th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

One of the most popular men in this division and also of the department is Lieutenant Paul Lustbader, who is making his mark in promotion examinations, as he did in former years as an athlete. Paul at one time starred in athletics throughout the city, and was also a member of the Police Department baseball team. In 1923 he won the handball championship of the department. From then on, he devoted his time to study. The competitive spirit which he gained in athletics enabled him to enter the promotion exams with the utmost confidence. The results speak for themselves. He was appointed to the force

on June 3, 1920; promoted to sergeant February 15, 1928, and on January 16, 1931, he was made a lieutenant. You can't stop him. Look for his name on the next captain's list.

70th Precinct—What's going to happen now, since the famous 3d Squad is changing its makeup? Bill Kolfoyle was transferred to Bergen Street; Stump Morgan to the Telegraph Bureau; Long Tom Mooney to the Hack Squad; Rev. Mike Fogarty to the Dogs, and Hungary Mackey to Traffic. Applehead Rowland is doing clerical work in the division office, leaving a sad bunch behind. Papa Maxwell is recruiting some new boys for the squad and is training them in his inimitable style.

Our esteemed clerical man is willing to study for promotion, but due to the extra expense of painting his home he is unable to buy the proper text books. Anyone having some old law books, send them over to Dan and they will be greatly appreciated.

Patrolman George Deegan, the well-known delegate, has purchased a new hat, size 10-11-12, due to his election to office in the P. B. A. Although George is a good delegate, of almost all the associations in the department, he proved that he isn't much of a sailor by the way he tied the Portugese Handcuff King in Madison Square Garden.

Patrolman Jerry Sullivan was told to watch the coal for the unemployed in the rear of the garage one late tour. He went out and bought a can of illuminating paint, and painted the coal so that he could see it in the dark.

There is a pointing contest on in the precinct between two "pull-over-there" champs, Pete Frawley and Martin Tyrell. These two men are on the same squad and they challenge anybody in the department to a game. For the benefit of the uninformed, a pointer is one who points or extends his fingers with thumb to nose to members of the fourth squad.

The third squad of this precinct issues a challenge to members of the second squad of the Bergen Street House to a game of baseball, with the understanding that Thomas Kilfoyle will be their pitcher.

Patrolman Dave Frankenberg says that "there's no use in shooting a burglar to kill him—but to shoot so close that the wind of the bullet will take his breath away and cause him to fall." This was proved on February 7th, when Dave brought in his man.

Patrolman Krawass, who made a hit last season singing "Yama Yama," has a new number called the "Petty Larceny Blues," also "Somebody Stole My Girl."

The boys hope for a speedy recovery to Patrolman Moran, who is suffering from a gunshot wound received in a gang shooting. He is recuperating at Harbor Hospital, Brooklyn.

This being the first anniversary of the young SPRING 3100, we hope that it will celebrate many more, and keep improving as it has during the past year.



Patrolman (Laws) Copeland is running a close second to "Hawk-Eyed" Gus. On February 2d he made three arrests for stolen autos. On February 14th a watchman in the 68th Precinct reported that four men beat him up while attempting to rob the safe, and they escaped. Copeland caught four men in a taxicab who had in their possession burglar tools, etc. These men were the ones who had beaten up the watchman.

Well! Well! Well! All precincts thinking that they have a ball team that can play ball, get in touch with the demon ball team captain—Feldman—of this precinct, and arrange a date to take a trimming. In ten games played last summer, we only lost nine; but as the business depression is letting up we expect to win at least three games this coming season.

#### 11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Clarence Farley  
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. Paul Walsh

#### LT. JAMES B. REILLY

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

The 74th Precinct Station House has just been painted, and the families of the members of this command had a chance to see the colors of the paints used, as most of the boys brought a sample home on their uniforms.

Early one morning last January Patrolmen Barrett and Palmay, of the 78th Precinct, heard peculiar noises coming from a store on Fifth Avenue. Upon investigation they found two men looting a safe. The men attempted to escape over back fences, but Palmay shot one of them and Barrett captured the other about a block away.

Due to the excellent police work of Patrolman Barrett and Detective Hannan, another chain store gang has been broken up, and two desperate thugs are now awaiting sentence.

Charlie Krauss, our recent Benedict, celebrated his return to duty by capturing a holdup man who had held up a "crap" game on the Pacific Street subway station. The man was armed, but did not have a chance to use his gun, for Charlie was too fast for him. He proved to be a third offender.

Patrolman Bill Cadarr, the cheerful investigator of the needy families in the 78th Precinct, is willing to help the poor all he can. But when one woman asked him to mind her children while she went shopping, he reneged.

#### 12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy  
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gheriech  
69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

#### PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley  
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy  
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

Our clerical man, Patrolman King, has lost a few pounds since last month.

We wonder if the monthly scene at the station house is the cause of it. (Amby with a gun on each hip; Sergeant Jacobs to his right and Sergeant Cavanaugh to his left, approaching the men:)

1. "Get up the unemployment money."
2. "Did you pay your bed money?"
3. "Don't forget your SPRING 3100. Forgive them, they mean well."

Our attendant, Johnny Heckman, is so fond of clam chowder that he is continually ducking. He thinks it's in the air.

Patrolman Val Raynor, our hack investigator, has a new song that he intends to make a record of. It is called "Did You Receive a Notice?" Val states that "forty-five out of 950 hackmen can't be wrong."

There is a rumor that Patrolman Muratore is going to retire and go into the fruit business. Well, Eddie ought to know his vegetables by this time. He has had plenty of experience throwing the unemployed food around in the station house.

The period of hibernation is now over. The fish are starting to bite, and the clams, oh! well it's the 69th in Canarsie coming into its own. Spring is right around the corner.

Patrolman Edward Rowley, our P. B. A. delegate and attendant, is up and around again after being the victim of a hit and runner. Take it easy for a while yet, Ed.

Dominoes to the right of us; dominoes to the left of us. It's the back room of the 69th, when Captain Charlie Northrup has a few spare minutes.

Big Ralph Murcia is off his feed lately, due to thoughts of "The Golden Gloves Contest." There is no comparison between fourteen meat balls and one lamb chop, is there, Ralph?

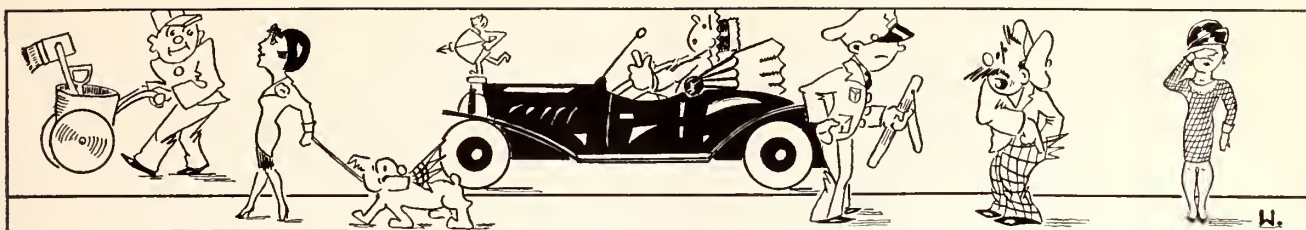
Demon Willie (49) Shea deserted the "Flivver Boys" to help out in the hack room; but the protests from some of the femmes in the precinct against taking those Chesterfieldian manners out of the uniform will possibly cause his early return.

Uncle Joe McLaughlin has just annexed himself a new Studebaker. After the hard luck he had with the other boat, he is thinking of contracting with a wrecker to act as an escort when he rides one of the boys home.

A new war has started on the old camping grounds. This time it's the sergeant's examination. Between the noisy Hack Inspector and the Clerical Department, together with a little advice from the unemployment boss, we don't get a minute's rest.

At about 2:55 A. M., February 15th, Patrolman William Denice and John Carney, both Hack Inspectors of the 71st and 73d Precincts, while doing night duty together, observed three men sticking up George Beuzer at East 53d Street and Lenox Road. Patrolman Denice alighted from his car and went over to the bandits, who started to run away, firing several shots at him. They were pursued by Carney in the automobile and Denice on foot. One of their shots imbedded itself in Carney's automobile. Denice chased them across a vacant lot, firing five shots, two of which struck one of the bandits, who admitted being previously arrested for a serious crime.





About 12:40 A. M., February 24th, Patrolmen Edward Muller, Rubin Herbstman and William Burns, of the 71st Precinct, after finishing a 4 to 12 tour, stopped at the corner of Empire Boulevard and Nostrand Avenue, to have a talk before going home. Suddenly Mrs. Hilda Milstein ran up to them and said that two men forced her husband into an auto by threatening him with pistols and then drove away. She also said that her husband was the treasurer of the Congress Theatre in Brooklyn, and that they might be taking him there to get the receipts from the safe. The "cops" commandeered a taxicab and arrived at the theatre just as the bandits were about to enter. They ordered the men to put up their hands. Instead of complying, the thugs opened fire and shot Patrolman Muller in the shoulder and ankle. In the return fire Morris Jacobs, one of the bandits, was shot and killed. Muller is being treated in the Unity Hospital, and the boys are all rooting for him and hope that he will soon be on the road to recovery.

### 13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

### LT. EDWARD HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muehlich

Sergeant Henry May has just received the inside "info" about a delivery of 175 "Koopays" beige upholstery with eiderdown beneath and in back, thermostat heating by Tex Guinan, body by Zeigfeld, free wheeling, mealing and peeling, balloon tires and pockets, Everest chassis by Simmons, Pathfinder by Bulova, schedule by Jersey Central. (It won't be long now.)

Lieutenant Furious Lambert has received his early spring quota of road maps from Socony, Purol, and Shell. He expects Mr. Buick to do it.

Sergeant Henry McCormack, (L) in waiting, calculates a gold rush, due to the proposed "penshun" bill.

Signs of Spring have brought out Hollywood diets and Dan O'Leary walks.

Lieutenant Furey: "What, no eels?"

About 930 A. M., February 24, Patrolmen Robert R. Moger and William F. Feeley, of the 79th Precinct, while on patrol observed two men running east on Fulton Street from Bedford Avenue. They ran after them, and ordered them to halt, when one turned and pointed a 45-calibre army pistol, which jammed. The patrolmen then opened fire and wounded one. They arrested both men, who were identified by a Mr. Louis Lyons, whom they attempted to rob of \$300 while on his way to the bank.

Patrolman Wells, 79th Precinct, while assigned to the mounted training stable, doing a Tom Mix, was thrown from his horse and suffered an injury to his hand. The boys of the precinct think that Patrolman Welsh, also assigned to the stable, tried to ride a box-car with the doors closed.

O'Donnell, O'Neill, O'Keefe, O'Brien, etc., are all urgent cases on the poor and needy file of the precinct, and deserve special consideration, according to our star investigator, Patrolman John P. O'Kane.

On Easter Sunday, "Bunny" Fox, a rather new arrival from the Police Academy, will take the final plunge. This may account for the big smile "Bunny" displays for no good reason at all. Lots of luck, Steve; you sure will need it.

Day by day, in every way, the day squad is getting better and better. Max Barr states that he is in good condition for a channel swim or long distance run. Hugh O'Donnell says that if Max makes it interesting enough for him he'll take him over for the swim. "Sheik" Francis Smith is getting better looking since he does his late tours on the "old hay."

The February Pistol Cycle has turned out bigger and better marksmen in the 80th Precinct. "Sharpshooter" Kaplan states that he will challenge "Dead-Eye" Corson to a contest, loser to pay for a kosher meal.

"Vacant Face" Hughes, "Potato Head" Wafter and "Onion Skin" Bill Lawrence are to hold a special examination in preparation for the forthcoming struggle.

Patrolman James Cox recently brought two prisoners to the house whom he discovered on the fire escape of a neighborhood apartment house. Jimmie proved that he's just as good a detective as he formerly was.

Patrolman Joseph A. Macy is back from the Police Academy. He looks kind of depressed because he was not to emulate the Prince of Wales.

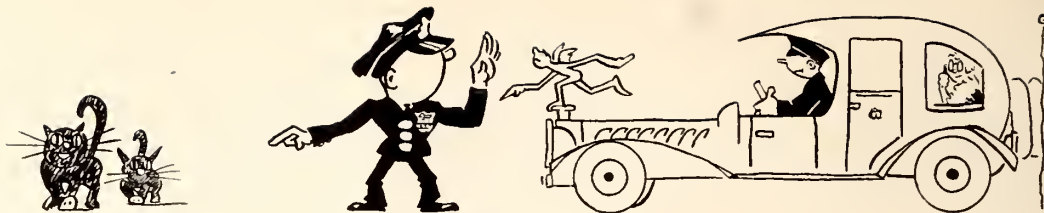
### 15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hennigan  
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox  
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

103d Pct., Ptl. George McDonald  
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy  
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher

103d—Congratulations to Patrolman John Burger and may all his troubles be little ones.—Lieutenant Gustave Seegers and Sergeant William McDonald were heartily congratulated on the completion of their first twenty-five years of service.—Patrolman Pelcer, while over in South Jamaica the other day, was accosted by a stranger, who asked him how to get to New York City. Pelcer said: "I don't know." Stranger: "How far is it?" Patrolman: "I don't know." Stranger: "What do you know?" Pelcer: "Well, I ain't lost."—At a recent gathering I was certainly surprised at the talent displayed by our boys. Joe Furey and Vic Barkas did a fancy dance number; Fred Bodkin, George Kane and George Doherty sang a popular song; George Brust tried a couple of handsprings and was assisted by George Biessel.—While trying doors at 2 A. M., Patrolman John Calahan was approached by a little girl, who told John that she felt very sorry for him. When John asked her why, she replied that she "had observed him for



two blocks and it certainly was a shame that none of them people would leave their door open for him."

#### 16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio

#### PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
112th Pct., Lawrence J. McQuade  
114th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Schultz

Patrolman Frank (Poor) Keller and Sigmund (Needy) Warschauer, of the 110th Precinct, are two of the most obliging men in the station house. They hand out the food with a smile, and have several invitations to dine from some of the best cooks in town.

Well, we are just about settled in our new quarters, known as the 112th Precinct. The "Big Boss" dedicated the place on February 19th, and spoke some very encouraging words to the boys. And Oh, Boy! What "gold" there was. I'll bet those Maspathians were dazzled.

We have a set of bosses that would make any station house envious. Of course, we all hated to leave our old friend, Captain Ross, but then, you know the best of friends must part.

The nearer we get to the coming sergeant's examination the more use we'll have for the rope and gas pipe.

Our Polish interpreters, Woitazek and Finnerty, are running neck and neck.

All our attendants, including First Mop Sammon (Fish) Mahoney and Glennon, have the same war cry: "Stop throwing 'butts' on the floor!"

I wonder how the boys of the 110th Precinct feel since all the BEST men left them.

#### 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. William Mulry  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill  
D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connelly

"B"—Patrolman John C. Wilson is very happy these days over the arrival of one of the "little things" in life. John is taking a course on how to properly maneuver a baby carriage and is getting along swell. When he makes his annual trip to the Police Camp this summer he'll have to order up for three.

"D"—All the members of Traffic D wish Captain James J. Sheehy the best of luck on his recent promotion, and they all claim that if Traffic D could be moved down there they would follow in a body.

Patrolman William J. Siry was instrumental in apprehending one Roy Sloane and an accomplice, who were attempting to hold up a jewelry concern at 46th Street and Fifth Avenue. This holdup necessitated the calling of the Emergency Squad and also extra patrolmen to prevent the escape of the culprits. Siry, after an extensive search of the premises, located one of the men and placed him under arrest. Good work, Bill, Sloane may be able to talk his way out of Sing Sing, but when in the vicinity

of Traffic D he must use other tactics than mere talk.

Patrolman Peter Quinn, on post at 43d Street and Fifth Avenue, on January 31st, heard the usual cry, "Stop Thief!" He observed a man running west on 43d Street, who had stolen about \$1,000 worth of jewelry from a nearby concern. Quinn followed the suspect and apprehended him as he was about to board a taxicab to make his escape. The thief was fast, but not fast enough to get away from the agile Pete.

Patrolmen Charlie McCarthy, Wallace Wilson, and Fred McGregor, of the Opera Squad, are seriously thinking of getting their voices cultivated. Several patrolmen advised them to first have their throats cut.

Patrolman Olaf Angel Lee is going to get married on Easter Sunday, and it promises to be the outstanding event of the season. Arrangements are being supervised by Sergeant Tom Boland, who has selected Patrolmen Aloysius Cross, Ed Donohue, Spark Plug McCarthy and Harry Schaffel to act as ushers. Gene McMahon will be on hand to receive all the celebrities and will act as master of ceremonies.

"E"—Some of the boys of Traffic E, who attended the annual ball of the New York Police Post of the American Legion, report that our chief clerical Adonis, Eddie Hartman, was presented with a beautiful medal for past services. Eddie made one of his favorable addresses, short and snappy—and received a wonderful ovation. It was also reported that Patrolman Conlin was there with a red-headed "mamma" who sported a large solitaire on her left pinky. Now the boys think that the intersection of 66th Street and Broadway will have a new head man in the near future.

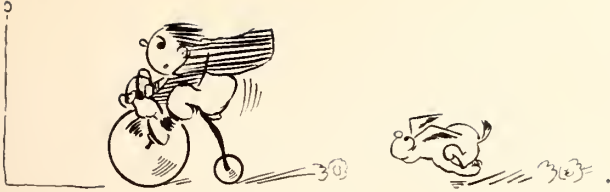
Patrolman George Cooledge, who regulates the orderly movement of traffic at Broadway and 66th Street, has a real sense of humor. Recently, after giving the signal to stop, he observed the driver of a team disregarding his signal. George exclaimed: "What's de trouble, driver, can't the poor mules see the signal light or are they jest color blind?"

Lieutenant Higgins has a new weight-reducing remedy for the boys of this command, and particularly for the sergeants. After working the 4 to 12 shift, get up early and make a traffic light survey of the Island of Manhattan.

Patrolman Patrick O'Rourke was successful recently in capturing an auto thief. Hope Paddy will be as fortunate in getting that day off from the C. O.

Patrolman James O'Donnell, directing traffic at St. Nicholas Avenue and 155th Street, had a narrow escape from a hit and run driver. The speed maniac knocked the semaphore out of his hand, but Jimmy quickly stopped the driver by placing the base of the semaphore in front of the wheels of the





auto. The driver was arrested and booked at the 30th Precinct, not only as a reckless driver, but also as a thief and bandit as well.

Patrolman Pete Murphy wants to know what's more rare than a tenderloin steak. His "side kick," Patrolman O'Keefe, answered, "A Tenderloin Post."

"F"—Patrolman Thomas McKay, the aggressive delegate of the P. B. A., who is now on the sick list, is reported to be on the mend.

Well, it has been a wonderful winter for the traffic squad. Do you remember the winter we had to shovel snow?

The members of Traffic F send congratulations to Captain James Sheehy on his promotion and assignment to Far Rockaway. The natives there will have a competent leader.

Patrolman O'Connor to Patrolman Cleary: "Hey, Bill! Did you see my comb?"

Cleary: "No; I left him at the subway station."

Some of the boys who give Davy Jones a load of their fishing equipment every year are getting ready for the fishing season. It looks like some of the species are in for a terrible slaughter. They don't have to catch them with the hooks; they can knock them unconscious with the sinkers they use.

Patrolman Harold Jackson is filling in as delegate, due to the absence of Tom McKay.

Some of the boys are going over to Brooklyn to take part in the pistol tournament, and have taken some bird shot with them.

Patrolman Tom Rocket called up his butcher for ten cents' worth of liver for the cat. One hour later he canceled the order, as the cat caught a mouse.

Rookie patrolman to captain: "Captain, I would like to be assigned to the toughest spot in the precinct." "All right, young man, take 10th Avenue." Rookie arrives on post and comes across two men sitting on a fire hydrant. He orders them to move, and one of them did, but the other still sat there. "Hey!" he said, "I'll bet you'll move if the fire engines come along."

3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

I. Ptl. George Gallagher  
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell  
L. Ptl. John Behring

M. Thomas Thompson

"I"—Lost: Two good bosses—Lieutenants Kent and Burke.

Found: Two more—Lieutenants Walsh and Stanton.

The following are now preparing to take up permanent residence in "Mike's Civil Service Hoople House: Tony Duffy, Bill McKeon, Bill McDonald, Gene Young, Omar Kent and your reporter.

There are rumors to the effect that John O'Brien, Samuel Pierson and Joe Farrell have started a study class for the next exam. John furnishes the rye bread, Joe the knowledge, and Sam the stationery.

How about Freddie Niebuhr, or maybe George Benjes, to add a little youth to the gathering?

There is some dirt going around the station house that John Otto Kubiel, that dashing cavalier, wears a red (hair) shirt. Einar (Lief Erickson) Torgerson says that he is going to get John in a dark corner and make sure of it. If it is red, Oh, Boy!

"J"—Captain Prendergast is now enjoying himself on the sunny sands of Florida.

The famous T. & T. twins (Tice and Tave) have at last been separated—since Tave received his temporary assignment to the district office.

Sergeant Harry Schmidt has a brand new piece of rope that he has been saving. He is thinking of selling it to some motorist for a tow line.

Patrolman Brooks, our Baby Face Midget, was observed using the roof of an Austin for a desk while serving a summons. He was sore because the RUNNING BOARD was missing and he had no place to put his FEET.

Patrolman Bill Ryan, when asked how he liked his assignment to the Domestic Relations Court, remarked that it takes a family man to handle the job.

Patrolman Bill Martin is wondering what to do with the 15 "grand" that he received in a verdict for his injuries. He refuses to be interviewed by reporters, and particularly those get-rich-quick stock brokers.

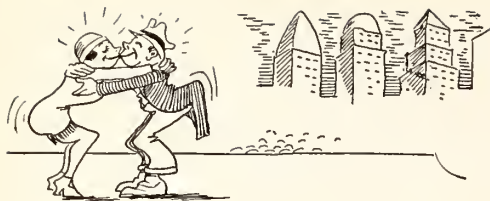
Patrolman Patrick Dwyer became a proud PAPA, but he refuses to tell the make of it.

Patrolman Galbraith was observed talking to a female. Upon being asked the nature of the conversation, he stated that the woman had lost her husband. When questioned, she replied that her husband had died long ago.

Patrolman Gus Legge has the squirrels educated to stop on the red light when coming out of the Lincoln Road exit of Prospect Park.

"L"—Patrolman Philip G. Ammon, while on duty at the Brooklyn end of the Manhattan Bridge, was approached by a Porto Rican woman, who said: "My dog is dead." Ammon, not hearing correctly, advised her to get an undertaker, or if she was without funds to apply at the station house and the morgue wagon would be sent. The woman replied, "Why an undertaker?" Ammon: "Didn't you say your daughter was dead?" Woman, making gestures: "No! My wow wow."

"M"—Sergeant Alonzo Myers, one of the old-timers on bridge traffic duty, put in his retirement blank the other day. His smiling face and pleasant manner will be missed by many of the steady riders over the Williamsburg Bridge. Alonzo claims that he feels young enough to start all over again. Good-bye, and good luck.



#### 4TH DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) PTL. WILLIAM KEARNS

N. Ptl. John H. Westervelt

O. Ptl. Edward T. McKenna

P. Ptl. Thomas E. Sheedy

Acting Lieutenant "Con" O'Brien has discovered a new and successful tonic for growing hair on bald heads. Watch the results.

Lieutenant Frank Knowles, the Chauncey M. Depew of the Police Department, "a man of a few thousand words," and the czar of the Queens Plaza, is familiarizing himself with the Queens exit of the new roadway of the Queensboro Bridge, anticipating a call to formally open this roadway.

Sergeant Teddy Raphael, of Traffic N, and Sergeant Louis Goldberg, formerly of N, are planning a Cook's tour together.

A cause of traffic congestion on the bridge: Al Frewin warbling the foggy dew.

Tom Stapleton has regained his health since being assigned to Post No. 28 at Welfare Island.

The residents of the exclusive Elmhurst community welcome with open arms, as a resident, that handsome guardian of the peace and sheik of Traffic N, Paddy Quinn.

Eddie Leavey will advance no further information about the "BLONDE."

Tim Shea has been making inquiries as to the serviceability of the Austin automobile, with trailer. He intends to take his wife and eight children out into the open spaces for expansion during the good weather. Tim, we might recommend a Fifth Avenue coach.

After six months' intensive instruction in the art of operating an automobile, Frank Masterson's wife took her road test, with the result that she failed in eighteen of the twenty requirements. This is not an advertisement for Frank's school of automobile instruction.

Tom (Ducky-Wucky) Dugan has refused to accept any more matches for the Bowling Team of Traffic O. This team went down to a disgraceful defeat at the hands of the Emergency Service No. 19 team, and have now formed a sewing circle. For information, 'phone Arthur Matthews.

Eddie McKenna, of Traffic O, should be assigned to the stanchion shop. He is extremely proficient in placing and removing them. "Mac" was formerly one of the "Three Musketeers."

Jack (Dynamite) Dunne might have had a great future as a coffee taster.

It has been brought to our attention that Eddie Volk has entered into a contest of fatherhood with Dick Hanley. He has just increased his family by one son. Eddie is young and ambitious and we are inclined to place our wagers on him.

Henry Juhren, while apprehending an automobile thief at Rockaway Boulevard and Lincoln Avenue,



received injuries to his knee and arm. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Since Captain Butler's wife returned from her vacation, the slack in the "Skipper's" belt line has been taken up.

Tom Sheedy is about to enter upon a career of chasing the speeders. Look out for the horse cars, Tom.

Dick Hanley, Traffic P's exponent in the art of clerical duty, has filed an application for membership in the P. B. A. for his new-born son, age five years.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 3

SGT. JOHN WARD

Angelo (Boom-Boom) Favata stayed out late one night, but everything was peaches at home. He brought a note from the gentleman of the faith who kept him from going home. That is one for the book.

John "McTavish" Hartnett was seen sitting on the steps of Columbia College recently. Maybe "Mike" doesn't cover all the subjects.

Charlie ("Oh, Yeah"-Bondy told us he used to be a life saver at the old Madison Square Garden swimming pool. It has been figured out by some of his friends that he must have been about fifteen years old at that time.

Granville (Bald Eagle) Mills is the new custodian of our ever-changing managership of the Commissary Department. He promises and promises, with a few more promises thrown in, that he'll have fresh cream every day.

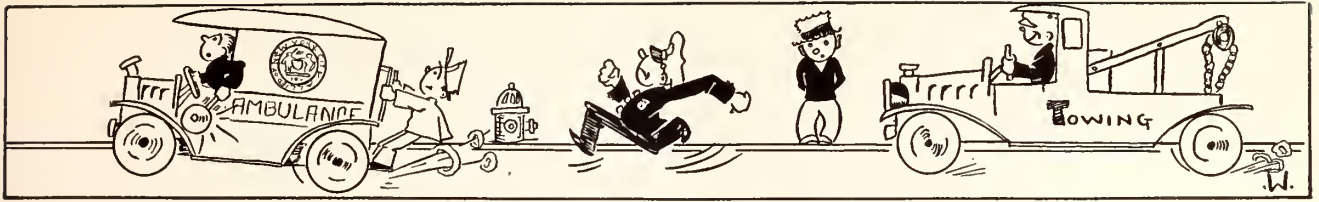
#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 5

SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Did you see the pictures, "The Big House" or "Convict 1931?" Well, we have the only rival of the villain who acted in both of those masterpieces. His name is none other than John Curtin, one of the most desperate looking characters that ever sprouted in our squad. He was at a Gaelic "shindig" recently and some one scalped him. You should see his cranium. Oh, My Gosh! His beautiful red hair has departed and in its place is growing some split peas, a few moths and some ugly looking scarpitis. He is afraid to leave the squad room; detectives pick him up at every corner. Some say that this is the result of that cold plunge he took in the Hudson last January.

Sergeant John (Fisherman) Morrell had a couple of teeth pulled recently, and he sent them to the Elks to be mounted. John hasn't been the same since. Every time he talks now he yodels. This is due to his missing bicuspid. Whenever he sees a steak it brings tears to his eyes. All he can eat is mashed potatoes and "zoop." However, the fishing season will soon be here and he'll be in his glory.





#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 10 SGT. JAMES F. AUSTIN

Heard in squad quarters:

Hubert Parise: "Say, Moon, what is a fish net?"

Moon Mullins: "A lot of holes tied together with a string."

Sergeant Hall: "And that'll be about enough of that."

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 15 SGT. ULYSSES E. BOETIG

**BEG PARDON.**—In the February issue of this magazine, our Mr. Sold was confused with the "Harlem Kid." Now, both Chris and the "Harlem Kid" resent this, and it is felt by the Editor that an apology is due to both of these gentlemen. This apology is cheerfully given, with the regrets of the entire staff.

Ed Unger, the "Man from Tin Mountain," has been observed about the confines of his Queens Village estate, tinkering with the flora and fauna thereof. This surely indicates an early Spring.

It has been reported that Ben Keeney is seeking a large bungalow in the Far Rockaway section for the summer season. Real estate agent, please note.

Emergency 15 has a "Tall Story Club" which compares with the best of them. Some of the raconteurs, however, received the shock of their lives when a young rookie named Vince Downing broke into their select circle.

In the calm waters of Reynolds Channel, a long, rakish craft is to be seen these days hauled high and dry on the beach. The man with the wrinkled brow and anxious look who superintends the work of scraping and cleaning the bottom of this marine marvel, is none other than our own "Skipper" Joe Holtmeyer. Joe expects this saucy craft to take the waters again this season, when bigger and better things are expected.

#### BUREAU OF CRIME PREVENTION

##### PATROLWOMAN IRENE A. COMEAU

Sergeant John Roche is under his physician's care suffering from high blood pressure. John says that anyone would have it, if they were constantly pestered as he is, by his feminine co-workers in Unit No. 3. However, we contend that his illness is due to his early piety.

When it comes to fast stepping, no one can hold a candle to Lawon Bruce when she takes it into her head to strut a cakewalk on auspicious occasions.

It is not very often that the Harbor Squad is treated to the company of so many charming ladies as it was on a trip aboard one of their sea-going yachts recently. Even the staid old-timers at the 27th Precinct nearly fell out of the window gazing at the two fair sprinters who were late at the dock—as usual.

Our recently opened Unit No. 6, in the 62d Precinct, is another feather in the cap of this bureau.

Lieutenant James Rooney, with the assistance of Crime Prevention Investigator Vera Solomon, and the capable members of the uniformed force will, without a doubt, do some valuable constructive work.

Patrolwoman Hortense Lawrence was presented with a new son recently. His nibs tipped the scales at almost twelve pounds; but then, Hortie is not so tiny herself.

#### HACK BUREAU

##### PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Anyone in need of soothing powder or salve to relieve soreness or irritation apply to Patrolman Bosch of this bureau. He will cheerfully supply periodicals on this subject to those in need of them.

Our old sidekick, Daniel Cleary, of the Pistol Permit Bureau, is on sick leave. His many friends and associates sincerely hope to see him back soon in good health.

Patrolman Clinton Townsend and Walter Harkins are plugging very hard for the next examination. Clinton has an edge on Walter when it comes to height, weight and reach; but the old saying that good things come in small packages makes it even. Here's hoping that you both finish on top.

#### SUPERINTENDENT OF BUILDINGS' OFFICE

Patrolman Henry Muller, familiarly known as "Tarzan," used to be one of the best soft-shoe dancers in Long Island. His dancing is only rivaled by his keen appetite. He holds a record of having eaten half a cow at one sitting. (And that's no bull.)

Patrolman Louis (Muscles) Stokes is known for his expert knowledge of sea food, and the best and only way to cook this food. You can see Louis almost any day at almost any dock, looking for some stray fish (especially muscles) for a party he intends to give at his home in the near future.

Patrolman Edward (Fur-Coat) Voll, temporarily assigned to this office, is known for his quick wit and cheery smile. Ed is just as clever with a pencil as he is with a nightstick, and his work in the drafting room proves it. He's just another Gerritsen Beach "cowboy" who made good in the big city.

Patrolman Patrick Skea is studying very hard for the coming sergeant's examination. Pat is expected to follow in his brother's footsteps. If he does, it won't be long before we are saluting him.

Patrolman Louis Marshall, the big map man from this office, is mapping out his vacation, and hopes to visit Hawaii. He says that he loves the climate out there. When he gets there, you can rest assured that he'll like more than the climate. (Keep away from them BANJO players, Louie.)

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 1

##### PTL. BERNARD J. CONNORS

On March 6th Dave Condon was promoted to Lieutenant and Bob Dunn and Bill Mott were promoted to Sergeant; some more of the "mounties"



W.

making good and upholding the honor of the squad. Good luck and further advancement, Dave, Bill and Bob.

Mounted Squadron No. 1 extends the glad hand of welcome to Lieutenant Michael Richter and Lieutenant Dave Levy and look forward to a very happy association with them.

Sergeant Mike Hurley, of Troop D, who recently signed over his pay check to a fair colleen from Ireland, was tendered a dinner at the Lido Riviera, and presented with a handsome set of silver by the boys of Troop D. A grand time was had by all. Patrolman Fenchter entertained with an assortment of magic tricks, and Sergeant Ducky Holmes, and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Connors rendered solos, with the famous piano player, Joe Siess, at the Wurlitzer.

Willie Warnken is determined to have a baseball team of his own, and recently increased the candidates to two, being the proud father of another baby boy. Two down and seven to go.

"Pickles" Hynds, that handsome widower, appears to be slipping. He was seen at the P. B. A. ball with a pretty young blonde, whom he claims as his daughter. The wise boys say his attitude was by no means fatherly.

Troops B and D have started spring training already in preparation for their meeting on the diamond in May. Both troops seem to have a wealth of material to choose from, and a hot contest is being looked forward to. Such stellar stars as Ludie Frank, "Pickles" Hynds and Andy McGinley, the "Flushing Flash," will be on hand.

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2

PTL. HUBERT J. CLAFFEY

At our last Holy Name meeting we were honored by the presence of two Paramount stars. Frankie Judnick, the accordion player, who has entertained thousands, and Jimmy Chefalo, the singing usher. They played several selections and we enjoyed them very much.

Patrolmen Louis Wines and Ray Heingarten are two comical jiggers. We advised them to join Billy Watson's show.

Lieutenant Klipperra, in charge of Queens Troop, has his men in tip-top shape at all times. They all like him very much.

Patrolman Bill Berezk has only two more years to be with us. I've heard one of his pals say that Bill intends to open up a second-hand automobile store when he retires. This accounts for the large assortment of used parts that he has in his locker. He picks them up daily on the street.

#### BOROUGH HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN

Patrolman Dennis (Constable) Cahill, of the Warrent Squad, is reputed to be quite a golfer. The other day he brought his golf sticks to the office be-

fore going to the links. While in the office, he decided to show the boys a few trick shots, and the proper way to grasp a club. One shot called the "breaker" made us duck for cover. You grasp the stick with a firm grip, then close your eyes and swing. BUT MAKE SURE THERE'S NO CHANDELIERS AROUND. What he did to the one in the office is a shame. Patrolman Edward Ross lost plenty of avoirdupois stooping over to pick up the pieces.

#### BOROUGH HEADQUARTERS, BROOKLYN

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

Information has been received that Patrolman Walter Bailey, of this squad, recently had a roomer, an old friend of his. It happened that the roomer developed a very high fever, about 103 degrees. Walter took him and placed him in his cellar, and when asked why he did this, he said: "In order to keep the house warm." When Walter was married he had the ceremony performed in the rear yard, *so the chickens could eat the rice.*

#### MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 1

PTL. PETER DOVE

Ernie Davis recently returned from the hospital where he had his tonsils removed. Upon meeting his old side-kick, Patrolman Jim (Footsie) Fay, he stated that he had lost twelve pounds. Jim exclaimed: "What, did they weigh that much?"

Patrolman Robert (Steamboat) Fulton, the champ soup, pie eater, and checker player of the squad, is very sad lately because he lost his checker title to Sergeant Mat Murphy, who is only a novice at the game, having played but three games in his life. Bob is still consoled by the fact that he is the soup and pie eating champion.

## AGAIN WE REMIND YOU LIBRARY OF THE POLICE ACADEMY

Open to all members of the Force.

The Library of the Police Academy is open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. daily, except Sundays and holidays; Saturdays until 12 o'clock noon. It is located at the easterly end of the sixth floor of Police Headquarters Annex.

Available for reference are standard works on police service, crime repression, crime prevention, criminal investigation, social work, behavior and personality, parole, probation, penology, sociology, psychology, psychiatry, psychoanalysis, etc.

Grateful acknowledgement is made for the co-operation of the Extension Division of the New York Public Library.

This is your reference library. Make use of it!



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman Charles Barts, 32d Precinct, while on patrol at about 2:40 A. M., February 7th, observed a holdup in progress at 138th Street and Lenox Avenue. In the course of the pursuit the holdup man fired at the patrolman, who refrained from returning the fire owing to the congested condition of the street. He apprehended the bandit, disarmed him and placed him under arrest.

Acting Lieutenant John Shields, Detectives John Petrizzo, James Lynch, Francis X. McLaughlin and John Anderson, 23d Squad, arrested on February 14th two men who were attending the funeral of a criminal who had been shot and killed. These men are charged with having held up and robbed employees of Murtha & Schmohl Co., 109th Street and Pleasant Avenue, of \$1,600 on January 31st last. Later, the above detectives, in company with Acting Captain Louis Hyams, 6th Detective District, arrested in Astoria, L. I., the third participant in the crime. All three were identified and admitted taking part in the holdup.

## BRONX

Patrolman Francis J. Bartley, 50th Precinct, while on patrol at about 5:40 A. M., February 1, was notified that two convicts who had escaped from the Eastview Penitentiary, Westchester County, N. Y., in December, had that morning committed a burglary in Beacon, N. Y., and in escaping left their wrecked car in Yonkers and were headed south afoot. Bartley notified Patrolman Raymond A. Scanlon, 50th Precinct, on patrol in a department car. Later, they observed and followed a suspicious appearing taxicab coming south on Broadway, and at Spuyten Duyvil Parkway signaled Patrolman Max Pittel, 50th Precinct, also in a department car, to head it off. As Scanlon and Bartley approached the halted cab one of the men inside fired at Scanlon, who promptly poured six shots into the left side of the cab. Bartley, on the other side, also fired six shots, while, Pittel, who had jumped from his car, fired three. One of the occupants of the cab was killed outright. The other died several hours later at Fordham Hospital. The jewelry stolen in the Beacon robbery was on their persons. Both were identified by the warden of Eastview Penitentiary as the escaped prisoners.

Detective John P. Cooke, Bronx Homicide Squad, assigned to a homicide committed on August 29, 1930, in which two arrests were made, received information that one James G. Hay, wanted as the instigator of the crime, might be located in the Chinese quarter of Boston. He visited Boston and after intensive search located and arrested said Hay, who admitted his identity and is now awaiting trial.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman Thomas J. Gaffney, 78th Precinct, while on patrol in the vicinity of 505 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, on the afternoon of February 4th, observed a man emerge from the premises with a revolver in his hand which he leveled at the officer. The officer immediately whipped out his own gun and fired one shot, which took effect in the man's head. Two other men then ran from the building and escaped in an automobile, the officer emptying his gun at them without effect. It later developed they had committed a holdup in the office of the Continental Baking Co., at above address, and had obtained a large sum of money. The injured prisoner disclosed the names of his companions with the result that one of them has since been apprehended.

Detective John J. Meenahan, 90th Squad, while on patrol in the vicinity of Driggs Avenue and South 9th Street, Brooklyn, at about 1 P. M., December 24, 1930, observed three men in an automobile bearing license plates reported as stolen. As Meenahan approached to question the men they drew revolvers and opened fire. Sergeant Richard Flynn, 90th Precinct, came to Meenahan's aid and they both exchanged shots with the bandits, one of whom was apprehended. He was identified as a paroled convict and later identified as one of five bandits who on December 24th attempted to steal a payroll of \$14,000 at 36 Forrest Street, Brooklyn. He pleaded guilty and on January 8th was sentenced to serve fifteen years in prison.

Detective Meenahan was shot in the right leg, while five bullets passed through his overcoat and one through the left leg of his trousers.

## QUEENS

Patrolman John M. Lovell, 110th Precinct, while on patrol at about 7:15 P. M., February 16th, observed an automobile fail to stop at a traffic signal on Roosevelt Avenue and 103d Street. He pursued the car, being joined in the chase by Patrolman George Rockefeller, 110th Precinct, and overtook it in front of 10419 38th Avenue. The two occupants confessed to having stolen the car, and implicated a third man, who was arrested later by Detective Charles Schlagel, 110th Squad.

Detectives Thomas Layden and Thomas Devery, 108th Squad, assigned to investigate a holdup in the office of the Postal Telegraph Company in Long Island City, on January 23d, obtained information which resulted in the apprehension of three men armed with two guns and a blackjack. They confessed the holdup and also admitted holding up about fifteen taxicab drivers and a rent collector.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER



**THOMAS BOHAN**

DESCRIPTION—30 years, 5 feet 11 inches; 175 pounds; brown eyes; dark hair; medium complexion; taxicab driver by occupation, 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**WALTER COOKE**

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; occupation, taxicab driver, 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**LOUIS J. RENZULLO**

DESCRIPTION—23 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 150 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; dark complexion. Occupation, taxicab driver, 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**HARRY SCHOTTENFELD**

DESCRIPTION—22 years; 5 feet 5 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes; medium chestnut hair. Occupation, Chauffeur, 41st Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**ARTHUR LOFFREDO, alias  
EDWARD LOFFREDO**

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 194 pounds; brown eyes; black wavy hair; stocky build; dark complexion; clean shaven, 82d Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**CHARLES KAUFMAN  
alias CHARLES GREEN**

DESCRIPTION—25 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 145 pounds; brown eyes; black hair, 73d Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.**



# Spring 3100

APRIL

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# Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

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VOLUME 2

APRIL, 1931

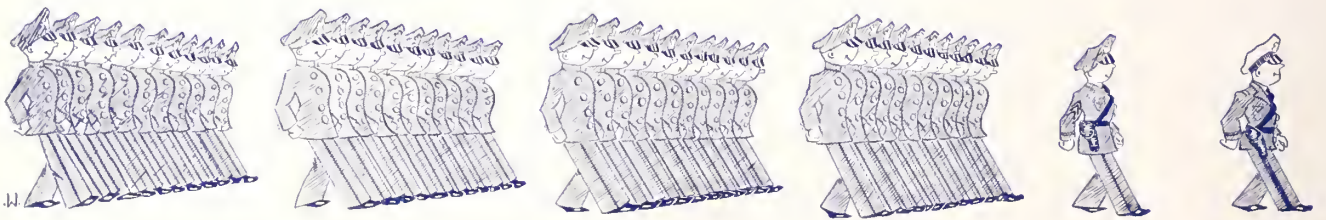
NO. 2

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

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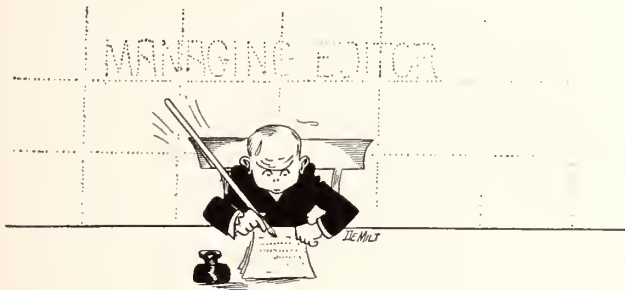
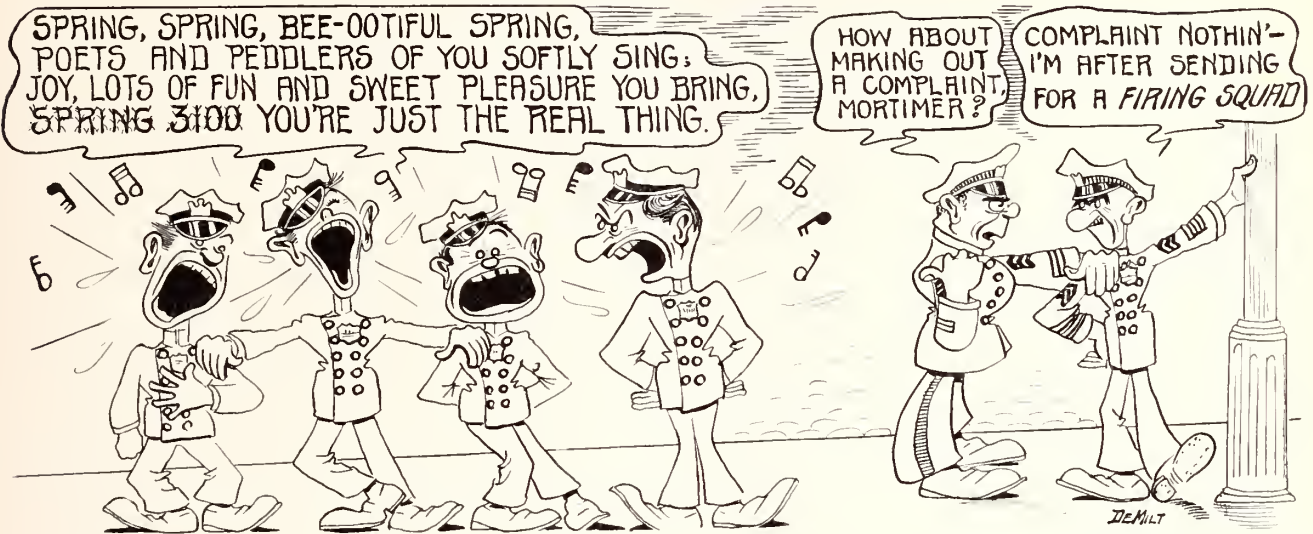
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# editorial page, or what have you?

REMEMBER OUR FAMOUS SPRING SONG?



That terrific detonation you just heard might have been the big bam busting one over the fence to open the baseball season or motorcycle patrolman adolf schuber winning the pistol championship of the department or just some of the boys getting ready for the big parade next month. anyway it was a sign of spring and aren't we all thankful that happy days have come again although now that old man winter has gone we may truthfully admit he wasn't quite as disagreeable this past season as he is sometimes.

so far as the baseball season is concerned we hope the details for the yankee stadium, the polo grounds and ebbets field are rotated for the benefit of all concerned. as for patrolman schuber we extend our congratulations to him and say that he has progressed a long way from the day when a patrolman used to shoot at a tied-up dog and cut the string so that the animal could resume its mad biting career.

we even have a word of cheer for the marchers and the riders in the big parade. our police fliers are going to fly their four airplanes over the procession during its march. we advise all the paraders to concentrate on getting a drag with the fliers because

a rock dropped from an airplane might cause a man on the ground quite a headache.

if any of the rookies aren't satisfied with existing conditions, and even if they are, we advise them all to read the article, "in the good old days" written by captain robert a. tighe, retired. which we print in this issue. (no advt.) captain tighe entered the department in 1878 and to show what kind of men the recruits were in those days we will say he is now enjoying a hale and hearty existence in eali-fornia.

a lot of things have happened since we gathered around the camp fire a month ago. deputy commissioner sinnott has returned from florida and says newark will be up fighting-one-two-three in the international league this season. deputy commissioner muldoon was so heartened by mr. sinnott's return that he immediately went out and silenced the radio broadcasting airplane about which a lot of people were complaining.

the vivian gordon case has also been solved, the old vice squad has gone out of existence and the unknown man has been started on a non-stop flight. who said happy days hadn't come again? best of all the boys in blue are now consistently getting the drop on the gunmen and each one of the rookies whose pictures you will see further on in these pages has passed his qualifying examination in pistol marksmanship.

you will read in this number an announcement that the commissioner wishes to obtain through spring 3100 the benefit of your ideas for improving police work. send them along. see you at or perhaps in the parade.

# "Noble Policeman"—A Sermon

By THE REV. DR. CHRISTIAN F. REISNER, *Member, Advisory Crime Commission.*

"**N**OBLE Policeman" was the topic of the sermon preached Sunday evening, March 15th, by the Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, pastor of the Broadway Temple Methodist Episcopal Church at 174th Street and Broadway. Dr. Reisner, who is one of the leading clergymen of New York City, is a member of the Advisory Crime Commission appointed by the former Police Commissioner, the Honorable Grover A. Whalen.

In his sermon, which was heard by a capacity congregation, including Police Commissioner Mulrooney and the Police Band, Dr. Reisner said:

"Investigate the police. That is an easy slogan to cry. We do not like to be regulated, and many with grievances will join the chorus. Especially is that true during times of depression, when we want to blame some one. But it is dangerous business to sow suspicion about the police force and to put them all under a shadow because a few are crooked. It spoils morale—it makes these ranks less attractive and it encourages the bribe giver. We are proud tonight to have Police Commissioner Mulrooney and the Police Band, one of the finest musical organizations in the city, as our guests. We invite them annually.

"The police are indispensable. When they disappeared in Boston as the result of a 'strike,' thieves broke plate glass windows and stole the goods in broad daylight. Lawlessness of all kinds raged. The very presence of a policeman creates order. He is the symbol of law. It is unpatriotic to belittle, cheapen, or undermine him. It is not smart to show others how to defeat him; that may start a criminal career. To announce that they are rotten and crooked is to undermine their efficiency and loco the law. If they are grafters, then orderliness will be upset as a furnished house is by an imbecile. We must by careful choice, sincere support, and public acclaim recognize the policeman as representing the strength and efficiency of the law.

"The officer is no longer merely a brass-buttoned cop who merely puts fear into folks. His business is a profession—he is notably a public servant. He is not merely to grab the lawless, but to help keep all from transgression. At a moment's notice he faces a desperate criminal more deadly in aim than any battle field enemy. And scores have given their lives in such encounters. And yet we never think of them as heroes. We would not dare assail an army with such abuse as we vent upon our daily defenders.

"How completely dependent we are upon them for safety on the streets! Watch them pilot little tots through dangerous traffic. A few months ago a taxi hit and killed a traffic man on West End Avenue and escaped without detection. Many others have thus lost their lives. Usually we only scowl and growl



at them after they stand the indescribable strain and grind of hours in the thick of street jams. They often shame us with patience and pleasantness. They may speak a word of warning and hope to one within a step of the downward way. They need not be hounds waiting expectantly to pounce on one who was once lawless; but rather, they should, and they increasingly do, brood over him helpfully like a big brother. A few months ago I made a semi-official visit to the Police Department in four large cities. The contrast was notable. Our men were finer in spirit—more alert—more courteous and markedly capable. The contrast would check much criticism. Such ideals for our police require that they be noble in aim and effort, and no one can see them steadily following their duties without recognizing that they fulfill this description."

## HERE'S OUR APRIL SHOWER

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THE OLD BROADWAY SQUAD OF 1890

## In the Good Old Days

By CAPTAIN ROBERT A. TICHE (Retired)

*Capt. Robert A. Tighe was appointed a patrolman on March 27, 1878, and retired as a captain on June 28, 1907. He now lives in Glendale, California, where he basks in the sunshine and reads SPRING 3100. He sent his "best regards to all present and former members of the Police Department" in the letter enclosing his article about conditions half a century ago.*

**W**HEN I was appointed a patrolman in the New York City Police Department on March 27, 1878, instead of a single Police Commissioner there was a bi-partisan board of four commissioners. The Democratic commissioners at that time were Sydney P. Nicholls and General Baldy Smith; the Republican members were Joel B. Ehrhardt and DeWitt C. Wheeler. Police Headquarters at that time was at 300 Mulberry Street, where the Traffic Court and the Chief City Magistrate's Offices are now located.

The uniformed force in 1878 comprised about 2,500 men. They were officered by a superintendent, four inspectors and thirty-four captains, with a number of sergeants and roundsmen. A patrolman's pay was then \$1,200 a year.

Appointments to the Police Department and promotion of its members were made by the individual

commissioners, each of whom had a certain quota which he was permitted to fill. Patrolmen were usually appointed on the recommendation of the Alderman or Assistant Alderman of the district in which the applicant lived. I applied in 1876 to "Honest John" Reilly, Assistant Alderman of the 14th District, for appointment to the Department, but as there were but few vacancies I was not appointed until nearly three years later. My shield number was 1,037, and after purchasing my uniform and equipment I was assigned to the 14th Precinct, then located at 205 Mulberry Street.

Captain Edward Tynan then commanded the 14th Precinct, and my first night on patrol was spent with Patrolman Christopher Belton on the east side of Broadway from Worth to Canal Streets. All new patrolmen were at that time assigned to patrol from 6 P. M. to midnight with experienced policemen. Belton, I remember, shared with me his supper, which was brought to him by his son, who later became a successful policeman, retiring with the rank of Inspector.

My second night on patrol was spent with Patrolman Asa B. Furniss on Broadway and I recall driving him and a drunken driver, whom he had arrested, to the station house in the driver's cab. Furniss was later shot and killed in the Metropolitan Hotel by an insane man named Smith. Theatrical performances which were held for the benefit of his family netted





\$18,000. After three nights on patrol, Captain Tynan assigned me to duty on the station house post and I remained there for some time.

Perhaps I should have mentioned previously the thirty days' training we received before we were sent out for the thirty nights' patrol with experienced men. This consisted of two hours' drill from 9 to 11 each morning, except Sunday, with Sergeant Mike Smith, later Captain, acting as drill master. Then for two hours in the afternoon we were instructed by Sergeant Pratt in the Rules and Regulations, City Ordinances and the State Penal Code. On the thirtieth day we were examined, and those who were judged to be qualified were directed to report for full duty at their respective precincts. Those who failed in this examination were continued in school until the time when they were found to be qualified to act as patrolmen.

The 14th Precinct when I entered the Department had these boundary lines: the east side of Broadway from Worth to Houston Streets, east to the Bowery, south to Chatham Square and Worth Street, and west to Broadway. On Broadway stood the Theatre Comique (Harrigan and Hart), the Dew Drop Inn, the Metropolitan Hotel, Niblo's Garden, and the Revere House. Houston Street had many sporting houses on both sides of the street, among the most notorious being Harry Hill's and the House of Lords. Consequently, many tin horn sports, gamblers, prize fighters, and bunco men gathered in these places.

The Bowery was a great place for sight-seers in those days. Both sides of the street were lined with concert saloons, dives and gambling houses. Owney Geoghan and Billy McGlory were the czars and many a poor sucker got trimmed in their joints. Prostitution and street soliciting flourished.

The gamblers were a very square lot of people and their games were all run on the level. The word of such gamblers as Tom (Fatty) Walsh, Joe Green, Black Jack, and others was as good as gold. These men were the exact opposite of the Geoghan and McGlory type. I had a particular hatred of McGlory because of what happened to many young girls who were lured to his dance hall. He later moved from the Bowery to Hester Street, near Elizabeth Street.

The northeast corner of Hester Street and the Bowery was occupied by a liquor store owned by the firm of Trainor & Boyleston. This was the hangout of almost all the noted criminals of that day, some of whom I remember—Shang Draper, Jimmy Hope, and Jim Irving. These three were all expert safe blowers and felt themselves above the ordinary burglars, sneak thieves and pickpockets.

One of the cleverest pickpockets was called Jersey Jimmy, and one night when Shang Draper was kidding him, Jersey Jimmy bet him a case of champagne that he could steal his (Shang Draper's) scarf pin before midnight. Sure enough, at about 11:45 P. M., Jimmy walked up to the bar and said to the bar tender:

"Johnny, let's have that case of champagne on the great Shang Draper's scarf pin."

Draper could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw his scarf pin in Jersey Jimmy's hands, but he

accepted the situation gracefully and paid for the wine. After that night, the safe blowers had a good deal more respect for the pickpockets as personified by Jersey Jimmy.

Elizabeth Street from Bayard Street to Grand Street was infested with houses of prostitution. The women from these houses patrolled the street, and woe betide the man who declined their invitation. The women would scream and the vile men who lived off their earnings would forthwith swarm from the houses to assault and rob the daring individual who had dared resist the women's charms.

The Five Points, at Baxter, Park and Worth Streets, where the new County Court House now stands, was long known as the worst location in New York City. This district abounded with saloons of the worst type, and these were patronized by the lowest gangsters, including members of the notorious "Whyo Gang," to whom life was very cheap. Billy McGlory, whom I mentioned before, was a member of this notorious organization. Among other choice members, the "Whyos" numbered Danny Driscoll, who was hung for killing Beezy Geraghty at the House of Blazes, 140 Mulberry Street; Kid Hunt, who shot Patrolman Minnie in front of Barney Wintermeyer's; and Poll Sullivan, who was shot and killed by another of the gang, who in turn was killed by a cousin of Poll's.

Bottle Alley and the Long Run were used for prostitution. Mike Murphy kept a saloon there, and many a crime was planned in his joint and more than one murder was committed in the alley.

Gangs of young men were scattered all over the precinct who delighted in assaulting policemen. At one time, seven policemen were on the sick list as the result of these assaults. I don't know just what the gangsters' sick list showed at this time, but I can truthfully say that we always met the assaulting gangster at least half way, and if our sick list showed seven casualties, I am willing to bet the gangsters' list was at least twice as great.

Before I complete this article, I want to say a word about police conditions in those days. The sleeping quarters for the force were not heated and you can bet the men lost no time in turning out for duty during the winter months. When the doorman aroused them, they grabbed their clothes and rushed downstairs to dress before the fire in the big drum stove. There were no patrol wagons, no police call boxes and no telephones. The police were numerically very few and yet the old-time cop took pride in enforcing the law on his individual post, even as he does today. Then as now, the cop was roasted by the newspapers if he made even an unintentional slip such as using too much force on a resisting gangster.

In closing this article on the good old days, I want to send my best wishes to all connected with SPRING 3100 and to all members of the Department, of which I am proud to have been a member. This refrain which Gus Williams used to sing comes to my mind:

"One of the finest, one of the finest

Guarding your safety and peace

Brave and courageous, never outrageous

One of the finest police."



# Police Communion Mass and Breakfast

ON Sunday morning, March 22d, from five to eight o'clock in the morning, it seemed, for the men of the Police Department, that all roads led to 50th Street and Fifth Avenue. From the far distant Precinct at Tottenville, Staten Island, as well as from the outlying sections of Wakefield and Westchester, they came—five thousand nine hundred of them under the leadership of their spiritual director—the Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey—to attend the Annual Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral under the auspices of the Holy Name Society of Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond.

Every available inch of space of the great cathedral was filled by police officers, but so perfect were the arrangements made by Inspector Joseph Loonam and Lt. James Hartin, that there was not a moment's delay or confusion in entering or leaving the church.

After the Mass, led by Police Commissioner Mulrooney and Chief Inspector O'Brien, the fifty-five hundred "hungry cops" marched to the Hotel Astor for breakfast. There they were received by the Hotel Committee, under the efficient direction of Inspector Richard O'Connor, ably assisted by Lt. Thomas Egan and Sergeant Michael Jordan, and within fifteen minutes of the arrival of the first men at the hotel, the last man of the great crowd sat down to the "world's largest annual breakfast."

If amount of food consumed by a man is evidence of his health, then New York need have no fear concerning the health of the members of its Police Department. The appetites of the men, judged by the consumption of food, was surprising even to the men themselves.

After the breakfast the large assemblage, crowded into the Grand Ballroom from the seven other dining rooms used, were briefly addressed by the President of the Society, Ptl. Thomas Quinn, who spoke upon the great increase in numbers of the police attending the annual breakfast, particularly in late years.

The Rt. Rev. William Quinn complimented the City of New York upon the caliber of men in its Police Department, when one considers the splendid record of its achievements.

He was followed by Dr. James J. Walsh, who in his inimitable manner delivered a human and humorous address. His pleasant criticisms and his sage advice were presented in such a facetious manner that his audience broke in upon him repeatedly with laughter and applause.

The Rev. Aloysius Hogan, President of Fordham University, followed Dr. Walsh with a very interesting and masterful address.

In the absence from the City of his Honor, Mayor James J. Walker, the Acting Mayor, Mr. Joseph V. McKee, then expressed to the men present the complete confidence in and the unfailing support of the Mayor and the City Administration for the Police Department. He declared that "the confidence of the people of the City has not been and cannot be destroyed, as long as we have in the Department so

many men as are here and others who would be here, if possible, in the performance of a religious duty."

Occasion was then taken to present Chief Inspector John O'Brien to the men, because of their anxiety to express to him their happiness at his return to duty after his recent serious illness. The ovation he received was expressive of the esteem and devotion of the men for him.

The last speaker—Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney—was given an evidence, also, of confidence and love of every man in the Department for him. He was received with a burst of applause which must have been a shock to his unassuming, reticent nature, but which was indicative of the support of the body of men he commands. In an all too brief address, he complimented the men of the Department upon their efficiency, urged their continued fidelity and devotion to duty and paid tribute to the names and memories of the men who died in the performance of their duty during the past year.

## PTL. MULLER WAS ON THE JOB



Photo by W. H. Zerbe

Patrolman Edward Muller who leans on a crutch in the above picture, intercepted five robbers at the Congress Theatre, Brooklyn, on February 23rd, and after a pistol battle saved \$4,500 in the theatre safe. Muller was wounded twice and killed one of the hold-up men. Commissioner Mulrooney is handing Muller a \$250 check presented by F. G. Conklin, the third man, an official of the Fox Theatres, Inc., on behalf of his corporation.

# The "Dip"

By LIEUTENANT WILLIAM J. RAFTIS, *Pickpocket Squad*

*This is the second and concluding article by Lt. Raftis on this subject. The first appeared in our March issue.*

**M**Y article in the March issue of SPRING 3100, dealt with pickpockets generally and then in particular with three of the six classes of dips—patch pocket workers, fob workers and pants pocket workers. I propose in this second and concluding article to describe the three remaining classes of pickpockets—lush workers, bag openers and toilet workers, and then to tell my readers the qualities most needed by the detectives who work against such thieves as dips.

Bag openers are nearly always women pickpockets who operate in the daytime in department stores. There are three types—all very smart and all very difficult to catch. We classify the bag openers as main floor workers, elevator workers and upper floor workers.



The woman pickpocket selects a department store which is having a bargain sale. She can find a different shop every day in our great city and especially this winter during the depression when all of our stores were having sales she has had an unusually wide range of selection. Once having chosen her store she enters by the last door—that is the door farthest from the main entrance.

Having entered the store as inconspicuously as possible the bag opener glances around with assumed carelessness of manner to see if she has been recognized and is being followed. If she is satisfied that no detective has recognized her the woman proceeds directly to the crowded sale counter around which a large number of women are thronged with their bags dangling from their arms.



Nine out of every ten women shopping in department stores are careful buyers. They will, for instance, run their hands through stockings to assure themselves that the stockings are of good quality, before purchasing them. They examine other merchandise with equal care. While the honest buyers are thus occupied our well dressed woman pickpocket projects herself into the gathering.

The bag opener then stations herself beside her chosen victim. The pickpocket's left hand is concealed by a fur piece she is carrying, so with her right hand she reaches for a pair of stockings to examine. While reaching out with her right hand she opens the victim's bag with her left hand concealed by the fur. Under pretence of examining the stockings the female dip looks into the opened bag and while replacing the stockings on the counter she takes the contents of the bag.

Since the majority of department store detectives are stationed on the ground or main floor, as all persons must enter and depart through that floor, the most astute women pickpockets work the elevators and upper floors. It is pretty hard for a man to get on the same elevator with a woman pickpocket if she wishes to avoid him. When the bag opener is on the elevator she gets behind a woman, opens her bag without much trouble since all are wedged tightly together and then takes the contents without looking at them.

Then when the victim steps out of the elevator on an upper floor someone says to her:

"Your bag is open, madam."

The inevitable response is:

"Yes and my pocketbook is missing."

Of course a clever woman pickpocket knows that after she has stolen the contents of two or three bags, the store detectives will be on her trail. She therefore leaves immediately after the bell is put on for the shop's sleuths. The pickpocket on an upper floor always departs from the extreme opposite end of the building, as far away as she can get from the elevator in which she made her "touch".

There are men, as well as women bag openers, although not as many, and the men do not frequent the



department stores because they know they can't get by there as women do. If a man pickpocket went into a department store and approached the stocking counter the sales girl would at once give him her undivided attention because she would expect to sell him ten times as much and ten times quicker than she could sell to a woman. If the man pickpocket operates in a crowd of women and one of them discovers she has been robbed, the first thing she will do is to suspect the lone man.

Therefore the men bag openers' confine their efforts to five and ten stores and chain stores where twenty-five per cent. of the purchasers are men. His presence there attracts no attention and he has a much better chance than he would have in a department store.

I said in my first article that the patch pocket workers were the lowest kind of pickpockets but I must admit that the lush worker runs him a pretty close second. The lush worker is one who robs a sleeping man, preferably an intoxicated person. The lush workers operate chiefly in the subways and at various hours but usually between midnight and five a. m.

This class of pickpocket usually works in pairs, although sometimes there are three of them together, the extra man blocking the view of the victim they are going "to take over". The first thing they do is to spot a sleeping victim.

After this, one of the dips seats himself on either side of the sleeper. The third man, if there is a third, will stand in front of the victim blocking him from the sight of the other persons in the subway train. One of the seated dips will open a newspaper and hold it in such a position that it will cover the front of the victim. The dip on the opposite side will then take what he can from the victim's pockets.

Toilet workers operate usually early in the morning in the various public lavatories throughout the city. They work sometimes alone, and sometimes in

groups of from two to five. Their methods are similar to those I have already described of pickpocket groups and consist of one man attracting the attention of the victim while a confederate robs him.

What qualities must the detectives have to overcome such a shrewd and cunning class of thieves as pickpockets. Well, after twenty-two years at the job I list the essential qualities as these:

1. Purpose
2. Concentration
3. Observation
4. Natural action
5. Patience
6. Perseverance

These six things I realize are essential not only for the apprehension of pickpockets, but for everything else concerning police business. I believe the record of the Pickpocket Squad shows that its members possess these qualities for in the last five or six years we have reduced the annual number of complaints of pocket picking from about 1,500 to 60.

But don't get the idea that the Pickpocket Squad handles only those 60 complaints. We totalled 1,511 arrests in 1929 and 1,253 arrests in 1930. The decrease is accounted for in the decreased numbers of arrests—534 in 1930 as against 844 in 1929—of persons charged with miscellaneous disorderly conduct offences for sleeping in subways, no employment, no home, etc. The present unemployment situation has made many honest persons homeless and the squad has shown great discretion and leniency in making arrests of this class.

Chicago may have originated the "take him for a ride" method of gangster killing but the New York pickpocket once had a "boatride" method. When I first entered the Police Department, veteran sleuths told me of one "Maxie" Schonberg, who as a pickpocket working with a "mob" made a haul of about \$20,000. But Maxie didn't split squarely and his pals found it out. Two of them took him fishing and he never returned.

## The Perfect Cop—Lt. Michael Mulhall

A tribute to the memory of Lieutenant Michael Mulhall, who had saved fifteen persons from drowning and performed several other daring feats, was paid by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney on the evening of March 22d in a speech broadcast over WJZ. Commissioner Mulrooney said that Lieutenant Mulhall was "closest to my idea of a perfect cop."

"As we measure policemen," he said, "he was short of stature, light of build, bubbling over with energy, and ever anxious to be in action. As a young policeman Mulhall stopped three horses attached to a runaway fire engine that were charging into a crowd. He was bruised, battered and broken, but he survived. A few years later, while patrolling the East River in a police launch, he was informed that a child had fallen through a man-hole into a sewer and was being swept into the East River.



"Without a moment's hesitation he dived overboard, swam to the mouth of the filthy sewer, traversed its black depths for several hundred yards and brought the child to safety. On another occasion, fully clothed, he plunged into New York Bay to save several Chinamen who had jumped a ship and were drowning in the icy waters. On still another occasion in midwinter he plunged into the North River and rescued a man from drowning.

"During his long and honorable career, he received seven citations for bravery, in addition to two Honorable Mentions, three Commendations, the Bell Medal, and the Departmental Medal. Mulhall died in the service in 1922, after having attained the rank of lieutenant. Like many other unheralded heroes of the department, he died a poor man, and left a dependent family."

# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



**I**N the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love. That's not only sublimely poetic but traditional as well.

It is the devastating season of romance, moonlit nights, palpitating hearts, languishing sighs, pledges of undying devotion, and goodness knows what else not.

It is the woeful season that beguiles blind, flaming youth into that intriguing lockstep—that *ensnaring* lockstep that can never again be unlocked.

Poor flaming youth! Sometimes he winds up happy—and sometimes he winds up *sappy*—*sappier*, in fact, than when he started.

Such is life, however, and there's nothing any of us can do about it.

Anyway, what we meant to say in the beginning was that Spring is here at last, Jack Frost has long since trekked north, the old red flannels have been pried off, the groundhog is back in his den, the baseball parks are wide open and everybody is happy again.

And if we may be permitted to paraphrase the beautiful theme of our story we'll remind you that

in the Spring a young *copper's* fancy *LIKEWISE* lightly turns—but oftener than not to thoughts far more *substantial* than *poetical*.

There is the **BIG PARADE**, for example; that stupendous, awe-inspiring spectacle with which we annually regale our fair citizens—and *the unfair, too*. And it is waiting right around the corner to start. It is not only the biggest day in the year for the Department—**BUT FOR THE CHIROPODISTS AS WELL**. The boys already are drilling—and trimming up the old canal boats in eager preparation for the big scramble.

We know a dozen or so, however, who are looking forward to the parade with fear and trepidation. Not because they have to *walk*, remember, but because they are cruelly destined to **RIDE—ON HOSSES—PRANCING, GAILY GALLOPING HOSSES**—same as they did last year.

We are alluding, of course, to those fearless, gold-bedecked daredevils assigned in the parade to the Chief Inspector's staff. Remember them last year? Holding on for dear life and praying for the best? But please don't hold that against them. It really wouldn't be fair.

*And we are reliably informed that for weeks these boys had steered clear of the Chief in the frenzied hope they might this year duck the assignment.*

But the Chief is a tough man and he has them all securely hooked—or, as they say in the vernacular, “*safe in the bag*.”

We are seriously apprehensive about our old playmate, Deputy Chief Inspector Johnny Hennessy, as kindly and inoffensive a young soul as ever you'll meet in a day's walk.

Johnny told us in strict confidence he doesn't mind taking chances on a horse—or on *two* horses, for that matter, providing they are:

1. *Harnessed to a truck, or*
2. *In a raffle, or*
3. *In a race, or*
4. *On a merry-go-round.*

Seriously, though, we expect him to give a much saner account of himself than he did last year, because for weeks and weeks now he has been practicing on that handsome wooden horse we have on display on the fourth floor of the Police Academy.

*And there is absolutely no reason why he shouldn't be thoroughly hossified by the time parade day rolls around.*

Pretty soft for the P. C. Yes, sir. We'll let you in on a little secret. *As Assistant Chief Inspector last year nobody tried harder than he did to duck those hosses—but he rode just the same—and didn't like it for a cent—as you can prove for yourself simply by looking up our parade issue of last year.*

So he immediately started to scheme how he'd get out of it this year, *and hit upon the remarkably brilliant plan of having himself made Police Commissioner*. Simple, wasn't it?



But this year it will be so delightfully different. He'll ride, of course, but not on a *hoss*—don't worry about *THAT*.



And just as a pleasant reminder of that hectic gallop of a year ago we herewith and without extra charge give you our impression of the Big Boss as he blithely cavorted past the reviewing stand at the head of the second division.

# GEYSERS TO THE RIGHT OF US, GEYSERS TO THE LEFT OF US, GEYSERS ALL AROUND US—SPOUTED AND SQUIRTED.

No. We are not attempting any modernistic recital of that illustrious charge of medieval renown. It was participated in, as you all know, by a comparative handful. *A mere six hundred, so legend tells us.*

No, indeed. The charge we are about to record for posterity makes the aforementioned gallop of the gallant Light Brigade pale into absolute mediocrity.

We are referring to the opening scene of the great communion breakfast held on Sunday, March 22, at the Hotel Astor, in which 5,900 members of the Police Department Holy Name Society participated. *And the specific incident concerns the massed charge on exactly 5,900 portions of luscious grape fruit—attacked simultaneously—with no restrictions—and no holds barred.*

The intriguing grape fruit has long been known for its annoying elusiveness. Lack of technique in handling invariably results in disorder, and this occasion proved no exception to the rule.

Within thirty seconds after the boys went into action you could easily imagine yourself in Hot Springs. The illusion was perfect. And within the next thirty seconds there was enough grape fruit juice squirting around to blur the vision of an entire community. Frequently they had to call "time out" so the boys could wipe their eyes, get their bearings and check up on whose grape fruit they were feasting.

*A near-sighted sergeant at our table became so enmeshed that in groping for a handkerchief he ex-*

*tracted one from the trousers pocket of a lieutenant seated on his left, and with it proceeded vigorously to wipe the daintily tinted nasal organ of a passing waitress.*



Quite a few of the more experienced banqueteers circumvented such embarrassments by the simple expedient of wearing windshield wipers with which they were able to navigate quite gracefully—or at least with adequate visibility.

Did you see the boys go for the sausages? Exactly 1,300 pounds were missing when they got through. Figuring twelve sausages to the pound that makes 15,600 of these caninal derivatives from whom you will never again hear another woof. And you must admit that's quite a sizable number. Laid out end to end (*sausageologically speaking*), you could twice encircle Central Park with them, and still have enough left over to make a nice girdle for the Statue of Liberty.

And it's a good thing the barnyards have not been bothered recently with labor controversies, because what the boys did to the hen fruit really was a crime. They devoured 23,400 of them, and then, *still foully inclined*, turned around and perpetrated a disappearing act on 2,950 of their benefactresses—legs, wings, necks, gizzards and all.

Among other incidentals contributing to the morning's enjoyment might be mentioned 1,200 pounds of oats, 3,600 pounds of spuds, 1,200 pounds of butter, 700 pounds of coffee, 900 pounds of sugar, 1,200 quarts of cream, 750 quarts of milk, and 31,000 rolls. (*The latter item accounts for the unprecedented jump in the wheat market next morning.*)

All in all, the affair will go on record not only as one of the most impressive—but also as one of the most magnificent of its kind ever staged—anywhere—any time.

Everyone enjoyed it immensely—everyone except the poor waitresses, *ice mean*. Honestly, our hearts went out to them. The cops ran them bow-legged bringing extra portions alone. We felt especially sorry for those of fragile construction. How ever they stuck it out is beyond us. Remember, they were only serving breakfast; and when some silly wag circulated a rumor that the entire gang would

return later in the day for *DINNER*, twenty-eight of them promptly fainted—and *forty-six more quit on the spot*.

Relegating all persiflage to the rear, however, and speaking strictly as a chronicler of unusual and outstanding occurrences, the Police Department Holy Name Society now enjoys the unique distinction of having participated in the largest single meal ever served under one roof; and we are going back through the entire world's gastronomic history, too, in making that amazing statement.

*And SPRING 3100 is happy to extend to the Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, spiritual advisor of the society, sincere congratulations upon this notable achievement, the success of which is in no small measure attributable to his untiring efforts, enthusiasm and zeal.*

**H**AVE you ever noticed him streak by hell bent after a speeding motorist—or maybe an escaping bandit car? Thrilling, isn't it? For you, we mean—not him. Especially when he's hitting it up around sixty—and even seventy—and more. Just a roar and a blinding flash and he's gone. And unless he's killed or knocked unconscious he's bound to get his man. No question at all about that.

He may be a pain in the neck to a lot of potential murderers in the guise of reckless drivers, but to us he ranks with the unsung heroes of the Department. He takes his life in his hands every time he pulls wide that throttle—and that means day in and day out. *And if he doesn't get the breaks—well—*

A recent example of the daring and skill of our intrepid motorcycle men is contained in the epic speed drama in which Motorcycle Patrolman Edward W. Harmon, of Squad 1, played one of the principal roles. It happened on the afternoon of March 16th. Here is the story:

The Department of Health received word late that afternoon from hospital authorities in Trenton, N. J., that in order to save the life of a child patient a quantity of anti-polio myelitis serum must be obtained at once. The serum was to be had only at the Willard Parker Hospital, at the foot of East 16th Street.

The Department of Health promptly notified the hospital and also Police Headquarters.

Lieutenant Tim Leehane, on duty at the quarters of Motorcycle Squad 1, in Central Park, was notified at 5.19 P. M. to immediately have a man from patrol call at the hospital for the serum and convey it to a messenger waiting on the Jersey side of the Holland Tunnel.

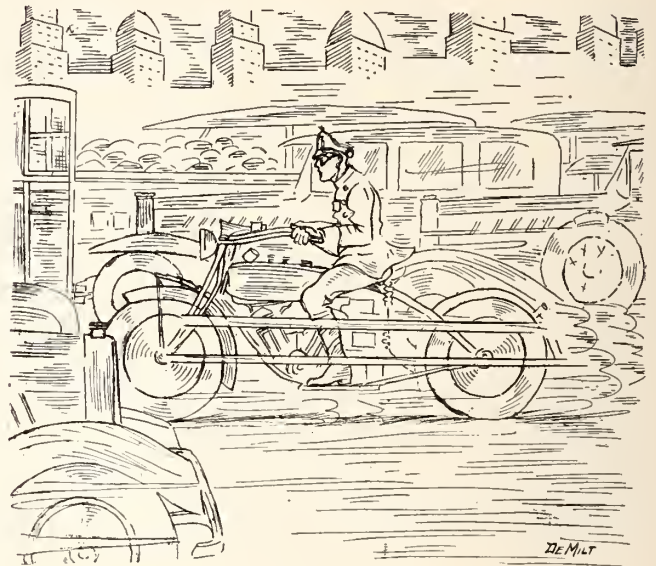
*Then things started to happen.*

Motorcycle men signal the station house when on patrol every two hours, and at that particular moment there was none due to signal for some minutes.

Just then Patrolman George Bailey, chauffeur for Inspector Tony Howe, commander of the Motorcycle Division, drove up to the station house. Like a hawk Lieutenant Leehane pounced upon him and shot him over to First Avenue with instructions to pick up the first motorcycle man he came across and direct him to the hospital.

At 37th Street and First Avenue Bailey met Motorcycle Patrolman Harmon and delivered the instructions.

Harmon immediately raced to the hospital, where he received the package of serum from Dr. Frank, of the hospital staff. Like a flash he was off again—siren screeching unmercifully, and in a moment was swallowed up in a maze of downtown traffic which at that time of day is always thickest.



Undaunted and with uncanny skill he plunged through it. Into Avenue B he thundered—south to 14th Street—west to Lafayette Street—south to Canal Street and west to the tube, through which he roared to the Jersey side.

Motorcycle Patrolman Quinn, of the Jersey City police, was waiting at that point, and Harmon handed the precious package to him *exactly seven minutes from the time he, Harmon, had received it at Willard Parker Hospital.*

Patrolman Quinn's part in the race against death was to speed to the Newark airport, where a fast plane was ready to carry the serum to Trenton.

And exactly *twenty minutes* from the time Lieutenant Leehane received the original call from Headquarters, Harmon nonchalantly called up to report he had fulfilled the assignment and was back on post on First Avenue.

Good work? We'll say it was superb. *You really have to stretch your imagination to fully appreciate that dare-devil seven-minute race through congested traffic and the personal hazards it entailed.* But to Harmon it was just an everyday routine job—even if it was one of the speediest on record.

But in his heart we'll bet he was happy to know that the priceless serum was delivered in Trenton *within forty-nine minutes from the time the Department of Health was notified*—and that it contributed immeasurably to the saving of an innocent kiddie's life.

*And we'll make another bet that somewhere in Trenton that night a grateful mother offered up a prayer for the gallant New York cop who was glad to contribute his utmost so that her stricken baby might be spared to her.*



**H**ERE we are back in Queens again, and we might fittingly call this little story "A Whirl with Werle." Great guy that Detective Johnny Werle—in addition to being one of our star reporters. We'd hate to have him testify against us in a breach of promise suit or any thing like that. How that boy can rattle it off is a caution. Again we called him up and this time asked him to get us a line on Acting Captain Eddie Burke, of the 16th Detective District, so we could properly introduce him to SPRING 3100's readers. We thought Johnny would never stop. He'd have choked up the magazine entirely if we didn't have the presence of mind to hang up on him. Look for yourself:



*Commands 16th Detective Dist—twenty-four hours a day—rest of the time he demands for himself—Police age forty-eight—birth records do not disprove it—but his chauffeur calls him "POP"—when he talks about him—said chauffeur is thirty-seven—figure it out—Ed came into this job from a trolley car—went on a horse—just changed his method of travelling—Was appointed in 1906—and is going to hold on to the job until he finds something better—Once posed for Van Huesen collar ads—but don't hold that against him—the women don't—but he has no use for any—except those at home—says they are superfluous—or language just as vicious—Drinks buttermilk and Grade A—alleges he was raised on the latter—Volstead Act never bothered him—says stuff is just as plentiful—but he'd rather have the cracked*

*ice—Was born in May—and loves Limburger cheese when it's silent—Likes all silent people, too—and likes to listen to them—Sleeps with his shoes on to be ready for emergencies—Stands his socks in the corner—Never sets the alarm—cos the darn thing would wake him up—Stays awake to watch it—Likes a joke—but hates fast women—although his aforementioned chauffeur stands well with him—Would make an ideal politician—he's always handing out cigars—Keeps a little red book—and tabs on the men who buy—Wears silk socks—with garters—and changes with reasonable frequency—Always has a crease in his pants—and goes home to see his family once in a while—His idea of a good time is to be present when about ten stick-up men are brought in—Loves to gamble—but doesn't—Loves horses—but never watches 'em run—Has callous on the back of his hands—from putting them back and forth in his pockets—for worthy causes—Came to Queens from a place he loved—to be loved—Once got a prize at a dancing contest—After he got it he averred he wasn't dancing—his corns hurt—Wears size ten shoes—but his head is normal—Is six feet*

*short—and weighs less than two hundred—Thrives on work—but hates silk underwear—says it scratches too much—Loves parades—if the other guys march—Owns a high-powered Model T—puts it in drydock every winter—Loves to go out with his family picnicking in it—on a Sunday—Loves gritty things—especially if they're cops—Never had to use a shoe horn to put on his hat—HE'S JUST ANOTHER FELLOW THAT'S PROUD TO BE KNOWN AS ONE OF THE FINEST.*



### The "Finest" Elk of Them All

**H**ONORS such as do not befall the lot of every man were conferred on the evening of April 5th upon Inspector Dan Kerr, Commanding Officer of the Emergency Service Division, at the club house of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Lodge No. 1, on West 43d Street.

It was the occasion of Dan's induction into the office of Grand Exalted Ruler of that body—the highest honor within the power of the members of the lodge to bestow.

And it isn't the least bit hard to rejoice with Dan in the thought that this distinguished officer, with its attendant gesture of trust and confidence, was intrusted to one of *The Finest*—in a ceremony that for quiet splendor and regal impressiveness stands unparalleled in the annals of that great fraternal organization.

And SPRING 3100, in sincere appreciation of this splendid tribute to a member of our Department, is glad to extend to Dan heartiest congratulations.

We also wish to congratulate the B. P. O. E. in having acquired as their leader a man of Dan's proven qualities. And we have every confidence that he will bring to the administration of that leadership the same degree of loyalty and devotion that has characterized his career in the Department—from the rank of patrolman up to the present day.

## Schuber Is Pistol Champion

THE Alexander B. Gale Trophy, emblematic of the pistol championship of the Police Department, passed permanently into the capable hands of Motorcycle Patrolman Adolf P. Schuber as a result of the Police Pistol Tournament held on the evening of April 8th at the Crescent Athletic Club, Brooklyn. This is the third year that Patrolman Schuber has won this cup.

First place in the finals of the handicap tournament was won by Patrolman Charles Migliorini with a net score of 89½. Patrolman Migliorini's gross score of 95 was the same as that made by Schuber, who shot only for the cup, but Schuber scored 48 in the rapid-fire contest as against 45 scored by Migliorini. Patrolman Charles Hopkins was second in the handicap contest with a net score of 87, while Patrolman Herbert Koehler took third place with a net score of 85¾. Motorcycle Patrolman Arthur Sackett, son of Inspector Byron R. Sackett, who won the championship last year, was fourth with a net score of 85½.

Among the Police Department officials who witnessed the shooting were Police Commissioner Mulrooney, First Deputy Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt, Chief Inspector John O'Brien, and Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan. The judges were members of the Crescent Athletic Club's Range Committee: Captain Francis Delbeon, Col. V. L. Outerbridge, and Captain Charles Lediard. Lieutenant Edward Lawler, of the Police Academy, acted as timer, and the range officer was Lieutenant Frederick McKenna, also of the Police Academy.

The members of the Police Department who participated in the contest and their scores follow:

Rank	Name	Command	Slow Fire	Rapid Fire	Score	Handicap	Net Total
Ptl.	Migliorini, Charles...	P.A. ....	50	45	95	5½	89½
Ptl.	Hopkins, Charles...	M.T.M. ...	46	41	87	..	87
Ptl.	Koehler, Herbert...	P.A. ....	41	46	87	1¼	85¾
Ptl.	Sackett, Arthur...	MCY #1...	49	42	91	5½	85½
Sgt.	Strain, Edward...	P.A. ....	42	44	86	1	85
Ptl.	Weinstein, Harry...	72nd....	41	43	84	..	84
Ptl.	Decker, Charles...	MTD #1...	43	43	86	3½	82½
Ptl.	Deane, John...	64th....	39	41	80	1	79
Sgt.	Saylor, Jacob...	M.T.M. ...	44	41	85	5¾	79¼
Ptl.	Rowe, Earl...	72nd....	40	39	79	2	77
Det.	McKeough, James...	15 D.D....	39	34	73	..	73
Ptl.	Ladue, Edward...	P.A. ....	38	38	76	3	73
Ptl.	Krell, Fred...	110th....	40	32	72	..	72
Ptl.	Cusick, Peter...	6th....	39	31	70	1	69
Ptl.	Gherich, J. ....	67th....	45	8	53	..	53

### FOR CUP ONLY

Ptl.	Schuber, Adolph...	MCY #1...	47	48	95	..	95
Ptl.	Wendell, John...	P.A. ....	44	47	91	..	91
Lt.	Concannon, Patrick...	67th....	42	46	88	..	88
Ptl.	Shea, John...	64th....	42	46	88	..	88
Capt.	Heitzman, George...	Traf. F...	45	43	88	..	88
Ptl.	McGovern, Thomas...	P.A. ....	43	42	85	..	85
Ptl.	Lisk, Arthur...	P.A. ....	39	45	84	..	84
Lt.	Lonergan, Frank...	78th....	40	42	82	..	82
Ptl.	Higgins, James...	46th....	42	27	69	..	69

Following the contest the Police Commissioner presented the prizes to the winners and praised all of the contestants for their excellent shooting. The Commissioner thanked the Club officials for their co-operation and announced that a Police Pistol Team would probably be sent to the National Pistol Championships at Camp Perry, New Jersey, this year. Judge Charles J. McDermott and former Representative E. H. Driggs, of the Club, also spoke.

After a number of unsuccessful efforts in arranging a pistol match between the Camp Fire Club and the New York City Police Department, the two teams got together recently on the Camp Fire Club's outdoor range at Briarcliff Manor. The New York City Police Pistol Team decisively defeated the crack pistol team of the Camp Fire Club of America by the score of 1,374 to 1,270. The match, which was fired under National Rifle Association rules, was followed by a dinner at the club.

The regulation 25-yard target was used, the course being 10 shots deliberate, 10 shots timed, and 10 shots rapid fire. The scores follow:

### NEW YORK CITY POLICE

Motorcycle Patrolman Adolph P. Schuber....	278
Sergeant Greeley, Police Academy.....	275
Motorcycle Patrolman Arthur Sackett.....	275
Patrolman Charles Migliorini.....	275
Patrolman Herbert Koehler, Police Academy..	271

1,374

### CAMP FIRE CLUB

A. J. McNab .....	265
Paul Raymond .....	259
K. T. Fredrick .....	254
W. H. Buchanan .....	247
T. R. Mullen .....	245

## In Memoriam

Ptl. Ferdinand A. Berthold	109th Pct.	Mar. 18, 1931
Ptl. John T. Kenny	14th Pct.	Mar. 19, 1931
Ptl. Robert L. C. Schringer	6th Div.	Mar. 24, 1931
Ptl. Thomas L. Farley	3d Pct.	Mar. 26, 1931
Ptl. David L. Fitzgerald	61st Pct.	Mar. 28, 1931
Lt. Lawrence P. Hynes	Bo. Hdqts. Man.	Mar. 30, 1931
Ptl. Patrick J. Doyle	Tra. L	Apr. 4, 1931
Ptl. William J. Straney	14th Pct.	Apr. 4, 1931
Ptl. William Byrns	Tra. L	Apr. 6, 1931
Ptl. Charles F. Scheid	19th Pct.	Apr. 6, 1931
Ptl. Edward Rolston	28th Pct.	Apr. 9, 1931
Ptl. John Cramer	71st Pct.	Apr. 11, 1931
Ptl. George T. Ryan	18th Div.	Apr. 11, 1931
Ptl. Theodore Krieger	Tra. F	Apr. 12, 1931

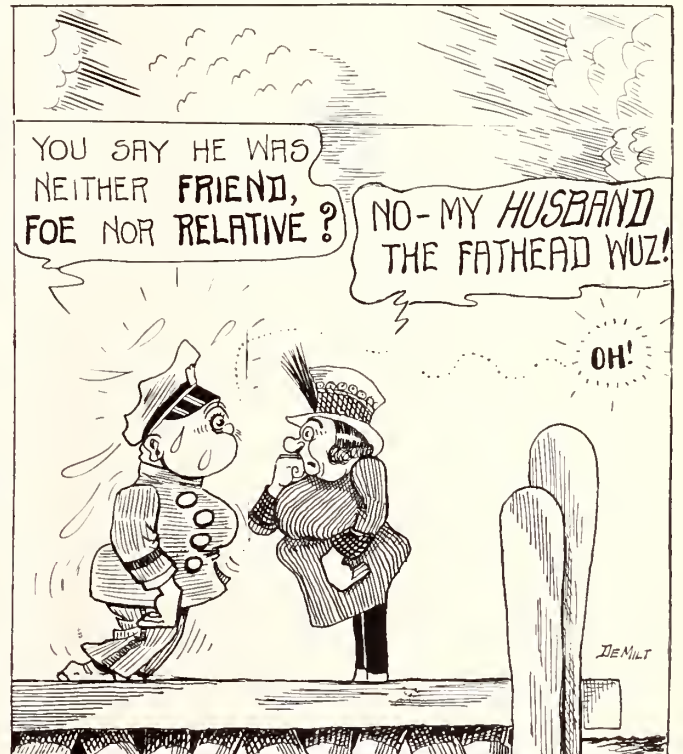
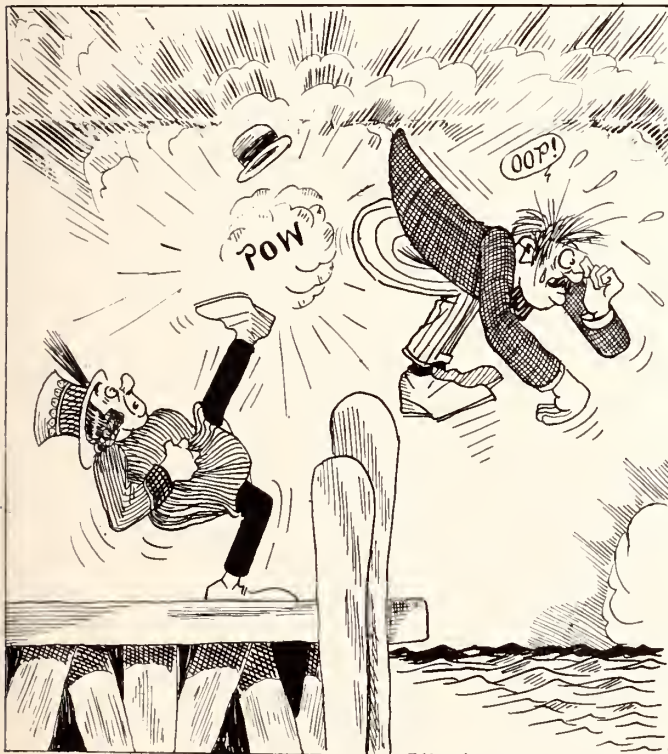




# Barney on the Beat

By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT

THAT'S ENTIRELY DIFFERENT



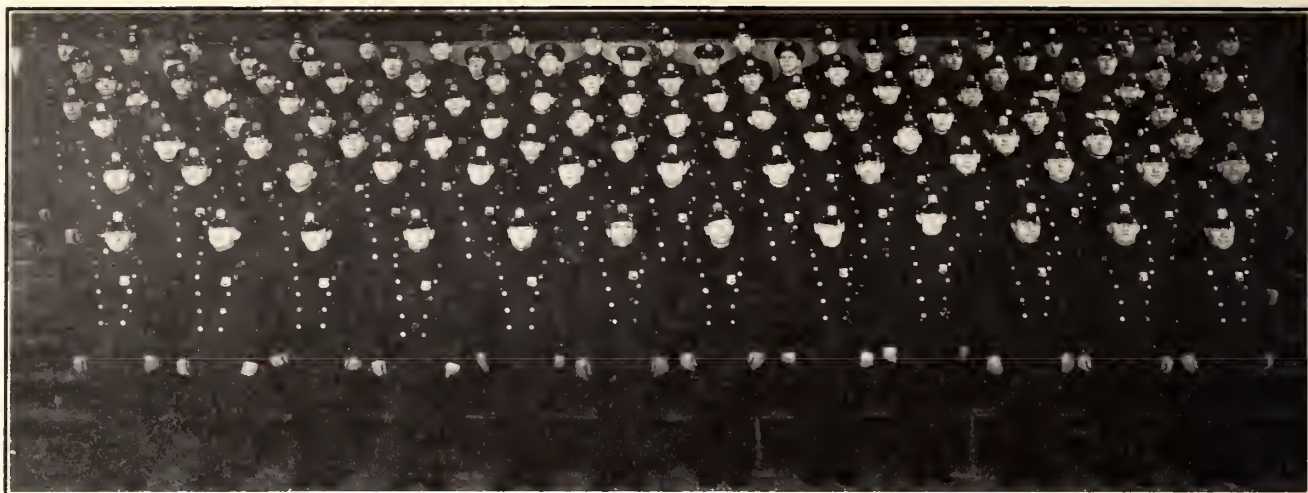


Photo by courtesy of Century, 74 W. 47th St.

## Meet Our New Boys in Blue

Before a crowd of 10,000 persons, in the 102d Engineers Armory at 168th Street and Fort Washington Avenue, 259 probationary patrolmen received their diplomas from the School of Recruits of the Police Academy, on the evening of March 28th. Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney conferred the diplomas, and with Chief Inspector John O'Brien and Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, reviewed the graduates.

The Police Commissioner was introduced by Deputy Chief Inspector Noonan, Commanding Officer of the School of Recruits. An honorary diploma was given to Mr. Chipin Schum, of Canton, China, who has been studying police methods in America as a representative of his government. The honor man of the class, Probationary Patrolman John F. Reid, received the Hiram C. Bloomingdale trophy, a regulation service revolver.

Prior to receiving their diplomas, the graduating class participated in an exhibition of standing, marching and rifle calisthenics, an exhibition rifle drill, jiu-jitsu, and boxing. All members of the class had passed the department's pistol qualifying test with a mark of at least 50 out of a hundred. Thirteen of them qualified as experts, 23 as sharpshooters, and 31 as marksmen.

The Police Commissioner in his address expressed his pleasure at the result of the special attention given to the instruction of the recruits in the use and care of the service pistol. The Commissioner stressed the necessity of the policeman being quick on the draw and shooting accurately when he came in contact with a resisting gunman.

The list of graduates follows:

Abbazia, Joseph  
Achnitz, John W.  
Aiervoli, John  
Andersen, Frederick  
Antonelli, Raphael T.  
Arato, Joseph  
Armato, William  
Arrington, Andrew J.  
Asher, Philip L.  
Asmus, James F.  
Barlow, Joseph  
Barrett, John  
Bartkowski, Alexander  
Bauer, John T.  
Beres, Anthony  
Bernat, Everett W.  
Boehning, Arthur C.  
Boerum, Reon E.  
Bradford, Geo. W., Jr.  
Brady, James J.  
Bravate, Natale F.  
Brennan, Harold F.  
Breslin, Harold J.  
Brook, Robert E.  
Brophy, William E. J.  
Brown, Robert A.  
Brown, Russell A.  
Bruno, Francesco T.  
Bruns, William E.  
Byland, Carl  
Byrnes, John T.  
Camoia, Donato  
Cappadora, Guglielmo W.  
Caravano, Pasquale V.  
Carlin, Charles E.  
Carlin, Frank J.  
Carpenter, Charles F.

Carroll, Daniel V.  
Chelius, Andrew G.  
Cohen, Bernard  
Colantuono, Leopold  
Colberg, Carl H.  
Conway, Frank P.  
Corrie, John J.  
Cox, George F. A.  
Crapanzano, Peter  
Creedon, Cornelius J.  
Creegan, Patrick F.  
Croke, James P.  
Cunningham, F. T.  
D'Amato, James M.  
D'Ambrosi, Francesco  
Daubermann, C. W.  
Day, John T.  
De Felice, Remo R.  
Dixon, Norman K.  
Doherty, John J.  
Dolan, Daniel J.  
Dolan, John A.  
Donahoe, Harry A.  
Donnelly, James H.  
Donohue, John  
Duane, John C.  
Duberg, Harry  
Dwyer, John M.  
Ennis, Bernard K.  
Erdman, Charles G.  
Erickson, John E.  
Evelich, Vincent P.  
Fanning, Francis  
Farry, Lawrence M.  
Ferry, Edward J.  
Fiala, Joseph, Jr.  
Fink, Lester  
Finnegan, Henry F.

Fitzpatrick, C. J.  
Flanagan, John W.  
Fogarty, Michael J.  
Foley, William E.  
Gallagher, Edward G.  
Ganss, Frederick G.  
Gardner, George F.  
Gesino, Valentine C.  
Gilbride, Charles V.  
Gilroy, John H.  
Goldstein, Abram  
Gonzales, Joseph  
Gross, Henry  
Guglielmotti, P. D.  
Guttilla, Joseph  
Haas, George A.  
Hambrecht, Lionel J.  
Hammond, John  
Hanken, Philip J.  
Hardy, James T.  
Harrison, Alfred W. J.  
Hart, Monroe S.  
Hauser, Harry J.  
Hayes, William F.  
Helwig, George B.  
Henman, L. S. U.  
Herlihy, William J.  
Hermann, Charles F.  
Hevaghau, Patrick J.  
Hoffmann, Charles J.  
Hoffmann, Henry  
Holland, George R.  
Hoppe, Albert V.  
Hughes, Herbert M.  
Hughes, Neil J.  
Jackson, John B.  
Jaycox, Loren R.  
Jeronsky, Frank J.

Johnston, Paul J. T.  
Kanter, David  
Kearon, Joseph C.  
Kelly, Edward J.  
Kenavan, John J.  
King, John  
King, Joseph F.  
Kostal, Frank  
Kussius, Joseph  
Lang, John J.  
Langan, Dominic J.  
Larkin, Bernard J.  
Leibe, William, Jr.  
Lemcke, Alfred M.  
Lewis, Joseph  
Lilly, William F.  
Lutzel, George J., Jr.  
MacKenzie, Claude W.  
McBride, John J.  
McCaffrey, Thos. A.  
McCarron, Hugh J.  
McCarthy, John F.  
McCreedy, James  
McDermott, T. F.  
McDonald, George  
McDonald, John A.  
McDowell, John F. H.  
McGrane, Hugh E.  
McLaughlin, Jos. H.  
McManus, Thomas J.  
Mackin, James A.  
Maget, Joseph  
Marcketta, S. M.  
Marszewski, B.  
Meyer, Fred G.  
Mignone, Angelo C.  
Miller, James E.  
Minisera, A. F.

Mitchell, G. A. E.  
Moeller, Frederick  
Moeser, Charles T.  
Molinari, Theo. L.  
Mooney, Eugene W.  
Muenz, William J.  
Mulligan, Thomas W.  
Mulvey, John E.  
Murphy, Edward J.  
Murray, Daniel F., Jr.  
Muscattello, Louis P.  
Myers, George V.  
Naughton, Thomas M.  
Nealson, William J.  
Nellen, Henry  
Newman, Samuel  
Nulty, John F.  
O'Donnell, Lester A.  
Oeltze, George F.  
O'Hara, John W. V.  
Olzewski, Stanley J.  
O'Neill, William J.  
Pagano, Giovanni  
Pasquarella, D. B.  
Pembroke, James P.  
Peters, James J.  
Pica, Frank A.  
Pierson, George W.  
Pringle, John F.  
Quigley, Harold J.  
Rack, Francis E.  
Rapp, Henry K. J.  
Rappolt, Christopher  
Ratigan, Edward T.  
Reid, John F.  
Reilly, Thomas  
Reiniger, Rudolph C.



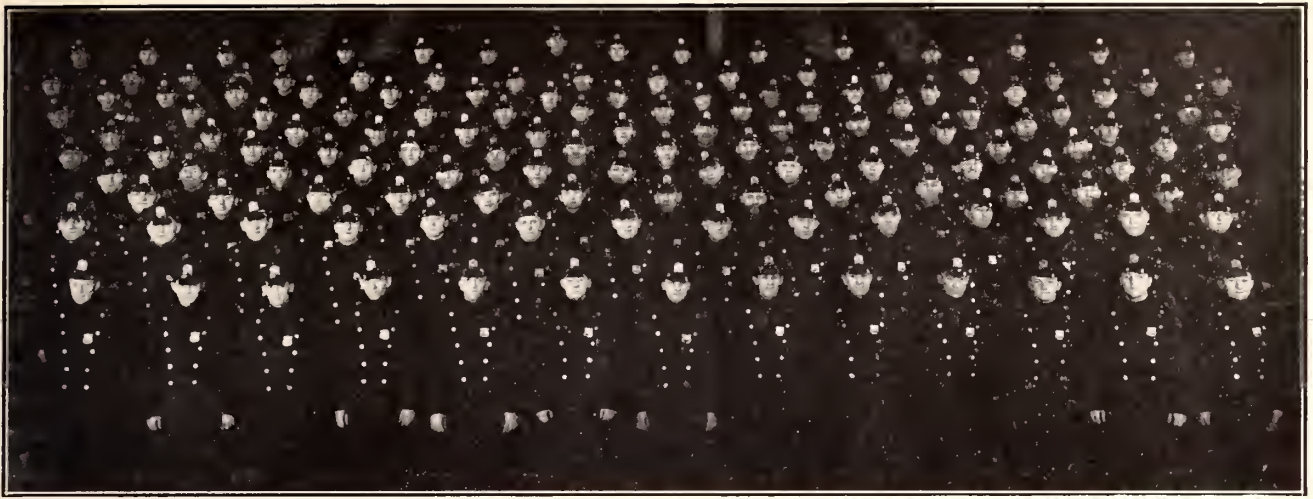


Photo by courtesy of Century, 74 West 47th St.

Reynolds, Daniel J.  
Rice, Adam F.  
Richmond, Edward T.  
Riede, Jacob J.  
Rogers, Patrick J. A.  
Romanick, Joseph  
Rosensteel, Frank, Jr.  
Ross, Thomas  
Rushnak, John J.  
Ryan, John C.  
Ryan, John J.  
Ryan, Timothy  
Sandrofer, Morris  
Santangelo, Anthony  
Sarro, Eligio

Sauer, George A.  
Schmid, William H.  
Schuchman, F. W., Jr.  
Schultz, Charles F.  
Schwing, Louis J.  
Scully, James G.  
Secor, Alexander M.  
Shandley, Bernard E.  
Shaughnessy, J. H.  
Sheahan, Joseph F.  
Sheps, Jack  
Shereshfetsky, Hyman  
Shine, Edward P.  
Short, George F. V.  
Shostak, Anthony D.

Silverstein, J. R.  
Sims, Henry L.  
Smart, John J.  
Smith, Francis A.  
Smith, Raymond J.  
Somerville, W. S., Jr.  
Spagnolo, Pasquale J.  
Stadnik, Rudolf  
Stahl, George F.  
Standler, Joseph J.  
Steakin, Edward W.  
Steigert, Leonard J.  
Stein, Ruben  
Stein, Vincent J.

Steinberger, Jacob  
Sullivan, James C.  
Sullivan, Thomas J.  
Sussingham, J. A.  
Tarantola, James  
Taylor, Frederick F.  
Taylor, Robert L.  
Thorsen, Daniel T.  
Tracy, John D.  
Trauerts, C. H.  
Tyndall, James W.  
Urf, John  
Veglie, Ralph  
Vitale, Vincent

Wagner, Joseph F.  
Waldeck, Ernest C.  
Ward, Harold V.  
Warren, Frank  
Wassell, Adam M.  
Welby, Patrick J.  
White, Harold T.  
White, Thomas E.  
Winter, John H.  
Woods, Thomas L.  
Yochum, Rudolph W.  
Zeuli, Salvatore, Jr.  
Zipp, Walter H.

## COME ON, FELLOWS, LET'S GO

**T**HE Police Commissioner in his capacity as editor of SPRING 3100 has suggested that we devote a column or even a page to letters from members of the Department on any police topic which interests the writer and which therefore the writer believes will interest our readers. This sounds like a first rate plan.

Suppose, for instance, that you have an idea regarding traffic control—don't be bashful—tell your comrades about it through the columns of SPRING 3100 and we'll see that Commissioner Hoyt reads it. Perhaps you think it would speed up promotions if all officers of the rank of inspector and above were required to make an aerial tour of the city once every three months in a Department plane—we know the Commissioner would appreciate that because he's a veteran flier himself—put your suggestion across through these columns.

Well, anyway, we're sure you get the idea. We would like to begin publishing these letters in our May issue so when you read this announcement—don't hesitate—obey that impulse and aid the Commissioner by giving him the benefit of your ideas. Good luck to you all.

The letters should be typewritten (double-spaced) and should not exceed 350 words. Sign your name, rank and command (if you don't wish your name published we will not use it) and address your communications to the Managing Editor, SPRING 3100, Police Headquarters Annex.

## THANKS AND GOOD LUCK, FRANK

Sea View Hospital  
Staten Island, New York  
April 5, 1931

"SPRING 3100"  
Police Headquarters  
New York, N. Y.  
Dear Editor:

As you would like to have a few comments on our magazine, I am writing you the following:

First of all let me tell you a little of myself so you can better understand me. For the past two years, I am here at Sea View Hospital with a chronic disease battling for my life. Each month without fail, I get SPRING 3100. I don't know who sends it to me but I do hope he doesn't lose my address. As the end of the month comes, I just wait for the mail with my SPRING 3100 and Oh, Boy! how I do enjoy it.

After I read same, I give it to the nurse and the rest of the patients here. And do they like it; well I wish you could see them reading it. After that I send it to some other sanatorium outside of our state. Personally, I think SPRING 3100 is very good as it is. The stories, the cartoons, the cover, in fact everything is wonderful.

In closing, I hope I have not bored you with irrelevant matter. May you keep up the splendid work you have rendered in the past in making SPRING 3100 a success. Long live SPRING 3100.

Sincerely yours,  
PTL. FRANK G. NEUBERT,  
Shield No. 13713, 7th Precinct.

# Saved by a Rap

By PATROLWOMAN IRENE A. COMEAU, *Crime Prevention Bureau*



**"MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW TAKE THE TROUBLE TO ANSWER."**

Although this quotation is not the original one, how often do we hear it and lightly pass it by, and seldom do we find that it particularly pertains to us, personally.

Patrolman John White had heard it several times, but had never paid any heed to it. John was a "Rookie" only three days out of the Police Academy, and the echo of "Rules and Regulations" repeated themselves over and over in his mind, until in disgust he gave an extra wide swing to his nightstick, striking it with a resounding clang against the iron lamp post.

As he gazed around in the semi-darkness, he spied another blue coat and brass buttons, breathless from running across the street, in front of him.

"What's the matter, kid?" the newcomer whispered huskily. "What's up?"

"Why, nothing, things are as quiet as a grave," replied John.

"Well, of all the nerve," rasped Casey. "Whaddya mean by givin' me the high sign that somethin's up, and with me just aimin' fer the coop?"

A look of blank amazement spread over John's face. "What do you mean, 'high sign'?" he asked.

With a look of disdain, Casey began to explain: "Never rap your stick, especially at night, unless you want the immediate attention of your partner on the next post. It is easily seen you are nothing but a 'Rookie,' but you will learn before you are very long in this job, my boy."



"Gee, I'll never make a good cop; I might as well go back to driving a truck," sadly murmured John as he turned back to the monotonous routine of patrol through the dark alleys that marked snaky lanes of danger from the lurking warehouse thieves.

Time passed quickly for young John, and before he realized it he was out of the "Rookie" class and proudly wore his first stripe on his sleeve. During the five years that had passed, the routine of patrol had not varied much. His post was in the same district, but, like everyone else, he had had his share of being "flyed." Whenever the old-timers met at their post intersections, and in the course of conversation one asked who his partner was, it was always good for a laugh when the other replied, "'Rap' White." The nickname of "Rap" had stuck to him since his first blunder, and, while at first he had resented the good-natured kidding in the squad room, and would not answer to the name, his sunny nature could not lie dormant long, and soon he had a cheery wisecrack for his buddies. John was in his seventh heaven when asked to join the rest of the boys gathered around the old piano.

One cold night as "Rap" was patrolling his post as usual, he longed for a smoke and a few moments' rest in a nearby garage, and got both. Casey had just called over the box, five minutes late, and, not getting the harsh rebuke that was his due, knew that Sergeant Ryan was "rolling." Now Ryan was a tough boss, and although he expected his men to do their duty, he could see the patrolman's side of the story, also.

"I wonder where that young rascal went," said Casey to himself, as he kept a sharp lookout for Ryan, hoping to get his "see" early and then be off for a cup of hot coffee. On his next trip to the signal box he encountered "Rap" just leaving the box.

"How is it that I haven't seen the Sergeant tonight?" asked "Rap." "Maybe it is too cold down here to make the rounds, but then, he knows that two old-timers like you and me don't need as much supervision as some of the others that are always sneaking off post for a few seconds.

"Well," drawled Casey, with a twinkle in his eye,



"that's one time you missed him; he showed up here ten minutes after I made my three o'clock ring."

The next night "Rap" knew that Sergeant Ryan wouldn't "roll" till the last half of the tour, so around two o'clock the yearning for a cup of steaming hot coffee was so great that "Rap" made his way to the corner Coffee Pot. Just as he was in the act of dunking his second cruller the counterman hurried over and whispered: "The boss just passed in the flivver."

Grabbing his nightstick, "Rap" crammed his cap on his head and flew out the door. To his dismay the red tail light of the flivver was disappearing up the block.

"If he doesn't see me now," he lamented, "I'll be tormented the rest of the night." As his gaze encountered an iron lamp post, he instinctively lashed at it with his stick. Suddenly the slowly disappearing red light stopped short, and "Rap" could see that the driver was turning the car in his direction. As the car rolled to a stop at the curb, "Rap" stepped forward and smartly saluted the grim-faced Sergeant Ryan, who, with a loud roar, said: "You didn't rap your shtick lasht night, did you?" and without another word drove away. A loud burst of laughter greeted this rebuke as "Rap" silently gazed at the two men entering the lunch room. Then and there he raised his right hand and swore never to swing his stick at any object again.

The following Spring it was rumored that a complete change of posts for the third squad would result if the burglaries in and around the warehouse district were not checked. This troubled "Rap" greatly, for he liked the quiet nights on his lonely post and had become familiar with the early morning workers, and reports of this kind made him feel personally responsible.

"Rap" had just spent a restful thirty-two hours off and his first late tour stretched before him, black, dismal and rainy. The cold rain trickled down his slicker as he stepped into the shadow of a doorway. Suddenly the muffled sound of metal striking metal came to his ears, and seemed to come from the inner blackness of the doorway in which he stood. Cautiously peering through the dusty glass, he could faintly see the dim reflection of a light in the rear.

Stepping silently through the narrow alley that led to the rear of the building, he softly approached the back door, which appeared to have been jimmed. Forgetting for a moment the teachings of the technical Sergeant of his "rookie" days—"summon assistance"—and with his pistol in his right hand and the troublesome nightstick in his left, he silently pushed the door open.

Two men, trying to open the safe, paid no heed to his entrance, but at the command "Put 'em up!" both leaped back into the darkness, outside the dim rays of the flashlight on the floor. Instantly two shots rang out, so closely together that it sounded as if only one was fired, and "Rap" felt a sharp stinging pain directly above his shield. Taking careful aim in the direction of the last red stab of fire, he pulled the trigger—a sharp gasp and the thud of a fallen body—was the answer.

Silence—ghostly silence—where was the other one? When would he shoot, and in his desperation, shoot to kill! "Rap's" eyes tried to penetrate the darkness, but could see nothing.

"Come out of there with both hands up!" he commanded. A whimper in the darkness, and a lad, apparently not more than a schoolboy, stepped forward.



"Don't shoot," he pleaded. "You have killed my brother Dan."

"Rap" grasped him by the arm and quickly frisked him. Finding no weapon, he stooped, picked up the flashlight and turned its yellow rays on the limp figure on the floor. A sudden faintness overcame him and with difficulty he kept himself upright. Supporting himself with one hand he shoved the trembling lad ahead of him into the black alley. "Rap's" one thought was to reach the sidewalk before he collapsed, in order to summon help. He knew that by this time Sergeant Ryan would have his post covered and his partner, Casey, would be looking for him when he missed him at the signal box.

On reaching the sidewalk he tightened his grip on the nippers on the boy's wrists and staggered painfully up the street, until he felt as though he could go no further. A friendly lamp post, with its dim yellow light shining out of the mist and rain, would act as a momentary prop, he thought, as he groped towards it with the frightened boy still in his grasp. His nightstick was still clutched in his left hand and as he sank against the post it rattled sharply against its side as if in greeting.

Casey, a block north, was about to turn in the opposite direction when his steps were arrested by the sound. Hurrying towards it, an astonishing sight met his eye. Patrolman White was lying on his back with the rain beating upon his upturned face, while a lad whimpering softly, stepped forward for protection as the fatherly face of Casey turned in his direction. A slight murmur from the pale lips of "Rap" caused Casey to bend over the patrolman, and as he did he heard him whisper: "Tell Ryan a rap in the nick of time saved 'Rap.'"



# THE POLICE ACADEMY

## City of New York

*Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean*

### OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.  
Sessions will be held at 10 A.M. and 7.30 P.M. daily except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Mondays - - - 12.30 P. M.  
Tuesdays - - - 5.30 P. M.  
Thursdays - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Fridays - - - 7.30 P. M.
3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Mondays - - - 12.30 P. M.  
Tuesdays - - - 5.30 P. M.  
Thursdays - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Fridays - - - 7.30 P. M.
4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.



### QUESTIONS FOR THE APRIL ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. What advice would you give an inquiring citizen in the following:
  - (a) An armored trucking concern desiring to use a Tear Gas Pistol in its business.
  - (b) A person desiring old age relief.
  - (c) A newspaper office wishing to announce an athletic contest by radio amplifier.
2. Outline the procedure by which members of the Force on patrol cooperate with the Air Service Division in the enforcement of the laws regulating aviation.
3. Under what circumstances is a Desk Officer justified in reading a blotter entry to a person not connected with the Police Department?
4. On the playground in a public park a boy of 15 years with a small pony and buggy attached is carrying children for hire over a short course. Discuss this condition from its legal aspect.
5. What instructions should be given a young patrolman to guide him in the following matters:
  - (a) Upon observing a violation of the ordinance, the action that may be legally taken.
  - (b) As to the elements necessary to establish proof in the case of an intoxicated driver.

- (e) The action to be taken for a violation of the traffic regulations by a United States Mail Driver.

6. A stole \$101.00 in Brooklyn. A detective arrested him in Albany County on a warrant issued in Kings County. He claims the right to be admitted to bail in Albany County. What is the procedure?
7. The Penal Law outlines two separate and distinct ways of committing Burglary in the third degree.
  - (a) Explain this distinction by illustrations.
  - (b) Justify the distinction shown in your illustrations.
8. When a person obtains property by means of a forgery is he subject to any greater punishment than one who by means of a forgery fails to obtain property?

### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1 IN MARCH ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

1. Parties to crime are either principals or accessories.
  - (a) A principal is one who commits a crime directly, or
  - (b) Is concerned in the commission of a crime, whether present or absent, or
  - (c) Directly or indirectly counsels, commands, induces or procures another to commit a crime.

An accessory is one who

  - (a) After the commission of a felony.
  - (b) Harbors, conceals, or aids the offender.
  - (c) With intent that he avoid or escape arrest, trial, conviction, or punishment.
  - (d) Knowing or having reasonable grounds to believe such offender is liable to arrest, has been arrested, is indicted, or convicted, or has committed a felony.

All principals in misdemeanors: A person who commits or participates in an act which would make him an accessory, if the crime committed were a felony, is a principal and may be indicted and punished as such, if the crime be a misdemeanor.



Joint offenders are all equally responsible for their wrongdoing or for the consequences thereof.

Where several persons join, or combine, or associate in the commission of a crime, all are jointly principals and are responsible for all of the several acts that may naturally or probably occur in consequence.

Accomplices or partners may be principals or accessories in a crime. More often they are principals.

An agent or instrument in the commission of a crime, if of sufficient mental capacity, who knowingly carries out the orders or directions of his principal usually incurs due responsibility. The agent is innocent only if unaware and is without cause to suspect any criminal wrong-doing.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2 IN MARCH ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

2. The State Legislature may make laws as to crime, being restrained by certain limitations. These limitations are intended for the most part for the protection of a person charged with crime and forbid the following:

- (a) Extinction of certain civil rights of a convicted person.
- (b) Excessive fines.
- (c) Cruel or unusual punishment.
- (d) Imprisonment for debt.
- (e) Unreasonable searches of property.
- (f) Trial by jury as used.
- (g) Requiring excessive bail.
- (h) Placing accused twice in jeopardy for same offense.
- (i) Depriving a person of liberty without due process of law.
- (j) Depriving one of the right to appear and defend.
- (k) Depriving one of the right to counsel.
- (l) Compel a person to become a witness against himself.
- (m) Denying trial by jury to a person charged with libel, who desires it.
- (n) To prosecute except by indictment.  
No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime (except in cases of impeachment, and in cases of militia when in actual service, and the land and naval forces in time of war, or which this State may keep with the consent of Congress in time of peace, and in cases of petit larceny, under the regulation of the Legislature), unless on presentment or indictment of a grand jury.

The Legislature shall not pass any "ex post facto" laws. The constitutional term "ex post facto" embraces:

- (a) Every law that makes an action done before the passage of the law, and which was innocent when done, criminal.
- (b) Laws which make a crime greater than it was when conviction was obtained.
- (c) Laws that change the punishment and inflict a greater punishment than the law inflicted when the crime was committed.
- (d) Laws that alter the rules of evidence and requires less or different testimony than the law required at the time of the commission of the offense in order to convict the offender.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3 IN MARCH ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

3. (1) Unlawful manufacture or sale of drugs.  
(2) Sale of adulterated or misbranded articles.  
(3) False brands or labels on articles of food or drink.  
(4) Sale of poisons and narcotic drugs without proper label or legal prescription.  
(5) Sale of diseased meat or unwholesome food.  
(6) Slaughtering of animals under unsanitary conditions.  
(7) Use of false weights.  
(8) Overloading of vessels.  
(9) Unsafe steam pressure on engines.  
(10) Improper handling or storing of explosives.  
(11) Disposing of revolvers without complying with regulations.  
(12) Unlawful discharge of firearms.  
(13) Obstructing fire escapes.  
(14) Injuring life saving apparatus.  
(15) Use of common drinking cups for general purposes.  
(16) Unnecessary loud noises.  
(17) Expecting in public places.  
(18) Unsafe speed of motor vehicles.  
(19) Improper lighting and unlawful parking of motor vehicles.  
(20) Exhibitions dangerous to life and limb.  
(21) Dangerous surf bathing.  
(22) Employment of intoxicated persons as agents of common carriers.  
(23) Poisoning animals.  
(24) Allowing vicious dogs to be at large.  
(25) Obstructing attempts to put out fires.  
(26) Permitting unguarded holes on public highways.  
(27) Failure to care for live stock in transportation.  
(28) Other violations of the Sanitary Code of the City of New York.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4 IN MARCH ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

4. (a) An alien who, within five years of entry into country, is convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude and sentenced to a term of over one year.  
(b) An alien who, at any time after entry, is convicted more than once of a crime involving moral turpitude and sentenced in each case to a term of over one year.  
Note—Both of those sentences must be subsequent to May 1, 1917, at which time the Act was effective.  
(c) An alien who, at any time after entry, is found practicing prostitution, or an alien in any way associated with prostitution, such as keeping and maintaining a place for same, procuring either prostitutes or men for them, living off proceeds, or being an inmate of such a place.  
Note—As the reading of the law says: "practicing prostitution" it has been ruled that two convictions must be had for this to show that it is a practice.  
(d) An alien, at any time after entry, teaching or advocating the unlawful destruction of property, or advocating or teaching anarchy, or the overthrow of the Government by force or violence, or the assassination of public officials.

- (e) An alien, who within five years of entry becomes a public charge, as the result of a condition which cannot be shown to have occurred subsequent to landing.
- (f) An alien who was convicted or admits the commission, prior to entry, of a crime involving moral turpitude.
- (g) Aliens illegally in the country, either:
  - (1) Because they obtained no visaed passport or were smuggled in.
  - (2) Who may have come in on a seaman's passport and remained here (jumped ship).
  - (3) Visitors who have overstayed their leave here and endeavored to hide away in the country.
  - (4) Those who came in on forged or fraudulently obtained passports or other documents.
  - (5) Alien convicted after May 26, 1922, of a violation of Federal Miller-Jones Law (smuggling narcotics, or handling of same).
  - (6) Alien convicted and sentenced after February 18, 1931, for violation of the Federal Law providing—"That any alien (except an addict who is not a dealer in, or peddler of, any of the narcotic drugs mentioned in this Act) who, after the enactment of this Act, shall be convicted and sentenced for violation of or conspiracy to violate any statute of the United States taxing, prohibiting, or regulating the manufacture, production, compounding, transportation, sale, exchange, dispensing, giving away, importation, or exportation of opium, coca leaves, heroin, or any salt, derivative, or preparation of opium or coca leaves shall be taken into custody and deported in manner provided in sections 19 and 20 of the Act of February 5, 1917, entitled "An Act to regulate the immigration of aliens to, and the residence of aliens in, the United States."

The following should be noted:

- (a) "Moral turpitude" is almost any crime which, as its result, makes a person of bad character. It is an act of baseness, villainess, or depravity in the private and social duties which man owes to his fellow-men or to society in general, contrary to the accepted and customary rule of right and duty between man and man.
- (b) Alien seamen may leave a ship and stay ashore 60 days, but must not engage in another calling.
- (c) As the Act limiting the immigration of aliens into the United States was passed on July 1, 1924, no deportation action is taken against anyone who came into the country illegally prior to that time.
- (d) Being pardoned for a crime, prevents that crime being used as a basis for deportation.
- (e) Persons sentenced to imprisonment must serve the time before being deported.
- (f) The sentencing authority may recommend to the Secretary of Labor that a prisoner not be deported.
- (g) Having declared intention of becoming a citizen does not prevent deportation. Some aliens get their "first papers" and because of failure in passing literacy tests are unable to secure their "second papers." "First papers" are not valid after 7 years.
- (h) On February 5, 1917, an Act was passed, effective May 1, 1917, listing undesirable aliens. Among them were the criminal class and, therefore, criminal aliens over five years here must have two convictions with a sentence of over a year each since that date to be subject to deportation.
- (i) An indefinite sentence to the Workhouse, which means two years, makes one eligible to deportation, according to the length of time here. A similar sentence to the Penitentiary, which is 3 years, makes one likewise eligible. It is the sentence which is considered for deportation, not the time served. If one is sentenced indefinitely to the Workhouse or Penitentiary, and paroled in 3, 6 or 9 months there is eligibility for deportation.
- (j) An Act passed in 1929 permits the naturalization of an alien who came into the United States without a passport before June 3, 1921, provided such alien has been here continuously since that time, and is of good character. A legal entry certificate is issued him which he files with the Naturalization Bureau.

Police Departments investigate the citizenship status and criminal record of alien criminals and transmit reports thereon with recommendations to the Commissioner of Immigration having jurisdiction.

The New York City Police Department reports to the Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, New York, all alien criminals known to this Department who are subject to deportation from the United States under the Federal Immigration Law.

The Commanding Officer of the Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation shall investigate, through the personnel of the Bureau, the citizenship status and criminal record of all alien criminals.

A complete report with recommendation for deportation shall be prepared and forwarded to the Police Commissioner, through official channels, by the Commanding Officer of the Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation in the case of every known alien criminal who is subject to deportation. The report shall contain full information concerning the following: name and address of alien; of what country a citizen; date of arrival in the United States; port of entry; name of ship on which he or she arrived; the full circumstances of the crime charged, if any; past criminal record; other facts and circumstances upon which recommendation for deportation may be based.

When entering pedigrees in the Arrest Record, desk officers will question prisoners who are known criminals and those charged with felonies (except violations of the National Prohibition Law), misdemeanors mentioned in Section 332 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, or prostitutional offenses, as to whether or not they are citizens of the United States.

Great care will be exercised in questioning such prisoners and their apparent nationality will be taken into consideration. If native birth is claimed, place and date of birth will be ascertained. If citizenship is claimed through naturalization, it will be ascertained where and how such citizenship was acquired.

When a prisoner charged with any of the offenses set forth in one of the foregoing paragraphs is found to be an alien, the following information will be entered in the Arrest Record under "Details of Case":

Country of which a native;  
Date of birth;  
Date of arrival in United States;  
Port of entry;  
Name of ship on which he or she arrived;  
Whether passenger or member of crew.



In addition, form D.D. 96 will be prepared and forwarded to the Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation, with the following morning report.

Each member of the Force having occasion to question a foreign born person of criminal record who may be subject to deportation, where an arrest is not made, will ascertain information enumerated in the foregoing paragraph and will prepare report on form D. D. 96. Such report will be forwarded with the following morning report of his command to the Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation. Where information is received that an alien is engaged in an unlawful occupation, report will be prepared on form D. D. 96 and forwarded to the Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5 IN MARCH ISSUE OF

"SPRING 3100."

##### 5. This is a case of extortion.

The officer on the case would be covering the premises awaiting the second approach, which did occur in the afternoon. Arrest the man who delivered the box containing the letter and the pigeons. Charge extortion. Secure assistance. Seize evidence. Examine letters, envelopes, box and wrapper for fingerprints. Mark evidence (including pigeons) for identification. Record complete description of all evidence. Interrogate prisoner. Search his place of abode. Determine if he has accomplices. Secure and compare his handwriting with that on the writing paper and envelopes. Check prisoner's movements and contacts for the day and for several days preceding, taking appropriate action as developments occur. If accomplices are involved, timely arrival at meeting point is essential to effect further arrests.

Nationality, personal history and relationships of intended victim, business ethics, suspected enemies, etc., will help to afford a working basis. Fingerprint prisoner. Determine if prisoner has previous criminal record. If so, such record will be of material assistance. If accomplices are involved and their identity established determine if they have criminal records, taking appropriate action.

Make every effort to trace pigeons through dealers and associations. Make every effort to trace purchase of writing paper and envelopes. Make every effort to trace corrugated box and its wrapper, if any. Check movements of prisoner and information learned from tracking clues with post mark on original letter received through mail. Success in any of the above tracings would lead to the exact or approximate base from which the operations started, if such information had not been secured from prisoner.

Cooperation of the Inspector in charge of the Post Office would be secured. The approval of the Property Clerk, superior officer in charge of command, the District Attorney, and the Magistrate would be secured for safe keeping of the pigeons by the Park Department in the event that the Property Clerk was unable to keep and maintain them pending disposition of case in court.

Any one or more of the pigeons would not be released at sunset or other time without the approval of the Assistant Chief Inspector, the District Attorney, and the court. If approval is given and release made, cooperation of the Air Service Division would be secured, strategic points established, and action taken as developments warranted.

If the delivery of the box containing the pigeons and letter had been made by a legitimate common carrier or employee of an established organization doing a legitimate delivery business and it was found that the employee was doing work for which he was hired by the concern which had dispatched him with the package it is reasonable to assume that he would not be arrested but that the guilty parties would be tracked with the cooperation and the assistance of the legitimate concern acting as the carrier.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6 IN MARCH ISSUE OF

"SPRING 3100."

##### 6. X has committed the following:

- (1) Unlawful intrusion on property—a misdemeanor.
- (2) Disorderly conduct—an offense.
- (3) Contempt of court—a misdemeanor.
- (4) Conspiracy—a misdemeanor.

##### Reasons:

Section 2035, Penal Law: A person, who has been removed from any lands by process of law, or who has removed from any lands pursuant to the lawful adjudication or direction of any court, tribunal or officer, and who afterwards, without authority of law, returns to settle or reside upon or take possession of such lands, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 2036, Penal Law, provides:

- (1) A person in any city or village
- (2) Who without consent of the owner thereof
- (3) Intrudes on any lot or land, or occupies any structure thereon, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 722, Penal Law, provides:

- (1) Who with intent to commit a breach of the peace, or
- (2) Whereby a breach of the peace may be occasioned
  - (a) Acts in any manner so as to annoy or offend others, or
  - (b) Does any offensive, disorderly act, is guilty of disorderly conduct.

##### N Section 600, Penal Law, provides: A person who commits contempt of court by wilful disobedience to lawful process or mandate of a court is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 580, Penal Law, provides: When two or more persons conspire

- (1) To commit a crime, or
- (2) To interfere with tools, implements, or property owned by another, or, with the use or employment thereof,
- (3) Commits an act for the perversion or obstruction of justice, or the due administration of the laws,

Each such person is guilty of a misdemeanor.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7 IN MARCH ISSUE OF

"SPRING 3100."

##### 7. Section 73 of the Personal Property Law provides that before complete payment has been made the buyer, who with intent to defraud, removes the goods to a district where the contract is not filed, without having given the seller notice by registered mail at least ten days before removal and approximate time of removal and exact location, is guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be imprisoned in a county jail for not more than one year or be fined not more than \$500.00 or both.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8 IN MARCH ISSUE OF

"SPRING 3100."

##### 8. Section 663, Code of Criminal Procedure, provides: When a defendant is brought before magistrate, or is held to answer, on a charge of a misdemeanor, for which the person injured by the act constituting the crime has a remedy by a civil action, the crime may be compromised, as provided in the next section, except when it was committed,

- (1) By or upon an officer of justice, while in the execution of the duties of his office;
- (2) Riotously; or
- (3) With an intent to commit a felony.

Section 664, Code of Criminal Procedure, provides: If a party injured appear before the magistrate, or before the court to which the deposition and statements are required, by section two hundred and twenty-one, to be returned at any time before trial or commitment by the magistrate, or trial on indictment for the crime, and acknowledge in writing that he has received satisfaction for the injury, the magistrate or court may, in his or its discretion, on payment of the costs and expenses incurred, if such magistrate or court shall see fit so to direct, order all proceedings to be stayed upon the prosecution and the defendant be discharged therefrom. But in that case, the reason for the order must be set forth therein and entered upon the minutes.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 9 IN MARCH ISSUE OF

"SPRING 3100."

##### 9. (a) (1) When adjudged a habitual criminal he may be summarily arrested as a disorderly person if found without being able to account therefor,

- (a) In possession of any burglars' tools or dangerous weapon, or
- (b) If found in any place under circumstances giving reasonable ground to believe he is waiting an opportunity to commit crime.
- (2) A person who has been more than once convicted as a pick-pocket, thief, or burglar, and having no visible means of support, found loitering about steamship landings, railroad stations, banking institutions, crowded thoroughfares, cars, omnibuses, hotel, or any public gathering or assembly, and unable to give a satisfactory explanation of his presence.
- (3) For a felony not committed in presence of officer.
- (4) When a felony in fact is committed and officer has reasonable grounds to believe he committed it.
- (5) On suspicion of having committed a felony in the night time, even though it afterwards appears a felony was committed but that he did not commit it.
- (6) On verbal order of a Magistrate.
- (7) By authority of a warrant.
- (8) On certificate of warrant from the family court if identified by a person of age and discretion.
- (9) Knowing a warrant has been issued for him as a deserter of the Army and Navy.
- (10) Knowing that a warrant has been issued for him as a violator of parole.
- (11) On the written order of an Election Officer on Election Day.
- (12) On the certified endorsed copy of a bail bond executed on his behalf if required by the bailer.
- (13) When acting in concert with another officer who did see him commit a misdemeanor or offense.
- (14) When sought as a material witness in serious crimes.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 10 IN MARCH ISSUE OF

"SPRING 3100."

##### 10. (a) Compounding a felony means that when a person has committed a crime that is punishable, upon conviction, by death or imprisonment in a state prison and another person accepts money or reward on a promise of it upon an agreement or understanding, express or implied, to compound or conceal the crime, or withhold evidence of such crime, or abstain from prosecution or discontinue or delay prosecution is guilty of a felony punishable by five years imprisonment if the agreement relates to felony punishable by death, or life imprisonment. Compounding any other felony is punishable by three years imprisonment. It is unlawful to compromise a felony. It is a felony to compound it.

- (b) (1) The false making, counterfeiting, or altering, erasure, obliteration of a genuine instrument in whole or in part, or
  - (2) The false making, or counterfeiting of the signature of a party or witness, or
  - (3) The placing together of different parts of several genuine instruments with intent to defraud in each case.
- This crime is divided into three degrees—each a felony. The following among others may be subjects of forgery. Will, or codicil, deed or writing purporting to be the act of another affecting title or rights in property. A certificate of proof of above and bonds, checks, drafts, acknowledgments, seals of government or corporations, or their records or books of accounts, tickets, stamps, shares in corporation, gold or silver coins.
- (c) Malfeasance is the doing of an act which is evil or unlawful.
  - (d) Misfeasance is the doing of a lawful act in an improper or negligent manner.
  - (e) Nonfeasance is the omission of the performance of some act which one is bound as a matter of legal or official duty to perform.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 11 IN MARCH ISSUE OF

"SPRING 3100."

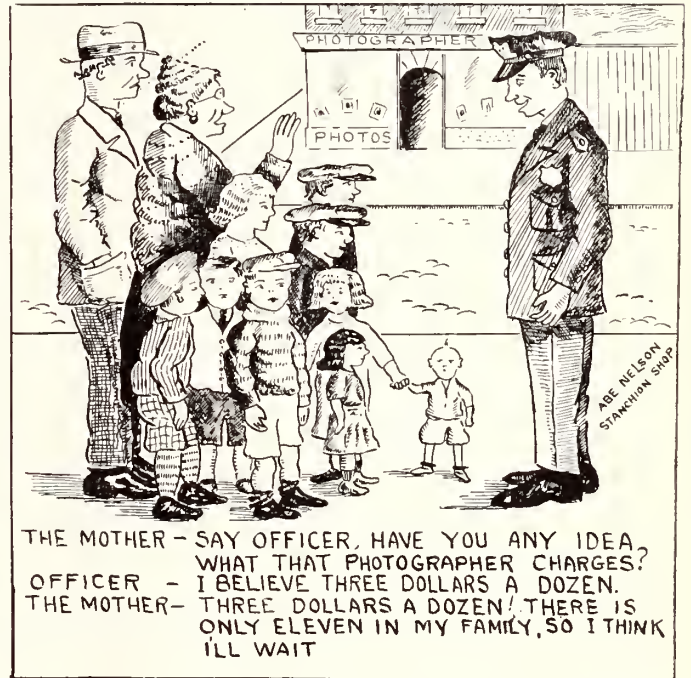
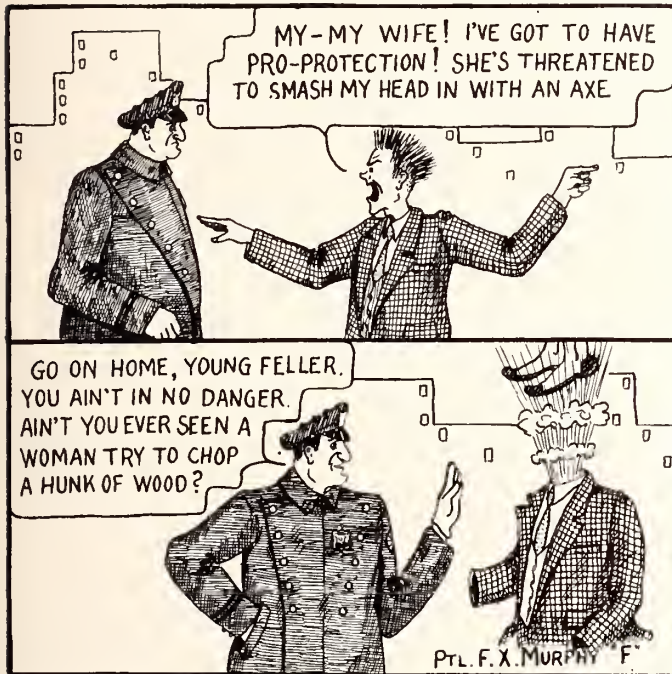
11. (1) Adequate treatment and supervision of those mentally irresponsible.
- (2) An improved environment in which people live. Continuous employment. Less under-paid labor. Higher economic levels. Better housing conditions.
- (3) More attractive and contented homes. Less broken and unhappy homes. The home is a conspicuous barrier against the forces of crime. Careers in crime commission start in youth.

(Continued on page 24)





**THIS PAGE IS DEVOTED EACH MONTH TO CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE Department. They must be drawn in black drawing ink on white card board, eight inches square.**





# SPORTS

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



## BASEBALL

When Probationary Patrolman Benjamin Simon resigned from the Department on March 11, the Police Baseball Team lost a star player. Simon is a professional baseball player and plays under the name of William Simmons. Last season he pitched for the Binghamton club of the New York and Pennsylvania League. During the off season he passed the police examinations and was appointed to the Police Academy. He was all set for a career as a patrolman when along came an attractive two-year contract from Montreal of the International League, which he accepted. So long, Benny!

Tryouts are being held at Dyckman Oval for the Police Department Baseball Team. The team is under the management of Sergeant Otto Whitney, of the 14th Precinct. Many candidates have reported for practice, and judging from the caliber of the prospects, you can rest assured that when the team is finally picked it will be one to be proud of. Manager Whitney says that the team can't wait to play the "Smoke-Eaters" this season, and are going to give their friendly enemies a good battle.



## BASKETBALL

**T**HE Police Five tried to close their season recently, but a message from the good Mt. Vernon burghers implored them to go back to Mt. Vernon and replay their Armory Big Five, whom the Police had previously defeated. This was the only loss suffered by the Mt. Vernon boys on their home court, and they were anxious to get another "crack" at the cops.

Sergeant Dan Tierney, the good-natured manager of the police team, immediately consented to take the team back to Mt. Vernon for a three-game series. The police won the first game by the score of 29-28. Mt. Vernon took the second game, 26-23. The final game of the series, which ended the basketball season for both teams, was played on April 10, and resulted in another win for Mt. Vernon by the close score of 26-23.

## SIDELIGHTS

In the second game of the series, Dratch, of Mt. Vernon, was as slippery as a "greased pig." He made 17 points. The police couldn't hold him. Someone yelled, "Get a detective."

Moroney was running all over the place trying to catch his "second wind." He finally left the game (no more gas). He prefers those two by four courts.

Stanley (Meatball) Povey looks more like a wrestler than a basketball player, but when he gets going, "Police!"

In the last five minutes of the final game, the Mt. Vernon boys "froze" the ball so long that the place became chilly.

Casey leaned up against Jeff McDonald, and Jeff's nose started to bleed. Just imagine if he had brought along his night-stick!

Sergeant Dan Tierney was seen stepping out again. This time it was a blonde. He's like a sailor; got a girl on every court.

The orchestra played "Give Me Something To Remember You By," and big "Stretch" Talbot, the tall center on the police team, wanted to give them a SUMMONS. (To play another number.)

The season is over and most of the boys will devote their time to studying for sergeant. That's a tougher game than basketball.



## BOWLING

Patrolman John Werderman, of the 111th Precinct, left for Buffalo on March 22, where he competed in the American Bowling Congress Tournament against the best bowlers in the country. John was one of a five-man team representing the Parkway Recreation Alleys of Brooklyn. Bowling against the Texas Company in Buffalo, John hit the pins for a series of 583. His scores were: 208-203-172. Some bowling! His team captured eighth prize. He's just another of "The Finest," who's bowling them over in the big city. Nice work, Johnny.

## THE POLICE ACADEMY

(Continued from page 22)

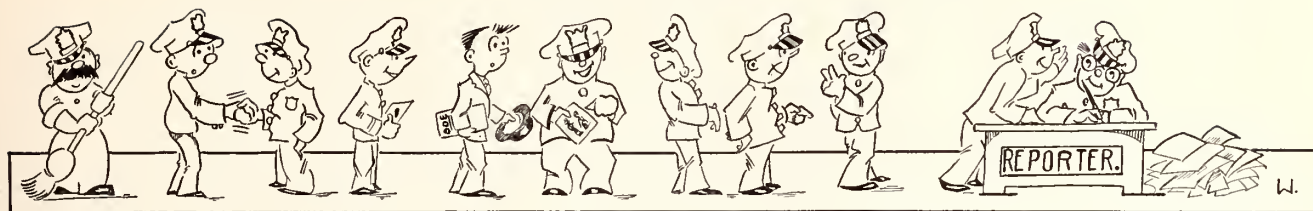
In the home the initial schooling of the child is given. Habits, attitudes, ambitions, moral conceptions, religious impulses and sense of social obligations are formed. Correct home conditions and relationships make an indelible impression on youth.

- (4) More and better schools. Make the curricula better adapted to the actual needs of children; to give them more individual attention and proper educational guidance. The establishment of behavior clinics so that proper treatment could be given unadjusted children and see that particular problems will receive special consideration.
- (5) Methodical religious and moral instruction.
- (6) Proper and adequate facilities for recreation. Programs for organized play. Additional public action to be taken in this field so that means of recreation will be accessible and ready at all times of the year. Proper and adequate recreation facilities have a direct bearing on formation of good character, and will do much to relieve the evils of intoxicating liquors and narcotic drugs, as well as to make available proper companionships and associations.
- (7) Elimination of selfishness and development of altruism.



# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley  
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

## PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch  
6th Pct., Ptl. A. Buttacavola  
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

Speaking of golf, miniature or outdoor (African omitted), the consensus of opinion of members of the 1st Division is that Patrolman Terry Condon sure knows his stuff. Why, we believe Terry "talks" a better game than any golfer we know.

We wonder if the songwriter who wrote that song number entitled "Ten Cents a Dance" was inspired by Patrolman Frank Roth of "10 cents a flop" fame. Frank never misses his 40 winks of sleep no matter where he may be.

We have an idea that Patrolman Dinny Keohane has two left feet after observing him do a clod-hop recently.

It seems that Hugh Quigley, that sleuth with the avoirdupois from the 1st Detective District, is looking serious these days. Maybe he is contemplating something he doesn't care to discuss. You know, "those bells."

Commodore Thomas H. J. Hall, of the Hudson River Yacht Club, also a patrolman attached to the 8th Precinct, has named his yacht "Doubt" but it doesn't signify its name. He has fitted it with plenty of speed, ability to float and to carry whatever is placed thereon. The yacht has recently been chartered by Peter Reilly, the BIG Union Man attached to the 8th Precinct, who is a great believer that onions are good for the nerves. Enough said.

## 2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. John Stafford  
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon

## LIEUT. JOSEPH UNGER

7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker  
9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan  
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

It is with extreme regret that we inform our readers of the sudden death of Mr. Samuel Asch (Diplomatic Sam), the official bootblack of the 7th Precinct, who passed to the great beyond on March 31, 1931.

## 3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

## LT. JOHN J. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Stephen Kennedy  
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clork

On Easter Sunday, April 5th, "Handsome" Jimmy Kelly, Chesterfieldian pride of the 14th Precinct, stepped up like a real young hero before the Rev. John Naughton, in St. John's Church, on East 55th Street, and tremblingly pronounced the deadly words that spelled goodbye forever to his former career of freedom and single blessedness. And when it was all over, and he had proudly clasped to his manly bosom his prettily blushing bride, the charming and very

petite little lady formerly addressed as Miss Helen McGonigle, he exclaimed with tremendous feeling: "Darling, Light of my Life, you have made me the happiest man on earth, or on any other earth for that matter, and I promise you sincerely, here and now, that NEVER shall I wander from the old fireside, nor be very late coming home for the corned beef and cabbage." The ceremony was followed by a delightful reception held in the Hotel Breslin and attended by about 250 guests, and when "Home, Sweet Home" was played (despite the fact that Jimmy and Helen had sneaked long before that), everyone left with the sincerest feelings possible in their hearts for the everlasting happiness of the cutest little couple that ever started blithely on life's most glorious adventure.

## 5TH DIVISION

24th Pct., Ptl. Henry Thiebaud

## SGT. JOHN J. DOWD

30th Pct., Ptl. James Wall  
34 Pct., Ptl. Leo Hoy

Patrolman Mike Stark, Unemployment Relief Investigator of the 24th Precinct, was observed perusing the pages of "Physical Culture" magazine the other day, but closer inspection showed that he was simply interested in an advertisement reading "Why be Bald at 40?"

Since Patrolman George Mahoney was appointed delegate for the Holy Name Society at the 24th Precinct, the station house is gradually assuming the aspects of a seminary. No "cusswords" while George is present; therefore, it would not be in order to print the utterance of Jack Hawthorne when said delegate tried to overcharge him for a ticket to the breakfast.

Patrolman William McGocy, of the 30th Precinct, took unto himself a better half. Her name was Miss Dorothy Barcalou and the ceremony was performed at St. Catherine's Church.

"Slo-ball" Schuman has been taking out several of the boys of the 34th Precinct for a baseball tryout. So far he has discovered some very good runners in the precinct, such as: Charles Ubelacker, Jake Weigold, Ray Kempner and several others. Keep up the good work, Eddie, and we may have a good team this year. But don't let the 24th Precinct know you have been out for practice.

"Big Hearted" Louis Ettlinger, the noted artist of the 34th Precinct, is seriously thinking of going to Paris to improve his "art." Someone suggested that he go to Spain, as it would be more appropriate for his particular species of "art."

Sergeant Patrick Lenihan ("Do you want to see me?") is the champion "Post your Platoon" Sergeant

on the force. He insists on turning the men out a la West Point. He has the poor coppers cross-eyed from his "eyes left" and "eyes right!" Why, they're even reading up on army regulations. Everyone says that he'll make a fine soldier in the Police Parade.

#### 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

#### LT. WILLIAM TURK

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Sgt. Fred Norman

Sergeant Paul Del Gardo, of the 23d Precinct, was number 14 on the sergeant's list and number 58 on the lieutenant's. We all expect and sincerely hope that he will at least split the difference on the captain's list.

Sergeant William Morris, the new arrival, is doing very well, thank you.

Patrolman Pasquale Amoroso, of the eighth squad, asked the waiter for a finger bowl after the Communion Breakfast. The waiter didn't have any handy but obliged with a large bowl. Delegate Delaney, who was seated at the same table, was having trouble with his feet from walking up and down stairs and he suddenly decided to remove his shoes and stockings and soak his feet in the water bowl.

Patrolman James Ruddy has worked so long on Fifth Avenue that he's beginning to think that he belongs to the four hundred.

The boys of the third squad are wondering what Patrolman Herman Scheib would look like if he removed that wart (or whatever it is) from under his nose?

Patrolman William Drettler pulled some Al Jolson stuff on the boys in the back room and was so realistic that Mike Moroso started to cry. (Glee Club, take notice.)

Patrolman Emmit (Emmy) Howe is one of the first squad's leading students. (Regardless of the spats.)

The following was submitted by Patrolman Frederick Strakosch, 23d Precinct:

Listen, dear readers, and I now will tell,  
Of the 23d Precinct, that's doing quite well,  
We're handing out coal and handing out food  
To anyone having a home and a brood.  
They come with their bags, and go out with the feed,  
No objections are made to Race, Color or Creed.  
We'll stick to the job, for it's got to be done,  
'Till the great war against unemployment is won.

Patrolman James J. Flanagan, 25th Precinct, a young officer a little over a year in the Department, seeking to apprehend two notorious ex-convicts who fired on him, waged a three-cornered pistol battle with the bandits in the early morning hours of March 12, 1931. Flanagan fell mortally wounded, but not until he had shot both of his assailants. Both were apprehended by the excellent work of members of this Department and identified by the officer before he died in Harlem Hospital. The Police Department loses a fine and brave officer. "Patsy" (as he was known by his comrades), we will miss you; you will be hard to replace. MAY THE ALMIGHTY HAVE MERCY ON HIS SOUL.

Lieutenant Louis Mensching was assigned to the Chief Inspector's Office, but left an able understudy as desk lieutenant in the person of Sergeant Abe Braveman. The faces that Abe makes when making entries in the records could not be sketched by even so renowned an artist as "Jimmie" De Milt.

Boys, watch this column next month. We promise

you many surprises, so buy your copy of SPRING 3100 early. Make reservations now.

Sergeant Tom "Slim" Meehan changed his residence from the wilds of the Bronx to a beautiful place called Forest Hills. That's what "Slim" calls his new home, but Lieutenant Burnell, who knows his geography, says the real name of the place is the town of 3 M's—Mud, Mortgages and Mosquitoes.

Henry Schluter, the 28th Precinct patrolwagon operator, always jumps when he gets a call for the 32d Precinct and especially around the meal period.

Sergeant Tom Smith is going back to Galway for an extensive vacation. He is leaving New York on June 3d, on a Cunarder. He is taking the Mrs. and little Jimmy with him.

Johnny Sullivan, who rates being called the best looking sergeant in the precinct, recently stated that he was in the market for an Irish terrier. All the boys bearing Irish names have offered to help John out.

"Sugar Foot" Wallace has added another notch to his service revolver. A wild West Indian tried to remove "Sugar" from the police force by means of shooting at him, but Wallace beat him to it.

Now that spring is here, the 32d Precinct fishermen, George Wagner, Jack Thorpe, Bill Saffer and Pete Seward, are fixing up their fishing tackle and also getting their boat ready for a busy season. According to reports, the magazine will have plenty more of those wonderful fish stories that were told in this column last year.

#### 7TH DIVISION

50th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

#### LT. WILLIAM WITTMAN

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan  
43th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green  
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

The bowling team of the 40th Precinct, who were victors over a team of the Foresters of America, at Masonic Hall, 230th Street and Corlear Avenue, in three straight games, are still open for a few more matches before the season closes. Especially the red and blue team of the 48th Precinct.

The 40th Precinct will again be represented by a baseball team this season and we hope to have more opposition from the other precincts. For games, communicate with Sergeant Schubert.

Patrolman Harry Baum has something to be chesty about. A 12-pound boy arrived at his home.

On March 14, Sergeant B. O'Connor and Patrolman O'Neill arrested a hold-up man at 141st Street and Cypress Avenue, after the prisoner had fired several shots at them.

Not to be outdone by members of the precinct with their increases in the family, Sergeant Frank Hogan reports the arrival of twins. This is the third set in the Hogan family.

Vincent Day wants one of the watch charms that the delegates are sporting. He was told to become a delegate.

Lieutenant Mahoney was seen boarding a train with a mysterious package. Upon investigation it was found that the package contained his music. He is the leader of the band.

Lieutenant Mulholland directed Patrolman O'Toole to see Patrolman Priest. The last seen of O'Toole he was headed in the direction of a church.

Patrolman Massett was seen observing the merry-go-round at Clason Point the other day. It is said that he wants to ride a horse.



Sergeant Joseph Muek after his trip to a warmer climate on his vacation was telling the gang what a trip they missed. He was told to hire a Clason Point ferryboat and take the boys down on their day off.

The P. B. A. delegates of the 48th Precinct, Kronenbitter, Reynolds and Mergner, have published a new song entitled "Did You Pay Your Dues."

Spring is here and Prochaska, "the hatless wonder," has gone in for poetry.

Shell-shocked and battle-scarred, Frank Coffey has just passed his nineteenth wedding anniversary. However, the injuries were received on the Food Relief.

Wagner, when last seen, was looking for a June vacation. 'Tis sad, boys, but true.

#### 8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Mayer

#### LT. JAMES L. CLANCY

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan  
52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

Patrolman Egenberger, of the 50th Precinct, the "hard working" patrol driver, has a one-man radio set. Ed puts a Segal look on it ten minutes before the end of his tour.

The 52d Squad Detectives recently "blew" themselves to one of those nice new little radios—to help while away their weary, nocturnal vigils waiting for something to happen. Some of the boys sneak in a little of the entertainment during the daytime, however, and have thus incurred the enmity of some of the 8th Division staff, who take turns in pulling the switch in the outer hall, or calling up and lodging complaints about the nuisance. Their ability to detect the culprits has been terrible—so far. The next thing you know, they'll have a real job on their hands—for that set is going to get itself a couple of legs. So beware, you sleuths.

Lieutenant Stainkamp, who is a well known fisherman, has now taken up shooting. If his shooting stories are as good as the fishing ones he will hit the BULL every shot.

#### 9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen  
122 Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

Patrolman Barney Kane, one of the guardians of Latourette Park, recently distinguished himself with a fine piece of first aid work. Joseph Testa, of New Dorp Manor, who was sawing wood with a power saw, accidentally fell against the saw and received severe lacerations of the arm. Barney immediately applied a tourniquet with his billy and prevented excessive loss of blood pending the arrival of an ambulance.

Patrolmen Wall and Butler, of our Food Department, are becoming so adept in the art of juggling potatoes, etc., that they are receiving many flattering offers from heads of various chain stores for their services when the food distribution ends.

Clerical Patrolman John Cook is exceedingly fond of Shredded Wheat and milk, in fact he has it daily for lunch. The other day, Mrs. Cook called him up and was heard to exclaim very excitedly that she had just discovered a large hole in his mattress.

Patrolman John Johnson (past member of Lowell Thomas's tall story club) reports that spring is officially here. He states that the flounders are so thick in the Kills, that he couldn't get his boat thru

them; that eels are bigger than ever, and crabs are getting so bold that it isn't safe to walk along the beach any more.

The 123d Precinct may be in the southwestern extremity of New York State, but we have a Sherlock Holmes and a Scotland Yard here that is second to none. If you don't believe it just read the March issue of SPRING 3100 and see if the story by Sergeant Julian (Hawkshaw) Rhodes hasn't got "Cannon" Doyle stopped by a mile.

Did you know that Peter (Little Pete) Finan was promoted to Chief Operator of old auto No. 778? Now we will see some pep in the old derelict.

Jacob (Jake) Prestel, the pride of the 123d Precinct for neatness, is about to buy a new summer suit of the latest model. His old one is only seven and one-half years old but looks as good as new. He has a vacuum cleaner and a set of brushes that he puts to work after each tour. His clothes are never shiny in the rear for he never sits down, and he claims that if the style doesn't change he'll complete his twenty-five years with but three sets of uniforms.

#### 10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan  
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp  
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

#### LT. PAUL LUSTBADER

64th Pct., Ptl. James Jennings  
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan  
70th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

The boys of the 60th Precinct send their best regards to Lieutenant Isaac R. Glaudel, formerly attached to this precinct but now in the Prospect Park Station. No sooner did the boys begin to get over the regret of losing the lieutenant—when Bang! Sergeant Scott gets transferred.

Patrolman Eddie Stanley is having his own troubles these days. It seems that Ed just can't locate a good place to live. Something with four rooms and heat. Come on, gang, answer this SOS. Patrolman Dick Reilly is trying to persuade Ed to move to Gerritsen Beach. But Eddie says "that's out."

The people of Brighton Beach can rest easy now and go to bed nights unafraid that they will be bothered from the peeping Tom that was giving them so much trouble. The good work of Patrolmen Willie Whittier and Marco Coviello (better known as the two musketeers) got their man.

Sergeant James McMillan is sitting on top of the world. It won't be long before we'll be addressing him as "Lieutenant." It is with great pride that Coney Island can boast of one of the youngest officers in that rank.

Patrolman John Kenny is looking over the homes in Gerritsen Beach. John is taking the plunge into matrimony in June and will make the Beach his homestead. Patrolman Tommy Gorman is going to be best man, with Patrolman Arthur Manes as flower boy. Good luck, John, and may your troubles all be little Kennys. One thing more. Please don't bring them up to smoke the same brand of cigars that you smoke. We are not knocking the brand, John, but you could smoke a better one. Ask Patrolman Di Maio; he knows. Boy! and how!

Captain Peter J. Masterson, who has been taking daily gym exercises, shows great improvement in strength and health by the way he's hitting the bells and buzzers in the station house lately.

The all famous stork has visited Patrolman Wozniak's home and left a bonneing baby girl, and all are satisfied.

The patrol force is organizing a baseball team and are challenging all comers to Marine Park Field for games. Edward Foley is still a holdout.

Harry Martin, the popular young sergeant of the 70th Precinct, is a great booster for SPRING 3100. He stands alongside the payroll on pay day and hands out a pair of books to each member of the command with the motto: "No Books, No Cheeks"; thereby increasing the circulation.

All the heads of this precinct, Chowder Head McGuire, Iron Head Sweeney, Apple Head Maxwell, Ruptured Head McCadden, Soft Head Krawczak, Steer Head Holland, Thick Head Tyrrel, Square Head Johnson, Black Head Mollicia, Pin Head Cassidy, Hammer Head Kavanaugh, Soup Head Piraino, Marble Head Rich, Bean Head Fuery and Empty Head Deegen think that they are champion bowlers. They tried to show their stuff recently but were taken for a ride by a few nit-wits of the command, for their honor and dough.

The brightness of the garage is increased by the new coat on Bill Knox and the new hat on Charley Petersen. Did some mechanic leave the coat in your Royals Joke, Bill?

Our new attendant, Henry Krank, doesn't live up to his name, as he has a cheerful disposition and it is noticed that Bill Tomford is following in his footsteps and smiling. Keep it up, Henry, maybe you can inoculate Johnny Goerg.

The members of the new day squad have formed a society to better their condition, and a committee has been formed to enter into negotiations with some Old Men's Home for quarters. Only a few of this squad ever wore the old style helmet.

#### 11TH DIVISION

#### LT. JAMES B. REILLY

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox  
47th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. Paul Walsh

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

At about 3:45 A. M., March 30, Patrolman Hanley, of the 78th Precinct, and Patrolman Grace, of the 80th Precinct, on patrol on Vanderbilt Avenue, observed two suspicious men in an auto. Keeping them under surveillance they saw them enter a lunch wagon, remain therein a short time and then run out towards the auto. The policemen pursued and captured both men; and when taken back to the lunch wagon, the men were identified by the manager as the ones who had held him up and stole the contents of the cash register.

#### 12TH DIVISION

#### PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy  
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gherich  
69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley  
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy  
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Kenting

Our Honorable Mayor has a new rival in the 75th Precinct when it comes to snappy attire—What? You never saw Lieutenant Ed Freese? Say, boy, grab yourself an eyeful, then let me know.

We just found out the reason why our P. B. A. delegate wasn't smiling. That dentist sure got away with a lot on you, Warren: he should of at least left one to hold a cigar with, eh?

Sergeant "Big Joe" Pribyl has a rival now for the morning papers. You get three guesses. (One is enough.)

Famous expression of Lieutenant Henry Harris, "Who knows it outside of you, eh?"

We are still wondering who put the "Sweet Smelling Aqua" in "La Las" coat. (Boy! Is his wife jealous? And how!)

"Alibi" Ed Schnell is trying to form a quartet, so we thought we would suggest a few names for his approval. They are as follows: Hans Wagner as tenor, "Baby" Joe Windstein as bass, Rabau, baritone, AND if there's any eats around, Sergeant Plunkitt will sing for them all.

Hold tight, boys. Well! well! Yes, sir, "Bill" Tjarks has a new "Benny."

Patrolman Edward Francis, better known as "Half Pint Eddy" is walking around expanding what he calls his chest, since the arrival of the new born.

Sergeant Clain is impatiently awaiting the arrival of warm weather so that he can discard that pea jacket he wears in place of an overcoat.

The boys are getting all set for practice on the diamond and will be prepared to challenge all comers in another month, especially the Canarsie "Clam Diggers," to whom they administered a decided trimming last season.

Patrolman McGorry, able assistant of Patrolman Bill Moloney, sure does dominate the women. Especially his wife, May. He gives his orders from the cellar. One word from Mae and May does as she pleases.

#### 13TH DIVISION

#### LT. EDWARD HOFFMAN

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muehlich

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Willis  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner

The sons of Charlie Wirth and Walter Mitchell are again teamed for a swimming contest in the A. A. U., at Long Beach.

All of the baseball enthusiasts are pulling for a speedy recovery of their captain, Charlie Fuller, at Kings County Hospital.

Johnnie Bankalarry is taking a premature rest by the STILLED waters.

Transcript from Telephone Record, 79th Precinct:

Time, 2 A. M. From T. B. Ambulance sent to Gates and Marey Aves.

Ptl. "Wolf" sent.—Operator "Fox"—Sgt. "Katz."

P. S.—"Hot Dog," who opened the door of the Zoo?

One of the scouts for SPRING 3100 reports that Patrolman McMillen was seen on his day off taking his family out for an outing in the family chariot. They were all sporting passionate BOW TIES.

From reports emanating from the Jamaica front, it seems that Patrolman Stuart, 79th Precinct, is about to try out the double harness idea. We've heard that he's been out more than Three Times with the same girl.

Sergeant "Long Tom" Geyer, of the 80th Precinct, the undisputed ping-pong and tiddle-winks champion, now lays claim to the walking title. He was secretly clocked by Dick O'Flaherty and made a complete lap of the precinct in nothing flat—but his feet.

From now on "Abe" Levy will know what it means to do late tours on the bedroom floor. He can blame this extra duty to his new addition. What is it, "Abe," another "copper"?

Dick Canter returned from Dublin after kissing the "Blarney Stone" and a visit to "dear ol' Lunnon," where he purchased a pair of spats. Dick states that the old Jaunting Cart is not what it used to be. Begorra.

Patrolman Buck, 81st Precinct: "Say, Sergeant, I have another big hole on my post. You better send me a lamp."



Patrolman Abe Cohan thought he could play checkers, but that was before he met Patrolman Offner.

With the opening of the baseball season, the old master, Tom Carberry, sees very little possibilities for the New York Giants.

Patrolman Langdon, who met with a serious accident while saving a woman at a fire, is slowly recuperating, and the members of this command wish him a speedy recovery and return to good health.

The fishing season is open, flounders are running and Patrolman Carberry contemplates opening a fish store.

Sergeant Joseph Gallagher has been wearing out the door steps of the Classon Avenue and DeKalb Avenue Precinct, going in and out for the past twenty-five years. Now that the summer months are approaching he requests a transfer to the ocean breezes.

#### 14TH DIVISION LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn	90th Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder
85th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Malone	92d Pct., Ptl. Harry Morris
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel	94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Patrolman Howarth, of the 85th Precinct, is walking around with a chip on his shoulder since the stork visited his house and left him a nice little daughter.

Patrolman Benesch, alias "Moth Ball," the boss fuel administrator, sends the married women away each day with a smile and 100 pounds of coal.

The baseball team of the 87th Precinct has started earnest training for a busy season under the able guidance of their manager, Sergeant William Morgan, who issues a challenge to any precinct team. Any team wishing to play kindly communicate with Sergeant William Morgan at the 87th Precinct.

Patrolman Anthony Hins (our congenial Attendant) is on a diet, but will eat anything he gets for nothing. We are thinking of calling him "Chop Suey Tony."

Members of the 94th Precinct wish for a speedy recovery to our good friend Patrolman Charles Lind, who is convalescing in Greenpoint Hospital after being burned at a recent fire.

Marriage is becoming a business with Patrolman Godfrey Dellano. After being married and on a six day leave, he requested 10 days more from his annual vacation in order to visit friends and relatives. Collection to date amounted to an automobile and apartment furnished. Patrolman John Rasch states that luck never hit him that way.

Patrolman Louis De Respino also took unto himself a bride. Louie was darn glad to get three days off, back to work and no family collection. However, he's happy. Good luck, Louie.

It sure looks good to see Patrolman (Old Pop) Condon back on the job after a two months' vacation as the result of a broken right arm.

Patrolman Anthony Santa Maria is becoming a little bit discouraged. Since he's been temporarily assigned to the school of horsemanship he cannot ride his auto for any length of time.

Patrolman Bill Real, P. B. A. delegate, manager of the baseball team and Vice President of Lower Manhattan Club (Post 20), is getting his old teammates together for a busy season. Other precincts desiring bookings communicate with Bill.

Patrolman George Morano is trying to solve why "Wild Cherry" Klein, the doorman, is always seen out riding with his Mrs. on Southern Parkway.

Since Patrolman Thomas Walsh observed a doctor from the Greenpoint Hospital revive a gas victim, he has had a hankering for the Emergency Squad.

#### 15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan  
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox  
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

#### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

103d Pct., Ptl. George McDonald  
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy  
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher

The Ball Squad of the 102d Precinct has been working out at Dexter Park and are after the Precinct Championship for 1931. Bookings will be taken care of by Patrolman Booth.

"Kewpie" Kauffman is trying hard to make the team, but from all outlooks he has the mascot's job cinched.

Bill DeGuili, although still on sick report, has returned to the fold and says that his injuries are about healed. We'll all be glad to see you back, Bill.

Sergeant Louis Moench has been transferred to the Emergency Service Division. Their gain is our loss. Good luck, "Uncle Louie."

Patrolman Demchak has taken unto his payroll a new wife. Well, Demmie, let's hope it does you good.

#### 16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
112th Pct., Ptl. Laurence J. McQuade

#### PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio  
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
114th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Schultz

We of the 108th Precinct personnel are sorry to see our buddy Robert "Bobby" Bauman retire, after putting in his whole time in the one precinct. As "Pop" says: "The 'wheel' is O. K. now."

Congratulations to Patrolman Firth for taking unto himself another superior officer, namely, a wife. Don't forget to love, honor and obey all lawful orders, Frank. May all your troubles be little ones.

Patrolman "Eddie" Silke is wearing the broad, bright fatherly smile. It's a girl.

Patrolman Bauer also has a new addition and says, "that little 'Bobby' junior is doing nicely, thank you!"

Patrolman Mike Generaltassio is all worked up over that little home of his in the 4th Ward in South Ozone. When it rains, it always floats to a new address.

Patrolman Joseph Lorenz, of the 114th Precinct, better known as Cremo (spit is a horrible word), has a flock of homing pigeons of which he is never reluctant to discuss. One afternoon in the backroom he was praising these birds and was overheard by Patrolman Robert Dizinno, who also is a bird fancier and also has a flock of pigeons. After one challenging the other the inevitable happened; so on the 12th of March both these officers set out in an automobile and got as far as Atlantic City, N. J. There they released their birds and returned to their homes to await results, each supremely confident that his birds would be the first to arrive. Well, up to this writing neither the officers, the appointed judges, nor the neighbors have seen a solitary bird return, making it a draw thus far. Oh, yeh, one of the judges is Patrolman James Nidds and the boys fear that Dizinno will not get an even break as Nidds is a particular friend of Lorenz. Maybe by the next

issue one of these HOMING pigeons will come HOME and surprise everybody.

Recent additions to the ranks of the benedicts among members of the 114th Precinct are Patrolmen Thomas Cutillo, John Keane and Ignatius Galvin. Ever since Patrolman George Feaster, the clerical man, took the nuptial vows, all the boys are falling in line.

Patrolman Frank Machata, known as the man of a very few words, is the proud father of a robust son.

"Every clond has a silver lining." We lost a good pal in Marty Gill, recently promoted to Sergeant. Our dark clond is Marty's silver lining.

Speaking of contests, in the official pistol practice this quarter, Killen, Scully, Araneo and Millar of this office, all scored over 90. Talk about shooting—

#### 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. William Mulry  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connelly

"D"—Patrolman Fleming, crstwhile navigator of steamships, stewardships and friendships, has steered himself right into the office of the Attorney General, and discarded his Admiral's uniform, which had more foreign table decorations on it than the Crown Prince's. He may be seen now with striped trousers, spats, etc. Good luck, Bill.

Patrolman Stephens is putting in most of his time about the Polyclinic Hospital, and can put one wise as to who's who in any branch of medical specialization. Stephens sure knows his "medicos."

"Rules and Regulations 106 Kcarns," is laid up with a slight illness which is causing Patrolman Norton no little concern.

Patrolman Gene Matthews, of 46th and 5th, has discovered a formula for holding both hair and false teeth in place. Hold everything, Gene.

Patrolman Pete Matthews has not as yet collected for that accident.

Patrolmen Dowd and Reynolds are doing very efficient work while assigned to the Parking Squad. They can be relied upon at all times and in all situations to use their "noodles."

"E"—Patrolman George J. Boes was highly congratulated by officials of the department and particularly by his commanding officer, Captain Micelli, for his alertness and keen observation in picking up a Ford coupe that was wanted as an important link in the chain of evidence concerning a recent sensational homicide in Van Cortlandt Park.

On March 6, Patrolman Alex Birnbaum also distinguished himself in the capture of two holdup men in the Washington Heights section. He was assisted by Patrolman Castagna.

Patrolman John Dnnion, who regulates traffic at 125th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, was surprised to learn that a pious looking taxi driver whom he had given the right of way was being pursued as an auto bandit. John also took up the chase in a commandeered auto and after an exciting few miles successfully jumped from his car to the running board of the stolen taxicab, and relieved the bandit of further cruising with a hack.

Recently, Sergeant Joe Meade was puzzled over a communication received relative to a Mr. Ram passing Traffic Signal Lights on Central Park West. With the assistance of Lieutenant John T. Higgins, Joseph

discovered a phone number of one Mr. Ram, and being efficient, called said number, but was surprised to learn that Mr. Ram was out in the pasture, in the sheepfold in Central Park. Bah-Bah, Joe.

Wonder what Sergeant Bill Mulry was doing out in the wilds of Brooklyn in uniform the other evening? Guess, Bill, it was one of those that cannot be seen until after 6 P. M.

"F"—Patrolman McNulty to Patrolman Mulverhill: "Hey, John, what size shoes do you wear?" "Well, I can wear size 8, and a size 10 fits nicely, but I wear size 12."

Patrolman Spies states he knows why men wear a belt on the back of their overcoats. It is to hang a cane on.

Patrolman Harold Jackson is going to buy an Austin and is going to have a handle put on the back so the missus can use it for a perambulator.

Patrolman Wingfield has a radio that can speak all the foreign languages.

The stork found the home of Patrolman Wanzer and left a baby boy.

Patrolman Jerry O'Connor was a horseshoer before coming into the department, and is reputed to be the only man to shoe a Zebra.

Patrolman Bill Cleary says that his ear looks good since he had it "Solemnized."

A new arrival in the home of Patrolman Bill Cannon was christened William Anthony Cannon, Jr.

Patrolman Pat McGowan used to shoe horses in the "Ould Country." Yeh, he used to shoo them away from the potato barrel.

Lieutenant Reid says a good way to keep young is to associate with young people.

Patrolman Mike Hession went into a restaurant to get a feed of corned beef and cabbage, and when the waiter asked him if he wanted English Mustard he walked out.

Patrolman George Schreiber's wife went out to buy him a shirt. The clerk asked her what size collar band he wore, and she replied, "I don't know but I can get both hands around his neck."

Patrolman John Walter has a battle ship tattooed on his chest. He said "He had it done in the navy when it was just a canoe."

Some of Lieutenant John T. Higgins' "Boids" flew over to Traffic "F" on St. Patrick's day for duty in the parade. These "Boids" were all "Homers" and have returned safely to the coop.

#### 2D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

G. Ptl. Walter Bishop

H. Ptl. Narcisse Gervais

Well—One of the Police Department's History Days has come and gone. "What day is that you say?"—Ask Inspector O'Connor, he'll say, "The day of the Holy Name Communion Breakfast of Branch 175, Police Department Holy Name Society." And well may Inspector O'Connor say it is gone, and I guess that both he and Chaplain McCaffrey (outside of the spiritual end of it), are glad that this event comes only once a year; for their task in connection with the preparations necessary for an event of this kind was some job, as can be learned by glancing over the story of the affair as told by Old-Man-Sunshine whose powers of description cannot be duplicated.



### 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

L. Ptl. George Gallagher  
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell  
L. Ptl. John Behring  
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

When the drill orders for the annual parade were received, Lieutenant Arthur Strachan, 3d District Traffic, was very much annoyed because he was not included. It was later learned that he had contemplated wearing his KILTS in this year's parade. Better luck next time, SCOTTY.

Lieutenant James Lawlor, "The Iron Man," has been complaining lately. Even iron doesn't last forever.

Patrolman Michael Walker recently returned to duty after a four month lay-off on sick report.

"Brief Case" Charlie Burgess is working so hard these days, that he has no time for study.

John Bauerschmidt, "Pilot" of Auto No. 291, is sore because he can't take the boiler on his fishing expeditions. Harry Handy, the co-pilot, will not give him permission.

Jake Hoenighausen eats all the left over pie now, causing Mel Smith great grief.

Larry Doyle, the chief clerical man of the 3d Traffic District, is lording it over his assistant, First Class Patrolman Harrington. Larry is the proud owner of a new Ford. Too bad it always rains on Larry's day off.

"J"—Monahan, Skelly and Joe Martin all expect to join the Benedicts soon.

Tom Bennett has taken his Knickers out of Camphor. He is expecting to take on Bobby Jones this summer.

When John Long's daughter got married, someone asked what her name was, and she said, "It won't be long now."

Sergeant Goldberg will referee a combination boxing and wrestling match between Sergeant Haack and Schmidt and Lieutenant Battle (ing) McGowan.

Since Sergeant Haack has been unable to go south this winter, he has been using Florida water.

We all wonder why Johnny (Cutie) O'Donald our bashful messenger spends so much time around Ocean Avenue between the hours of 3 and 4 P. M.

### 4TH DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) PTL. WM. KEARNS

N. Ptl. John H. Westervelt. O. Ptl. Edward T. McKenna  
P. Ptl. Thomas E. Sheedy

It appears that the articles published in this column in the past were taken as they were intended, but in the March issue we seem to have offended. Much to our regret, one of our entries was construed to have been sarcastic. We wish to apologize to this gentleman and inform him that a repetition will not occur. We will mind our own business.

"O"—Sure signs of spring: Sergeant Koch stopping at the fish store after a day off with his tackle and bag.

Jacky Howells has decided to go around the world in his new Oldsmobile. He claims that he will save gas and oil by taking Dalton with him.

Lieutenant Charles Steinert can be seen roving around in the vicinity of the 59th Street Bridge and confines of Traffic "N".

"Rose petals" Dugan when last heard was in a lengthy conversation over the 'phone. Wifey wears the pants and Tom couldn't get out to bowl with the boys.

"Fire on the bridge" Logan, has decided to let the Cockney have his way.

Traffic "O" has ordered a new supply of "crying towels" for baby face Koubek and Schoen. Jake Biegel claims the sewer is stopped up and the streets flooded since the last outburst of tears.

Tom Schoen has decided that single life is not so sweet. Wait until October and maybe he will change his mind. Best of luck.

Ed McCormack took unto himself a wife. He put a fast one over on the boys.

Sergeant Johnson can be seen on his days off brushing up on his tennis game.

Frank Masterson is still trying to have his wife qualify as an operator.

Marty Walsh, alias "Kid Logan," has been knocking them dead on the bowling alleys of late. Not the pins, the gutters.

"P"—Slowly but surely Patrolman Louis Otto Von Hellmuth is becoming the best dressed man in Traffic "P". With the passing of a few more relatives he expects to be in the high hat, frock coat class. Lou could put on the ritz, only for that Greenpoint dialect.

Harry Hilss, the former sheik and champion tabulator of this command has had considerable excavation work done by the dentist recently. When the new molars are installed Harry expects to try them out on something better than bread and milk. What a break Harry's wife has been getting for the past month.

### 18TH DIVISION (BRONX) DET. JOSEPH MCCOURT

Detective William Stetter, Bronx Homicide Squad, known as Walla Walla Bill, just passed the 25 year mark and says that he can go the route again. You'll have your old pal No. 517 with you always, Bill.

Detective Plate, the boy tenor, has a wonderful voice, and is requested to sing "Far Away." His favorite song is "I'm Alone," and after the first note, he generally is.

Detective John J. V. Carroll is a real detective. Just ask him for anything in the line of Glasses, Whiskers, Nail Files, Shears, in fact, he can do the "rabbit in the hat trick."

Detective Louis Braucato was puzzled the other day in a cross-work puzzle.

Detective Bill Kirk, old 98 vet, sees all, hears all and says nothing at all.

Acting Lieutenant Salsieder was heard at the telephone requesting 1000 more cards.

### BOROUGH HEADQUARTERS, BROOKLYN

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

### FATHERLY ADVICE

Patrolman Thomas Keenan, the ink-slinger of the 11th Division, who is also an all-around athlete, was ascending the elevator of Brooklyn Headquarters the other day. He was seized with a spell of coughing. The elevator operator started to berate the athlete by saying, "Keenan, you should get wise to yourself, cut out those coffin nails you are smoking, they will ruin your athletic career, they are very bad for your heart." Keenan, a bit elated at the chidings of the operator, exclaimed, "What does it matter to you, you take a big interest in me, you

are not my father!" "No," said the elevator operator, "I may not be your father, BUT I AM BRINGING YOU UP."

### THE ROOKIE'S PRAYER

Now I lay me in my coop  
And pray the "Shoo-fly" will not snoop  
Should he get me ere I awake  
I pray "Commish" give me a break.

#### 7TH DET. DIST.

#### DET. JOSEPH McCOURT

The detectives of the 40th Squad are looking for a Bendix Spring which is missing; they think it was broken and discarded.

The detectives of the 42d Squad look forward to the early return of their old buddy Detective Schaedel, and are delighted to hear that he is getting along well. Go to it, Freddie, we are all rooting for you.

The detectives of the 41st Squad are all hoping that McAllister gets a good vacation.

The detectives of the 44th Squad are now working on a new invention, a Leakless Radiator.

The 48th Squad Detectives are happy to think that they are now safe from fire, as Detective McElligott's brother has been made a Fire Chief.

#### 8TH DET. DIST.

#### DET. WILLIAM SECOR

Fritz Reinecker, the agile manager and brainy leader of the 8th Detective District Team, gave out the following information regarding his team. He stated that his two pitchers, Tom Thompson, "Westchester's Big Train" and Mike Foley, of Riverdale, his two mainstays, are fast getting their arms in shape and in a couple of months will be able to take their turn on the mound. Neil O'Connell, Tom Thompson's roommate and buddy is getting his batting eye into shape a la Ruthian. Conny Mancini, the fastest man on the team can be seen daily on the running tracks around the Bronx, getting his old speed back again, and soon he expects to break Hans Lobert's record for circling the bases. "Pansy" McCarthy, a youngster, is trying to oust Paul Bufano from his old position at first base. The way Paul is going, Mac will have to go some, and it is the writer's opinion that Paul will be there when the season opens. Three rookies, in so far as baseball is concerned—"Primo Carnera" Laurino, Tom Williams, and "Sitting Bull" Gunset are going to put in a great bid for Bill Fallon's position at shortstop. They too will have to go some to beat that sylph like youngster from Bronx Park. "Fritzie" informed the boys that his will remain the same with those three "Grace a la George Burns" wonders, Archie Burns, Joe Corrao and Jim Mahoney. Al Sweeney is going to be cheer leader and will have the boys who don't play meet on different occasions to practise up on the old yells.

Here's one that "Sparky" Lenihan told the boys in the district. He said, "that baldness is often the badge of a successful detective," and upon looking at Archie Burns, told him, "now I know why you came out on top."

"Biff" McLaughlin and "Bang" Halk are still seen around, and from what we get from "Bang" is that "Biff" is sweet on a colleen on the Grand Concourse.

Bob Reers, while having his moments in the squad one day, told the boys that Washington is the capitol of the union and Reno the capitol of disunion. Bob's so comical.

"Conny" Mancini, who always wears a night-shirt, went down to Roger's the other day to purchase a new one. Conny informed the salesgirl that he just wanted something to wear around the dormitory. The salesgirl then asked "How large is your dormitory?"

Jimmy Partington told the crowd that when he was a kid he fell into a barrel of molasses and that when he went home his father licked him.

Al Dittmar once bought a piano. His squad knows the rest of the story, so does Heitman the moving man and a few more people.

Fred Regan told the boys that "Dinny" Murphy was born in a fog, that's why everything he touches is mist. You can use your own judgment.

Johnny "Boop a Doop" Moffett informed us that he goes around with a girl who is so hard that only a diamond will make an impression on her. How are you doing, Johnny?

Lieutenant Jimmy Dinan, the Boss of Westchester, was asked if he thought there was music in the stars. Jimmie replied, "I don't know about that, but I've known of the sun causing a belle to peel." Oh! Slush.

#### 12TH DET. DIST.

#### DET. HARRY P. McCANN

A verbal war to the finish is being conducted by two promising sleuths over the beauty of their respective automobiles. If it doesn't end, Harry Hanley says that the only way to decide is to appoint a few judges. Cy Heher has already placed himself in nomination—it looks like Willie Reilly has gone in for flag pole sitting. Phil Suss requests members of the squad to wear rubber heels on their shoes, and to stop stamping out forest fires as a side line. Some of the boys claim rubber heels are not in style, and that big business men and Rudy Vallee do not wear them. One of the younger generation of detectives in the Flatbush area is about to take a voyage on the sea of matrimony. He has picked an early vacation, when he could have had a later one. Take your guess who it is; it's supposed to be a secret and silent operation but no doubt this announcement puts an end to that foolish business. The 71st Squad, in opposition to the Police Academy, has recruited a former member of the old 1st Branch to give a series of lectures on the proper and scientific methods employed by an "old timer" to apprehend flat thieves. The first lecture was given on April 1st, and from the large attendance it was a pronounced success. Patrol, the subject of the lecture proved to be an interesting topic to the "rookies" present and they presented the instructor with a couple of new spring hats. Jack Bearens can be seen any day now crouched on his haunches, weaving hook rugs for his country home at Port Jervis. The caravan will be pulling out shortly and everyone will be happy. Steve "Commodore" Downey can be observed cleaning up the old boat once more. Guess he's getting ready to take the boys on "another" fishing trip. Jimmy O'Brien was seen strutting along Flatbush Avenue with the missus, wearing the Easter regalia. He looked like a newspaper adv. for a Fifth Avenue shop.



14TH DET. DIST.

DET. JAMES E. SHEEHY

The boys of the 90th Squad lost a good friend when Joseph Gassman was made a Captain. All who ever came in contact with him were impressed by his ability, good fellowship and fine personality. We wish him health and happiness in his new assignment.

Strike two, for Harold Fahey, and it's a boy. Congratulations to the Mrs. and Papa.

We are glad to welcome to the district three new men, Detectives Drum, Ryan and Preece. They even LOOK like good sleuths.

Lieutenant Frank Flynn is anxiously awaiting the return of the Brooklyn Robins. He says that they can't lose, but Jim Canavan says they are "meat" for the Giants.

Sergeants Dowling and McGee have recently been assigned to the district as commanders. As Ben Bernie says, "We hope they like it."

Charlie Hemendinger is going in for small things. He bought a little radio but had to return it. He could get Amos on the set but it was too small to get Andy and the King Fish.

Johnny Deegan has been assigned to the Detective's School, but Lieutenant Tim Sullivan can't figure out why. He says that John is a good detective right now.

Dan Harte certainly got results from his attendance at the Detective's School. The other morning a March wind blew Dan's hat down the street while he was conveying a prisoner to court. The prisoner very courteously agreed to chase the hat, but you couldn't fool Dan. He said, "Oh, no, boy, I'll chase the hat, you wait here."

16TH DET. DIST.

DET. JOHN P. WERLE

One Mr. Blank reported that some unknown person opened the front door to his home (maliciously), to let a cat in his house; that said cat then proceeded to devour a pet canary valued at \$20, which was in the living room of the residence, and requested a detective be assigned. This happened in the 111th Precinct, and Detective Vincent Treanor, of the 111th Squad, internationally renowned for his work in the 3X Case, was assigned. Here's the story:

### CAT MURDERS CANARY IN BAYSIDE— 3X SLEUTH ASSIGNED

Methods of sleuthing, learned in the 3X-case, are now being used by Detective Vincent Treanor in solving the murder of A. Canary. This time Vince states he is dealing with a slippery customer, who travels on velvet, by the name of Ima Pussey.

Ima is known to frequent back yards in the company of other pussies and engages in numerous combats. Ima Pussey is a person of no mean ability. Vincent may be seen any night standing on a fence with that famous cat detective Cat Nip, endeavoring to locate Ima, who may have feathers in his whiskers.

"Standing on the fence" is nothing new to Vincent; he has been put on the fence ever since he was assigned to Bayside Precinct. Let's hope he downs Ima as fast as Ima downed the canary, and let's hope that when Ima is pinched, she will not be sprung.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 3

SGT. JOHN WARD

Our squad lawyer, Frank "Bachelor" Dineen, has been in several heated discussions on birth control with "Our Al" (Benedict) Latchford. No matter who is right "You Can Not Win" comes out on top each time.

Peter De Martini, the pinch hitter for "Chuek" Connors, now has a place in which to keep his old clothes. The nail he used to have on the wall was pulled out, so he had to look around for a better place. He finally moved in with Charlie "Oh Yeah" Bondy.

John "McTavish" Hartnett and John "Sandy" Tormey, the two Scotchmen, after going to the Communion Breakfast at the Hotel Astor, invited themselves to dinner at Tom Bunworth's house and managed to demolish a big chicken. Mike Coleman says that they must be the original "Hungary Andys."

EMERGENCY SQUAD 4

SGT. JOHN DALY

When we move to our new quarters it will take us a long time to get "acclimatized" after being down here in the "Jungles" for so long. The only thing we want to take along with us from here is the steam.

We wonder where our "Scotchman" got his new pipe; also who the culprit is that doctored up his tobacco with rubber bands and worms. Will some detective please interview Patrolman Jones.

Nathan (the sheik) and the rest of the boys or "Arabs" would like to know if they'll be in the coming parade. They're prettying up by taking milk baths, mud packs, and use the purest Castile Soap that money can buy, the big "Pansies".

Hey, "Moe!" I beg your pardon, Barrett is the name—yes, sir. Johnny on the spot. If you don't believe it watch him the next time the 'phone rings. Galloping "Moe" we call him and he's always raring to go.

Sergeant Seebach is complaining about his back aching him. The Flower Garden is the cause of that. Says he, "Oh Yeah"—New names for the "Pansy Club": Freidman (President), Reu (Vice-President), Barrett (Sergeant-at-Arms) and Jones the (Floor Walker).

EMERGENCY SQUAD 5

SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Maurice Savage was seen at a recent gathering dancing the "Kiss Waltz" with a beautiful Miss who's first name is Rita. I don't recall her last name but it doesn't matter because there's going to be a change in the very near future.

The baseball team is warming up in the squad room for a strenuous season. The boys are getting plenty of skull practice and the instructor is none other than Sergeant Bill O'Connor, that nifty first baseman.

Edward (Itehy) Pascoeella is loosening his arm by polishing and shining that "piece of tin" that he insists on calling a ear.

Gentleman George Geiger is beginning to put on weight. If he puts on a few more pounds, he'll never jump through a fountain pen again. I wonder what "Indian Giver" McCusker thinks of the business depression? We wonder why "Big Bad Jim O'Hara" spent \$15 out of the \$20 that he borrowed on that sweet little girl.

**EMERGENCY SQUAD 9****SGT. JOHN T. EGAN**

Patrolman John Tiernan was struck by cupid's arrow and will soon be on the wedded trail. Patrolman Adam Gundlach, after a diligent search found his little "Eve" and now she and Adam will travel together for ever and ever. The squad wishes both couples happiness and you know the rest.

Sergeant Kavanaugh's "Harmony Boys," namely, Patrolmen Russel (Bass) Shopland, Fred (Boop-a-Doop) Repetti, and Al Lynn the "soft drink" tenor are setting the squad room afire with their melodious music. It is rumored that they are going to be booked for the radio on the "Home News Hour."

**EMERGENCY SQUAD 15 SGT. ULYSSES E. BOETIG**

Signor "Big Bill" Ferri just revels in spaghetti. He tries them all, macaroni, vermicelli, etc.

Jimmy Larsen, our big dog fancier, exhibited some of his canine specimens at the recent "Dog Show" in Madison Square Garden, where he won a few prizes.

As a horticulturist, "Honest John" Boyle has few equals. His orchids, dahlias and chrysanthemums are the marvel of the staid Borough of Queens.

The squad is increasing; add three more babies to the families of Patrolmen Joe Flanagan, Ernie Peters and Walter Lagarenne.

Jerry Snowden, the "Mascot" of Emergency Squad 15, when last seen was entering Madison Square Garden, where he exhibited his trained llama coat. They say that everything he eats looks well on it.

**MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 1****PTL. BERNARD I. CONNORS**

Since Bill Mott was promoted to an honest to goodness Sergeant, he has had to get a complete new set of hats, with a larger band size, and also increased his avoirdupois about ten pounds. Guess the strain of being an Acting Sergeant was a terrific one.

John "Handsome" Cotter is now a full fledged member of the Bedroom Floor Strollers Association, having been presented with a baby girl on March 27. Better get a pillow for the horse, John, so you can do your sleeping in the daytime now.

Sergeant Eddie Johnson still persists in spite of a lot of "razzing" in attempting to grow a "Charlie Chaplin" on his upper lip. Why not try a little saddle soap, Eddie?

George Chandler, the ex-steeplechase rider, has just returned to duty from a severe illness, and he is now "steeplechasing" with a corn broom over the squad floor in 10th Avenue.

Captain Byrnes was Acting Inspector for a week, during the absence of Inspector Lobdell, and the Troop commissary saved about a pound of sugar, which in the ordinary course of events would have gone to "MACBETH", the Captain's "Shakespearean" mount.

Johnny Buckley, of the Park Squad, is anxiously awaiting the advent of Spring, so that he can do his studying under the trees in Central Park.

The special meeting and dinner of the Mounted Police Association was held on Easter Saturday at the Commodore. A large crowd attended and all reports indicate it was a glorious success. John "Spavin" Groves, the Leon Errol of Mounted No. 1, regrets that he was unable to finish the last dance because of his pedal extremities. Always knew you didn't have much "understanding," John.

**MOUNTED SQUADRON 2****PTL. HUBERT J. CLAFFEY**

Our congratulations to Sergeants Bohan, McArdle, and Leffler who made the lieutenant's list.

Patrolman Joe Dickers was the lucky one to pick last for his vacation. He would like to know if any of the boys would kindly exchange with him, and take December 15th. He wants August in exchange.

Patrolman Neville, of Richmond Hill, who's horse Ginger bit his ear, had to go to the hospital to have it patched up. Ginger must have mistaken Neville's ear for a carrot.

Patrolman Jim Young is getting his summer home ready for the month of August, where Theo, his retired horse, is waiting for him.

**HACK BUREAU****PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH**

Three more veterans (Not Civil War), but of the Police Department, have completed their first twenty-five years of service, Patrolmen James Green and James Trainor, of the owner's bureau, and William O'Neill, of the driver's bureau. Congratulations, fellows, and best wishes from the gang.

Not check and double check, but rate and rerate Patrolman Walter Harkins is surely leaving nothing unturned to make good at the next examination.

Patrolman Champ Frumkin is off the diet for life. Mush and milk are things of the past. Don't ask why, just ask him to smile and behold the full set of upper and lower.

"Sweet Papa" Patrolman John Iorio is devoting a lot of time these days giving instructions in pistol practice, etc., to the new comer of the family. Well, John, the best of wishes to you and Mrs. Iorio, and we hope that the boy will be as proud of you as you are of him.

We received a special wire from Staten Island that Patrolman John O'Gara is now a Grandpop, and is strutting around like a peacock.

**SUPERINTENDENT OF BUILDING'S OFFICE**

Patrolman James Kennedy, one of the most congenial and well liked men on the force, retired from the department recently. Jim's last assignment was as a mechanic in the Superintendent of Building's Office. Here he made many friends who are sorry to see him leave, but they are glad to know that Jim is headed for the Sunny California climate where he intends to spend a long vacation and enjoy the fruits of 25 years of faithful service. Good bye and good luck, Jim, but don't be a stranger.

What will Harry Rush do now since his buddy retired? He'll have to cut up all the heavy pipe alone. Maybe he'll team up with Charley Raphael, although "Raphaello" knows a little too many tricks for Harry.

On October 15, 1930, several of the mechanics of this Department organized a council of the Civil Service Forum, known as the Police Department Mechanics Council No. 182. Albert Pollack (steamfitter) was elected president. Pollack states the council boasts a 100 per cent. membership, and that its chief purpose is to provide a medium for solving any grievances the mechanics may have, in addition to creating a friendlier and more brotherly feeling. Among those who have accepted honorary membership in the council are the Police Commissioner and the Superintendent of Buildings, Thomas E. O'Brien, the latter being generally alluded to as the "Father" of the council. The council is already planning many social activities for the coming season.



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman James J. Flanagan, 25th Precinct, at 2:05 A. M., March 12, while off duty and in civilian clothes, observed at 125th Street and Park Avenue two suspicious appearing men. He followed them to 128th Street and Park Avenue, where, upon stopping them for the purpose of questioning, they both drew pistols and fired at him. As Flanagan collapsed, mortally wounded, he emptied his revolver at the fleeing assassins, killing one and wounding the other. Flanagan died the same day at Harlem Hospital.

Acting Captain Patrick Kenny, 2nd Detective District, Lieutenant Philip Murphy and Detectives Bernard Ruditsky, Jesse Joseph and Edmund Lynch, 7th Squad, on March 15th obtained information leading to the arrest of Meyer Fienman, charged with having shot and killed Alfred Medrisch early that morning on the roof of the building at 110 Attorney Street. The police officers also arrested the owner of the pistol used in the crime, another man who procured it for the murderer, and two others held as material witnesses. Fienman confessed to the killing and has been indicted for first degree murder. All of these arrests were effected within twelve hours after the crime was committed.

## BRONX

Patrolmen Louis F. Greiter, Clarence Martin, Patrick Murphy and John Sergott, 46th Precinct, at 11:30 P. M., March 7th, while performing extra patrol duty as a result of the appeal of their commanding officer for volunteers, responded to a call for help from a restaurant at 2359 Webster Avenue. They found four bandits, three of them armed, holding up the proprietor and several patrons. A pistol battle ensued, resulting in the killing of one of the bandits, the wounding of another and the arrest of the remaining two. Fortunately none of the officers was injured.

Detectives James Foley and Charles Kleber, 41st Squad, and Detective Walter Dinan, Bronx Homicide Squad, assigned to investigate the murder at about 7:55 P. M., March 27th, of William Rommeyer, in premises 1018 East 163d Street, obtained information resulting in the arrest of Henry McDonald, of

349 West 145th Street. McDonald was identified by witnesses to the crime, and a blood-stained butcher's knife, used in his commission, was found in a bureau drawer in his room.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman Sabbath Centrillo, 79th Precinct, while on motor patrol, at about 4:10 P. M., March 6th, saw two men running along Tompkins Avenue in the vicinity of Madison Street. He pursued and captured one who was armed with a fully loaded revolver. It later developed that the two men had just robbed a store at 385 Tompkins Avenue. Further investigation led to the arrest of the second bandit; also the arrests of nine others comprising a band who are charged with having committed a number of robberies recently in Brooklyn.

Detectives Hugh Riley, Benjamin O'Connell and John Corcoran, 84th Squad, in the investigation of a suspicious fire on February 7th in a three-story tenement house at 147 Myrtle Avenue, apprehended on the following day one of the tenants, a West Indian negress, who was caught pouring oil on the floor and woodwork of an adjoining apartment and igniting it. Further investigation disclosed that nine suspicious fires had occurred in these premises within a period of two weeks prior to the arrest of this woman. She was held without bail pending the action of the grand jury.

## QUEENS

Patrolmen Thomas Fitzgerald and Patrick Fawcett, 110th Precinct, at 1:40 A. M., March 6th, arrested in front of 10724 Crotona Avenue, three men occupants of a stolen automobile. Two of the men were armed with loaded revolvers. Investigation revealed the prisoners as the perpetrators of eight recent holdups in Queens. All were identified and have been indicted for assault and robbery.

Acting Lieutenant Walter Robertson and Detective John J. Keefe, 105th Squad, investigating the death on March 19th of Frederick Gerard, of 219-04 114th Road, following his assault on March 16th by Ernest Nitzschke, learned that Nitzschke had fled to Detroit. Acting Lieutenant Robertson visited Detroit, and arrested Nitzschke, who was extradited and is now awaiting trial for first degree murder.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY STALLONE**  
alias "TOM THE PEERLESS"

DESCRIPTION—26 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes and hair; wore gray suit, brown check overcoat and soft brown hat. 11th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**LOUIS GOODMAN**

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 5 inches; 140 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; heart tattooed on right arm with names Ida, Sylvia and Roslyn. 71st Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ZAROFF**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 175 pounds; stocky build; full face; blue eyes; brown hair; thick lips; wears tortoise shell glasses. 28th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**CHARLES KAUFMAN**  
alias CHARLES GREEN

DESCRIPTION—25 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 145 pounds; brown eyes; black hair. 73d Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ROBINSON**

DESCRIPTION—46 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 140 pounds; dark chestnut hair; brown eyes; sunken jaws; medium build. 6th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JAMES GARCIA** alias "BENITO"

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair. 17th Pet.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.**



# Spring 3100



"Tailbeat

Unto

Death



KILL...  
K...  
K...  
K...

MAY  
1931

CHARLES  
CARROLL

# Spring 3100

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

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VOLUME 2

MAY, 1931

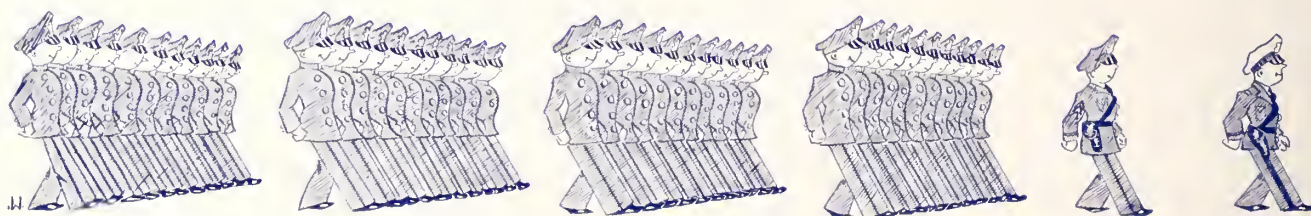
NO. 3

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

## STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

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Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.



# editorial page, or what have you?

TO the Honorable James J. Walker, Mayor of the City of New York, this volume, which memorializes the Police Commissioner's first year in that high office, is affectionately dedicated. The Mayor's cooperation and unflinching support has made possible the great progress in the Department during the past year and "The Finest" will always remember him as walking side by side with the Commissioner at their head.

CHAS. HARROLD

MANAGING EDITOR



Of course, dear fellow member, you saw the mayor and the police commissioner walk up fifth avenue on may 9th, with 6,000 of the finest marching behind them. well if you didn't see them, a lot of the other boys and girls did, and they will very gladly tell you that you missed something. about the only thing you can do now is to read about this event in our column and be thankful that you didn't have to ride one of the famous horses drawn by jim de milt, our compelling cartoonist.

the way things shape up it looks as if we were in for a pretty strenuous summer. we no sooner get the police parade out of the way without any of captain arthur w. wallander's aviators dropping monkey wrenches on peoples' heads, than the war department sends over 672 planes to dedicate the municipal airport at barren island. when you see a harassed looking man with red lanterns hung all over him running around these evenings, you may be thankful you are not an aviator too. the red lanterns will be placed in the parks to show the army flyers the boundaries of emergency landing fields

which we most sincerely hope they do not have to use.

we suppose more people are interested in flights than fights, but a whole lot of them turned out to see our boys take francis (two-gun) crowley, his pal dick duringer and crowley's gun moll. if it hadn't been for the good work of the men on the emergency trucks some of the interested citizens would certainly have been hurt, but the policemen did a splendid job of protecting the non-combatants from the consequences of their over-inquisitiveness.

the rest of this editorial we warn you is going to be serious. we are going to congratulate detectives dominick caso and william mara of the morrisania station for their splendid action in turning over to mrs. hirsch, widow of the nassau county patrolman shot and killed by crowley, the reward of \$2,500, which the detectives received for running down the murderer. we also wish to congratulate the new york city police department on having such men in its ranks as caso and mara.

as you may see by the scroll at the top of this page, this issue of spring 3100 is dedicated to the mayor of new york city, and marks the first year in office of police commissioner mulrooney. further on in these pages, we have an article telling of the progress made by the department under edward p. mulrooney. the police commissioner modestly says it is all due to the constant aid he has received from the man who appointed him. our one remark is that the mayor and his police commissioner seem to make a pretty fine team, and one which we hope will long endure.

# A Fine Year, Commissioner

**A** YEAR ago, on May 21, 1930, to be exact, Edward Pierce Mulrooney became Police Commissioner after 34 years of service as one of "The Finest". SPRING 3100 in a sketch described him as "a sandy-haired, blue-eyed, soft-spoken Irishman with a fighting jaw". The sketch writer added: "Do not be misled by his soft speech. The fighting jaw played a most important part in bringing him up through the ranks to his present high office."

Mayor Walker in administering the oath to the Police Commissioner on that famous May 21st, congratulated New York's citizens on obtaining a Police Commissioner of the services and ability of Mr. Mulrooney. The Mayor said:

"I know of no man in the Police Department with a finer, stronger or cleaner character than you have. Your devotion to duty has led you away from spectacle and sensation and yet there is a deal of romance in it.

"In your youth, before attaining your majority, you were appointed a patrolman in the New York Police Department. From then on, by constant application to duty and the building of an enviable reputation, with studious application to the duty and obligations of a patrolman, you progressed on up through the ranks unaided by influence of any kind, depending entirely upon your own intelligence, your own industry and your own character.

"When I shall ask you to raise your hand and take the oath of office, I know that it again will indicate the beginning of an administration of the Police Department of this city in which you will measure men as you were measured, by merit and nothing else.

"No matter where one turns in an investigation of you, it becomes highly pleasing to learn the record you have made with such an innate constitutional modesty, self-effacement and without any ideal or objective apparently in view but the fulfillment of your official obligation in the service of the people of the City of New York."

Since that time the Mayor has frequently congratulated the Police Commissioner on his fine department and the Police Department upon having such an excellent Commissioner. When the Mayor walked side by side with the Commissioner in the annual Police Parade, he indicated more strongly than any words could do, the high esteem in which he held the Police Department and its head.

The Annual Report of the Police Department for 1930 which was published only a short time ago, contains a long list of notable accomplishments for

that year. However, if we were asked to pick out the achievements which appealed most largely to the general public and which we know are dear to the Commissioner's heart we would choose the following three:

The outings for mothers and children supplied by the Department last summer; the relief for the unemployed in which the Police Department so splendidly aided the Mayor's Official Relief Committee and the work which the Crime Prevention Bureau is doing for the boys and girls of New York City.

Summarizing these achievements briefly we may say, that 37,923 persons were accommodated on the outings, the expenses of which were defrayed from the sum of \$36,942 contributed by members of the Department.

The unemployment relief work is still being carried on so that a complete report has not yet been made. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that the Mayor himself has frequently complimented the men of the Department on their aid to the unemployed and has often remarked that a great many worthy people are now seeing the policeman in a new light.

The operation of the Crime Prevention Bureau during its initial period has left no doubt of the need for its services. During the year 1930 a total of 5,215 cases were referred to it by the Police precincts, social agencies, schools, churches, parents, and interested citizens.







The establishment of the Bureau of Crime Prevention followed recommendations made by the Police Department's Advisory Committee on Crime Prevention. This committee is composed of prominent citizens and leaders in the field of social welfare, its chairmanship having just been accepted by the Honorable Frank Polk, former Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Polk succeeds Mr. E. F. Hutton who was compelled by pressure of other affairs to resign as chairman but who remains a member of the committee. To obtain the endorsement of any phase of police work by such distinguished leaders is in itself a notable achievement.

It seems both fitting and proper to conclude this brief article on Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney's first year in office with tributes from two of his friends, former Commissioner Whalen and Chief Inspector John O'Brien, whose words represent the sentiment of the entire Police Department. When Commissioner Mulrooney took office a year ago, he said:

"In addressing Commissioner Whalen, I find myself at a loss for adequate expression; not alone has he been my chief, but a sterling friend and an inspiration to me in my work. I shall always cherish the memory of my association with him."

And this is what Commissioner Whalen says today of Police Commissioner Mulrooney's first year in office:

"A year passes quickly in the lives of busy men. The year 1930 has made a deep impress in the life of Edward P. Mulrooney. A great opportunity was

presented to him by Mayor Walker and with splendid ability and courage he has measured up to the highest expectations, I am sure, of his Honor, the Mayor, and his friends.

"The Police Commissionership of New York City is a difficult post as those who have had a close-up



will testify. To have been successful in the discharge of the arduous duties of administrative head of the nineteen thousand members of the standing army of blue of this City is an achievement of which one might well be proud. A knowledge of men and organization is necessary as well as the courage to make and carry out decisions. Commissioner Mulrooney has met every test and at the completion of one year as Police Commissioner those of us who know him intimately and have followed his career closely are mighty proud of him.

"It gives me great pleasure to know that one with whom I served in the Police Department has made a success of a very difficult undertaking. The Honorable Edward P. Mulrooney has brought to his high command a long experience in the Police Department and a record that is replete with acts of courage and high efficiency. The Police Department of the City of New York is the most efficient and the most courageous law-enforcing machine in the world. Its personnel is honest, courageous and highly efficient. For one of its rank and file to be chosen as its commanding officer is a great compliment not only to the individual so chosen but also to the force.

"Commissioner Mulrooney has met the test. I join with his host of friends and admirers in felicitating him on his first anniversary as Police Commissioner."

Commissioner Mulrooney, a year ago said of the Chief Inspector:

"I cannot let an occasion such as this go by without paying a tribute to a comrade, our chief, John O'Brien. As we measure time, we have been together a long while, 34 years. We have had much joy and we have had sorrows and we shared them. I have never looked up to him more than I do at

this moment. If I am in a hard spot, to use the vernacular, and I want advice and I want good judgment on a matter, candidly, I am going to appeal to John O'Brien. I know of no better place to go; I know of no better friend. I hope that he will continue to let me benefit from the result of his years of experience and of his sound judgment."

This is the tribute which the Chief Inspector, as the ranking officer of the uniformed force, pays to Commissioner Mulrooney at the close of his first year in office:

"May 21st is a date that should live long in the memory of the entire personnel of the Police Department. It was on that date just one year ago when the Force was signally recognized by his Honor, Mayor Walker, in the selection of the then Assistant Chief Inspector Edward P. Mulrooney as Police Commissioner, an office that is conceded to be among the most important of any in the several departments comprising the chief branches of the city government.

"A practical police officer for more than thirty-four years, with experience in every phase of police work and having passed through every rank and grade of police service to the high post he relinquished upon his appointment as chief administrative and executive head of the Police Department of the City of New York, Commissioner Mulrooney is peculiarly fitted and adapted for that office. Of pleasing personality, firm, strong and clean character, and with no motive other than the fulfillment of his official obligations to the people of the city, he presents an example to his subordinates that well might be emulated by every member of the mighty organization over which it has been given him to command.



"Surely every policeman must thrill with pride in recalling the congratulatory remarks of his Honor, the Mayor, when inducting Commissioner Mulrooney into his new office, some of which are here quoted as follows: 'By constant application to duty and the building of an enviable reputation, with studious application to the duties and obligations of a patrolman you progressed on up through the ranks unaided by influence of any kind, and depending entirely upon your own intelligence, your own industry and your own character.'

"What a magnificent tribute to the department and its membership as personified by our Commissioner, and how grateful and appreciative should be every individual who wears the shield of a police officer to his Honor, Mayor Walker, for his confidence in the integrity, ability and efficiency of the Force as exemplified in the making of such an appointment, and which should stimulate the Force to give of their best efforts at all times in the service of the people of the city in order to prove beyond any doubt that the trust imposed in it has not and will not be betrayed.

"In congratulating Commissioner Mulrooney at the end of his first year's administration as Police Commissioner, it is the sincere wish of the entire force that the success

that has attended his efforts in the past will continue throughout all future times, that he will be blessed with health and happiness throughout the coming years and that the reward which comes to one in the satisfaction of a duty nobly performed or of a work well done may be his, always.

"Commissioner Mulrooney, the Force salutes you and renews the allegiance that was pledged to you one year ago."

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## "EDWARD PIERCE MULROONEY"

By AUSTIN E. TITUS

About thirty-five long years ago  
A red blooded lad with cheeks aglow  
A courageous heart—a will to do  
Joined New York's great "Army of Blue."

Ponnding along on his daily grind  
His oath of office he kept in mind  
The "Book of Rules" his only guide  
New York City his greatest pride.

Little kiddies upon his beat  
With outstretched arms would run to meet  
He taught to respect—not to fear  
A daily mission of good cheer.

From duty he would never shirk  
A faithful cop who loved his work  
The revered McClusky often said  
"Well done, thou good and faithful Ed."

One year ago he answered Mayor Walker's call  
To become "P. C.", the highest rank of all  
With the same red blood flowing thru his veins  
With the same courageous heart he took up the reins.

Today nineteen thousand men, their voices raise  
To sing Edward P. Mulrooney's praise  
Mayor Walker's selection, it would seem  
Answers our city's fondest dream.



# A Page to Please The Big Boss

*Courtesy, intelligence and efficiency have been stressed above all other qualifications by Police Commissioner Mulrooney in his public and private talks since taking office. The Commissioner's attitude is that New York is the most generous of all municipalities and that her citizens rightly demand intelligent, efficient, courteous service.*

*It is therefore a pleasure for SPRING 3100 to print the following letters from citizens commending police officers who have shown the qualifications sought by the Commissioner. May the other members of the Department all follow these good examples.*

## Praise from Norman Thomas

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, INC.  
112 East 19th Street  
New York City

May 8, 1931.

Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Police Headquarters,  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

I have been out of town and so have been slow to send you word of my appreciation of the excellent work of the police in connection with the May Day celebration. I have in the past had occasion to protest but I want now to praise. Certainly all that I saw was good and an example of how things can be managed without violence.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) NORMAN THOMAS.

## Spring 3100 Gets a Bouquet

NEW YORK STATE TROOPERS  
TROOP A  
Batavia, New York

May 2, 1931.

Arthur N. Chamberlin, Esq.,  
Managing Editor, Spring 3100  
New York City.

My dear Sir:

If it is entirely consistent with the policy of your department, will you be kind enough to place the name of this troop of State Police on the mailing list for the issues of Spring 3100.

I have had the opportunity to read through two recent issues of the magazine and consider it the best police publication I have ever seen. Our men are very much interested in it and I am sure it will prove helpful to them.

With assurances of our appreciation of any courtesy you may extend to us, I am,

Very truly yours,

WINFIELD W. ROBINSON,  
Captain.

## A Musical Way to Fame

April 25, 1931.

Dear Commissioner Mulrooney:

It was my pleasure to be Toastmaster at the 51st Annual Banquet of the Society of Old Brooklynites held at the Leverich Towers Hotel last Thursday evening.

Through your courtesy the Famous Singers of the Department, being officers, John Flood, Joseph Spielman, Frank Nicola, Charles Greer, Benjamin Gracioline, John Sisk, Paul Batinka, William Diemer, Artie Matthews, Walter Eason and B. Goldstein, were privileged to attend the function. They generously favored the 600 diners with a most excellent program of songs and music. Their repertoire included choruses, solos and specialty selections. Their entertainment was a rare treat of fine music exceptionally well rendered. You and all men of the Department may well be justly proud of their popularity and the sincere appreciation of their talents by their audiences. They won and sung their way into the hearts of all present. These men by their accomplishments do much to keep the members of the force in high favor with the people of this great municipality not only by their appearances in public, but through their weekly broadcasting programs, so popular with the vast unseen audiences of the radio realm. These men as representative of your thousands of men cause their audiences to instinctively be drawn to them, as protectors of their property and their lives, paid minions of the law, who make the streets and parks safe and enable them to sleep in peace nights and with a feeling of security that all is safe with such upstanding brave men on duty. Personal contact and example are the most potent influence.

To you, and through you to your men, I send heartiest congratulations and assurance of the gratitude of all Old Brooklynites. And I believe this echoes the sentiment of every lover of peace and order and good government in our community.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Faithfully yours,

LEWIS L. FAWCETT, Justice,  
Supreme Court of the State of New York,  
Justice's Chambers,  
Brooklyn, New York.



## High Praise For "The Finest"

HEADQUARTERS  
SECOND CORPS AREA

Office of the Commanding General  
Governors Island, New York

April 9, 1931.

Honorable Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Police Commissioner,  
City of New York.

My dear Mr. Commissioner:

I wish to express to you my appreciation for the excellent cooperation and assistance received from you and your Department in connection with the Army Day Parade held in New York City on April 4, 1931.

Your cheerful compliance with all my requests for police escorts, supply of mounts, etc., greatly facilitated the organization and orderly progress of the parade.

The splendid appearance of the Police Department Band and the Police Department Rifle Regiment, which you permitted to participate, added materially to the parade. You have every reason to be proud of them. Will you please convey to them my appreciation of, and my compliments for, their excellent work.

Sincerely yours,

W. E. ELY,  
Major General, U. S. Army.



# FORWARD, THE FINEST

By ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN



Our own Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney, the man who came up from a rookie cop to be head of the finest police department in the world, stepped forth to greet the Mayor. The Police Commissioner, too, was in topper and cutaway, and The Finest had every reason to be proud of its leading representative as he greeted the city's Chief Executive.

Together they fell in at the head of the procession and the command, "Forward March" was given. Off up Broadway the handsome pair started at a brisk pace, from three and half to four miles an hour as judged by a veteran army man. When the full procession was under way, with the music of a dozen bands lifting their collective feet, a distance of two and one-half miles stretched between the Mayor and the Police Commissioner and the file closers in the rear rank of the Mounted Division which formed the rear-guard of the parade.

On up lower Broadway went the parade, the deputy commissioners in a single line back of their leaders, and at least one of them, we swear, looking back cnviously at Chief Inspector John O'Brien astride a good horse. On up that man-made canyon where so many returning heroes have marched amid showers of ticker tape and torn fluttering paper.

The cheers, the ticker tape and the torn telephone books were all there even as they had been when—oh well, write your own best-liked hero's name in on this ticket—I can't remember all of them—but I've never seen one received with more hearty and sincere good-will than were the Mayor and the Police Commissioner and their fellow-marchers.

Maybe the Mayor didn't love it. When someone asked him how he was enjoying himself, he called out:

"The further I go the better I like it."

And this was his invariable reply, accompanied by a wave of his high hat and a smile when his constituents from the sidewalks shouted such inquiries as:

"Hey, Jimmy, how are you?," and "Do your feet hurt, Jimmy?"

**N**EW York City has a great Mayor—James J. Walker. New York City has a great Police Commissioner—Edward P. Mulrooney. New York City has a great police force. When the three units combine the result is the splendid parade New York City witnessed on May 9th when the Mayor and the Police Commissioner led 6,000 stalwart boys in blue on a six-mile hike every inch of which was tramped between throngs of cheering spectators.

Fair skies and a brilliant sun tempered by cooling breezes joined to complete the perfection of the day. The Weather Man was evidently sorry for the rain he had sent on the previous Saturday when the parade had to be postponed and made up for it handsomely. So the citizens showed their appreciation by turning out in countless thousands and cheering the boys throughout the entire line of march.

Let's start at the Battery where the parade was formed. At 11.55 a. m., the Hon. James J. Walker, the best Mayor the City of New York ever had, stepped out of his limousine in front of the Customs House. His Honor was in full afternoon dress, topper and cutaway, as debonair and dashing as his wont.





Meanwhile the Police Commissioner, alert and attentive, equally gracious with his sweep of high hat and his smile, kept pace with the Mayor. At Forty-fourth Street some one threw from an office-window a long spiral of ticker-tape that nearly roped the Mayor. The Police Commissioner reached up and broke the tape before there were any disastrous results and the Mayor smilingly thanked him for his "efficient police action."

When the head of the parade passed St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mayor Walker left the line, walked up the steps of the Cathedral where Cardinal Hayes was seated, bowed, and kissed the prelate's ring. The Mayor shook hands with Cardinal Hayes and with two priests and then with a sprint reminiscent of his baseball playing days regained his place at the head of the procession which had not halted.

In the reviewing stand at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-second Street were the heads of the most of the city departments and other invited guests. When the Mayor entered the grand stand he was greeted by John F. Curry, leader of Tammany Hall and Tenement House Commissioner William F. Deegan. The crowds in the reviewing stand echoed the noisy welcome which had been extended all along the line of march.

Former Police Commissioner Grover A. Whalen and a party, including his three children and Gloria Swanson, were standing on second-floor balconies of the home of Jules S. Bache, 814 Fifth Avenue, directly opposite the reviewing stand. The Mayor and the Police Commissioner bowed to them in response to their greetings.

A different side of the Mayor and the Police Commissioner was revealed when they left the reviewing

stand and went to the middle of the avenue, where the Mayor pinned medals on the honor men of the department for 1930 and posthumously awarded to mothers, wives and sisters medals of honor to police-



men who died in performance of their duty. The Mayor shook hands with each recipient of a medal and spoke words of high appreciation.

When the posthumous awards were made it could be seen that the Mayor was visibly touched by the tears of the women relatives of the men killed in line of duty. He spoke to them with the deepest sympathy.

After the presentation of the posthumous awards a bugler sounded "Taps" and a second bugler a block away echoed the beautiful notes. Mayor Walker then pinned on the Police Department flag eleven





gold stars in memory of the eleven policemen who gave their lives in the service during 1930.

Mrs. Lawrence Morse, 50 East Tenth Street, as the representative of the Humane Society, decorated with medals five members of the Police Department for outstanding humane acts last year. Those receiving the awards were Sergeant John Peter O'Neil and Patrolmen Joseph H. King, Patrick Ward, Joseph Robinson and Farrell Duffy.

And then came the parade. While three Police Department airplanes under the command of Acting Capt. A. W. Wallander droned overhead, Chief Inspector John O'Brien, to whose mount we have previously referred, led his six thousand men by the reviewing stand. The formation has already been published in orders and we haven't space to repeat it all now. So we will only mention a few units, namely, to wit:

The Chief Inspector's staff, all mounted; Inspector Thomas McDonald and the honor battalion; the



honor men of 1930, led by Acting Lieutenant Patrick Fitzgibbons; Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan and his rifle regiment. Then there were

the Police Academy recruits in their athletic jerseys and white duck trousers; the motor transport division, the emergency service division and the mounted division commanded by that gallant and picturesque figure, Inspector Harry L. Lobdell. And the cheers, always the cheers.

Lest it be forgotten we must also mention the broadcasting of the ceremonies at the reviewing stand and of the entire parade program, which was efficiently done by station WNYC, through the courtesy of Commissioner of Plant and Structures Albert L. Goldman. This broadcasting contributed a great deal to the enjoyment of those in the stands.

The Department Medal of Honor was presented to Detective Paul D. Higgins, 70th Squad, 18th Division. The other awards were:

Patrolman Carl J. Bahrman, 40th Precinct, Automobile Club of America Medal.

Patrolman John R. Dukes, Motorcycle Squad 2, 17th Division, Leroy W. Baldwin Medal.





Detective Martin L. Fitzpatrick, 46th Squad, 18th Division, Isaac Bell Medal.  
 Patrolman Edward L. J. Gunset, 46th Precinct, Daniel B. Freedman Medal.  
 Patrolman Charles A. Haupt, 103d Precinct, William McLain Freeman Medal.  
 Detective Robert L. Lewis, 18th Division, Peter F. Meyer Medal.  
 Detective James F. Rogers, 10th Squad, 18th Division, Rhineland Medal.  
 Detective Harry H. Roth, 15th Squad, 18th Division, Charles H. Sabin Medal.  
 Patrolman George A. Rouse, 28th Precinct, Walter Scott Medal.  
 Detective John G. Schellhorn, 48th Squad, 18th Division, Martin J. Sheridan Medal.

The medals of honor awarded posthumously to relatives of policemen killed in the line of duty follow:

Ellen O'Brien, mother of Patrolman Maurice D. O'Brien, Twenty-eighth Precinct.  
 Anna Coughlin, widow of Patrolman Richard J. Coughlin, Motorcycle Squad 2.  
 Johanna Carson, mother of Probationary Patrolman Edward P. Keenan, Police Academy, Recruit Training School.  
 Mary Scott, widow of Patrolman Joseph F. Scott, Thirty-second Precinct.  
 Helen K. DeCastilla, widow of Patrolman Walter O. DeCastilla, Eighty-fourth Precinct.  
 Gladys Miller, sister of Patrolman William J. Duncan, Eighteenth Precinct.  
 Sarah Mitchell, widow of Patrolman Patrick Mitchell, Thirtieth Precinct.  
 Sylvia Caviglia, widow of Patrolman Dominick Caviglia, Twentieth Precinct.  
 Vilma Hill, widow of Detective Thomas E. Hill, Eighteenth Division, Forty-eighth Squad.  
 Augusta Bloomfield, widow of Detective Harry Bloomfield, Eighteenth Division, Forty-fourth Squad.  
 Rose H. Weidig, widow of Patrolman Charles Weidig, Twenty-eighth Precinct.

## 1931 Police Parade

By AUSTIN E. TITUS, *Secretary to the Department*



No dark clouds or rain  
 To interfere  
 It was the brightest  
 Day of the year.  
 Our Gallant Dead  
 From Heaven above  
 Sent this day  
 As their token of love.

His Honor, the Mayor  
 Our faithful friend  
 Graced our ranks  
 To the very end.  
 Our beloved "P. C."  
 A few steps apart  
 The very idol  
 Of every cop's heart.

A canyon of people  
 Six miles long  
 Thunderous cheers  
 Blended into song  
 Ticker tape and paper  
 Showered Broadway  
 Brought pleasant memories  
 Of Lindbergh Day.

Taps were sounded  
 For our honored dead  
 The list of "Faithful Unto Death"  
 Was read  
 Then Mothers and Wives  
 Received the award  
 Of their loved ones  
 Gone to their Heavenly Reward.

Many offered  
 A silent prayer  
 For our Buddies  
 Away up there  
 The "Finest" indeed  
 A worthy name  
 An added honor  
 To our City's fame.

# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



*"Did you see our little Jimmy marching,  
With the coppers up the avenue;  
There was Jimmy just as stiff as starch,  
Just like his daddy on the seventeenth of March—"*

**R**EMEMBER that tuneful little ditty so popular just a few short years ago? It was entitled *"They were all out of step but Jim,"* and on May 9th it sure fitted our great little Mayor to a nicety—the song, we mean—not the title.

He stole the whole show from us, of course, just like we confidently expected he would. No—we've got that a bit twisted; he *didn't* steal it, we meant to say, he *simply packed it up and walked away with it*. He was nothing less than superb, and The Finest are prouder of him today than ever before—if such a thing were humanly possible.

And please don't think that *"squads right," "squads left," "right front into line"* and the rest of the military jargon that permeated the atmosphere on that eventful day fell on unfamiliar ears. No, sir. Not so far as Jimmy's were concerned, anyway. We'll gamble it brought back memories of another year—back past the days when *"Will You Love Me in December"* was the ballad sensation of

the hour. We'll bet it recalled those cherished days when he was probably the proudest kid on the lower west side—or in all New York, for that matter—when he was just little Jimmy Walker of the St. Francis Xavier Cadets, resplendent in his diminutive blue and gold outfit and happy as only a kid in the glory of his first soldier's uniform can be.



Gone, of course, was the natty blue and gold uniform. It was supplanted on May 9th by the two-story skimmer and the form-fitting frock coat which he graces in that sartorially perfect fashion inherently all his own.

And for once his internationally known reputation for tardiness went by the wall, for Jimmy was on deck promptly at the appointed hour (*no foolin'*) took the lead right from the start and held it valiantly straight to the finish line. He certainly made the boys step to keep up with him, and when asked later why he had set such a merry pace he sagely remarked:

*"Don't worry, brother, you'd have kept moving, too, with all those husky cops on your tail."*

After it was over, and while he was hurrying to keep an appointment with his favorite chiropodist, Jimmy huskily declared it was positively *the dryest union derby he had ever participated in*, meaning, we figure, that it would have been far more *refreshing* and much less *Saharian* if the parade had been held in a place like Berlin, or Munich, or some other



such town where thirsty marchers are treated with at least a *reasonable* regard for the unmoistened condition of their throats.

And so, as a parting gesture, we'll just say to Jimmy that it would require every bit of his own superlative eloquence—augmented by that of a Bourke Cochran and a William Jennings Bryan, to adequately convey to him even a slight indication of the love and the affection in which we of *The Finest* hold him—every single one of us—from the Police Commissioner down.



tempting to *innuendoize* (there's a brand new one, incidentally), but it is significant indeed that he reported home after the parade wearing the same old fedora we are so accustomed to seeing him in. And it is doubly significant, we think, that upon cross examining Deputy Commissioner Nelson Ruttenberg in the matter, Nelson curtly retorted:

"I know absolutely nothing about it. Frankly, though, I'd have cheerfully loaned him mine only I had to wear it myself that day."

And did he not present to our citizens the perfect paradox when you recall that exactly two short days previous he personally directed the memorable battle of West End Avenue, in which two desperate, degenerate killers were gently gathered in and safely deposited in cold storage?

But just try and pat him on the back for the inspiring example he set for the boys that day. Here's exactly how he discusses the incident:

"There was nothing to it, really. They were just a couple of rats we didn't care to have witness the parade, that's all, so all we did was simply to go up there and take them out of circulation."

And there you are. Now tell us, please, what are you going to do with a man like that?

May we not in describing our Commissioner use the word "*magnificent*?" Gosh—even *that* doesn't cover it. But wait a minute—we've got it now—and it's just one word, too, and it took a ten-year-old kid sitting near us in the stand to echo and re-echo the sentiment of the entire Department, when with kid-like enthusiasm he blurted as the head of the parade reached the stand:

"Gee, daddy, ain't Mister Mulrooney a peach?"

AND now we're in a tough spot—and placed there by none other than the P. C. himself—in person.

How in the name of sense are we ever going to conjure words, phrases and adjectives with which properly to describe how swell he looked. We're afraid it's going to be too unreasonable a strain upon our limited vocabulary, so in our own simple way we'll just say that we were positively *astounded* by the *ease* and the *finesse* with which he decorated that gorgeous swallow-tail coat he sported and that *skimmer*—equally as shiny as that worn by Hizzoner and, unless we're badly mistaken, at least one story taller.

On the level, if he had only screwed up his courage sufficiently to carry a cane that day he'd have wrecked on the spot not only Jimmy's conceded reputation for pulchritude, but that of Beau Brummel, Lord Chesterfield and whom else you might have in mind along with it.

About the swallow-tail we have been able to learn practically nothing. Where ever he dug it up goodness only knows. And as for the *skimmer*—well, we hate even to mention this, but it was the exact counterpart of the one worn by Grover Whalen in the parade last year.

Remember, we're not insinuating—or even at-



Now, just a word about Grover, himself, our former Commissioner, and who, never fear, will be be-

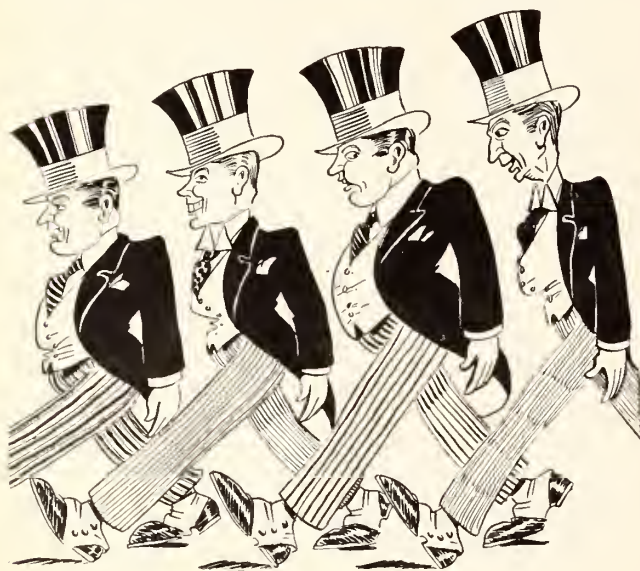
loved by The Finest just so long as the Department endures.

There he was with his family applauding from the balcony of a residence directly opposite the reviewing stand. And it was with admiring eyes, indeed, that he watched the boys march by—the boys we are sure he will always be proud of.

Last year he reviewed them as their chief, and we cannot resist the impulse to show you at this time exactly how proud he looked on that occasion.

Also in his party were several very charming ladies, noticeably, Miss Gloria Swanson, scintillating star of the movies, and we cannot but help quote the utterly strange thought of a fellow seated near us who remarked, pityingly, we thought:

*"Can you imagine anything like that? A fine time for a fellow to have his family along."*



**D**IDN'T the Deputy Commissioners look slick? Really, it was hard to make the spectators believe they were cops. *They looked more like four well-groomed brokers, the majority thought.*

There were certain rumors afloat that they argued all the way up from the Battery—and that the further they marched the hotter they got.

To date we have been unable definitely to substantiate the story. What we did learn, unofficially, of course, was that Commissioners Ruttenberg, Hoyt and Sinnott were furious with Commissioner Muldoon for not having reported with a *taxicab*, with which form of locomotion, they argued, *the parade would have been tremendously more to their liking—and of considerable more interest.*

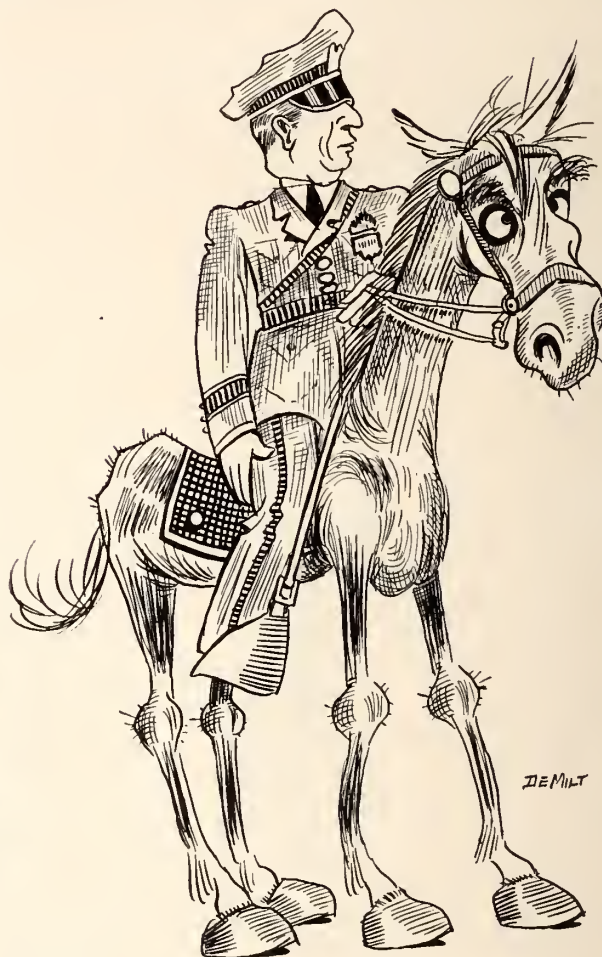
But Commissioner Muldoon felt real Dan O'Learyish that day and grimly forced the others to step along with him.

Later they wound up drinking countless chocolate sodas together, *and we are reliably informed that Felix squared himself nicely by insisting on paying all the checks.*

Commissioner Leach ducked very neatly this year by reason of a sore foot or something. (*Sez he.*) Well, we don't blame him one bit. No, indeed.

*And where a six-mile gallop is involved any old*

*alibi that will stand up is in our opinion a perfectly good alibi.*



**D**ID you ever see a niftier picture than the Chief Inspector presented passing the reviewing stand? A symphony in grace and charm, wasn't he? *And as a rider Earl Sande in his palmiest days never could compare.*

But it's a shame he had to experience earlier in the march the unfortunate mishap that for a while threatened to disrupt the parade entirely.

Didn't you hear about it? *About how the Chief's horse decided to call it a day upon reaching 25th Street and headed straight for Fiss, Doerr and Carroll's?* Some nerve, eh? And when the Chief refused to stand for any such nonsense the skinner deliberately parks himself in a nearby hallway and goes fast asleep.

Imagine that for a situation, *and the parade standing stiller than does the sergeant when he stands you up on the late tour.*

But the Chief never for a moment lost his poise. Not he. So presently he lit on the ingenious idea of coaxing the nag into riding part of the way in a Fifth Avenue bus he had commandeered—but even to this alluring compromise the skinner turned a deaf ear.

Just as the Chief was at last about to throw up the sponge along came Deputy Inspector Matt McGrath, **THE BIG HAMMER MAN**, who fortunately happened to be in the ranks near by. And sizing up the situation at a glance Matt picked up the horse bodily,



threw him across his spacious shoulders and with the parade again in motion  *marched with him all the way up to 59th Street.*

An almost unbelievable story, isn't it? Except for the fact that Old Man Sunshine, himself, vouches for its authenticity.

The horse by this time was well rested—naturally, and so the Chief was able to remount him at this point and without further annoyance proceeded majestically with the necessary business of leading the parade past the reviewing stand.

Narrow escape? Of course it was. *And there is absolutely nothing to the story that the horse was donated immediately after the parade to the lake in Central Park,* because the Chief personally sent him home in a Madison Avenue street car with rigid instructions to the conductor not to wake him up until he had arrived safely at his stable.



**N**EVER before were we so remorse stricken as upon the appearance before the reviewing stand of those daring hussmen comprising the Chief Inspector's staff.

They went by gloriously, *and not one of them fell off his horse during the entire time they were in view of the stand.*

In our last issue, if you recall, we pointed out that most of these boys were far from keen about the assignment, and unintentionally we spoke rather disparagingly about their hussmanship.

We were severely admonished for this by the Chief, who stated in no uncertain terms that irrespective of their *equestrianistic accomplishments*, his confidence in their *acrobatic abilities* is absolute and indis-  
soluble.

Also he directed caustically that we publish in this issue another story about the staff, *and particularly the member of it presenting the most pretentious appearance passing the reviewing stand.*

It was the toughest contract the good Chief had ever given us. And it was not until the editorial staff had deliberated a full two hours that the winner was decided upon.

We are very happy indeed to announce, with hearty congratulations, that Deputy Chief Inspector Tommy Cummings, of Brooklyn and the large island adjacent, was selected as the man most deserving of the honor.

So we present to you now a lifelike study of Tommy *exactly as he looked on Sweet Pea*, the stately animal which contributed none too lightly to his magnificent appearance in the parade, and particularly to his selection by SPRING 3100 as the outstanding feature of the Chief's staff.

We wish to mention, too, in strict fairness to the other members of the staff, that we were influenced tremendously in our decision by the fact that Tommy *only twice* became separated from Sweet Pea during the entire route of the parade, and that in neither instance was he injured severely.

**N**O parade story would be complete without a word or two about the old school master, Col. John J. Noonan, sprightly Commandant of the Recruits' School, whose picture especially drawn from life we present herewith.

The old Colonel was in splendid condition, and lived up gorgeously to his established reputation as *New York's most distinguished professional parader.*

Contrary to popular belief the Colonel is not a graduate of West Point, nor did he acquire his extensive military training there.

It is not generally known that it was in the Swedish army, where he served with distinction as a young man, that the Colonel picked up all his knowledge of things militaristic, and upon his discharge, just prior to his emigration to this country, he held the high rank of *Top Sergeant.*

And we wish sincerely to compliment him upon the splendid results of his month or more of hard labor getting the boys in shape for the greatest police parade of all time.

They were certainly all that the word "perfection" signifies, and the good old Colonel is, in our opinion, entitled to a great deal of credit.



# Communion Mass and Breakfast

## POLICE DEPARTMENT HOLY NAME SOCIETY

### BROOKLYN AND QUEENS BRANCH

ON Sunday morning, May 3rd, the Holy Name Society of the Police Department, Brooklyn and Queens Branch, assembled in Pacific Street near Vanderbilt Avenue, and headed by Chief Inspector John O'Brien with Deputy Chief Inspectors Cummings, Coleman and Kelly as his staff, marched to St. Joseph's Church in time for Mass at 8 o'clock. Both the upper and lower Churches were filled to capacity, approximately thirty-seven hundred policemen being in attendance. The Right Reverend Monsignor William T. McGuirl, former Police Chaplain, celebrated Mass at one of the side Altars, and delivered an address of welcome to the policemen in which he congratulated them upon their public demonstration of Faith. The Rev. Theodore McLaughlin, the assistant pastor, delivered a similar address in the lower Church.

After Mass the men were rapidly assembled under the able guidance of the Marshal, Lieutenant Albert Gallagher, and, headed by the boys' band from St. Vincent's Home, marched to the Elks Club at Livingston Street and Boerum Place where breakfast had been prepared for thirty-eight hundred men.

Throughout the whole proceedings there was not the slightest mishap, and all credit for this is due to Lieutenant Edward H. Walsh, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, who was ably assisted by a very efficient staff. Patrolman James Ryan of the Chief Surgeon's office, and President of the Holy Name Society, acted as Toastmaster at the breakfast, and after his opening address, which was brief but decidedly to the point, gave an example of self-effacement that might well be followed by other toastmasters.

In a few well-chosen and comprehensive words he

introduced each speaker, and trespassed not at all on the time allotted to the broadcasting. The speakers in their order follow: Chaplain Lawrence H. Bracken, Hon. Henry Hesterberg, Borough President; District Attorney William F. X. Geoghan, the Rev. Daniel Hanrahan, and finally the Hon. Edward P. Mulrooney, Police Commissioner.

Commissioner Mulrooney said: "We enforce the laws as they are written. If they are wrong let the proper bodies change them." The Commissioner also counselled the men of the Department to be careful in act and speech because during the coming months "your smallest indiscretions will be magnified."

District Attorney Geoghan during his forceful address, said:

"There are those who cannot enjoy the rose because of the thorns, and so it is with the Police Department. When newspapers write up men or events they seek the extraordinary and not the ordinary. I have no quarrel with the press because they give the people what they want. There are 19,000 men in the Police Department and we must remember that 'one little raindrop doesn't make a shower.' One dozen, or a dozen dozen men don't make the Police Department wrong. We have crime here: of course we have, and we will have it as long as the world goes on, as long as men are men. You can place a policeman on the doorstep of every house and yet there would be crime inside."

To a casual observer it appeared as if no one left the room until the entire program was completed, and the ovation given to the Police Commissioner indicated the high esteem in which he is held by the members of the Department in Brooklyn and Queens.

## THE BIG PARADE

To Our Departed Heroes - PTL. CHARLES HARROLD	Cover
Editorial Page, or What Have You? - - - -	3
A Fine Year, Commissioner - - - - -	4
Edward Pierce Mulrooney—A poem, AUSTIN E. TITUS	6
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Forward, The Finest - ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN	8
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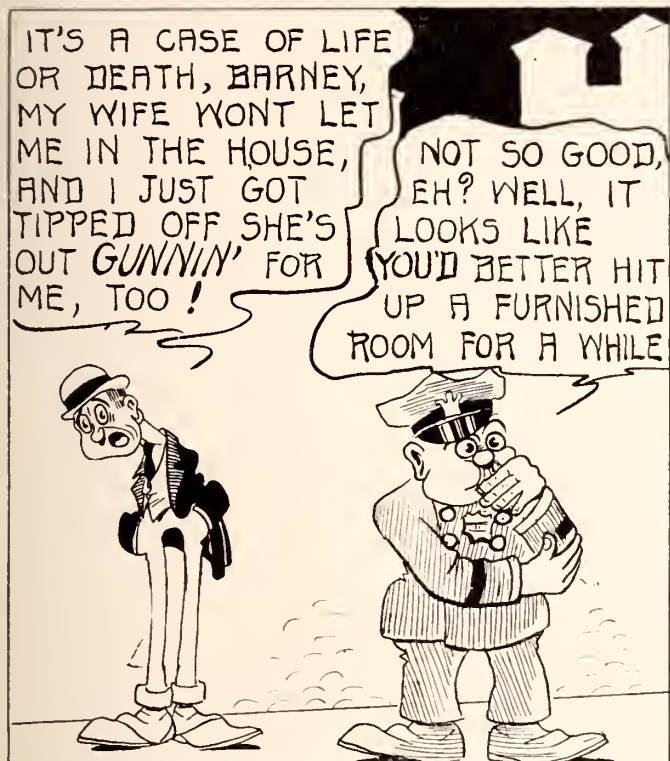
Imagine—after that six-mile hike!



# Barney on the Beat

By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT

## PROTECTION DE LUXE



## "Courtesy" Wins P. B. A. Prize

**P**ATROLMAN PATRICK SHERIDAN, of the 74th Precinct, who was born on April 16, 1864, and appointed a patrolman on October 23, 1893, won the prize of \$100 in gold offered by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association for the best answer to the question: "How may public confidence be retained in the rank and file of the police?"

Courtesy is the key note of this veteran patrolman's letter. Patrolman Sheridan believes that this cardinal virtue is one that should be practiced within the ranks as well as by all other good citizens. Besides courtesy, Patrolman Sheridan urges meticulous honesty as an outstanding quality of all good policemen.

The Police Commissioner in announcing that Patrolman Sheridan had won this contest said the police officer's views reflected his (the Police Commissioner's) sentiments. Patrolman Sheridan's letter follows:

"Improvement of the force should be affected by the effort of every member of it from the highest to the lowest rank to be respectful and courteous to each other.

"All members wearing the uniform should be taught and impressed with the belief that the uniform is not the livery of any clique, class or clan; that it represents law and order, and the dignity of the law can be upheld through the proper behavior of its representative, the Police Officer.

"All members of the Force must understand that it is the element of individual discretion that distinguishes the Police Officer from the soldier. A soldier is a part of a military machine whose duty is to obey the orders of his superiors without indi-

vidual discretion. The Police Officer is not under the immediate supervision of a Superior, and it is only by the exercise of a sound discretion that he must act, as all the courts in the State may pass on the work which he does and he may be held individually responsible.

"In the matter of Traffic Violations and other misdemeanors, it should be borne in mind that the officer who serves a summons is merely doing his duty and he can be just as effective if he does so without harshness or abuse.

"The law abiding person is the employer and friend of the Policeman, and has the right to expect and receive his best efforts in protecting life and property, and in the enforcement of law

and order, and should give to and receive from him fair, courteous treatment. The new policeman should be encouraged in this belief by his older and more experienced brother patrolman.

"Every member of the Police Department appearing in Court should be scrupulously honest in supervising the drawing of complaints and not inject any statement which he cannot honestly support when the case comes up for trial.

"In my opinion public confidence by the law abiding person in the rank and file of the police force can very easily be maintained by an honest and sincere effort of every policeman to strictly adhere to the Rules and Regulations, not alone in the letter but in the spirit of the same; thereby giving the law abiding public so far as may be possible fair and courteous treatment in order that he may feel entitled to and receive similar treatment."



## Our Own True Detective Story

**C**OPS are hard-boiled. Sure they are. All you have to do to find this out is to read a detective story written by a maiden aunt who never got nearer to New York City than the suburbs of Oshkosh, but who nevertheless knows all about Police work. She'll tell you that cops are not only hard-boiled but stupid and cruel.

But here's a story that happens to be a fact and furthermore centers in the greatest city in the world. The heroes are Detectives Dominick Caso and William Mara of the Morrisania Station in The Bronx. They received \$2,500 reward from the Nassau County authorities because

they traced Francis (Two-Gun) Crowley to the West 90th Street house where he was captured. Now what do you think two hard-boiled cops would do with that much money?

Well, this is the way that story really ends. The two detectives turned the money over to Mrs. Frederick Hirsch, widow of the Nassau County policeman who was killed by Crowley two days before the gunman was captured. It couldn't happen in a story book, but it's in the records of the New York Police Department.

As we said before, Detectives Dominick Caso and William Mara are the heroes of this story.





## SPORTS

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



**S**INCE the last issue of SPRING 3100, the Police Department baseball team has been picked and has already played its first game. From a critic's standpoint, the Police Team this year seems to have developed into a real baseball club, both in appearance and by their actions on the field.

So far they shape up like big leaguers. Perhaps this is due to the change and selections that the manager made this year. All of last season's weak points seem to have disappeared in this new team.

Sergeant Whitney, manager of the team, says that all members of the team must live up to the following requirements if they expect to make or stay with the team:

- 1—They must be strictly temperate in their habits.
- 2—They must be good ball players; by that he means they must have a good arm, must be able to field and also to hit.
- 3—They must know the game and possess a fighting spirit. That means, never quit until the last man is out.
- 4—They must have a good disposition and be able to get along in harmony with all the other players.

THE BIGGEST part of the team are young men. Some have recently graduated from the Police Academy. Quite a few have had experience with professional clubs, but, like many others, their ambitions were to become Cops.

Here are some of the players who have gained quite a reputation as ball players before joining the force.

ELMER DUCKETT, now playing center field, came from the Eastern League and played with Worcester.

CHESTER McAULIFFE, second baseman, was two years with the N. Y. Giants.

GEORGE SULLIVAN, catcher, was formerly with Jersey City.

WALTER LOWE, the big left-hander now pitching for the team, came from the Cleveland Indians.

JOHNNY MANNES, now working out with the team, is on the list, and pitched for the N. Y. Giants for almost two years.

BERNARD KUHN, first baseman, was away twice with big league clubs but finally decided to become a Cop.

These and many others who have had experience with the big semi-professional clubs around New York, such as RISDELL, from the Bushwicks; DUNN, from the Coney Island Democrats and BUTHMAN, from the Maplewood team, go to make up what looks to be the best team that ever represented the Police Department; and because of their youth, they are bound to improve as they go along.

THE OPENING GAME of the season was played on May 3, at Poughkeepsie, against the Poughkeepsie All Stars. Our boys came out on top by a 5 to 3 score. The game was attended by the largest crowd ever to see a game on this field. Mayor Cavan, of Poughkeepsie, threw out the first ball and County Judge Flannery received it. Riser's band furnished some snappy music.

Led by Duckett, who got a triple, double and a single, and Lowe, who got three singles, the Coppers collected 13 hits off the delivery of Ruge, the "Stars" pitcher, while Lowe held the home team to six hits.

This is a fine start for our baseball nine and we wish them the Best of Luck for the rest of the season. Come on out and root for them!

## AND HIS FATHER WANTED HIM TO BE A POLICEMAN !!!





# THE POLICE ACADEMY

## City of New York

*Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean*

### OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.  
Sessions will be held at 10 A.M. and 7.30 P.M. daily except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Mondays - - - 12.30 P. M.  
Tuesdays - - - 5.30 P. M.  
Thursdays - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Fridays - - - 7.30 P. M.
3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Mondays - - - 12.30 P. M.  
Tuesdays - - - 5.30 P. M.  
Thursdays - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Fridays - - - 7.30 P. M.
4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.



### QUESTIONS FOR THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. Mr. B occupied a furnished room with his wife at 6206 Clymerer Street. He worked daily at an industrial plant within walking distance of his home. Returning to his home on a Monday evening at five-thirty o'clock, as he proceeded along the first floor landing of the house in which he lived he was intercepted by Mr. X, who shot and seriously wounded him. B was removed to the hospital. X escaped. X, the assailant of B, was an alien and the proprietor of the rooming house in which B and his wife lived. X lived with his own family in another rooming house which he also conducted on the same street. There were no witnesses to the assault, except the perpetrator and the victim. Mrs. B could not be found in her apartment; did not return to her apartment, nor did she call at the hospital to see her husband.

### ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

- (a) What events led up to this situation?
- (b) The alarm should contain? Indicate by number your answer.  
  - (1) Description of X and the felonious assault.
  - (2) A description of X and a pertinent reference to Mrs. B, with her description and the felonious assault.

- (c) The crime, the escape and the abandonment by X of his family indicates? Write the number of your answer.  
  - (1) An elopement with Mrs. B.
  - (2) Flight to avoid arrest.
  - (3) Flight to avoid arrest and to live incognito with Mrs. B.
  - (4) Argument over failure to pay rent.
  - (5) Snapping of the mental balance.
  - (6) Revenge.
  - (7) Premeditation.
- (d) In tracking X's arrival into the country how would you proceed? Write the number of your answer.  
  - (1) Through Consul General's office.
  - (2) Through steamship companies.
  - (3) Through next of kin.
  - (4) Through Immigration Bureau.
- (e) In instituting a search to locate Mrs. B, how would you proceed? Indicate by number your answer.  
  - (1) Through her husband.
  - (2) Through her family and next of kin.
  - (3) Through express companies.
  - (4) Through taxicab companies.
  - (5) On your own initiative.
  - (6) Through the family of the fugitive.
2. Name the different types of police officers and briefly describe their historical development?
3. What is meant by a preventive policeman?
4. Describe the development of policewomen?
5. What kinds of investigation are involved in the detection of crime?
6. What systems of criminal identification have been developed in Europe?



7. Would you, as a police officer, have power to arrest a fugitive from another State without a warrant if you saw him on the street?
8. As a police officer, if you were on a crowded street car and a passenger complained that his pocket has just been picked, what would you do to have the suspect aboard the car arrested?
9. A citizen complains to a patrolman that an automobile is parked in front of his premises and he wants it removed. What circumstances should the officer consider in determining if the complaint is justified?
10. Show by illustrations the distinction between:
  - (a) Extortion.
  - (b) Blackmail.
  - (c) Threatening letter.
11. (a) What kinds of property may be the subject of larceny?
- (b) Illustrate how larceny may be committed by false pretences.
- (c) How is the value of stolen property ascertained?
12. A member of the Department assigned to the 14th Precinct, and while off duty, is injured while attempting to arrest a thief in the 40th Precinct.
  - (a) What is the duty of the commanding officers concerned?
  - (b) What is the duty of the injured member as provided by the rules?
13. What methods have been adopted for quick mobilization of the police force in cases of emergency?
14. Under certain conditions the criminal records of prisoners shall be sent to certain hospitals. Outline these conditions and the reason and purpose of the rule.
15. "A" is on trial for robbery. He pleads guilty. Must there be further proof of the crime before a conviction will be valid?
16. Describe the procedure in criminal prosecutions?
17. What is the object of the writ of habeas corpus and for what is it a remedy?

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1 IN APRIL ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"**

**1. Advise citizen as follows:**

- (a) That no tear gas pistol or device for the use thereof can be manufactured, possessed, sold or used without a permit from the Police Commissioner.  
That applications for this pistol must be made to the Commanding Officer of precinct where his main business office is located.  
That he must submit the names of two character vouchers; submit to fingerprinting; file two photos 1½ inches square, and pay a fee of \$1.50 for the permit.  
That such permits are issued only after investigation, to
  - (1) A person of good character, and
  - (2) Who is a fit person to possess, and
  - (3) Shows a good reason for possession thereof.
 Such license is good for one year unless limited, but may be revoked at any time by the Police Commissioner.
- (b) Old age relief shall be given to a person who has attained the age of 70 years; unable to support himself and has no children able and responsible for his support, provided:
  - (1) He is a citizen of the United States.
  - (2) Has been a resident of New York State for ten years;
  - (3) Has resided in the City of New York one year;
  - (4) Has not made an assignment of property in order to qualify, and
  - (5) Not in need of continuous institutional care because of his physical or mental condition.
 That application for such relief must be made on a prescribed form to the Commissioner of Public Welfare.  
The names of last attending physician and two or more other persons must be given as references.  
After investigation, old age relief may be granted in an amount or nature as determined by the Public Welfare Commissioner, which may include surgical and medical care.
- (c) No person shall use a device or loud speaker for amplification of radio or phonograph sound in front of or outside a building or place, or through an open window or door, without a permit from the Police Commissioner.  
That no permit therefor will be granted for use within
  - (1) Two hundred feet of hospital or similar institution, or
  - (2) Within two hundred and fifty feet of a school, church or court during session or service.
  - (3) Consent of the occupants of adjoining or adjacent premises must be obtained.
 That such permits are issued only in connection with some event of public interest or special occasion.  
Application must be made to the Commanding Officer of the precinct in which the broadcast is to be made.  
Issuance is made only after investigation under above conditions, when approved.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2 IN APRIL ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"**

2. (1) Members of the Force observing violations of Federal or State Laws regulating aviation, particularly acrobatic or low flying, should
  - a. Call attention of two citizens to the violation and identity of the craft.

- b. Obtain description of craft—whether monoplane or biplane, and identification number.
- c. Record date, time, location and nature of offense.
- d. Obtain names and addresses of two witnesses.
- e. Immediately notify the Air Service Division Base by telephone (POMcroy 6-7159 and 6-8434).
- f. Enter all facts in memorandum book.
- g. Make written report thereof to Commanding Officer.  
If license number on craft can be distinctly read on a clear day, the plane is below 1,000 feet. When in doubt as to the height of plane notify the Air Service Division by telephone.
- (2) In accident cases involving aircraft, notify Air Service Division Base, North Beach, Astoria, Queens.
- (3) Commanding Officer of precinct concerned will forward report in duplicate with next morning reports, through official channels, to the Chief Inspector, giving full facts.
- (4) Reporting officer will attend and testify at subsequent hearings as directed.
- (5) When so directed, if necessary, for a violation of State regulations, the reporting officer may apply to court for legal process against the violator (see Chapter 41, M.P., and Telephone Typewriter orders of July 25th, August 29th, 1930, April 20, 1931.)

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3 IN APRIL ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"**

3. Desk Officer may read entries of official business from blotter as follows:
    - (a) Under due process of law.
    - (b) When directed by or with written permission of Police Commissioner.
    - (c) To an employee of the Municipal Civil Service Commission, who is identified by his shield and the information in the entry is necessary and proper to aid the work of the Commission.
    - (d) Representatives of the press may be advised of current news if the ends of justice are not thereby defeated.
    - (e) If it relates to persons arrested it may be read to identified representatives of the Parole Commission, City of New York, on request of the Parole Commissioners, Chief Parole Officer or Secretary to the Commission.
    - (f) When requested by a District Attorney, The Chief Medical Examiner, the Comptroller, the Corporation Counsel, or their representatives, or investigators of the State Insurance Fund, who may be investigating claims for the Workmen's Compensation, or investigators of the State Department of Labor investigating deaths of and accidents to persons in the course of their employment, providing that in the latter two cases the investigator is identified by a written document signed by the Industrial Commissioner of the State Department of Labor, that he is authorized to investigate such matters.
    - (g) Provided the City is not liable to become a party to an action—then upon presentation of a written request of a person injured in an accident or such person's duly authorized representative, or upon presentation of a written request of defendant, in an action for damages in an accident case, or such person's duly authorized representative. In either of these cases the desk officer will read aloud from the records referring to the accident or circumstances of interest.
    - (h) To a licensee whose license to operate an automobile has been suspended by the Commissioner of the Bureau of Motor Vehicles because of having been involved in an accident will be given (upon presentation of a written request signed by the Commissioner, a Deputy Commissioner or an Assistant Deputy Commissioner of said Bureau) the information contained in the Department records relating to said accident, provided however, that the City is not liable to become a party to an action in the case.
    - (i) To investigators of a City Department, upon proper identification, and presentation of a written request signed by the Commissioner or Deputy Commissioner of the Department concerned, will be given the information contained in the police records relating to an accident involving a vehicle of said City Department.
- An authorization submitted by a representative or an attorney-at-law must be signed by the following before a notary public or commissioner of deeds, and shall be kept on file in the station house:
- (a) The person injured; or
  - (b) The parent or guardian of such person (in case of a minor); or
  - (c) The executor or administrator of the estate (in case of death); or
  - (d) The defendant in an action (in the case of a company or corporation, authorization need not be sworn to if executed by the president thereof, or an official authorized to act for him).

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4 IN APRIL ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"**

4. In some public parks saddle ponies, or ponies with huggy attached, are rented to carry children. Sometimes a hoy is employed to lead or drive the pony.
  - (1) Chapter 17, Section 34, Code of Ordinances, provides: No one shall perform any service for hire in a public park or park street without a permit from the Park Commissioner. Exceptions are Public Hack stands on a park street.
  - (2) Chapter 17, Section 12, Code of Ordinances, provides: No automobile or other vehicle shall be allowed to carry passengers for hire on other than the park roads without a permit from the Park Commissioner.
  - (3) Section 626, Education Law, provides: No child under 17 years of age shall engage in any business or service whatever:
    - (a) Under 14 years of age.
    - (b) Between 14 and 17 years without working papers issued by the school authorities and according to the regulations thereof, except children over 12 years may work on a farm or out of doors provided the work is not connected with a factory, and not in violation of Section 130 of the Labor Law, or Penal Law sections on prohibited acts or employment, and not employed during school hours. A child while lawfully employed under an employment certificate must attend school four hours each week between 8.00 A. M. and 5 P. M. on the employer's time, unless the child has completed a four-year course in high school.



- (4) Chapter 24, Code of Ordinances, provides: Drivers of other than licensed vehicles shall not be less than 16 years unless having a permit from the Police Commissioner.
- (5) The pony and buggy could hardly be construed as a common show under Chapter 3, Section 60, Code of Ordinances, which provides: A common show shall include a carousel, Ferris wheel, steeplechase, chute, scenic cave, scenic railway, striking machine, switchback, merry-go-round, puppet show, ball game, and all other shows of like character, except baseball.
- (6) Neither would it appear to come within the definition of a public hack as defined by Chapter 14, Section 80, Code of Ordinances, as follows:  
A vehicle carrying passengers for hire for which public patronage is solicited on the public street.
- (7) Therefore, as the Penal or Labor Law does not specifically prohibit a boy such driving, the procedure would appear to be as follows:  
(a) Permit obtained from the Park Commissioner.  
(b) Boy is in possession of working papers and, if required, attends continuation school, or  
(c) Is over 12 years and not so employed during school hours, and  
(d) Has a permit from the Police Commissioner, but  
(e) Care must be taken by parent and owner that no condition exists that is dangerous to the life, health or limb of any child under 16 years.
5. (a) Warn and have condition corrected. If without avail, serve with summons upon proper identification, except in the Boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx, Queens and Brooklyn, if violator is a U. S. Mail vehicle—report facts to commanding officer.  
If the offense or condition provides a penalty for its violation and it is not corrected, prepare a corporation ordinance complaint in triplicate against the violator to be prosecuted as a civil action by the Corporation Counsel.
- (b) Would advise patrolman that to establish proof against an intoxicated driver, two elements are necessary:  
(1) That the accused was operating a vehicle  
(2) While in an intoxicated condition.  
To establish the first point the officer should be able to show the vehicle was in motion with the accused controlling the steering apparatus. A parked vehicle with its motor running is not considered in operation. The accused should not be permitted to operate after apprehension, or the charge cannot be sustained.  
To establish proof of intoxication is often more difficult, there being no statutory definition. As a general rule the dicta of former Chief Magistrate McAdoo is a good guide as to when a person is intoxicated as follows:  
(1) When speech is incoherent,  
(2) The walk is unsteady,  
(3) The breath smells alcoholic.  
Such is reasonable proof of intoxication.
- (c) Would advise patrolman that mail vehicles do not require New York State license plates. They are identified by U. S. Government numbers.  
(1) For a violation of the Traffic Regulations or Corporation Ordinance in a borough other than Richmond the officer should report to his Commanding Officer:  
a. Name of driver and number of vehicle.  
b. Date, time and place of occurrence.  
c. Circumstances of case.  
(2) In the Borough of Richmond a summons should be served upon the operator, if violation warrants.  
(3) In either case, if unable to serve summons or obtain the name of the driver, the officer should obtain the number of the vehicle and report the circumstances with the time, date and place of occurrence to his Commanding Officer as provided in Rule 181.
6. (1) Have prisoner booked at local police station concerned. See Rule 381.  
(2) Take him direct to the judge who issued the warrant or another in the same county.  
Reasons: Penal Law provides: To steal over \$100.00 is a felony. Code of Criminal Procedure provides: A person arrested on a warrant in a county other than where the warrant was issued if for a misdemeanor, he must, if the prisoner demands it, be arraigned before a magistrate in such county, for purpose of giving bail, if for a felony he must be taken direct to the judge who issued the warrant or another in the county where issued.
7. (a) Two illustrations of Burglary, third degree:  
(1) X breaks and enters a loft building with intent to steal merchandise.  
(2) X conceals himself in a loft building during day business hours. After the building is closed for the night X steals merchandise and breaks out of the building.
- (b) The Penal Law provides:  
(1) To break and enter a building  
(2) Not amounting to burglary in first or second degree  
(3) With intent to commit a crime therein, or  
a. Being in a building  
h. Commits a crime therein  
c. And breaks out  
Is burglary in the third degree.  
In breaking and entering a building or a room or any part of a building intent to commit a crime therein is sufficient to establish a charge of burglary in the third degree. Being in a building and committing a crime therein must be accompanied by a break and exit out of the building to establish a charge of burglary in the third degree.  
It should be borne in mind, however, that criminals who break and enter dwelling house in which there is no human being, under circumstances not amounting to burglary in the first and second degrees, are chargeable with burglary in the third degree.
8. Forgery may be committed by obtaining money or property by means of a forged instrument or it may be committed in attempting to obtain such money or property by means of a forgery. In either case the crime of forgery would be complete if the party was cognizant of the falsity of the written instrument.  
Since forgery embraces not only the attempt to cheat as well as the consummated act of cheating, one crime only is committed in either event. Therefore, since only one crime is committed, regardless of whether property is obtained or not, there can be no greater

punishment where the property is obtained in the absence of a special statute. There is no such statute.  
In many forgery cases in which property is obtained as a result of the forgery, the forged instrument was consummated in a jurisdiction remote from that in which delivery was made of the property obtained. Sometimes, being governed by territorial jurisdiction, these cases in which property has been obtained may be held for the Grand Jury by a magistrate on a charge of forgery or upon a charge of larceny. If the Grand Jury returns a true bill for forgery no additional count for larceny is returned in that particular bill. If the defendant is to be charged with larceny a true bill must be returned by the Grand Jury for the crime of larceny only. The defendant would be tried upon either one or the other. No greater punishment would be involved in the situation.

## BEG PARDON

Through a typographical error the answer to sub-division "B" of Question No. 9 in the March issue of "SPRING 3100" was not answered completely in our April issue.

"SPRING 3100" therefore reprints the question together with the corrected answer.

- (B) What would you do to locate the whereabouts of a young man who was reported missing from his home?

## ANSWER

- (b) 1. The question asks steps to be taken to locate the whereabouts of the young man who was reported missing from his home. Therefore, it is assumed that a complete physical description of the individual has been secured; together with a description of clothes, and make of clothes; jewelry worn; laundry marks; money carried; location and date and time last seen at occupation; cause of absence; whether publicity is desired, and whether photograph has been received.  
2. Case would be transmitted to the Missing Persons Bureau by telephone and reported on Form D.D. 13; alarm transmitted; search made of hospitals, sanitariums, morgues, etc.  
3. Search of files at Bureau of Information, Missing Persons Bureau and Bureau of Unidentified Dead.  
4. Interview next of kin, friends and companions.  
5. Visit places frequented for recreation and other purposes to secure assisting information.  
6. Trace through leads obtained at former residences, places of employment; and stores at which purchases of toilet articles, newspapers, cigars, etc., were made by the missing person.  
7. Inquiry to be made at recruiting agencies of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps; hospitals, employment agencies, steamship companies, etc.  
8. If publicity is desired secure cooperation of press.  
9. Maintain contact with member of family or person who reported the case for the purpose of advising steps taken and to secure further assisting information.  
10. Make necessary reports.

## In Memoriam

Ptl. Alexander B. Campbell	Mot. Trans. Div.	Apr. 19, 1931
Ptl. Walter P. Schiffer	10th Pct.	Apr. 22, 1931
Ins. Patrick S. McCormack	3d Div.	Apr. 25, 1931
Ptl. Michael F. Cotter	23d Pct.	Apr. 26, 1931
Ptl. William K. Cleaver	90th Pct.	Apr. 26, 1931
Polw. Delia M. Avon	Bur. of Polw.	Apr. 27, 1931
Lt. James McNamara	2d Div.	Apr. 30, 1931
Ptl. Joseph P. Herlihy	17th Div.	Apr. 30, 1931
Ptl. Frank Chesney	20th Pct.	May 2, 1931
Ptl. Bernard Sherry	15th Pct.	May 3, 1931
Ptl. John P. Hoey	40th Pct.	May 4, 1931
Ptl. John H. Ringhauser	102d Pct.	May 7, 1931
Ptl. James F. Morrison	22d Pct.	May 8, 1931
Ptl. George Hummel, Jr.	73d Pct.	May 9, 1931
Polw. Julia Hart	Bur. of Polw.	May 11, 1931
Ptl. William D. O'Connor	Mtd. Sqd. No. 1	May 19, 1931



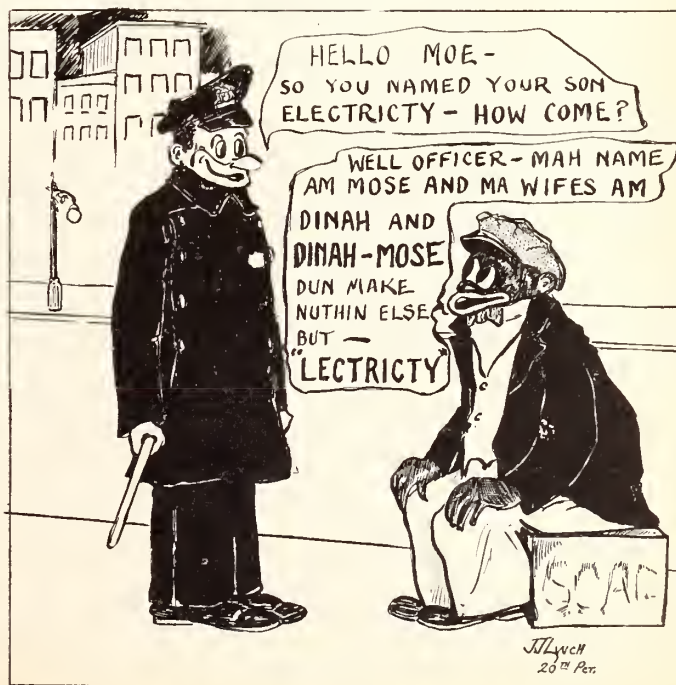
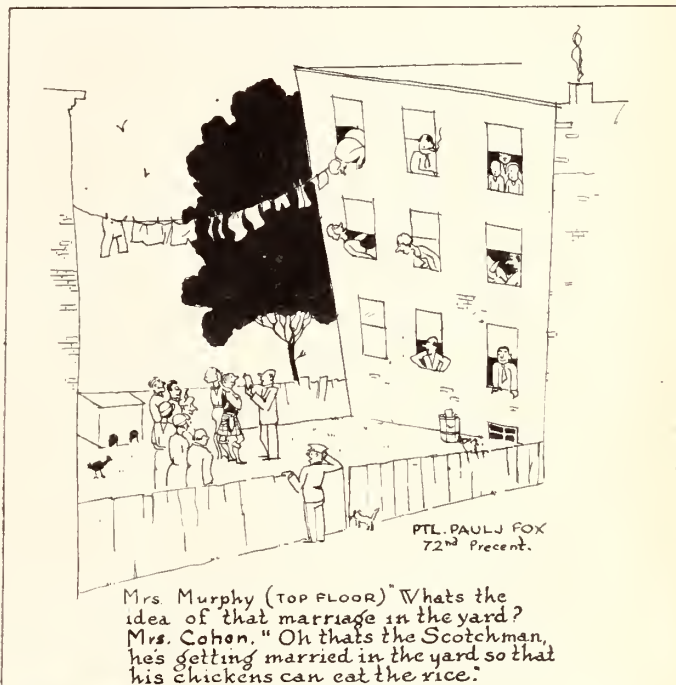


THIS PAGE IS DEVOTED EACH MONTH TO CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE Department. They must be drawn in black drawing ink on white card board, eight inches square.

a very expensive cigarette



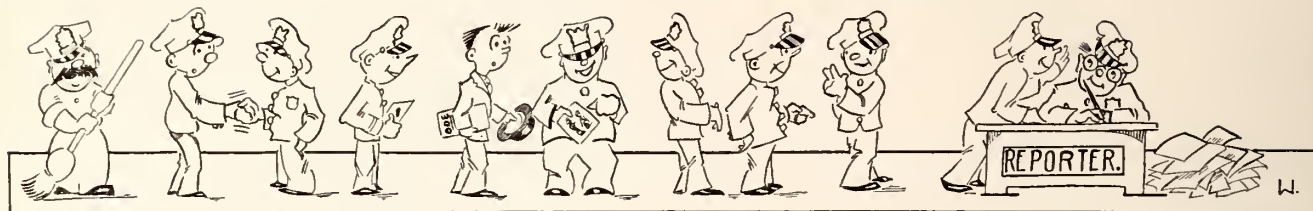
and its not a "Lucky" either





# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 1ST DIVISION

## PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley  
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch  
6th Pct., Ptl. A. Buttacavola  
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

Here we are in the midst of Spring, and the Summer season not far off. That "certain something" in the air, commonly called "Spring fever" gets under one's skin and has a tendency to dim one's memory. We have very good reason to believe that Patrolman (Square) Lynch has contracted a malady of this sort recently. Maybe he has the Brooklyn ball team on his brain.

Patrolman Earl E. Patterson, of the 4th Precinct, is busting all the buttons off his vest and his hat won't fit him any more, since his wife presented him with a 12 pound baby boy on April 22. This is number three and Earl thinks that there is still room for improvement.

## 3D DIVISION

## LT. JOHN J. FLYNN

10 Pct., Ptl. John J. Lowler  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

18th Pct., Ptl. Stephen Kennedy  
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

While the patrolmen assigned to the 10th Precinct were doing reserve on May 1, a very decided mumb-ling came from one of the men asleep. It proved to be Nathan Greenhouse talking in his sleep. Nate kept repeating "I hope it's postponed, I hope it's postponed." We are wondering if Nate is ready for the forthcoming test for Sergeant?

The Noise Abatement Commission says that the rattle of a motor car is dangerous to health. Now we know why George Crowley is always complaining of not feeling well. If I were you, George, I'd get rid of that "Rattler".

By the time this issue of SPRING 3100 is off the press, Walter Harding will be a Lieutenant. The men of the 10th Precinct offer their heartiest congratulations to you, Walter, not because we want to lose you, but because of your sterling qualities. We are hoping that we can offer you our congratulations after the next "Captain's Exam".

It's no wonder Bertel Karlson does not like to attend funerals. It's the only place that he is not the center of attraction.

The only man, in our belief, who can sleep peacefully on a MOP, is Frank Dickie, that energetic, ever hard-working Attendant assigned to the 10th Precinct.

Tom McCormick, who makes all his purchases on the deferred payment plan, would get married if he could get a marriage license on the installment plan. We suppose, if he got tired of married life, he would

stop payment and let them take his wife away. What a guy!

Marriage has not changed Joseph Brennan much, except that now he eats at the drug store with his wife instead of at the restaurant alone.

Jimmy Sherlock, the most practical joker in the 10th Precinct is going to be married. Most any husband will tell you that this time the joke is on him.

The shadow strikes again, Detectives baffled. Once again, the unseen hand that almost snuffed out the life of Patrolman Reicker has struck. Charles Kuhn, foremost citizen of Gerritsen Beach, was the unfortunate victim of this ruthless and mysterious fiend who strikes and vanishes like some medieval spectre. After a delirious night Charley is resting easily and physicians have offered a ray of hope to his grief stricken friends and associates. Charlie still maintains that he does walk in his sleep.

Eddie Nusl looked to have been hit by a subway train or some other irresistible object. "Ed" is around telling the boys he was a victim of a "hit and run driver" but refuses to give us the phone number of his home so we can verify his statement. Chris Cheney tells us "Ed did have the impression that he was the boss at home, but is not bragging about it anymore."

Lieutenant Patrick Gunn, of the Crime Prevention Bureau, recently refused an invitation to dinner tendered by Sergeant Walter Harding. When asked the reason for refusing, Paddy referred to Walters' standing on the Lieutenant's list. I wonder why?

**HELP WANTED MALE.** A sufficient number of efficient ball players, who will at least win a few games this season. Apply to manager of team, Sergeant Otto Whitney, 10th Precinct.

"Smiling" Willie Davis and "Big Bob" Enright of the 18th Precinct, together with the "Scotchman" Edward Duncan, have come to the conclusion that after they retire they are going to operate a switchboard in the Telephone Company. This is due to their fondness for switchboard duty in the precinct.

## 4TH DIVISION

## LT. JAMES DONLON

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin  
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll  
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney  
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

Captain George W. Heitzman, new skipper of the 13th Precinct, has put a touch of spring into the force under his command; why even a baseball team is under way, and will soon be challenging all comers.

Lieutenant John Wholey is minus his molars, and for quite some time he has been on a diet of crackers and milk. One afternoon, after a strenuous tour



behind the desk, John was seen drawing a picture of a plate of corned beef and cabbage. Well, anyway, John did his bit towards aiding the depression by ordering a new set of molars.

Patrolman George Chaffers, one of the boys anxiously waiting for the day when he will be promoted to the rank of sergeant, received an anonymous telephone call one day informing him of the retirement of a Lieutenant stationed at Kelly Field, Texas.

### PLAY BALL

The well known cracker-jack baseball team of the 15th Precinct has organized for the coming season and are open to meet any team of this department who think they can play ball. Last season they won 21 out of 26 games from the best teams of all boroughs. Sergeant John L. Piazza and Patrolman Walter J. Staib are the organizers of the team, and with their knowledge of the game we are sure they will surpass last year's record. The "Official" team of this department will no doubt refuse to play them this year. They have not forgotten the game of 1930.

Patrolman Edwin C. Cash—the genial giant of the 15th Precinct, has entered the "Holy State" and spent an enjoyable honeymoon in the Banano Islands (Bahamas). So he says. He was not sea sick either. Best wishes, Ed.

Equestrian Notice—Patrolman Charles Robinson, 15th Precinct, known as the "Beau Brummel of Greenpoint", recently joined the "Order of the Crutch" at the Prison Ward, Bellevue Hospital. He still claims he is full of vim, vigor and an abundance of Pep. He and his future (Mrs.) can be seen along the bridle paths of Forest Hills, L. I., on his regular day off. The photographers have taken pictures and claim that the horse Charlie rides has to lay down now and then owing to Charlie's avoirdupois. (Note:—Horse is hired by the week. Only used one day each week in order to keep in shape.)

Fish Story—Patrolmen Colombo, Gegenheimer, Thiel, Davis and a few other old time fishermen went to Fire Island and other places on Long Island recently and started the season auspiciously. On one occasion they caught several hundred fish. This was the day that the fish bit so hard, they had to get out of the boat and hide behind trees in order to bait the hooks. The bait they use is from Paddy Harnedy's farm at Bellaire, L. I.

All of the above named "know their fish" as they formerly went fishing on the "Thomas S. Brennan" during her trips to Blackwell's Island, many years ago.

Our famous Patrolman George Hoffman, of the 22d Precinct, on post around the menagerie in Central Park, is a good student for the next examination for head keeper in the Central Park Zoo. The boys think that from the practical experience he got recently with one of the keepers, at the birth of a new Camel at the "Zoo", he should head the list. Good luck George.

### 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

### LT. WILLIAM TURK

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Sgt. Fred Norman

Patrolmen Edward Edgerly and Frederick Finger both left the old home, having retired in April. We

have all enjoyed their company and wish them success in anything that they might undertake in their new role of private citizens.

Some one said that Sergeant Rudolph Hoffman, of the 23d Precinct, was wearing a vest with red polka dots. After investigation it was learned that the report was unfounded. However, we did find out that he had been eating spaghetti.

Patrolmen Edward Smith and Milton Fardon always get their man. After a series of suspicious fires, they set out to get the one responsible for them. After constant patrol and observation they were finally rewarded and succeeded in arresting one Eugene Kelly, 18 years of age, whom they caught just after he had set fire to two baby carriages in the hallway of a tenement house. He later confessed having set fire to fifteen other buildings and two automobiles. This arrest ridded that neighborhood of a very dangerous pyromaniac, for which both officers deserve much credit.

We wonder who sent that order for Patrolman Joseph McEntee to report for drill at the 14th Regiment Armory in Brooklyn, making our Joe get up at 5:00 A. M. to make it, when he wasn't even in the drill order. (Of course it MIGHT have been an error.)

Patrolman John (Garlic) McCarthy never gives the sergeants any trouble finding him. All a sergeant has to do is to get within three blocks of John and he knows he's out. (Even garlic has its good points.)

The members of the 23d Precinct mourn the loss of Patrolman Michael Cotter who died on Sunday, April 26, 1931.

Joe Cohen, the 32d Precinct delegate for the "only million dollar organization in the department" is anxiously waiting for the day to come when he will be promoted. Joe, who gets his share of signal monitor duty, says that handling this job has no merits without the rank.

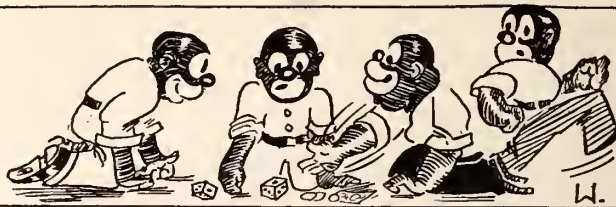
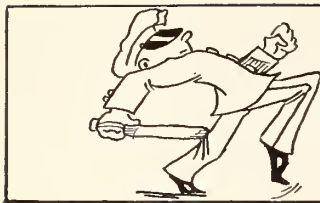
The 25th Precinct made some great "collars" this month. Here are some of them: The outstanding heroes are Patrolmen Riordan and Felton. First they cleaned up the precinct of all vagrants, then they captured two men who were escaping from the scene of a hold-up with the money in their hands, and two loaded revolvers. The same day they assisted Patrolman Eugene Donahue in capturing three armed men who were about to hold up a milk wagon driver. Arthur Felton and Arthur Riordan, we are proud to have the likes of you in our ranks. Keep it up.

Then we have Patrolman Martin Hayes (Still water Martin) who caught two gunmen who had four fully loaded revolvers in their possession.

Next we have Patrolman Harry Girsch who stopped an automobile thief's joy ride in a beautiful new Five Borough Taxicab. A good catch.

Last but not least Patrolman John McCormack nabbed two burglars who only a few days previous were released from the "big house".

Patrolman Louis Marchese got a burglar who had been making a lot of trouble for the boys in this precinct. As the writer is limited for space he must call it a day.



The boys of the 25th Precinct are beginning to get a little bit anxious about two of their comrades, Patrolmen Henry Levy and Joseph Marino, Jr., who have been on sick report for a long time. The command hopes for their speedy recovery.

A kind word for a very busy patrolman is extended to Patrolman Francis Blackmore, who so far this month has caught two automobile thieves, and the month is only started.

Not forgetting Patrolman Hugo Mayer, the official summons man of this precinct, who takes care of a multitude of sins by careless citizens, etc. The boys of this precinct are not going to rest until they get rid of all law violators and have our community resemble Sunday on the farm.

#### 7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

#### LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronnn  
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green  
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

Lieutenant Patrick Carmody is the new divisional reporter in place of Lieutenant William Wittman, who was promoted to supervisor of plainclothes men. Patrick is a witty Irishman who specializes in writing poems. He will prove an able understudy to Lieutenant Wittman who worked very hard in his dual role of reporter and policeman. We wish him lots of luck in his new assignment, and we know that he will handle the job well.

The little tots along University Avenue have found another victim for their "Racketeering" in the person of the newly acquired Comrade Jimmy Lyons. These tots "very temporarily" lose themselves of their guardians and then find Jimmy who is usually bountifully supplied with sweets. Oh, no, their parents never mind.

Sergeant Jimmy Dermody, of the 44th Precinct, is well known for his good fellowship and good deeds. Whenever some occasion arises where a leader is wanted to get the men together, Jimmy stands out like a star.

Since Tony Caravetta, of the 40th Precinct, became a member of the "Day Squad" he can get a better idea of Architectural Science for his house on Styks at Carmel Lake.

Heinis and Mergner, the deep-sea fishermen of the 48th Precinct, had a fine time on the last trip even though they only fed the fish during the entire journey.

A certain patrolman who works on Webster Avenue, and is always quoting the ordinance on "unmuzzled dogs" was last seen being treated for a dog bite.

Heusel has been elected "bat boy" of the 48th Precinct baseball team.

Tiedman still retains the same slogan when asked to kick in for coffee: "Turn me upside down."

#### 8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlett  
48th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Mayer

#### LT. JAMES L. CLANCY

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan  
52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

Sergeant Patrick English, of Service Station 2, has suggested that the Department purchase a "Baby Mack" truck for the sole use of Sergeant Delano, because Auto-906 is constantly having new springs put in on the left side. Sergeants of the 43d Precinct suggest that a gas balloon be tried on the side of the car where Sergeant Delano rides to help keep the auto on an even keel.

The 43d Precinct is desirous of finding some sort of resistance that can quiet loud speakers to a normal tone; because when Sergeant Fick starts to broadcast—all other business must stop.

#### 9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis  
122 Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

Due to the recent wholesale homicide of street lamp bulbs by small boys in the precinct, the "brains" of the 123d Precinct, Carl (Chink) Essig, and James (Adonis) Smythe were assigned to plainclothes duty, as first class sleuths for six days, to apprehend the malefactors and bring them to justice. The result was that they located one abandoned bean shooter, some more broken bulbs and then their detail went up the flue. Who wants to buy two good sets of false whiskers?

When (Oracle Adelphi) Murray emigrated from the wild and woolly Island of Manhattan to the quiet loving confines of Staten Island, he opened a traffic control box and out jumped a rabbit. Then he realized that he was in "Bunnieland", where hassenpfeffer can be obtained by one swing of the nightstick, on any post in the precinct. All you need is a flashlight and a nightstick and the result is meat on table.

"Diamond" Dick Crossen, the custodian of booth 13, is going to get a new set of Timpkin roller bearings for his neck and eyes. Between watching the traffic signal light and the conscientious activity of the Patrol Supervisors and Precinct Sergeants, Dick has worn his bearings flat rolling his eyes and twisting his neck looking for them. The boys of the 123d Precinct are going to chip in and get the much needed roller bearings for Dick, so that he can find out from which direction these people are coming.

Lieutenant Charles (Happy) Liebers has been transferred to the Crime Prevention Bureau, and will soon be seen with some erring youngster showing him the fine points of the game. The Lieutenant is a corking good player and we know that he'll teach the children to make the right move.

A new comer in our midst is Lieutenant Charles Powell who will make things hum in his capacity as head of the plainclothes men. Charles is known for his pep, vim and vigor, and we wish him luck.



## 10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan  
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp  
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

## LT. PAUL LUSTBADER

64th Pct., Ptl. James Jennings  
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan  
70th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

Rumors are going around the 68th Precinct that Patrolman "Butch" Meyers is all smiles since the summer season is approaching. "Butch" is a great oarsman and grappler and can be found most any day in training at the different summer resorts. After a short training period "Butch" will be ready for all comers in a finished match, wrestling or rowing. Applicants who are interested will kindly communicate with Lieutenant Murphy, who is his manager.

Patrolman Schuller arrived late at a recent squad ball game and asked the captain of one team "what's the score?" He was informed 0 to 0. He replied, "that's great, I haven't missed a thing."

Extra! Extra! After about 8 years, Patrolman Sweeney is again chesty. In fact he's whistling "Some one is coming to my house." The well-known "Chestnut stabber" Alfred Rich, is going to take the fatal leap into the well of matrimony. Patrolman Argano has a new lady member in his family and admires her so much that he is going to name her "Mother Machree" Argano. Patrolman Lombardi is slated to double as godfather. Poor Kid!

Patrolman Buck O'Neill, formerly of the Ulmer Park football team and a native of Bath Beach, is now a member of the "Finest" and attached to this precinct. While on patrol recently, a large rip developed in the seat of his trousers. Buck, unaware of this, walked along 13th Avenue with his chest out and chin in looking over the stores, when an elderly lady gave him a couple of safety pins. Buck took the hint and ran to a tailor for emergency repairs.

"Rookie" Patrolmen Defeis and Pinkernell went to Traffic Court recently and lost their way in court procedure. They are going to request that a green line be inserted in the courts and station houses so that they can follow it.

Patrolman Lee, another recruit, was rolling one of those safety stanchions into the curb, when it hooked him and almost hung him. Patrolman Dave Frankenberg then showed him the proper way to handle a stanchion. Lee stated that they taught him everything in the recruits' school but how to sneak up and grab a stanchion.

Our own near-sergeant-Patrolman John Mitchell, has been defeated in the trials by Patrolmen Brennan, McCormack and O'Keefe. Never mind, John, just keep on the "Telephone Table" and you can't miss.

Up to this writing the baseball teams of this command have not been defeated in nine games; but the season is young and the umpires in the future may be hard to bluff.

Patrolman Krawczak's manager, John Maxwell, wishes to announce that now is the time for the members of the 3d and 4th Squads of the 66th and 70th Precincts to make their reservations for the annual bus ride to be held during the month of July. Remember the last trip?

Patrolman Mollica has his own troubles lately, mislaying his hat, his wallet and now his teeth. It's a funny sight to see him eating a "hot dog" without his teeth.

Patrolman McCaddin, "the boy wonder," can spend more time shooting the bull than Sidney Franklin, the Brooklyn Bull Fighter. Keep it up, "Mack," we like it.

Patrolman Tomford has his troubles keeping track of the electric light bulbs, and has hired Bill Donlon to help him.

Patrolman (Attendant) Krank is getting up in the world. Even though he is up on a ladder setting the clock.

## 11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox  
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. Paul Walsh

## LT. JAMES B. REILLY

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82 Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

Lieutenant Walter W. Joyce is certainly a plugger when it comes to disposing of magazines. No amount is too much for him and he always gets rid of them with a smile. He is one of the reasons why the Police magazine is successful. (Good for you, Walter. —J. A. D.)

## "O" Henry Holland

The Holland Tube was certainly a great achievement, but still it is but a trifle compared with the new "Holland" accomplishment. We refer to the "Holland" offspring, the new bouncing baby addition to Officer Holland's parlor, bedroom and bath. Some of the early settlers in this country were from "Holland," also, but of course Patrolman Holland of the 72d Precinct had nothing to do with that.

The trouble is, now that we find ourselves talking about Holland, we are liable to wind up by getting in "Dutch." Anyway, Officer Holland likes baseball and who knows? Maybe he will have a nine of his own in a few years.

P. S.—If any member of the force has any second-hand cribs or baby carriages for sale kindly communicate with Patrolman Holland.

Society rid itself of a menace when Judge Taylor sentenced Frank Palmisano to 7½ to 15 years for robbery, his first conviction in fourteen arrests. Thanks to the good work of Patrolmen Blatz, Schmitt and Delisa of the 82d Precinct.

"Bob" Richardson, our rotund Roundsman, is reducing by daily walks around the park.

Guiseppi Lanzetta is taking vocal lessons. Rudy Vallee and Morton Downey better look to their laurels.

"Cutey" Schmitt snarled another stolen car while driving the flivver.

Nick Delisa finds it hard getting behind the steering wheel of the motor patrol because of his size.

The 84th Precinct baseball team is working out again and are open for challenges from any other precinct. Games to be played on our home grounds. Last year this team won fourteen out of sixteen games. If any other team thinks it has a chance against us, call us up.

## 12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy  
6th Pct., Ptl. J. Ghericich  
69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

## PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley  
73 Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy  
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

Patrolman Heckman, first broom of the 67th Precinct, wants to know if he should call an ambulance for a sick dog.

Patrolman Charles Mott, alias Kid Lakehurst, is now our new summons man. Keep up the good work, Charlie, no more precinct complaints.



Patrolman Ed Ryan "Moon Mullins" has all the girls on Church Avenue weeping. The cruel heart-crusher is about to dive into the sea of matrimony with his bundle of passion, and be an additional burden to the little girl. Well, this command wishes them the best of luck. The bride will need it.

The boys of the 67th Precinct regret the loss of their Captain, John O'Sullivan, and send him their best wishes. They also welcome and congratulate their new Captain, Louis Stillman.

Patrolman Ed Beckman, Beau Brummel of this precinct, missed his dates on the calendar. Easter has passed, but Eddie is the envy of the other cops with his new uniform.

The following is a copy of a letter sent to this command from the principal of Erasmus Hall High School, with a check for the sum of \$25:

April 30, 1931

My dear Captain O'Sullivan:

I am rounding out fourteen years at Erasmus today. In all that time I have found the officers of your precinct ready to co-operate with me in the best interests of the school.

Will you please accept my appreciative thanks for yourself and your men and with it this little gift for the Police Fund. I wish it might be more.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. HERBERT LOW.

Erasmus Hall.

No wonder the boys of the 75th Precinct are always in good humor! Why, to have such superiors as Captain Kaminsky, Sergeant Kenny and Sergeant Kennelley, etc., would make anybody happy. Let's hope that you all get promoted.

Uncle Sam sure does a lot of business with the Captain's chauffeur, Al Massolles, who every night must send a letter to Mrs. Massolles, Jr., way out in California, and tell her how her dear little Al is behaving. There is one thing that he doesn't like to tell, and that is that he can't sell any of the boys any of that Chicken "Foo-Foo" Powder Stock. Eh, Al?

#### 13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

#### LT. EDWARD HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muehlich

Patrolman Johnnie Bancalari has ordered his "orange blossoms" for June 6th, and has engaged two stalwart Adonis buddies as ushers: "Prince" Al Fazio and "Brutus" Kammerman.

"Trader" Holmes is trying to interest the Department of Plant and Structures to engage his Rickenbacher for service between the foot of Hamilton Avenue and South Ferry, Manhattan—summer months only.

All members of this command take this means of expressing their gratitude to the Police Commissioner for the recent change in the vacation period.

The baseball team of the 79th Precinct has stepped right out in midseason form, with Sergeant Stuckle at the helm. Challenges are expected to fly thick and fast in the near future. Address Sergeant Stuckle of this Precinct.

Lieutenant Sharkey is on his eighth consecutive year of automobile pricing. He usually starts with Packards and Cadillacs and then winds up with Fords and Chevrolets of the 1912 vintage; all without any apparent result to date.

The chief clerk of the 80th Precinct, Paddy Rao, is full of life these days. He can be seen running around with his flashing Chrysler runabout and that flashy golf cap, and a new "mama" almost every day.

By the countenance of the venerable three, "Pop" Ernst, "Spaghettia" Saverese and the king of Gerretson Beach, Tom Ford, flounders are running plentiful somewhere along the bridge across Jamaica Bay.

"Sugar" Smith, of the 80th Squad Detectives, is going to keep Port Washington very busy this summer for he can carry plenty of soft clams in his nifty Oldsmobile.

Patrolman Albert Baumgartner, of the 81st Precinct, contemplates marriage in June. He seeks information as to how he can get married on his 32 hours off duty.

A bouncing six-pound baby daughter that arrived at the home of Patrolman Garvey accounts for the smile on his face. Don't feel discouraged if you must walk, Bill, even though you are a motor patrol operator.

In a recent issue of SPRING 3100, it stated that Patrolman Oeffner was the best checker player in the 81st Precinct. Beg pardon, he hasn't beaten Patrolman Gibel, who plays with two hands and fifteen checkers.

The 81st Precinct baseball team traveled to Highland Park and defeated the B. M. T. Substation nine in a closely contested baseball game. Harry Lasher, pitching for the police, held the B. M. T. boys to two hits and struck out ten men, establishing a new record for the "coppers." Timely hitting by Lasher, Cox and Skeggs brought in 8 runs. Brooklyn's "Finest" still remain the undefeated precinct team in the borough. The line-up for the 81st Precinct follows: Nolan, right field; Dunn, second base; Golden, first base; Skeggs, third base; Suss, catcher; Cox, center field; Colberg, shortstop; Shaver, left field; Lasher, pitcher; Teubner, Forster and Breitenbach, utility.

"Extra!" "Extra!" Another soul was saved from entering the "great eternity" when an old male maniac, holding a grudge against "cops" since his childhood days, tried to shoot Patrolman John Leen



at Myrtle Avenue and Navy Street. The gun jammed, and one crack of the patrolman's night-stick brought an end to his plans. Needless to say, George and Eddie express their heartiest gratitude to Patrolman Leen as he saved them the job of collecting the almighty coin from the boys, for some sweet flowers.

A Spring report from that old bird, Mr. Stork, reached the ears of the boys of the 88th Precinct, and it stated that a very distinguished guest arrived at the home of Patrolman Levine, a 9-pound boy. Let's all give Levine and his Mrs. a big hand of congratulation, and may the little one be a future cop.

#### 14TH DIVISION

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn  
85th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Malone  
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

#### LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

90th Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder  
92d Pct., Ptl. Harry Morris  
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Patrolman Eugene Condon, the famous chauffeur of the 14th Division, is the aspiring young pitcher of the married men's team and can be seen on any Sunday playing baseball on the sand lots of Canarsie. This team never won a game while Gene pitched for them. So any Brooklyn Precinct team desiring to become cellar champions without a struggle, kindly communicate with our famous Gene.

Patrolman Harold Blaney, our big CLERICAL MAN, has taken unto himself a wife and embarked upon the sea of matrimony. Upon his return from a honeymoon to Havana, he was pleasantly surprised at the pier by members of the 14th Division. At the time of his arrival our Harold was disguised as a GIGOLO, and was sporting a guitar.

Harry Klein, of the Unemployed Squad, was a busy man prior to Easter Sunday. He fitted himself with an entire new outfit from the B. V. D. type to the latest knickerbocker special: all because of taking his sweetie for a week-end visit to his sister's estate in the Catskills.

The boys of the 83d Precinct wish Bill Murphy a speedy recovery from his recent illness.

We wish Lambert, our former Hack Inspector, the best of luck. He's a pal.

That grand old gentleman, Charles Metzger, who just retired, is missed by his pals, and many of them hope to stop off at his coaling station on the Island and talk over old times with him. Charlie Knapp, who spent many happy nights with Metzger, has succeeded him, and the boys lost no time in giving him the title of first broom. Charlie celebrated by getting his hair cut.

Alfred Smith is thinking very seriously of going into the grocery business when he retires. He has had plenty of practice in the past few months. But what about the two food sleuths, I wonder?

If any of the older members are thinking of spending their remaining days in the state of New Jersey, see Bob Quinn and he will advise you all about this territory.

Johnny Merwede fell for Kelly's menu and now he is using "Bellans."

The poem submitted by Mr. Joseph Byers was well written and spoke very nice about the boys of the 83d Precinct, but we can't use it because he is not connected with the department.

On April 3d, Patrolman Tamburino, of the 85th

Precinct, while on patrol at about 2:30 A. M., arrested five colored men charged with burglarizing a clothing store at 693 Broadway.

Patrolmen Noll and Moore are thinking about going into the circus business and are going to bring Conen's monkey with them; Henry and Benesch are putting it through its daily dozen.

Patrolman Paeper, the motorcycle demon, can be seen on his time off riding with the nurses of St. Catherine's Hospital along Morgan Avenue.

Lieutenant John Donahue, the Crime Prevention Officer at the 87th Precinct, prides himself on his garden, especially his grape vine. One morning he saw a lot of grapes on the vine, so he called to his neighbors to come over and see the miracle. You can imagine his surprise and embarrassment when he discovered that some unknown person had tied bunches of black and white grapes on said vine. Now he is out gunning for the culprit.

The baseball team of the 87th Precinct is eager to book games with other precincts, especially the 79th and 94th Precincts. Othe Renz, the Dazzy Vance of the team, is having his arm boiled by the warm spring sun and should turn in some strike-out records.

Patrolman Custer, of the 90th Precinct, who made only 50 per cent. in the last Sergeant's examination, is seriously thinking of taking the next exam, as he claims that he only has to make 50 per cent. more to head the list.

Patrolman Hofstadt, our congenial Hack Inspector, thought it about time that he would give the boys a treat: so he pulled out his moth-worn wallet and invested in a "walk up a flight and save a dollar" Easter suit.

Patrolman Casey made three arrests the other day. (The three prisoners were cross-eyed.) Lieutenant Casey, Sr., at the desk, asked the first prisoner his name—when the second one answered, "Tom Brown." The Lieutenant said, "I wasn't talking to you," and the third fellow replied, "I didn't say anything."

Members of the 94th Precinct are very happy because their fellow members defeated the baseball team of the 87th Precinct by the score of 3 to 2. Manager Lieutenant Michael Tormey used four pitchers but could not stop the Greenpoint boys. By the way, other teams wishing bookings kindly get in touch with Patrolman William Real, of the 94th Precinct.

Patrolman Santa Maria is looking much better these days. "Tony," while at the school of horsemanship, took a header off his steed and was confined to bed for several days. (The horse didn't mind it a bit.)

Patrolman Mutz, Food Administrator, desires to meet any checker player in the department. Patrolman McGovern, 82d Precinct, kindly take note.

Patrolman Vincent Kuefner is improving. How is the new Oldsmobile, "Vince," old boy?

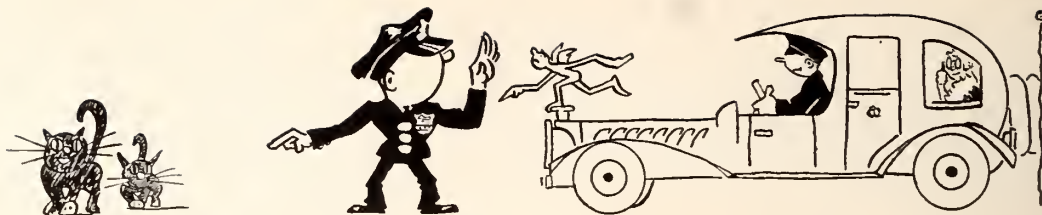
#### 16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

#### PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio  
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
114th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Schultz

Willie Smith, our amiable Lieutenant, will miss his cigars now that Judge, the Hack Inspector of the 112th Precinct, is gone.



About ten of the boys can be heard arguing in the back room every day on the merits of Viosterol and Dextri-Maltose. "Oh, hasn't the stork been busy around here. And how!"

#### 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. William Mulry  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connelly

"D"—The heavy traffic in 45th Street on April 1st was due to the arrival of none other than Captain James J. Sheehy, with a million-dollar smile and a load of salt water breezes from the shores of Rockaway. Welcome home to Traffic "D," Captain.

That happiness and sadness are closely affiliated was again proved by the sorrow of losing Captain Barrett; and the members of our command were consoling themselves with one hand and congratulating themselves with the other.

"Big Playboy" Dan Sullivan has gone in for character impersonations and may soon be seen doing a "Jackie Coogan."

Tony Coleman still gives that one-man concert. Good boy, Tony.

Tom Boland has that "Eyetalian" lingo down so fine that his wife has mistaken him for the iceman on several occasions.

Paddy Smith is writing verses and reciting them as well. Do not confuse him with the "Village Blacksmith," for Paddy may have muscles like iron bands, but he doesn't sit under any chestnut tree.

Denny McKeogh, the "John Bunny" of Traffic D, is still at his clowning, and his elephant-like tricks are most amusing. He still carries that ferryboat front.

A communication was received at this command, commending the patrolman on post at 44th Street and Madison Avenue. Upon interviewing the writer, the only description obtained about this patrolman was that he had a big nose. Patrolman Carl Block is accepting the commendation for "winning by a nose."

Patrolmen Mike Wallace and Denny Mahoney are the proud fathers of baby girls. Both of these patrolmen have been married six years and still have their first pair of pants.

"E"—On March 28 Patrolman Timothy J. McGuire was cited for the performance of meritorious police duty. He attempted to apprehend an armed bandit gang who had just held up the National City Bank at 79th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. McGuire, stationed a block away, heard the bank siren and promptly responded, and, though met by a hail of bullets, courageously and fearlessly pursued them through heavy traffic at the personal hazard of his life. Tim, the boys of Traffic E are proud of you.

Sergeant Meade, who has become a star-gazer, asked Sergeant Doyle what makes the sky so blue?

Dan replied, "The large skyscrapers that they build."

Patrolman Martin Parkes is so fond of coming late for roll-call that Lieutenant Higgins advised him to be careful or he'd be late for his own funeral.

A few days ago Patrolman Joe Carroll, "Old Man Sunshine," of Fort Lee Ferry, was observed with a long drawn face while in conversation (in the line of duty, of course) with a female of great beauty. Patrolman Tom Collins, your old side-kick, wants to know, Joe, if she was pulling that pawn-ticket episode on you again?

Patrolman John Hennessey, the diplomatic greeter of all celebrities from across the sea, at the West 57th Street dock, asked an admiral, "How all the fair sex were in the South Sea Isles?" Now Brother Sullivan wants to know from John where monkey gland operations are performed?

With the tentative date set for the sergeant's examination, Patrolman Cropper, our clerical expert, says "that many of the boys see the stripes ahead." Patrolman John L. Sullivan says, "that if some of the boys don't see them after the exam, they will probably see stars."

"F"—Patrolman Dan Wright says "He is all Right when he feels Right."

Patrolman Tom Rockett went home last night and his wife wasn't in, so he had nothing to eat, and had to eat the jam off the door. (Somebody will shoot you yet, Mike.)

Patrolman Mike Hickey says that Patrolman Ginsburk has a pair of ears on him "like the handles of a loving cup."

Patrolman Boyland is going to take a ladder to bed with him in the future so that he can get up in the morning.

Patrolman Jake Miller has a new title—"Fisher-man de Luxe."

Patrolman McGowan was patrolling a post in the "ould" days and came across a drunk trying to get out of a watering trough. He rescued him and the drunk said, "I'm all right; save the women and children first."

Patrolman Bob McVeigh was typing off a letter on the machine and left an "s" out of one word. He said, "that he did this to save the typewriter ribbon."

Well, you can believe it or not, but a quartet of fishermen left on Thursday, April 16, for Wantaugh, L. I., and returned with no less than 350 flounders. Not one of them went to waste, and all of a large variety.

#### 2D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

#### LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

G. Ptl. Walter Bishop

H. Ptl. Narcisse Gervais

Lieutenant Minion, known as "Smiling Steve," is preparing for his vacation trip to Canada. The boys will miss his pleasant smile while he is absent, although "Steve" will have a smile for them in Canada.



Sergeant Eddie Connors, of Traffic G, is all dolled up with his new Lincoln roadster and he sure looks like ready money.

Patrolman Waldron's new-born baby has added such happiness to his life that Tom has been gaining in weight ever since.

Patrolman Tom Hanrahan, of Traffic G, had a tough job recently; that of keeping his name off of the Home News "popularity list." This was no small job for Tom, who can "cop" prizes like this every day.

Lieutenant Murtha, of H, has a code on the timing of traffic lights in the Bronx, which incidentally will be patented when approved by Lieutenant O'Hara, of the district office.

Patrolman Wiacek, of H, is going to address a "mass meeting" protesting against being "flyed" all over the Bronx, since the lights have been installed. Frank thinks that seniority should prevail even over the traffic lights.

A great city when they are through building it, was the comment made by Sergeant McCormick, of H, when he saw the ramp of Macombs Park dug up and closed to traffic on the day of the opening game at the Yankee Stadium. Nevertheless, Joe kept traffic moving.

### 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

I. Ptl. George Gallagher  
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell  
L. Ptl. John Behring  
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

When is Jake Hoenighausen coming back? The boys miss his big smile, also some of the stunts he used to pull on the gang. (Shortell knows about some of them.)

Walter Delehanty and Gil Aitken have everything under control down around the Williamsburg Bridge. These boys sure do know how to handle tough traffic problems.

Who said Tom O'Brien's Buick was a converted stone crusher? Better lay off of Tom's car as this is his weak point.

Jack Donohue and "Handsome" Charley Glasco have been burning up the Jersey roads lately.

Sam Oldham is giving the boys quite a run for the "Beau Brummel" honors. Sam looks like an actor when he's all dolled up.

Marty Brosnan, who was knocked down and run over by a "hit-and-run" driver, is beginning to put on weight and looks good. This makes the second time that someone hit Marty.

"Red" Cline, of Traffic J, wants to know when Ed Cahill is going to get running lights on that "houseboat" that he rides up and down Bedford Avenue in.

The wrestling craze has reached Traffic K. Matt Craven would like to meet a couple of good heavyweights. Address all communications to Dave Maune.

Tom Mullins is knocking them dead with that new Nash.

Paddy Fitzgerald hasn't been heard from in a long time. He must be busy taking flute lessons.

When is "Nine Sweaters" Pete Pitsch going to remove some of his wearing apparel? Spring is here, Pete.

Meyers and Dougherty, the Sunrise Highway

twins, are doing nicely, according to the last reports that reached America.

Charlie Milmerstadt has taken up that thrilling game of backgammon and wants to hear from others who are interested in this fearless sport.

The postponement of the annual Police Parade for one week gave Lieutenant Charles Walsh an additional breathing spell, so that he might better display the medals he spent so much time polishing.

### 4TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. HOWARD BOLGER

On Sunday, April 26th, Detective Tommy Gorman, star of the 15th Squad, introduced at a magnificent christening party on his spacious estate in Astoria, the heir to the Gorman fortunes—Tommy Gorman, 2d, a bouncing young man-about-town of some three weeks in age.

Some two hundred friends were present, including Judge Harry McGonigle, of Astoria, who contributed an interesting talk on "*How to raise a family of beautiful girls and then get rid of them*," which was hearkened to with particular interest by Alderman Eddie Ketina, favorite ukelele star of the radio, and Senator George Scott, who manipulates a bottle opener with incredible skill and finesse. Professor Mike Delehanty, the old maestro himself, contributed an eloquent lecture on "*Prohibition Enforcement*," for which he didn't charge his hearers a dime. Commissioner Johnny Gorman, of Bayonne, and Senator Tom McKernon, of Kentucky, rendered "The Star Spangled Banner," beautifully accompanied by Vincent Lopez and his band. An editor chap whose name we did not get, sang something about "*Mary's Little Dog*," which didn't go over bad at all. The hit of the evening, however, was a marvelous tap dance in which Tommy, himself, together with his charming missus and her pal, Maggie Morris, Elmhursts' most gorgeous brunette, danced all over the kitchen table without breaking a single dish or spilling a single glass.

### 8TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. WILLIAM S. SECOR

Jimmy Ennis and Nifty Willie Hyland are the cause of a lot of young femmes (hope their wives or sweeties don't take offense) in the vicinity of Fordham stopping and saying "AAH."

Tom Williams, Milton Dunwoody, Mike Foley and Mike Carroll, of the upper end of the upper district, are still wearing their fur lined fur coats. Well, I guess people read in the dailies of the snowstorms they had up in the vicinity of Carmel and points north. Four funny boys, and quite nice.

"Pansy" McCarthy and Dick O'Hara were seen in Liggett's on Fordham Road inhaling a double banana split. Naughty, naughty!

Paul Bufano and Josie Corrao were discussing the qualifications of Mussolini the other day, when that fresh kid, Tom Thompson, said: "Let's go and get a good corn beef and cabbage dinner." The two "pisans" thought that Tommy was kidding them and were kind of put out. Ouch!

"Deacon" Murphy, the man of a few words—a few million—is still on the lookout for the unknown man. Old boy "Wacky," his partner, is looking for an assist. Well, Joe Collins may be wrong. "I don't know," says me.

TWO of our HEROES, at least the boys of the 8th Detective District think so:



Jimmy Maguire and Conny Mancini did a very good job, when on patrol in the neighborhood of 204th Street and Bainbridge Avenue, in apprehending a mob of stickup men who were keeping the boys from the district on the job and causing the bosses from the different squads to jack us up once in a while. Even though Jimmy was shot, he and Conny showed their true metal and took the "tough nuts" into camp. At the lineup the next day, the Commissioner praised our men for their work in bringing one of the prisoners before him and sending the other to the prison ward of Fordham Hospital. Jimmy and Conny, before this little send-off was sent to SPRING 3100 we thought a lot of you, but from now on we think a lot more. We wish you, your wives and kiddies a lot of health, wealth and prosperity. More coppers like you are needed.

**WRESTLING, A LA WESTCHESTER**—"Sitting Bull" Gunsett, the greatest wrestler in the department (he says so himself) was telling the boys in the 43d Squad about his famous "toe hold"; and furthermore about his challenge to "Ha Ha" McCarthy, and how he was going to throw him. From the best information obtained, it is a known fact that "Mac" is minus three of the toes on his right foot. Therefore, Tommy Thompson is placing his dough on "Mac" because "Sitting Bull" will be unable to get his favorite hold. No toes, no hold.

**FOOTBALL, ALSO A LA WESTCHESTER**—Neil O'Connell keeps telling the "Dinnys" in his squad that he was the champion football player of a champion team. "Chief Long Toe" might be right, but as Al Smith said, "We stand on the records."

**FALLING, A LA REERS**—Bobby Reers, an up-to-date sleuth from Westchester, is the champion "attic faller" in the upper district, so Tommy Thompson says, and we can't go any further, because only the 43d Squad knows about this fall and they want to keep it on the quiet.

**A WISE CRACK**—Lieutenant Charley Armstrong, a wisecracker of note, informed Captain Davey, of the 46th Precinct, that if all the Brooklyn fans were as loyal to their wives as they were to the Brooklyn "Dodgers," the "Unconscious Borough" would be a great place to live in. (Jim Sheehy take note.)

**MISCELLANEOUS**—"Primo Carnera" Laurino and Joe Collins are noted for the attention they pay to the "Shadow," the radio detective story. "Primo" is all attention and Joe all inattention.

Mike Foley and Joe MacDonnell, the "Hoosier" detectives, are quite the thing for the "sticks." They're all attention to everybody, and have the knack of using big words at the right time, even though the rest of the boys don't know what some of them mean.

It is Dinny Murphy's candid opinion that "Wacky"



Regan will give the boys of the Squad a disease known as "falling of the garters," if he doesn't leave them alone and stop worrying. You know, Fred, if you worry, Dinny worries, and when you both worry, we all worry, and in the end we might have a relapse. So, "Freddie," stop worrying.

Some news for "Archie" Burns—"Sparky" Lenihan is going to live in Rockaway Beach for the summer. Now, Archie, instead of spending your vacation at Lake Crotona, you can go to the sunny shores of Rockaway with the "Sparkys."

#### AIR SERVICE DIVISION

PTL. TOM MULLIGAN

"Cousin Lou" Davenport, our champion weather observer, gave Captain Wallander a ducking recently. He must have misunderstood the boss when he said he liked duck. Consequently, the team of Wallander and Davenport has been disbanded.

Attention of the Automobile Squad.—(Adv.)

**WANTED**—One 1931, 16-cylinder Cadillac. Anyone knowing where a car of this type can be purchased for the sum of \$45, please be so kind as to get in touch with our Radio Man, Joe Schmitt.

Otto Kafka, the big property owner from Queens, celebrated his tenth wedding anniversary recently with a wedding dinner at 11:30 A. M. of a Sunday morning. That might sound all right to the Emergency Squad, Otto, but the men in the Air Service are from Missouri.

Joe Forsythe, Chief of the Mechs, must be a relation of Saint Swithin. Every day that Joe is off, the lunch all packed, and the wife and kids off for a picnic, old St. Swithin does his stuff, and the Forsythe family gets a wetting. Well, Joe, that's what they have closed cars for.

Frank Harkins has been flying the anchored Coordinator at the Airport. What are you doing, Buster, building up time?

Noble Engelbrecht, the bald-headed office boy, is about to take the fatal step. We got a tip that it's going to be a school ma'm from Oswego, at that. Well, Engle, you better brush up on the three R's or she might be running home to her mother.

#### BUREAU OF CRIME PREVENTION

PATROLMWOMAN IRENE A. COMEAU

Do you know that—

Ted Sells thinks that his new daughter is different from any that ever happened? Wait till he has three or four.

Traffic is in a general state of confusion when Helen Robert rolls through West 123d Street in her new sport model roadster? Ho hum, these idle rich.

"Father" Disher has a good bit of wit and humor behind those twinkling blue eyes? Writes poetry, too.

Louis F. Costuma makes a very striking figure astride a spirited horse? He forgot to take a few



practice rides before the parade and now he eats standing up.

April showers bring May flowers? That's why "Wild Bill" Dooley wears a raincoat on sunny days, knowing that if a sudden storm came up he would be prepared.

Jack Duffy is using pomade on his hair to keep it out of his eyes? What is this power he has over women, anyway?

Ben Nachman knows the Code of Criminal Procedure by heart? If you keep at it long enough, Ben, you'll be on the sergeant's list by the time you are ready to retire.

Margaret Thompson doesn't believe in getting up early? That is why she keeps her youth and beauty, but she says that is not really the reason.

#### HACK BUREAU

#### PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Spring is here, observed Patrolman Daniel Donoghue last Sunday morning, with the three-masted schooner named "Disapproval" attached to a ball of twine about 500 yards long, on the lake in Prospect Park.

June brides will soon be in order. Patrolman Francis Kelly is very attentive to a Miss Hickey these days. Let's know when it is coming off, Frank, and the best of luck.

Patrolman Peter McGough can be seen with his Rolls Royce (medallion not included), cruising the fine lanes in Gerritsen Beach with one of the most beautiful damsels alongside of him. Pete, you sure can pick them.

The annual outing of the "Uncle Don" and the "Vogel Club" will soon take place at the Guiseppe Garibaldi Picnic Grove at Newtown Creek, L. I. Tickets can be had from the committee, Patrolmen Thomas McAdam and William Kellerman. Patrolman (Fashion Plate) William O'Neill and Marshall Patrolman Joseph Anselini in charge of reception. Finances naturally will be in the hands of 10 per cent. Julius Boeckler.

Happened to drop in on Patrolman John Gevin at the St. George swimming pool, and believe me, as an old time ball player he certainly knows his curves. How about an invite some evening, John?

It is rumored that Patrolman Teddy Schreiber is galavanting around with a Princess these days. More power, Teddy; royal blood will tell.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 5

#### SCT. HANS AMUNDSEN

The reason for the sudden rise in "egg stock" is due to the unusual craving for this particular kind of "fruit" by none other than our big handsome chauffeur, Tom Montgomery. What he did to a crateload of duck, pigeon and canary eggs is nobody's business. He just fried them, beat them, scrambled them and after "egging" them together he ate them. What a man!

Sergeant John Morrell is back in form again, and looks the picture of health. He claims that this is due to his particular diet of ice cream and apples.

Sergeant "Bill" O'Connor took a few of the boys on an expedition to Jamaica where he did his best to act natural while his brother was being presented with everything but the key to the city.

Patrolman Lawrence (Chowder-Head) Cudahy is expected to do big things in the coming examination. He knows rules and regulations backwards, and paid plenty for the knowledge.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 7

#### SCT. JOHN E. COX

The warm weather has arrived and what a relief. The windows of our quarters can be opened when Patrolman Murray lights one of his stogies. "Phew-phew," what an aroma arises when he starts to puff. One of his cast-away "butts" has been sent away for analysis, to determine what it is he is smoking.

Patrolman Pipolo, who has caught more and larger fish than any other member of the squad, attributes his success to the "musical sinker" which he invented. By experimenting he found that certain fish like certain music, and he regulates the sinker to play the music that attracts the fish he desires to catch. He has promised to supply the squad with fish this summer as he has done in the past.

A parody on the poem "Life," made up by Patrolman Frank Pipolo, from members of Emergency Squad 7, follows:

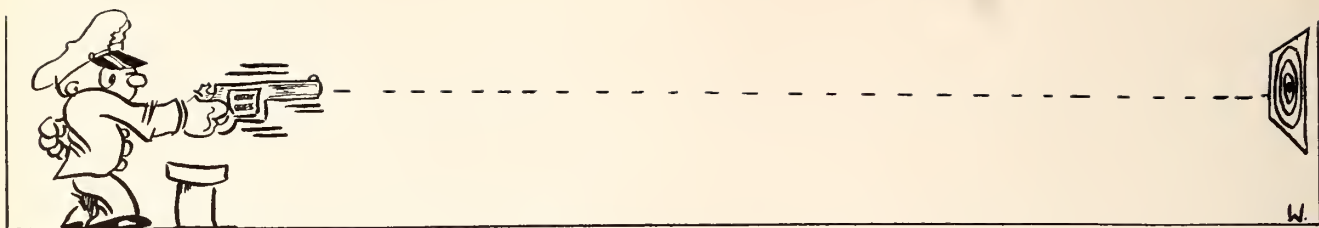
To Joe Janda life's just "Women";  
To McNeill it's "Get the dough."  
To Bill Murray it is "Autos";  
To friend Westedt his "Piccalo."  
To Pat Brennan life's just "Kiddin'";  
To Jim Watson it's a "Hearse."  
To Nick Risso it's a "Party";  
To Jim Irving "Not so worse."  
To Jim Walsh it's "Conversation";  
To Joe Mallon it just "Goes by."  
To Jim Daffy it's a "Bald spot";  
To Tom Shanley it's a "Bum Eye."  
To friend "Shorty" life's just "Typing";  
To big Mike it's a "Sure bet."  
To George Maiberger it's all a "Ga-Ga";  
To young Krantz a "Fishing net."  
To Tom Reilly life's a "Circus";  
To Pat Hynes it's "Forty-two."  
To Mahoney "What A-A-About it";  
To Frank Pipolo "Is Ah Blue."  
To the bosses life's a "Puzzle";  
As to where we "Guys" can be;  
When it's just half past the hour  
And there are present only "Three."  
We all must have our problems  
But cheer up, it's just for a "Spell";  
Soon they'll lay us out in Splendor  
With flowers we won't "Smell."

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 10

#### SCT. JAMES F. AUSTIN

Sergeants Hall and Mauch, of Emergency Squad 10, took the members of their squad on a 14-mile hike recently. Starting from the quarters in St. George, at 8:30 A. M., they walked to the headquarters of the U. S. V. L. S. C. on Huguenot Beach, where refreshments were served. Accompanying the squad on this hike were six members of the Life Saving Corps from Huguenot Beach. The walk ended in a race. Ted Hall, Jr., of the life savers and also son of Sergeant Hall, finished first, in the fast time of 2 hours and 34 minutes. He was followed by Sonny Connors and Sergeant Ted Hall, of Squad 10.

A "black horse," Sam Gibson, finished strong



about two hours later. He was carrying Sergeant Mauch and calling for a doctor. A favorite, Humbert Parise, also walked. Heard along the route: A youngster: "Hey, mister, they passed a long time ago." Sergeant Mauch: "I know it. We gave them one hour's start." It is rumored that Humbert fainted not once, but twice.

Later, Sergeant Mauch told the boys about when he was a young fellow and used to walk eight miles a day, just to keep in shape. Sam Gibson walked out with a grin on his face. It was a pitiful sight to see the 3d Platoon reporting for duty at 3:30 P. M. They spent the tour with their feet in the bath tub. It was suggested that these hikes take place oftener, so as to keep the boys in shape in case they have to "go back on the walk."

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON 1 PTL. BERNARD CONNORS

Lieutenant "Mike" Richter, desk officer of Mounted Squadron No. 1, was observed recently, while on a day off, astride a dapple gray mare, posing in the most approved "rookie" style. Someone remarked that it looked very much like the neighborhood ice-man had given up business for the day.

"Andy" McGinley, that big "Orange and Real Estate Man" from Florida, reports that he has just cleaned up another fifty grand on Florida terra firma. He was seen in a Pierce Arrow salesroom recently and the boys are wondering whether he was there on business or on a "personal." How about it, "Ponzi."

Patrolman "Jimmy" O'Connor, of Troop A, reports that he is progressing very nicely up at Raybrook, N. Y., and hopes to be well enough to return to duty shortly. Good luck, "Jim."

On Saturday, May 2, after the Police Parade (postponed), the Troopers of Mounted Squadron No. 1 got together in Springer's and had a grand time. Captain Byrnes, as toastmaster, could give old boy Demosthenes a run. "Bill" Woods ran true to form as our one-man minstrel show, a la Hippodrome. Other entertainment included acts from the R. K. O. circuit and the popular "Charlie" Scott, comedian. The big event of the evening was the presentation of gold watches to Dave Condon, Dave Levy, Bill Mott and Bob Dunn, the most popular quartet of "bosses" in the department, bar none. Now and forever after they will be known as the "Four Horsemen of Mounted No. 1."

"Society Joe" Monahan, that alert patrolman of Harlem Market, recently observed a man carrying burlap bags from a store to a parked car. The man seemed to be very careful in handling them. "Society," that "Philo Vance" emulator, immediately had very grave suspicions that a certain much maligned amendment was being flaunted. He immediately galloped up, and much to his surprise and

disappointment the bags contained cats! Better luck next time, "Society."

Troop D, under the able leadership of Lieutenant "Johnny" Meade, put on a fine exhibition drill on April 25, at the 105th Regiment Armory, in the Bronx, which was loudly applauded by a very appreciative audience. Incidentally, many a female heart beat a couple of beats faster as that dashing young sergeant of D, "Arty" Butler, pranced along with the troop flag.

"Jimmy" Conley, of B, is being questioned often and at great length by the troopers in 10th Avenue stable as to the present whereabouts of his college-boy, long-tailed, camel's hair overcoat. Many are so unkind as to insinuate that "Jimmy" was in great need of the wherewithal to buy that diamond ring for his intended "skipper." Stand your ground, "Jimmy," and put these base assertions to rout.

Overheard in the squad room recently:

Patrolman Decker explaining why "KEYSTONE" tried to lead the parade for the Prince of Japan.—Patrolman Balluf "alibi"-ing the continued and continuous losses of the Brooklyn "Robins"—"Connie" Ward trying to make Crerend "get up" the five he loaned him last Decoration Day.—Patrolman Warnken practicing nouns, adverbs and phrases of the high Italian language, so as to be on an equal footing with his in-laws.—"Ludie" Frank defining "malicious mischief" for Sergeant Russ; and endeavoring, but vainly, to pronounce "malicious" correctly.

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON 2 PTL. HUBERT J. CLAFFEY

Congratulations to Sergeant Bernard F. Butler, of Troop F, and his Mrs. They celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary on April 24, 1931. Both are very popular, and "Barney" is well liked by his friends and fellow officers.

Now that the sergeant's exam is approaching, Patrolmen Stephenson, Biggins and Dolan are exchanging knowledge, but who has the most is hard to tell.

Sergeant John McCauley, who is a captain in the Officers' Reserves, looked the "cats" in the last Army Day Parade—all spic and span. Even his sword was polished brightly.

Patrolman Ray Heingarten, while on vacation, was seen shooting through the waters of Sheepshead Bay in his little motorboat. I wonder who was chasing him?

Patrolman James Beyers should be in the Fire Department. He is the "chief" of Pierpont Street house. Gong! Gong! Patrolman Lee Butler is hurrying to get his red shirt and hose to help out his buddy.

It was with great sorrow that we learned of the death of Patrolman Joseph P. Herlihy, who was one of our comrades.



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman John M. O'Brien, 15th Precinct, while on patrol at about 9:40 P. M., April 27, interrupted two men holding up the proprietor of a delicatessen store at 539 Second Avenue. He exchanged shots with one of the men, whom he pursued and captured at 30th Street and First Avenue. O'Brien was taken to Bellevue Hospital suffering from slight gunshot wounds of the scalp and abdomen. The victim of the holdup also was taken to Bellevue, where he died of a gunshot wound in the head. The second bandit later was arrested by detectives of the 15th Squad. Both prisoners have admitted taking part in numerous other recent holdups.

Detective Charles E. Lehman, 32d Squad, while on patrol at about 11:30 A. M., April 9, observed two Negroes, one with a revolver in his hand, coming from a drug store at 2201 Seventh Avenue. The armed Negro fired two shots at Detective Lehman, who promptly returned the fire, and after a chase arrested the Negro in a hallway on 131st Street west of Seventh Avenue. The prisoner was taken to Harlem Hospital, where he died from wounds suffered in the encounter. The second man was arrested by Patrolman Earl Carter, 32d Precinct. The two men had held up and robbed the proprietor of the drug store of \$167.

## BRONX

Patrolman John Lowe, 46th Precinct, while on patrol at about 10 P. M., April 30, encountered a man later identified as Louis De Francisco, running east on East 187th Street after having shot and mortally wounded his brother-in-law, Christopher Guzzetta, who was sitting in his automobile in front of 695 East 187th Street, in company with a woman. Upon Patrolman Lowe's command to halt, the escaping man turned and fired two shots at him, whereupon the officer fired one shot in return, killing him instantly. Guzzetta died of his wounds a short time later. Investigation disclosed that the two men had become involved in a family dispute.

Detectives Constance Mancini and James Maguire, 52d Squad, while on patrol in the vicinity of 204th Street and Bainbridge Avenue, at about 8:30 P. M., April 25, engaged in a pistol duel with three men in an automobile whom they recognized as having been in a recent holdup. Two of the men were captured, one being later taken to Fordham Hospital, suffering from a wound in the lung. Detective Maguire also was treated at Fordham Hospital for a wound in the right thigh. Both prisoners have long criminal records. The third man, Joseph Dinan, a notorious criminal, was arrested on April 29, at 42d Street and Broadway, by Detectives McCarthy, Miller, Mofett, Hoffman and Dittmar, acting under the com-

mand of Acting Lieutenant Walter Culhane, 52d Squad.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman Marks Mandall, 72d Precinct, at about 11:30 P. M., April 14, while off duty and on his way home in civilian clothes, intercepted three men, one with a revolver in his hand, running from a candy store at 330 South Third Street, which they had just held up. Upon their refusal to halt, the officer pursued and fired three shots at the armed bandit who, together with his companions, sought refuge in a cellar at 354 South Third Street. Upon searching the premises the armed bandit was found and taken into custody by Patrolman Jacob Rosenfeld, 92d Precinct, who had come to Mandall's assistance. The bandit had been shot twice in the thigh and the loaded revolver was still in his possession.

On April 1, 1931, Detectives John Allen, Ambrose Rikeman, Henry Hanson and Frederick Morelock, 70th Squad, arrested three men in the act of holding up the office of the Kings County Building Corporation, 1875 52d Street. Two of the men who resisted were wounded by the detectives. In their possession were found three loaded revolvers. The prisoners have been indicted by the Grand Jury in Kings County, and are awaiting trial.

## QUEENS

Patrolmen Theodore Werdaun and George E. Forbes, 114th Precinct, while on patrol in a department car at about 2:55 A. M., April 11, observed a taxicab containing two men resembling two bandits who just previously had robbed a taxicab driver at 35th Street and Vernon Boulevard. The police officers pursued the fleeing taxicab for a mile, and after firing four shots stopped it at 22d Street and Vernon Boulevard, where they arrested the two men, one of whom had a loaded revolver. At the 114th Precinct station house the two men were identified by their victim and admitted intending to rob the driver of the taxicab in which they were arrested. Both prisoners have criminal records.

Detectives John J. Dust and Hugh Sullivan, 114th Squad, at about 2:05 A. M., April 20, were assigned to investigate the shooting of John T. Conlon, of 3132 37th Street, in the hallway of said premises, by an unknown man who also robbed him of \$63 in cash. Conlon was unable to describe his assailant. The detectives learned that the victim's wife was on friendly terms with one James DePew, whom they located in a hotel in Manhattan. After lengthy questioning DePew admitted committing the crime. Mrs. Amy Conlon, wife of the victim, also admitted an agreement with DePew to hold up and rob her husband and to use the stolen money to finance divorce proceedings.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY STALLONE**  
alias "TOM THE PEERLESS"

DESCRIPTION—26 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes and hair; wore gray suit, brown check overcoat and soft brown hat. 11th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**LOUIS GOODMAN**

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 5 inches; 140 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; heart tattooed on right arm with names Ida, Sylvia and Roslyn. 71st Pct.

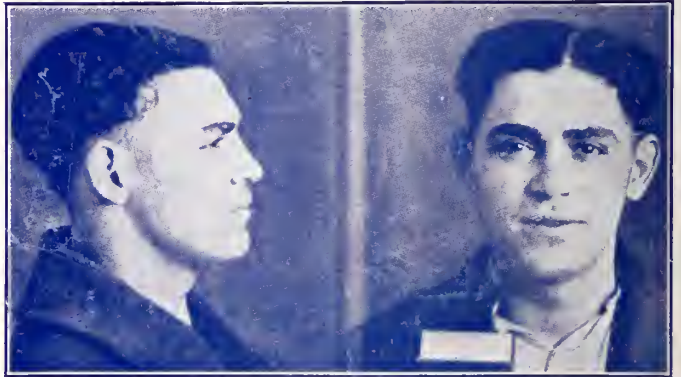
## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ZAROFF**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 175 pounds; stocky build; full face; blue eyes; brown hair; thick lips; wears tortoise shell glasses. 28th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**CHARLES KAUFMAN**  
alias CHARLES GREEN

DESCRIPTION—25 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 145 pounds; brown eyes; black hair. 73d Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ROBINSON**

DESCRIPTION—46 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 140 pounds; dark chestnut hair; brown eyes; sunken jaws; medium build. 6th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JAMES GARCIA** alias "BENITO"

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair. 17th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.**



# Spring 3100

JUNE 1931



CHARLES  
HARROLD

# Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

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VOLUME 2

JUNE, 1931

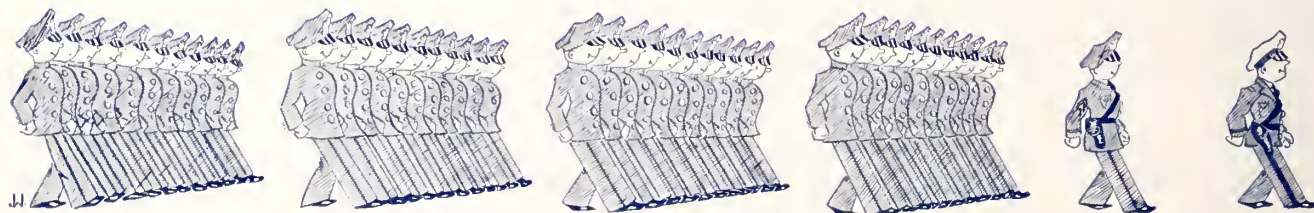
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

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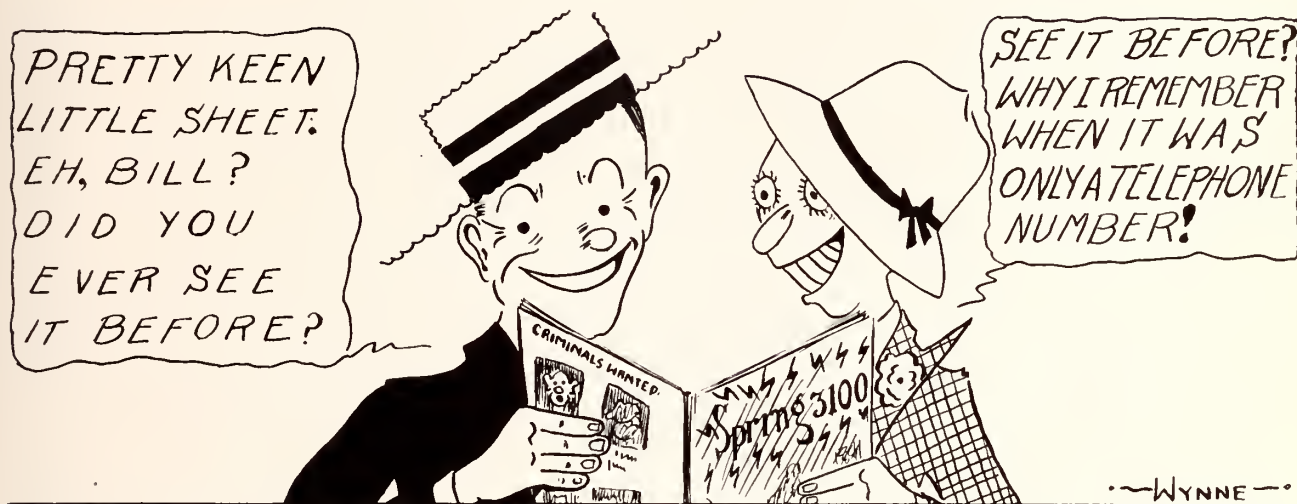
JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

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# editorial page, or what have you?



Well, dear fellow reader, we have so much news in this issue that we are going to put a lot of it right smack into this editorial. first of all, we want to say that counting the \$10,000 which joe moran put in the mayor's hand last january at the patrolmen's benevolent association ball, our department has contributed \$296,878.40 in 8 months for the relief of the unemployed. the police commissioner and the mayor are both proud of the way the department responded in this emergency and we think it is a safe bet that the unemployed are proud of the boys in blue as well as grateful for their aid.

but, what we really started out to say was that despite all our efforts, the unemployment crisis is still with us. so, the men in the department, entirely of their own volition, have decided to do what they did last year for the needy mothers and children of our great city—that is, to duplicate the series of river outings we gave for them last year. you remember, don't you, how 37,223 women and children got a day on the river with luncheon and ice cream provided, all free of charge? if you don't you can read all about it next month, for the first excursion will

be held july 6th and spring 3100 as usual will tell you all about it.

with these brief announcements out of the way, we will proceed to congratulate philip d. hoyt, first deputy police commissioner, who has blossomed out as a rival editor with a nifty little ten page monthly publication, entitled, "street accidents". the increasing importance of measures for accident prevention on our streets caused the publication of this new magazine, which gives you a lot of information in such a nice sugar coating that you are almost unaware that you are being informed. however, do not let yourself be so carried away with this praise of "street accidents" that you cancel your subscription to spring 3100.

the police camp has re-opened as usual and joe moran tells us that it is finer than ever. the rookies have moved out to camp mulrooney at pelham bay and by both of these signs, you can tell that the hot weather is really here just in case you didn't know it otherwise. the police baseball team is also going along full blast and patrolman john lena, our esteemed sporting reporter, says they really look like a ball team. last year, you may remember, the staff of spring 3100, almost but not quite, challenged them to a game.

that's all until next month when it will probably be much hotter. you can have one cheering thought, though, even on the hottest day—think how much the poor mothers and youngsters are enjoying these outings, supplied to them through the generosity and big-heartedness of the cops. there was a time when a small boy ran from the cop, now he runs towards him and speaking personally, we're all for the latter plan.

**T**HE bill making the Bureau of Crime Prevention a permanent part of the Police Department under a sixth Deputy Commissioner was signed by Mayor Walker on June 16th, 1931, after it had been passed by the Municipal Assembly. The Mayor has not appointed the sixth Deputy Commissioner as the June issue of Spring 3100 goes to press. He has, however, expressed great satisfaction with the work of Miss Henrietta Additon, Director of the Bureau, and has let it be known that her appointment as head of the Bureau may be expected.

The Crime Prevention Bureau was established in January, 1930, by the Honorable Grover A. Whalen, then Police Commissioner, after its organization was recommended by the Advisory Commission on Crime Prevention. The other officers besides Miss Additon are Mrs. Matilda Van Axen Hamill, Supervisor of Investigators; Deputy Inspector Louis F. Costuma,

Executive Officer; and Capt. James S. P. Brady, Assistant Executive Officer.

Miss Additon who heads the Bureau holds the degree of M.A. from the University of Pennsylvania and has had 17 years' experience in social work and sociological research, most of it in the field of prevention of delinquency. She was for 3 years, prior to entering the Police Department, consultant on protective measures with the American Social Hygiene Association, New York. Besides her executive work, Miss Additon has also found time to write many articles and pamphlets on boy and girl problems and is also the author of "City Planning for Girls," published by the University of Chicago Press.

Spring 3100 takes great pleasure in presenting a brief article by Miss Additon on the work of the Crime Prevention Bureau.

## For Our Future Citizens

By HENRIETTA ADDITON, *Director, Crime Prevention Bureau.*

**T**HE day after the arrest of Francis Crowley, an editorial writer in one of our evening papers, while praising the police for their courage and efficiency, stressed the point that the important thing to know was *why* and *how* criminals came to be.

No one is taking a more intelligent and practical interest in that question than the head of the New York City Police Department. Commissioner Mulrooney knows from years of experience that the majority of confirmed criminals begin their criminal careers at an early age, and under his leadership has come the development and permanent establishment of the Crime Prevention Bureau, which was set up experimentally by former Commissioner Whalen.

The object of the Bureau is to prevent crime at its source by seeking to discover and remove illegal conditions which contribute to the delinquency of minors and to help readjust boys and girls who are already delinquent. Even during its first year, 1930, the Crime Prevention Bureau had 5,215 cases referred to it by the police precincts, schools, churches, social agencies and other interested citizens. Among the 5,215 cases, 3,595 were minors in need of social treatment, 2,219 (1,722 boys and 497 girls) under 16 years of age, and 1,376 (476 boys and 900 girls) between 16 and 21 years of age.

Preventive work through the provision of proper care and guidance has brought about a change in the behavior of many of these boys and girls. The Crime Prevention Officers use all the communities' social resources. Hospitals and clinics are used in an effort to discover and to cure physical and mental ailments. For the boys and girls over school age, work is secured when possible and opportunities are pointed out by which they may become better educated and prepared for jobs which will enable them to earn an honest living.



They are assisted in re-establishing religious affiliations. To provide recreation that will serve as an outlet for the spirit of youth is not easy, but persistent efforts are made by the Crime Prevention Officers to put boys and girls in touch with settlements, and boys' and girls' clubs, and other centers which will keep them off the streets and provide wholesome and interesting recreation.

An increasing number of families who can afford it are sending their children to summer camps. No group of children need the fresh air, good food and the opportunity for athletic activities as much as the children who live in the crowded sections of the city. We are now making a concerted drive to find suitable summer camps, not only for the boys and girls who are under the care of the Bureau, but for their brothers and sisters.

Doctor Donovan, our Chief Surgeon, has been of great assistance by making it possible for us to have the children given the necessary physical examinations at Police Headquarters. The Crime Prevention



Bureau, which is working for the prevention of juvenile delinquency and crime, is helping show the boys and girls of Greater New York that the police are not enemies to run from, but friends and protectors to run towards.

Causes of delinquency, such as improperly run amusement places and other places where the morals of minors are being corrupted are kept under observation by the Crime Prevention Officers and cases of individuals impairing the morals of minors are investigated. Reports show that during the past year the Crime Prevention Officers made over 4,000 visits to pool and billiard parlors, 2,500 to motion picture theatres, and over 1,000 to dance halls and

cabarets. Managers have been warned and in many instances unfavorable conditions have been corrected. Where violations of law have continued, action has been taken through the Crime Prevention Bureau or other police channels.

The Bureau alone can accomplish little, but with the continued support and cooperation of the entire police force it should be possible to show a steady decrease in the number of juvenile delinquents and subsequently in the number of boys and girls under 21 who are filling our prisons. New York City's crime rate of the future will be the test of our success.

## POLICE EDUCATION

THE May, 1931, issue of The Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology contains an interesting article by August Vollmer on "Police Education." The following excerpt from that article is printed for the benefit of the readers of Spring 3100:

"The air is charged with police education. From one end of the country to the other we have noticed that the old-time policeman is doomed and a new type is being developed. Within a comparatively short time the old policeman, who believes that there is more law in the end of a night stick than there is in all the books in all the libraries, will disappear and in his place there will be found a man especially trained to serve the people more intelligently.

"In the great Northwest, Willamette University is offering an Institute for Police Officers covering a brief period. Courses and lectures will be given by notable experts from various sections of the country.

"Down in the Southwest a California Academy of Police Science has been formed and several experts in that portion of the country are playing an active part in building up this academy so that it will be useful to the officers of the southwest.

"New York City has made great strides with its

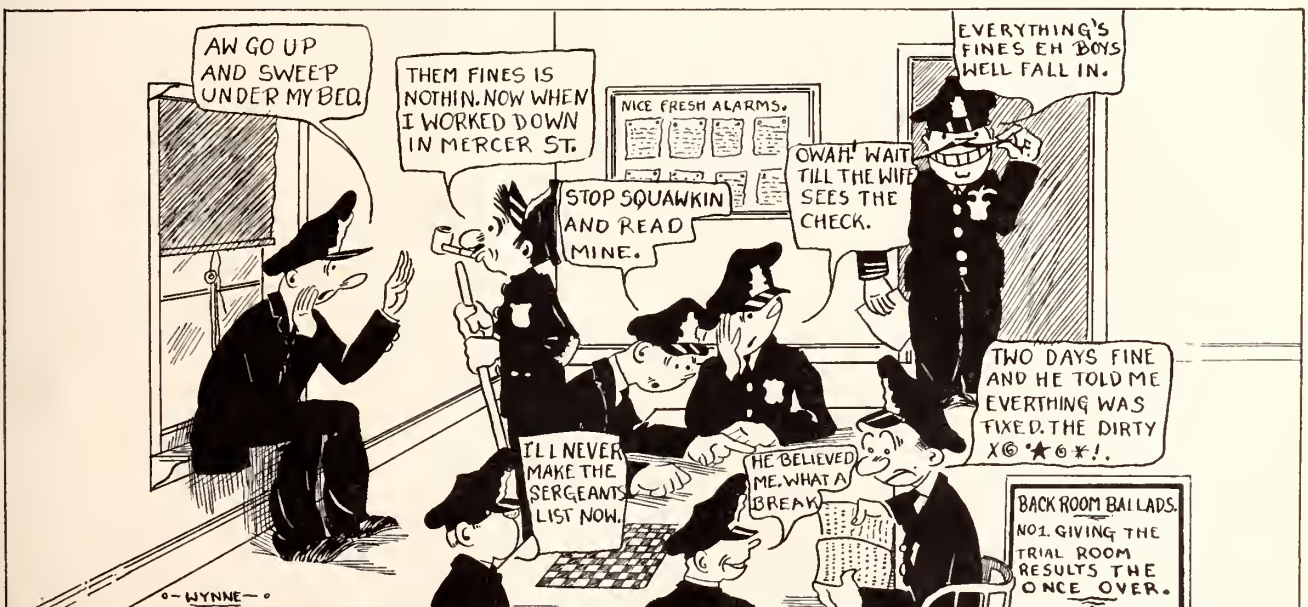
police academy. Not only are officers of that city being trained so that they may serve the people better but they are teaching others, and the methods of the Police Academy are being copied by other departments who have sent their men to be trained in New York. The men so trained will put in practice what they learned in New York.

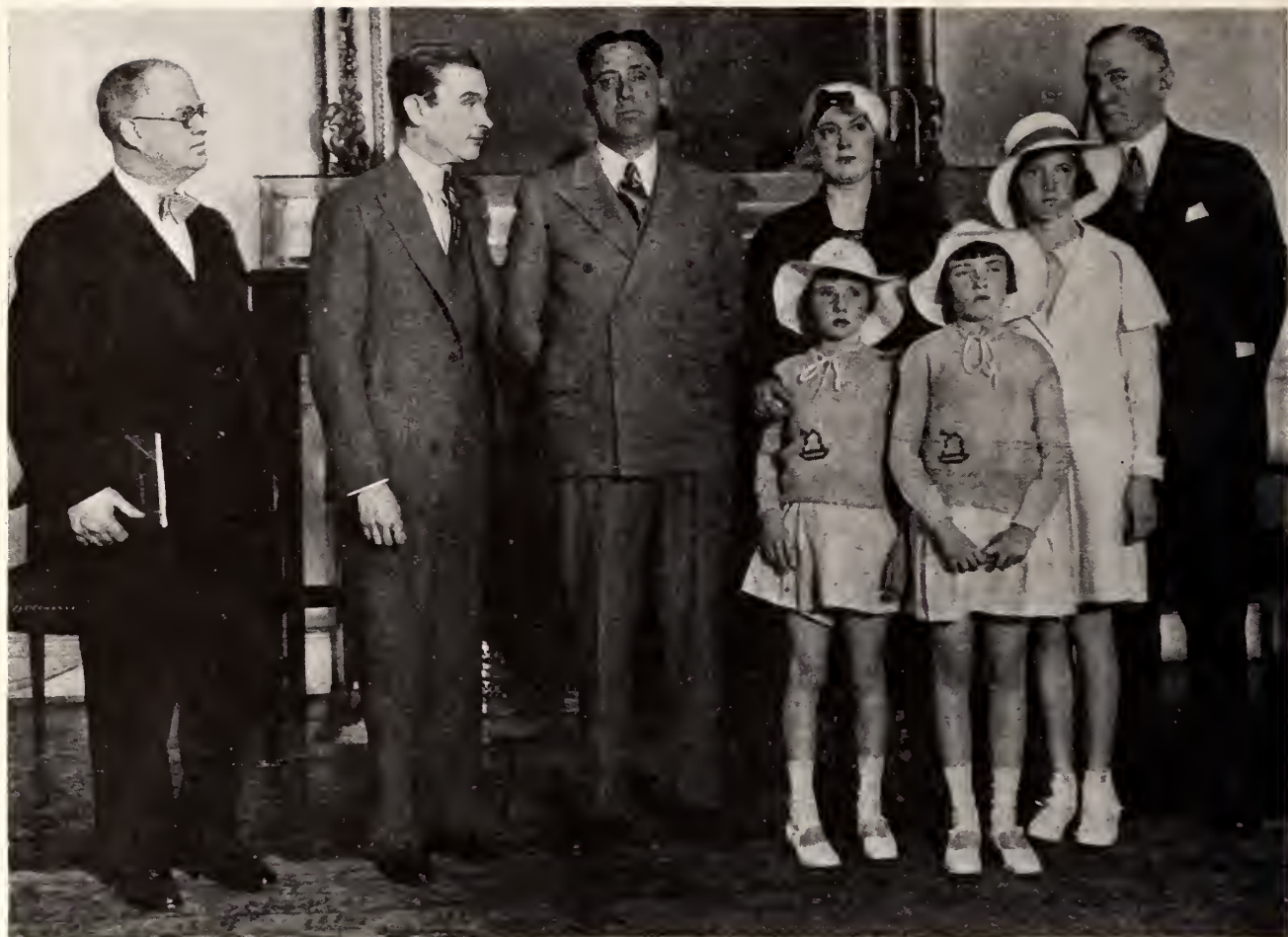
"In the southeastern part of the country the Jacksonville Police Department has recently established a police school modeled after the school in Detroit and they are very rapidly setting the pace for the cities of the southwest.

"In the middle west the University of Chicago introduced a course in Police Organization and Administration and recently this course was attended by a large number of police officers from various sections of the country.

"During the month of April the Northwestern university will offer a course limited to fifty police officers covering practically every field in the science of criminal investigation.

"These are trends and one must be blind indeed who does not see the future of police service."





## His Dark Path is Brighter

**T**HE Christmas issue of Spring 3100 told how Patrolman Peter J. O'Rourke of Traffic "G" was on September 17th, 1930, wounded in the eyes by bullets from the pistols of three gunmen when he resisted their attempt to hold him up while he was motoring with his family near Plymouth, Wynne County, Michigan. After being treated in the University Hospital, Ann Arbor, Michigan, Patrolman O'Rourke was brought back to New York and placed in Post Graduate Hospital here.

But all the skill of the foremost surgeons of the country could not restore Patrolman O'Rourke's sight. The brave patrolman, his wife and three young daughters faced a life of privation on the \$1,500 a year pension which was all that could be allowed him under Departmental regulation. However, the City of New York is generous and its Mayor and its Police Commissioner do not forget the City's courageous servants.

So, on June 2nd, Patrolman O'Rourke and his family stepped into the Mayor's reception room at the City Hall. The account of what transpired thereafter was so splendidly written by Mr. Hamilton Peltz, political reporter of the New York Times, that Spring 3100 with the kind permission of the Times, reprints his story in its entirety.

*Reprinted from the New York Times of June 3.*

A stalwart policeman in the prime of his young manhood, a member of the New York force for ten years and with an unblemished record, faltered as he stepped yesterday into Mayor Walker's reception room in the City Hall. On his one side he was guided by his wife, followed by their three little daughters. On the other he was gently supported by his chief, Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney.

Sturdy, self-reliant by habit, he had not yet accustomed himself to being guided in his every step. For this New York "cop," as he called himself, has been blind since last September, when he accepted the challenge of three road bandits and "shot it out" with them until he fell, hit by five bullets, one of which severed the optic nerve, making him sightless for life in both eyes.

A local bill has been introduced by Alderman Edward W. Curley of the Bronx, retiring the sightless patrolman, Peter J. O'Rourke, for life on a pension of \$3,000 a year, the full salary of his rank. Until now he has been receiving one-half of that sum, which is as much as could be awarded to him under the regular pension system without special legislation.



"Does any one appear in opposition to this bill?" the Mayor said.

The silence was eloquent. Then the Mayor called upon Commissioner Mulrooney, who rose and said:

"Mr. Mayor, I heartily approve the purpose and motive of this measure. Its adoption reflects credit upon the City of New York, will be an inspiration to the personnel of the police force and will do much to mitigate the affliction suffered by one of its courageous men in vindication of its highest ideals.

"Officer O'Rourke is thirty-five years old. During the World War he served his country in the United States Navy. For ten years and five months since that time he has been a member of the New York police force with an unblemished record. He was attached to the Bronx traffic division and has a home at 227 Beach Eightieth Street, Rockaway Beach, Queens.

"Last September he and his family had passed his vacation in Michigan. On the 17th of that month, at 11 o'clock at night, he was driving a car on his way back to duty in this city. In the car with him were his wife and the three daughters whom you see here with him today. Three miles west of Plymouth, on the Ann Arbor road, his car was halted by three armed bandits, the leader of whom, pulling a gun, called upon O'Rourke to put up his hands.

"A New York cop doesn't put up his hands for anybody!" retorted the patrolman, as he drew his service revolver. But the gunmen already had opened fire. O'Rourke was hit five times, one shot destroying the optic nerves. Another bullet inflicted a slight scalp wound upon his daughter Betty. The bandits got away without any booty, and O'Rourke has spent a long time in the hospital."

"Does anybody else desire to be heard?" asked the Mayor, a trace of emotion in his voice.

Alderman Curley briefly seconded the plea of the Police Department chief and then Stewart Browne, president of the United Real Estate Owners' Association arose. Mr. Browne has gained a reputation as one of the "watchdogs" of the budget. He usually speaks in opposition to measures he regards as extravagant or unnecessary.

"Mr. Mayor," said he, "I only wish to say that this bill has the hearty support of myself personally and of those whom I represent."

Mayor Walker, already balancing his pen above the bill, declared the hearing closed. Then he looked toward the beneficiary and his little family and said:

"Officer O'Rourke, before I sign this bill, making it a law, I want to say that this is a sad duty that I have to perform.

"Would that you might have retained your sight and still have been able to remain an active member of the New York police force—the loyal, courageous servant of the city that you have always been. It is a great sacrifice that you have made, but one that may well add to the pride of the City of New York and to the splendid traditions of the police force, of which you stand so splendid an example. When your eyes went dark I hope the eyes of the people of the city of New York and of the whole country in some measure were opened to the type of courageous, unselfish service that is characteristic of the men of the New York police force. Though your

burden may be heavy, it gives the Mayor great satisfaction to be able to do something to lighten it for you and your family in a material way. You have shown that you have courage and resourcefulness. Those attributes will do much to develop a philosophy that will help to guide you through life.

"This bill is signed," concluded the Mayor as he affixed his signature.

*Beneficiary Voices Thanks*

"Mr. Mayor," replied the blind policeman, "I don't know how I can thank you and Alderman Curley and Commissioner Mulrooney for what you have done for me. You have guaranteed me against possible want during the remainder of my life and, best of all, you have protected my family and enabled me to educate my children. Of the nineteen thousand New York cops I don't believe there is one who would not have done as I did."

The Mayor walked over to the little group and grasped the hand of each in turn. Mrs. O'Rourke, an attractive young woman, was in tears. Her husband was holding her hand with one of his, while his other hand clung to that of his youngest daughter, Margery, 7 years old. There were tears on the child's cheeks as Mayor Walker lifted her and kissed her.

"Thank you, Mr. Mayor," she lisped, "for what you have done for my daddy."

The other girls, who shared their parents' memorable adventure in the hold-up, are Betty, 11 years old, and Gloria, 8.

Then the Mayor guided the blind patrolman and his family to one end of the room with the explanation, "The boys want to photograph us in a group."

Patrolman O'Rourke shrank visibly at first, but then, as the Mayor urged him gently, he smiled and said:

"All right, Mr. Mayor; let them take my photograph smiling—and let them show it to that rat, Crowley, and to the rest of the gangsters."

**TO OUR JUNE BRIDES**

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# Honored By The Honor Legion

By LIEUT. CHARLES C. STEINERT,  
*President, Honor Legion*



**T**HE installation of officers of the Honor Legion of the Police Department of the City of New York, held on Monday, May 25, 1931, at 152 East 85th Street, New York City, was a notable one, in that Hon. Edward P. Mulrooney, our Commissioner, was installed as an Honorary Life Member, and Comrades John O'Brien and John J. Sullivan were installed as Chief Inspector Member and Assistant Chief Inspector Member, respectively, of the Board of Trustees. There were upward of five hundred comrades of the Honor Legion present.

The meeting was called to order by Lieut. Charles C. Steinert, after which an impressive tableau of Flanders Field was staged, in memory of members of the force who have been killed in the performance of duty. The tableau was followed by a most enjoyable program of nine high-class acts under the management of Milton Lewis. Grant Kimball and Bert Keyes were masters of ceremonies of this program, which was arranged by Honorary Comrade H. Rogers Travis.

The comrades of the Honor Legion were indeed pleased to have the guests of honor remain with them throughout the installation proceedings and the entire social program, which was followed by a fine chicken dinner.

The Commissioner was much impressed with the solemnity of the meeting and told the members so in his address. Among other things, he said:

"The records show that I have three citations which bespeak my eligibility to the Honor Legion, but for some unknown reason I kept putting it off until tonight. I have missed a lot, but I am going to retrieve some of it. The opening ritual impressed me greatly. How fitting it is that we of the Department should get together and pay homage to those who fell in the front lines with their chins up and eyes open.

"There was a time when the people of this city rose up in arms when a policeman was killed in the line of duty. It is rather commonplace now. As much as I admire physical courage, there is the other man that we hear little about—the man with moral courage, the man that will speak out his convictions and stand by them without wincing, and will not be deviated one iota by public clamor or public opinion. At this time I wish to thank those of the Department who have had the moral courage to take it on the chin and go about their work while many of their comrades are receiving wild and unjust criticism. Moral courage is as commendable as physical courage, and my hat goes off to both."

Chief Inspector John O'Brien paid his respects to the conscientious policeman who plodded for years without being at the right spot at the right time, in order to have fortune smile on him and merit a citation, and said:

"The work of the Merit Board of the Police Department was never as conscientious and painstaking as it is today. Everything is delved into, and if the case warrants a citation, it is forthcoming. All I can say to those who have not as yet been fortunate is to keep right on doing their duty; the wheel will turn some day."

Assistant Chief Inspector Sullivan, whose address was somewhat brief, kept the audience in laughter with his many witty sayings. He has been an enthusiastic member of the Honor Legion for many years, and in spite of his many duties, he said, he has attended meetings whenever it was possible to do so. His attendance at meetings always acted as an inspiration to the comrades.



# A Page to Please The Big Boss

*Courtesy, intelligence and efficiency have been stressed above all other qualifications by Police Commissioner Mulrooney in his public and private talks since taking office. The Commissioner's attitude is that New York is the most generous of all municipalities and that her citizens rightly demand intelligent, efficient, courteous service.*

*It is therefore a pleasure for SPRING 3100 to print the following letters from citizens commending police officers who have shown the qualifications sought by the Commissioner. May the other members of the Department all follow these good examples.*

## Praise For Our Police Army

May 14, 1931.

The Hon. Edw. P. Mulrooney,  
Commissioner of Police,  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Having enjoyed seeing the parade of the Police last week, may I send you a line of commendation as to the appearance and fitness of the men, the excellence and steadiness in the marching, and the general impression given one of flexibility and power in the different units?

I thought the marching of the rifle regiment excellent, and that of the several regiments without rifles was also generally very good. It seemed to me from where I sat that the 5th Regiment marched a bit better and was a little more steady in appearance than the others.

The appearance and marching of the mounted regiment, and the condition of the animals, leather, manes and tails, and shoeing of the horses—all made a most favorable impression, showing great care and skill in taking care of the horses and equipment.

Yours faithfully,

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM C. RIVERS,  
840 Mott Avenue, Bronx, New York.

Major General, U. S. Army, retired list,  
Late Inspector General of the Army.

## Ptl. Fassig's Son Is Well

4846 47th Street,  
Woodside, Long Island, New York,  
May 25th, 1931.

"Spring 3100"  
Police Headquarters,  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I wish to advise my friends in the department who have so constantly made inquiries, regarding the condition of my son, during his long stay in the hospital, that he is home and doing very well.

I wish particularly to thank the following of my fellow officers who so willingly gave their blood, which proved such an effective weapon in my son's fight back to health: Ptl. Klika, Horner, Weinsbernsmer and Reis.

Again thanking all my friends, that I appreciate their help and sympathy and their numerous offers of assistance, I am,

Sincerely yours,

PTL. THOMAS FASSIG.

## They Were On The Job

THE BANKERS LISTING COMPANY  
158 East 42d Street  
New York City

May 20, 1931.

Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Police Headquarters,  
240 Centre Street, New York City.

Sir:

I have the honor to report that in the early hours of Wednesday a disturbance was created by people other than tenants in a house (81 Horatio St.) in which I am interested and live.

This house is in the Charles Street Precinct.

I considered it advisable to telephone for police.

The connection was instantly made and I should like to place it on record that I consider the promptness, efficiency and coolness with which the police arrived and handled the matter could not be excelled by any body of men in the world.

Yours truly,

(Signed) W. E. SCUDAMORE,  
Ex-Officer Canadian Expeditionary Force.

## A Neighbor Thanks Us

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE  
Westchester County, N. Y.

White Plains, N. Y., May 5th, 1931.

Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Police Headquarters,  
254 Centre Street, New York City.

Dear Commissioner:

Just a line to express my official and personal commendation for the good work performed by the New York City Police in apprehending Joseph Dinan, John Palm, Daniel Donovan and Joseph Minichino. These men and their associates have committed many robberies, both in this county and in the City of New York, in which the lives of many citizens were imperiled. A great public service has been performed by placing them in custody, thereby preventing further attacks upon the peace, safety and security of society.

While the investigation was in progress it was my pleasure to meet some of your men assigned to the case. At all times they worked most intelligently and most enthusiastically. In the early days of the investigation, the police of this county were in constant touch with Captain Appel, Lieut. Thomas Conklin, Detectives Chris Foster, Frank Gleason and Jerry Butler, of the West 68th Street Station. All of these men extended wonderful cooperation to the police of this county and gave unstintingly of their time, both day and night, running out clues which might lead to the arrest. I cannot speak too highly of the work which they performed and of the cooperation which they extended.

Later, the investigation centered in the 52nd Precinct due to the arrest by Detectives McGuire and Mancini of the defendants, Palm and Donovan. Quite unexpectedly Detectives McGuire and Mancini came upon Palm, Donovan and Dinan in an automobile. The three bandits were heavily armed, having guns on their persons and a sawed-off shot gun, a quantity of ammunition and a blackjack in the car. Dinan opened fire and fortunately inflicted only a slight injury on Detective McGuire. Notwithstanding the gun-fire, your men successfully apprehended the defendants, Palm and Donovan, and recovered the stolen car in which they were riding, together with all their arms and ammunition. These arrests speak for themselves. It was police work of the highest order.

Following the arrest of Palm and Donovan, Captain Duane entered the case and took personal charge of assigning men to pursue the trail of the fugitive, Dinan. A few days later Detectives Hoffman, Moffatt, Miller, McCarthy and Dittmar, under command of Lieut. Walter Culhane, successfully corralled and subdued Dinan on Broadway, near 43rd Street, and placed him in custody. At the time of his arrest, Dinan had on his person a fully loaded revolver which had been taken from a bank attendant in the attempted robbery of the National City Bank in New York City, a short time ago.

All of the officers whom I have mentioned have rendered excellent police service in this case. I am satisfied that the successful apprehension of the defendants was due entirely to the enthusiasm which your men displayed and to their willingness at all times to work longer and harder than the regulations prescribed. Permit me to commend all of them to you most heartily.

Again thanking you for the great cooperation which the Police of New York City have extended to Westchester County, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) FRANK H. COYNE,

District Attorney.

# In the Good Old Summer Time

By DANIEL J. DONOVAN, M. D., *Chief Surgeon*  
(Reprinted from the July, 1930, issue of *Spring* 3100)



**D**URING the hot, oppressive days of the summer many public-spirited citizens, sympathetic women and not forgetting the physical culture men inquire how the patrolman on the corner under the intense rays of the sun manages to stand up on his job? Our editor has been deluged with letters and telephone calls for information and we are going to help him out.

Well, the New York policeman knows when he enters the Department, that he must stand up in the open air, in the sunshine, rain, snow and sleet, also in mid-day and the twilight or the gray cold dawn of the morn. He must patrol, guard or stand by, so that the citizen may see his uniform and his fine manly bearing, indicating he is the most vigilant citizen guiding and guarding life. He has sworn to do his job and is ever and always giving evidence of his fealty to oath of office.

The patrolman is the most attractive health unit

## HIGH PRAISE FOR "DR. DAN"

The entire Police Force are rejoicing upon learning that the New York Academy of Medicine has carefully inspected the magnificent accomplishments made by the Chief Surgeon, Dr. Daniel J. Donovan and his able District Police Surgeons.

Dr. Donovan has organized and developed a plan



in the City. He has fine physique, strength, courage, intelligence, alert eye and ear, elastic step, every muscle and joint responding in perfect co-ordination to do efficient patrol work and to be ready to dash after the crook or bandit.



A patrolman to be efficient in the summer time must have normal bodily functions, eat judiciously, drink plenty of nature's greatest refreshment, water, at least eight glassfuls a day; have green vegetables and ripe fruits, and eat meat only once a day. He should not drink iced tea or coffee; avoid cake or pie and potatoes and turnips in excess; sleep sufficiently and rest after his dinner. He should take plenty of shower baths, do salt water bathing, not neglect his daily dozen and abstain from intoxicating beverages or beer or indulgence in vicious habits.

and scope of medical efficiency that has had no parallel in the history of the medical departments of the City of New York.

Without the high standard of medical care now given to the force, the splendid results would not have been possible.



Dr. Donovan is a member of the leading committee of the New York County Medical Society, namely, "The Public Health Committee." There is only one "Dr. Dan," as he is so affectionately known to the 19,000 cops. Long life and great success to the Chief Surgeon.

The New York Medical Week, the official organ of the Medical Society of the County of New York, in its issue of May 16th, prints the following article under the title of "Police Health."

"Recent reports of the Police Department show what can be accomplished by the efficient and non-political administration of a medical department. Under the supervision of Dr. Daniel J. Donovan, Chief Surgeon, the health of the city's police force has made perceptible gains and absences for illness and injury have been materially reduced.

"Police work at best is hazardous. Aside from the

risks of duty, the patrolman is exposed to the dangers of inclement weather and an irregular regime. Nervous disorders are common in a vocation which subjects its followers to frequent and severe mental strain. To counteract these adverse factors, intelligent and unceasing supervision of the health of the force is required. Dr. Donovan has brought the necessary personal and professional qualifications to this work and his results give evidence of it.

"Some years ago the Public Health Committee of the New York Academy of Medicine made a critical analysis of the medical work of the Police Department and recommended certain changes in the system then in force. A considerable part of the progress reported by Dr. Donovan is attributable to the adoption in part of those suggestions. It is an indication of what is possible when a municipal department abandons politics and utilizes the advisory services of the city's medical organizations."



### REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE "MINUTE MEN"

This photograph, taken in front of Police Headquarters, shows Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, and Chief Inspector O'Brien inspecting three new Emergency trucks placed in service on June 16th, and located at Emergency Squad No. 2, 102 Kenmare Street; Emergency Squad No. 3, 138 West 30th Street, and Emergency Squad No. 6, 427 East 87th Street, Manhattan.

There was also placed in service on that date, a new unit, Emergency Squad No. 20, located at the 100th Precinct, and assigned to cover emergencies in the 100th and 101st Precincts.

The Police Commissioner and Chief Inspector are accompanied at this inspection by Daniel A. Kerr, Inspector, Commanding the Emergency Service Division, and Deputy Inspector Louis I. Dittman.

The new squad No. 20 has been assigned the old truck formerly located at Emergency Squad No. 6; the truck formerly at Emergency Squad No. 3, has been assigned to Emergency Squad No. 11, at Coney Island; the truck formerly at Emergency Squad No. 2 has been assigned to Emergency Squad No. 19, at Bayside; and trucks 11 and 19 assigned to the Department Repair Shop to be used for replacement.

# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



**A**BOUT the most cheerful thing we can think of in our discourse this month is the fact that by the time this issue reaches your hands the BIG SCRIBBLE of June 25, 26 and 27 will have been a thing of the past.

And thank goodness for *THAT*.

Some ten thousand of the studious boys participated in that hectic scrimmage which, in due time, will result in the lucky boys grabbing for themselves the proud privilege of gracing the Trial Room hereafter as *complainants—FOR A CHANGE*.

Anyway, we fervently hope that life for all of them will once again assume that delightfully serene aspect which only a return to normalcy can bring.

These hopeful aspirants for the coveted three stripes have practically demoralized during the past month or so the morale not only of the Department but of their homes, families, friends, creditors and goodness knows who else not.

Never before do we remember the atmosphere so cluttered with questions, answers, and still more questions.

It was awful.

You'd greet a perspiring copper on post with a

cheery, "Hello, Mac, how's things?" and likely as not he'd promptly knock you over with something like this:

"O. K., pal, only I'm not so sure of my Corpus Dialecti. Say, is it a misdemeanor not to produce it and when—and if not, why?"

The situation really reached a point where the psychopathic ward at Bellevue was enlarged at the earnest solicitation of the Chief Surgeon in anticipation of a possible rush.

The boys studied long, faithfully and tirelessly. For months the average eligible carted around with him more books and papers than does the average insurance agent.

They had systems, symptoms and codes. All day long they doped out questions to ask themselves at night when they got home.

Quite a few of the good wives nearly went daffy. Their husbands wouldn't eat—AND COULDN'T SLEEP—with all the questions and doubtful answers on their minds.

Radios were silenced, victrolas demolished and telephones disconnected.

Mothers feverishly gathered up the children and rushed to the country to avoid the wars father tried to foment, figuring they might be noted in his record.

One practical minded student deliberately socked his mother-in-law on the nose just to see what crime—if any—the judge would charge him with.

Others consulted fortune tellers in the hope of getting a line on the questions to be asked.

And you'd be surprised at the amazingly large number who nearly went cockeyed trying to locate our old friend, *the man with the Green Umbrella*.

They were hopelessly out of luck, however, because he was nowhere to be found.

From authoritative sources we learned he was so hard hit by the depression that he was forced reluctantly to hock his famous umbrella and is now earning an honest living selling apples.

Even staid old-timers who have lived through and still carry scars of the past five or six examinations have been scurrying around like children scurrying for Castoria.

Quite a few of the boys take the examination simply for the excitement of the thing—and to get the day off. Fair enough. Others take it apparently just to get a line on their prospective bosses.

Quite an experience, these examinations, and the sharpshooter who emerges number one in this scramble ought to pay on the hoof at least one thousand to one.

Too bad some one didn't have the foresight to sell lottery tickets for it. They would undoubtedly pay more on the winner than was paid recently in the Irish Sweepstakes.

Several profound students of the Bible—who have not been over-profound students of the Book of Rules—are unalterably in favor of that grand old parable:



*"The First Shall be Last and the Last Shall be First."*

However, in six months or so when the list is published we'll probably quote for them another good old parable—*far more apropos*—just to remind them that:

*"There Shall be Weeping and Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth, for Many are Called but Few are Chosen."*

Or, to put it plainly in our own words:

*"Many Were Asked but Few Knew the Right Answers."*

And such, fellows, is life in the Department—*promotionally speaking, we mean.*

Old Man Sunshine has presented the situation to you jocularly, of course, as generally is his wont.

Now he tells you seriously that the man who fails to strive for promotion in this or any other job is a far bigger sucker than the biggest such institution Tex Guinan ever helped to promote.

The Finest represent a truly integral part of the government of the truly greatest city on earth.

The Finest today are governed by one of their number who a generation ago took his first test for promotion and made it—and didn't stop. He went after succeeding promotions—and made them—all the way to the top.

What more inspiring example can be set?

The humblest rookie of today is potentially the Police Commissioner of a tomorrow.

All he need do is to stand the test of years—*exactly like our own Edward P. did.*

Certainly it seems offhand like shooting at the moon. That we cheerfully admit. But the moon, don't forget, is so many million miles away that even the brilliant Mr. Einstein fears to venture a guess as to how long it would require to reach it.

One of The Finest took a pot shot nearly thirty years ago—and registered a perfect bull's-eye.

For ammunition he used only ambition—and a lot of pluck.

That, in a nutshell, is our little sermon on "promotion."

Think it over, and good luck to you.

DETECTIVE JOHNNY WERLE of the 16th Detective District, star reporter extraordinary, has been at it again as you will note shortly. This time he has given us a tintype of Lieutenant Charlie Dorschel, commander of the 108th Squad, and in spite of which a very lovely fellow. Read on.

Lieut. Charles P. R. Dorschel, commanding 108th Detective Squad....alone....Loves the job....but hates pastry. Came into the job for several reasons....he got tired of being chased off corners by the man on post where he lived; and his father always liked cops, anyway....He's married....and likes it....and lives in a corner of the U. S. that causes people to ask: "Where is Douglaston....Moved out there to get near nature....loves nature and things nature is responsible for. Has taught his son, who is a "woodcraftsman," everything a "good scout" should know....although he loves nature, he despises ONE thing "nature" is responsible for.... NATURE FAKIRS....and all other kinds....Loves



onions....but balks at garlic....Is a great hiker....thinks nothing of hiking ten miles at a time, and always desires to drag along someone who can't walk a foot without wanting to hail a taxi....Besides, he walks at a gait of about ten miles an hour....and when he slows down to about six miles per....it's because he pities the poor worm he has urged to accompany him.... Once walked ten miles in "nothing flat"....He took advantage of the change to daylight saving time.... He started at two A. M. and finished at two A. M....Is a physical culture hound....and looks it....lean, wiry and active....Eats calories....but loves baloney...."aber" not the kind some of his men try to hand him.

Loves to study....and teach....Always landed on the list....in a good place....Is now on the captains' list....and with the rest of the "head hunters" scans the retirements closely....He is sure to be made....and now regrets that there are no more exams. to take....Was formerly one of the school of "destructors" (correction—INSTRUCTORS) and led one of the famed "riot battalion" units.

Says he's about forty years old....(but sometimes he is only fooling)....yet his memory goes back to long before the blizzard of '88....It was reported that he was on a snow shoveling brigade then....yet, he can still run a hundred in eleven flat....Must be a good swimmer, 'cause he has so much faith in water....internally and externally....Loves all sorts of exercise....but has had very little experience in necking....Does not believe autos were invented for petting....thinks they should be driven....and how!....Would make an ideal ambulance or taxi driver....Steppin' on it all the time....but that is the way he is in everything....He loves to bowl.... SAYS that he once bowled two forty....and often tried to prove it....nevertheless he is a good pistol shot....always qualifies amongst the high scorers....Believes in fresh air, and proves it by staying out in it as much as possible....his former sergeants can vouch for that....LOVES to be out....but his wife thinks he is out too much....But commanding a squad of detectives in these times means little time at home.

Loves grapefruit....because he has controlled the squirt....but hates silk underwear....Likes a good cigar....but never gets any....says the bosses are not in as soft as they used to be....Goes to church regularly, and always feels well rested after the sermon....Believes a man at sixty....is in the prime of life....Advocates the policy that men should retire while in their prime of life....THAT'S WHAT MAKES CAPTAINS....of hopeful lieutenants.... However, there's no doubt.... he is ONE OF THE FINEST OF THE FINEST.





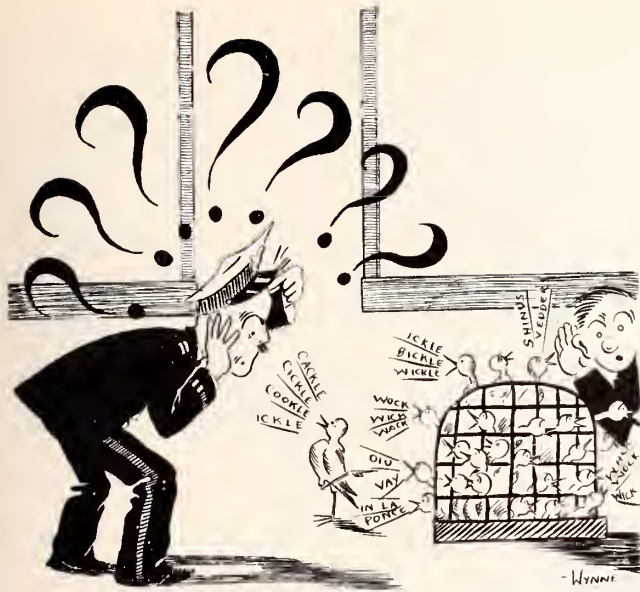
Photo by Century, 144 West 46th St.

*Rear row, left to right*—Act. Lt. Julius Brilla, Ptl. Alphonsus Grant, Act. Sgt. Joe Smith, Ptl. Jim Mead, Act. Sgt. Johnny Nutt, Lt. Gene Meenagh, Lt. Jim Moyuihan, Act. Sgt. Fred Weber, Ptl. Fred Keebs, Act. Sgt. Joe Garcia, Ptl. George Ries, Ptl. George Tiedeman, Lt. Ed. Butler, Act. Capt. Johnny Murray.

*Front row, left to right*—Act. Sgt. Larry Hoefling, Lt. Jim Nolan, Act. Sgt. Joe Evans, Sgt. Fred Schall, Act. Sgt. Charlie Foreman, Lt. Emil Kepko, Sgt. Izzy Cantor, Lt. Frank Hedden, Lt. Pat Reilly, Lt. Rudy Peters, Ptl. Howard Briggs.

The Recruits' Training School is not only a great institution, but also boasts a staff of instructors who for downright originality and versatility rank second to none. These boys can at a moment's notice adapt themselves to any emergency, as was startlingly illustrated a few months ago when the circus was in town. The freaks suddenly went on strike for some reason or other and the management, in despair, called up the P. C. The P. C. promptly put it up to the instructors, who to a man volunteered to jump into the breach and save the circus from disaster. That they went over big goes without saying. Here we show you an exclusive, copyrighted photograph of the boys taken during one of the performances in Madison Square Garden.





Problems involving the question of *Who—Why—What—When—etc.*, have never ceased to intrigue us, and the more intricate they come the more easily our hair turns gray and our nerves turn quivery.

**"HOW DID CAPTAIN MARTIN SHEEHY, OF THE 81ST PRECINCT, KNOW THEY WERE HOMING PIGEONS?"**

The known facts commence with an observant patrolman, of whom, albeit criticism to the contrary, we have a great number.

The three men were later dealt with in court, but nowhere throughout the length and breadth of our voluminous law books could be found defined ways or means for the judicial disposition of disorderly pigeons.

*A large, delicious pigeon pot pie was the popular and unanimous vote of the men of the precinct, but this suggestion was enthusiastically frowned upon by Captain Sheehy, who rightly held that it would be highly improper for him to sanction the death penalty in a case so trivial.*

Next his trusty pencil went into action and upon a piece of paper he wrote:



By PATROLMAN JOHN J. ROOKIE



# A Visit to Camp Mulrooney

By JOHN J. NOONAN, *Acting Deputy Chief Inspector*

**C**AMP MULROONEY, also called the "West Point of the Police Department," the summer training school of the Police Academy, was opened formally on the afternoon of June 12 by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, who witnessed a drill, inspection and pistol exhibitions by 300 future policemen in the school.

The recruits were lined up at attention as the Commissioner arrived, then dispersed at the "double quick" and took their places on benches provided for outdoor classes as the Commissioner and Chief Inspector O'Brien, accompanied by Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessy of The Bronx, and Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, Commandant of Camp Mulrooney, inspected the camp.

The Commissioner's attention was particularly attracted to the modern system of showers installed alongside a spacious solarium, where the Rookies are privileged to take water and sun baths daily. The mess hall next caught his eye. This year a large counter was erected, before which the men gather at lunch hour, and on it luncheon is served, much in the manner of an up-to-date restaurant. Incidentally, he was interested to learn that the students consume twice as much food and liquids as they did at the old cafeteria at 400 Broome Street.

Among the exhibitions which won the Commissioner's praise was one in pistol target practice by Probationary Patrolman William S. Ford. Firing at the outline of a man, he scored six shots in four and two-fifths seconds and then improved his record by six shots in three and one-half seconds.

The daily gallery at the camp numbers many thousands who seem to get a great kick in watching the Rookies go through their stunts.

An added feature of the camp's activities this year is that of closing the work of each day by holding retreat. While this ceremony is being held, the roads are literally jammed with automobilists who look on with patriotic pride as each Rookie snaps into a salute while the flag is lowered and the cornetist plays the national anthem.

At the close of the exercises Commissioner Mulrooney, talking through the Pathe and Fox Movietones, said:

"I want to congratulate you men on the splendid progress you have made in the course of training. We are following the plan of the United States Army and Navy in the training courses.

"The thought of the department is to give you as much outdoor training as possible to fit you physically for the work you are to take up. Training under outdoor conditions is most ideal."





# Barney on the Beat

By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT

## THE HEIGHT OF OPTIMISM



# IT COULD HAPPEN

## A STORY OF "POSSIBILITIES"

By PTL. JOHN G. LENA



"ON THE SPOT"

LARRY SCARPONE was a notorious gangster. His criminal escapades were so sensational that the newspapers were continuously harassing the police for not arresting him as a public menace. He had just committed another of his "on the spot" crimes, and once again the police were unable to get evidence enough for a conviction. It seemed that Larry always had an alibi.

John Sullivan, a young policeman, had just been assigned to the Detective Bureau as a reward for the part he played in halting a recent stick-up. He asked to be assigned to the "Scarpone Case." His superiors thought it over and then consented. Almost immediately afterwards things began to hum. Sullivan was riding through a downtown section of the city, when he noticed a big sedan rushing by with its shades drawn. He decided to follow it.

The car stopped in front of a small cabaret in the vicinity of Greenwich Village. A couple of men jumped from the car and started firing. There was a yell, someone fell, and then the sedan sped away. Young Sullivan fired a few shots after the car and then pursued it to an old warehouse near the Hudson River. For a moment he was going to rush in. Then he thought that this would be suicide, as the men were all armed. Keeping a close watch on the



place he told a citizen who was passing by to call up the Police Emergency Squad.

When they arrived they surrounded the warehouse. John took a few men to the front entrance, where they forced open the door. BANG! BANG! Bullets whizzed all around them. A machine gun was obtained from the emergency auto, and after a wild exchange of shots, coupled with a few yells, everything was quiet. The police entered and looked around. The place was deserted. Sullivan was surprised, but knew that they couldn't escape, for the place was covered on the outside.

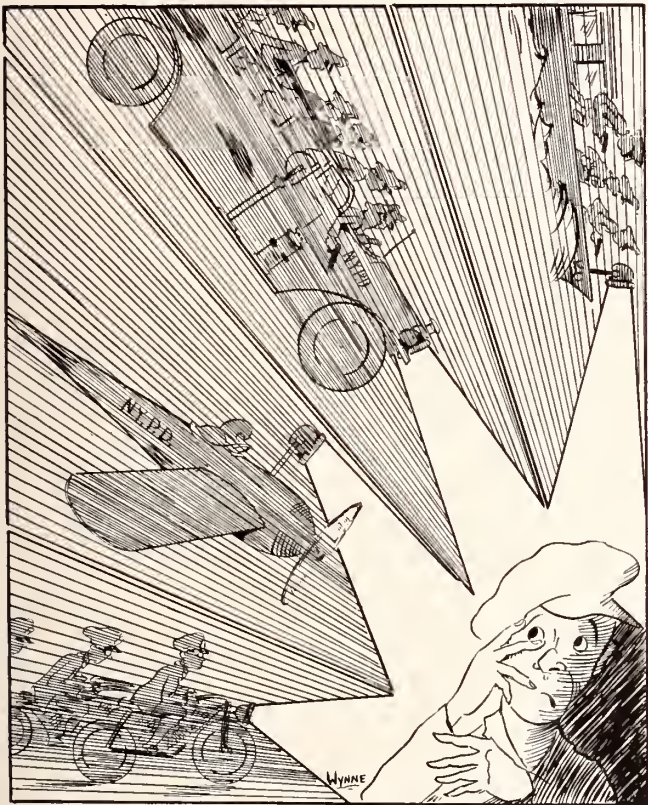
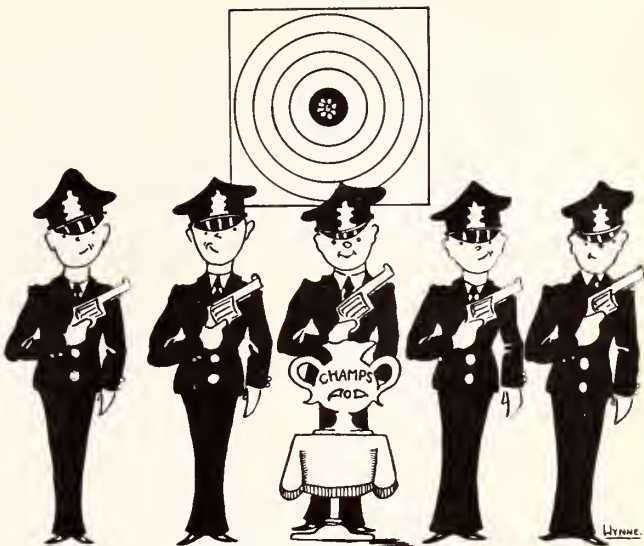
A chance glance through one of the windows made him shout "There they are!" They were in a motorboat which they had entered from an underground passageway. He saw that one of the men in the boat was SCARPONE. Here was his big chance! But what could he do? Then jumping into the emergency auto he gave orders to the chauffeur to follow the boat on land as best he could. A motorcycle policeman hearing the screeching of the emergency siren, drove up to the car and asked about the trouble. Sullivan told the motorcycle cop to notify the Police Harbor Squad to pick him up at a certain place and at the same time to look for a white motorboat with five desperadoes in it. The cyclist sped away to convey his message. The detective met the police boat at the prearranged point, but although they searched high and low the launch could not be found.

Then Sullivan got an idea. He called the radio operator on the police launch and told him to get in touch with the Aerial Police and tell them to search for the motorboat. A few minutes later they heard the hum of a plane that was flying very low, circling the surrounding territory. They could read the word "Police" on it. About fifteen minutes later a reply came from the police plane that a white motorboat was heading for a small inlet near Whitestone, L. I. The Harbor Squadron rushed to this location and recognized the escaped quarry. A shot was fired across the bow of the launch and the gunmen were



commanded to surrender. They replied with a volley of shots. After a ten-minute struggle, the gangsters gave in and were taken aboard the police boat. But the notorious Scarpone was missing.

Sullivan searched the boat carefully, but in vain. He became excited. Where was the gangster? Where could he have gone? He came to the conclusion that as Scarpone couldn't walk or fly from the boat the only way he could escape was to swim. In that case he must be hiding somewhere on the Island. After a fruitless search, John got another hunch. He told the wireless operator to get in touch with the Police Dog Squad and ask them to bring a couple of police dogs. After an hour's wait, a boat approached, and on it were some more police and four police dogs. The dogs were first put on the criminals' boat to get the scent and then let loose on the Island. Inside of a half-hour there was the sound of barking and also of a man swearing. The police rushed towards the sound and there stood their man.



Scarpone was a sorry sight. He was soaking wet and his clothes were in shreds where the dogs had set upon him. He had a stick in his hand and was trying to keep them away, but was unsuccessful. Upon seeing the police he immediately surrendered. At the station house, Scarpone made a full confession. He was taken to court, where he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Detective Sullivan was the talk of the city and the newspapers lauded him to the skies. He was promoted and also received a reward from the citizens for his remarkable police procedure. It was the first time in the history of the Police Department that almost every branch of the service was called upon to aid in the apprehension of a criminal.

OUR PISTOL TEAM WINS

The New York Police Department's pistol team won a splendid victory in a three-cornered tournament at West Point on Memorial Day when it defeated the New Jersey State Police and the West Point Cadet Pistol Teams. The New Jersey men were second, while the Cadets finished a good third.

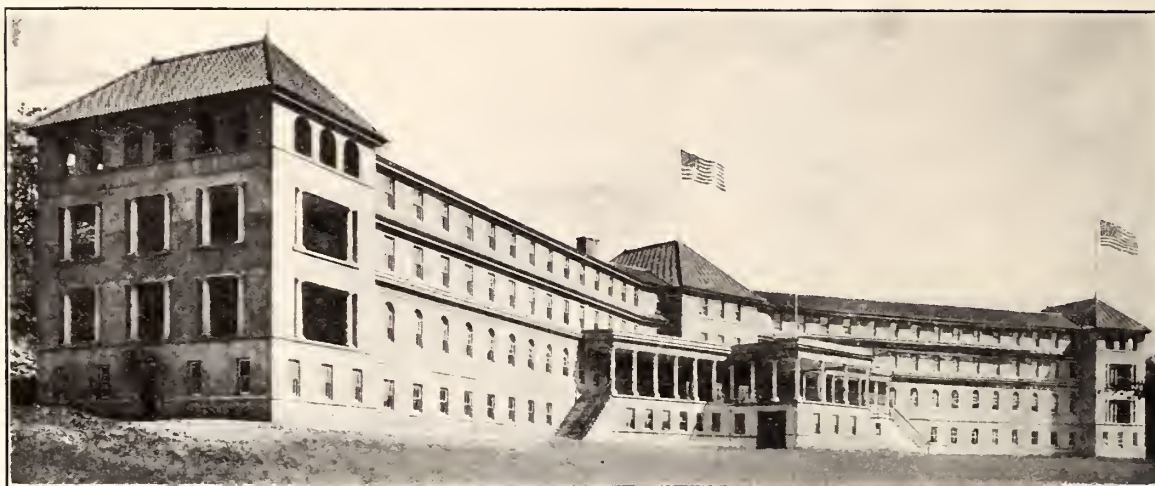
The representatives of "The Finest" broke the West Point range record by 5 points, establishing a world's record for rapid fire by making 499 points out of a possible 500. The New York Police team's score of 1,469 was the highest score of any team ever representing the Police Department and came within four points of equaling the world's record for a five-man team. The New Jersey State Police team shot 1,454 and the West Point Cadets' score was 1,451.

The teams' scores follow:

NEW YORK CITY POLICE	Slow	Timed	Rapid	Total
Ptl. Migliorini, Police Academy...	100	98	100	298
Ptl. Schuber, Motorcycle No. 1...	100	96	100	296
Ptl. Wendel, Police Academy.....	97	97	100	294
Ptl. Koehler, Police Academy....	99	94	100	293
Ptl. Sackett, Motorcycle No. 1...	98	91	99	288
	494	476	499	1,469

NEW JERSEY STATE POLICE	Slow	Timed	Rapid	Total
Corp. Lewis.....	100	98	99	297
Lt. Saltz.....	98	97	98	293
Trooper Miller.....	100	93	96	289
Sgt. Orzecouski.....	98	93	97	288
Trooper Dean.....	99	90	98	287
	495	471	488	1,454

WEST POINT	Slow	Timed	Rapid	Total
Cadet Kump.....	100	98	98	296
Cadet Densford.....	97	98	100	295
Cadet Mellnik.....	97	94	99	290
Lt. Greene.....	91	95	99	285
Cadet Howard.....	96	90	99	285
	481	475	495	1,451



# Vacation Days Are Here

**W**HEN the Police Recreation Centre opened for the season on Saturday, June 20, those fortunate enough to be guests noted the improvements that make our mountain resort more and more attractive to the members of the Police Department. Reservation blanks are in the custody of the captain of every precinct and should be used for the purpose of insuring proper accommodations. The Centre is under the direction of the four line organizations of the Department representing every rank and thousands of policemen, active and retired, and their families, who have been guests at the Indian Head Hotel, or the cottages or bungalows, are loud in their praise of the Centre as a place of amusement, rest and recreation.

On Wednesday evening, May 27, in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Astor the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Police Recreation Centre held an entertainment and dance. The proceeds were turned over to the Police Commissioner for the purpose of extending the water supply of the Centre. An exceptional vaudeville program was presented.

John J. White again has the management of the Centre under the supervision of a committee of the presidents of the associations representing the inspectors, captains, lieutenants, sergeants and patrolmen. The Police Recreation Centre is situated 100 miles from the city, on the west bank of the picturesque Hudson River six miles from Tannersville. It is 2,300 feet above sea level on the slopes of Indian Head and High Peak Mountains in the famous Catskill Range of the Empire State. The grounds are beautifully laid out and a modern hotel run at cost provides police guests with the finest of everything for comfort and recreation.





# SPORTS

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



On Wednesday evening, June 3, at the Dexter Park Baseball Stadium in Brooklyn, Police Commissioner Mulrooney helped to open the night baseball season by throwing out the first ball. The game was played between the Bushwicks, the home team, and the West New York Club from New Jersey. About 6,000 fans were present. Needless to say, when the Commissioner threw out the ball he threw a perfect strike.

## PRECINCT BASEBALL NEWS

How about a Precinct Baseball League? With so many teams throughout the different boroughs participating in our good old American pastime, and all of them showing a spirit of good-natured rivalry, coupled with a spirit of friendliness that speaks well for the department, it seems to me that it is about time we had a Precinct Baseball League to find out which team is champion of them all.

Will the teams in each borough who are interested in the formation of this league send in their names to SPRING 3100, and if we can get enough teams interested we will publish all of the challenges and results in this column and also in the precinct news.

The easiest way to run this league is by boroughs. After we get the winning team in each borough, then we can arrange for the finals of the tournament between these Borough champions. The winning team will win the title of Precinct Baseball Champions. Not forgetting, however, that all players must be attached to the precinct in the borough in which they play. What is fair for one team is fair for the other. All teams entering the tournament must be prepared to furnish a diamond in their own borough where they can play. Come on, now: let's get started.

AFTER A FEW REVERSES, our Police Department baseball team got off on the right foot again when they took over the fast Cedarhurst Baseball Club, on June 13, at Cedarhurst, L. I. The score was 4 to 3. This was the first defeat suffered by the Long Island lads in nine starts. The game was well attended, about 4,500 spectators being present. The coppers played crackerjack baseball and are beginning to play the kind of ball that is expected of them.

## RIGHT OFF THE BAT

Chester McAuliffe is the champion base stealer on the squad. When this baby gets going you can't stop him. He has muscles on his stomach from sliding. He's worn out so many uniforms that the manager is thinking of trading him to the Fire Department.

Every time the opposing pitcher threw one of those "bean balls" at Elmer Duckett's cranium, Sergeant Whitney yelled, "Look out, Elmer—Duck-ett!"

Risdell says that the next time he travels to Long Island, he'll hire an aeroplane. He had two flats on the way over. He plays shortstop on the team and his car plays shortstop on the road.

Walter (Knuckles) Lowe, the big left hander, pitched a fine game, allowing but one run until the ninth inning. He got a little bit wild then, when he thought he saw Primo Carnera in the stand. "Knuckles" would like to pitch into Primo, because he thinks that Primo is made to order for a south-paw.

The players' wives show up at each game to "root" for their hubbies. Mrs. Whitney, wife of the manager, is the cheer leader. From the way these ladies can yell, you can rest assured that half of their husbands are henpecked.

NEW YORK POLICE							CEDARHURST						
ab. r. b. po. a. e.							ab. r. b. po. a. e.						
McAuliffe, 2b.	5	1	2	7	3	0	Riley, 3b.	3	0	0	2	2	1
Kuhn, 1b.	5	1	2	10	0	0	Carroll, rf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Duckett, cf.	3	1	1	3	0	0	Mackin, 2b.	5	0	0	2	3	2
Buttman, lf.	4	0	2	1	0	0	Menzel, lf.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Foley, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Loesch, cf.	3	1	1	2	1	0
Sullivan, c.	4	0	1	2	2	0	Arlington, c.	3	1	2	9	0	0
Colgan, 3b.	4	0	1	1	3	0	Graham, 1b.	3	0	0	6	0	1
Risdell, ss.	4	1	1	2	4	1	Rothenfeld, ss.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Lowe, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0	Hendrickson, p.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Lanigan, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	aNeppell	0	0	0	0	0	0
McKelby, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0							
Total	37	4	10	27	12	1	Total	28	3	4	27	7	4

abatted for Hendrickson in month.

New York Police.	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	—	4
Cedarhurst	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—

aBatted for Hendrickson in ninth.  
New York Police..... 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1—4  
Cedarhurst..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2—3

NOTICE—Anyone having any news pertaining to sports that would be of interest to others in the department are invited to send such items to the magazine.

## LT. MAHONEY LEADS THE BAND

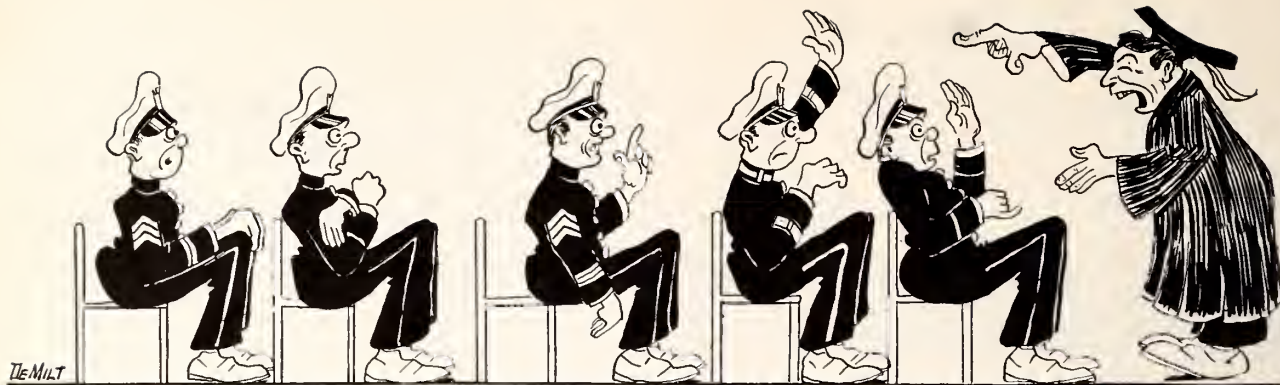
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM M. MAHONEY was re-elected President of the Police Band for the year 1931-32 at a special meeting of the band members held in mid-June. Lieutenant Mahoney has been a member of the band since its organization in 1900 and has greatly assisted in bringing it to its present high state of efficiency. SPRING 3100 wishes President Mahoney and his fellow members of the band a most successful year.

## FAITHFUL JOE PASSES ON

JOSEPH VIGNA, who in 1886 as a boy of ten, started delivering newspapers at Police Headquarters and continued to do so for forty-five years died on May 28th, at his home 7 East Third Street. Until his last illness, his faithful delivery service to the Police Department was never interrupted.

Joe's courteous and pleasing manners won him a host of friends among Police officials. One of the Police Commissioners who always had a kind word for Joe and whose later career the newsboy followed with the greatest admiration was the late Theodore Roosevelt. Joe's daily visits will be missed by all the men at headquarters.

The Vigna family desire through Spring 3100 to thank the members of the Police Department for their kind expressions of sympathy at Joe's death.



# THE POLICE ACADEMY

## City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

### OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.  
Sessions will be held at 10 A.M. and 7.30 P.M. daily except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Mondays - - - 12.30 P. M.  
Tuesdays - - - 5.30 P. M.  
Thursdays - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Fridays - - - 7.30 P. M.
3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Mondays - - - 12.30 P. M.  
Tuesdays - - - 5.30 P. M.  
Thursdays - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Fridays - - - 7.30 P. M.
4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.



### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. (a) It is highly important for the detective to discover the exact moment when he can form a definite opinion on a criminal investigation. Should a definite conclusion be arrived at too quickly a preconceived theory may be formed to which the detective will adhere with more or less tenacity until he is forced to abandon it. Such a case as this must be approached from the beginning with an open mind and must be entered into with great detail. In this case Mr. X is known as the assailant. It is logical to conclude that a motive for the shooting of Mr. B could be secured from Mr. B and from Mrs. B. Mr. B, when interrogated, stated that Mr. X had endeavored to establish a platonic friendship with Mrs. B and that he had been informed by Mrs. B that she had repulsed advances along these lines. The logical step was to locate Mrs. B. With the information furnished by Mr. B a search of the furnished room house should first be made to check up on the whereabouts of Mrs. B. In this case Mrs. B was found murdered in a room on the second floor of the furnished room house, the crime having been committed by Mr. X within an hour prior to the return of Mr. B from work when he was shot.
  - (b) The alarm should contain a description of X and the felonious assault.  
Description of X wanted for the murder of Mrs. B.
  - (c) (7). (6). (2).
  - (d) (3). (4).
  - (e) (5). (1).
- There is an old adage that detectives should often remember—"Cherchez la femme"—"Seek for the woman". Detectives should also bear in mind that preconceived theories are dangerous and in major cases parallel investigations should be instituted as a means of safeguarding against such theories.

### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

2. The constable, the sheriff and the marshal have been functioning for centuries.  
Duties of the Schout Fiscal and the first trace of a penal law system in New York recorded in 1632. In 1643 a Burgher Guard was established. The Charter of Nieu Amsterdam, dated 1653, provided for the election of a Schout, to patrol the streets. The following year the Rattle Watch, varying in number from four to six men, who were paid twenty-four stivers a night, was established. In 1700, the Mayor was empowered to inaugurate a Con-

### QUESTIONS FOR THE JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

1. In each Federal Judicial District there is a United States Commissioner. How does the Commissioner take office? What are his functions?
2. What are the duties of a United States Marshal?
3. What courts compose the Federal Judicial System?
4. What courts compose the judicial system of the State of New York and what is their respective jurisdiction with regard to—  
(a) Civil Cases  
(b) Criminal Cases
5. Drastic universal action is needed to suppress the illicit traffic in narcotic drugs. Outline a plan of action to stop this traffic and state how, in your opinion, narcotic drugs can be kept from smugglers.
6. What is the relationship of narcotic addiction to criminals and the commission of crime?
7. Various routine police duties must be efficiently performed by precinct commands. List the most important of these duties and briefly describe the routine.
8. What special qualifications would you deem necessary for a Police Sergeant? Why?
9. Briefly outline the methods of supervision by the Department in the matter of Pawnbrokers.



stable Watch; beside the commanding officer, it consisted of twelve men. Thirty-one years later, the first Watch House was built, at a cost of sixty pounds, at the junction of Wall and Broad Streets. The foundation of the present police force may be traced to 1798. In that year an act was passed providing for regular policing of the city, and by the year 1803 there were 140 privates in the three police districts, each of the latter being under the direction of two captains. Watchmen were equipped with a leather hat and a 33-inch club, and their pay was 87½ cents per night in 1830. At that period of its development the city had a population of 202,589. Disciplinary Supervision was born six years later when a law was enacted providing for the appointment of 192 men, who were not to wear uniforms and were to be known as roundsmen. In 1843 the population had grown to 350,000, the majority residing south of an irregular line extending from the East River and 28th Street to the Hudson River and 40th Street. The force numbered 1,000 men then, but no effort was made to police the territory north of this line. In 1844 the City boasted of a Chief of Police and a population of 400,000, but the radical departure in police affairs in this city came in 1857, when the Metropolitan District and the Board of Police, comprising the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn and five commissioners, were established. The Metropolitan District then consisted of the counties of New York, Kings, Westchester and Richmond. Police headquarters were at the corner of Broome and Elm Streets in 1858; the City then had a population of 820,000 and the Police force was 1,430 strong. There were 61,455 arrests in New York for the year ending October 31, 1858, and 13,918 in Brooklyn for the corresponding period. Police headquarters at 300 Mulberry Street was erected in 1863. In 1870 a new Charter reorganized the Police Department, and its direction was intrusted to a Police Board, consisting of four commissioners, who appointed a Superintendent of Police. The laws of 1872 charged the Board of Police with cleaning the streets, but later a street cleaning department was organized to do this work. On May 17, 1882, the Board of Police was empowered to establish the Central Office Bureau of Detectives with a force not to exceed forty. Chapter 354 of the Laws of 1883 brought the police force under the Civil Service Regulations. In 1888 matrons were added to the Police force. In 1895 the office of Chief Surgeon was created. Throughout the history of the Department there were many changes in the numerical strength of the force, salaries and ranks, until they were stabilized in 1898 by the Charter. The City of Greater New York was created on January 1, 1898. The numerical strength of the police at that time was 6,382. The Board of Police Commissioners was abolished by the Legislature on February 2, 1901, and the office of Police Commissioner established. The office of Chief of Police was also abolished. The annual budget now is about \$62,000,000. In a period of 278 years, the police force of New York City has grown from one man to over nineteen thousand men. Duly constituted city police systems were established by Chicago, New Orleans, Boston, and Baltimore between 1850 and 1857. Other cities followed.

Various political units have police officers.

The United States Government has Secret Service agents in the Treasury Department since 1864; agents in the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice; agents in the Narcotic Division since 1909, which has been since augmented by a border patrol; agents and border patrol in the Custom Service and Immigration Bureau; inspectors in the Post Office Department since 1878; and guards in the Coast Guard attached to the Treasury Department.

**Rural Police:**—With the exception of states that have by legislative enactment organized state police departments, counties, villages and towns depend upon sheriffs and constables. The former was a royal officer in Anglo-Saxon days and the latter is a creation of the Norman period. It should not be expected that systems adapted to conditions in England centuries ago can function with desirable effect nowadays. The rapid development of hard-surfaced roads and the motor vehicle have opened up the country to the urban criminal. Rural areas have increased in population. Industries have located therein. These areas have become urbanized. With this progress in the social organization the following states have established state constabulary police forces: Texas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Maine, Michigan, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and West Virginia.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

3. A policeman whose work it is to keep youths and adults from falling into crime; one who studies causes of individual cases and take preventive action; one who eliminates the breeding places of crime either on his own initiative or through the work of other officers and assisting agencies. The preventive policeman provides immediate relief in cases of urgent poverty distress; secures jobs for the unemployed. Arranges to secure mental and medical clinical treatment for the mental defective, the abnormal and the maladjusted. He works towards the rehabilitation of the delinquent and the criminal; arranges recreation and playground activities for youths; looks for the youth that is going wrong and helps him to go right. The preventive policeman has an intimate knowledge of neighborhood conditions and is a guide, philosopher and friend to those who are in need. He works in close cooperation with churches, schools and parents, and establishes friendly contacts between youths and the police.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

4. Women have been employed by police departments as matrons, dealing with women prisoners for over fifty years. At the Lewis and Clarke Exposition in Portland, Oregon, in 1905 a number of women volunteers were appointed with police power. Their work attracted attention. As a result a separate division for women was subsequently permanently established in the Portland Police Department. The staff is known as "Workers." Today there are policewomen in over two hundred municipalities in this country. The size of the forces vary. New York City has 101 policewomen and 42 patrolwomen and 25 investigators. Detroit has 40, Washington 25. Smaller cities have two or three. In August, 1918, under Chapter 651 of the Greater New York Charter, ten women were appointed to serve as the first policewomen in New York City. The number was subsequently increased to twenty. In May, 1920, the State Legislature passed a bill making

their appointment permanent. By this same enactment the designation of "policewoman" was changed to "patrolwoman," and provisions made for the appointment under the Civil Service Law of additional appointments to a total of thirty as patrolwomen "for the increased moral protection of women and minors, for the prevention of delinquency among women and minors and for the performance of such other duties as the Police Commissioner may assign to them."

In May, 1888, the Police Commissioner of New York City appointed police matrons by authority of legislative enactment, which provided for separate detention quarters for women and for police matrons to be designated for the care of women held in the custody of the police. On May 11, 1920, the Charter of the City of New York was amended by legislative act and the rank and grade of police matron was abolished. Police matrons then in the Department became known as policewomen with all the rights and privileges of patrolmen. Policewomen are appointed by the Police Commissioner.

In April, 1930, twenty-five women were appointed as crime prevention investigators to the Police Department. Women police are employed in Australia, England, Scotland, Canada, Nova Scotia, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Holland, Norway, Poland, Sweden, Chile, Siam and other countries.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

5. (a) (1) Inquiry into the technique of the perpetrator used in the commission of the crime.
- (2) Inquiry into the corpus delicti and the res gestae.
- (3) Technique of the police employed in the gathering of evidence, tracking the criminal and in the solution of the crime.
- (b) Methods of sorting, classifying and comparing results. Included are record files, identification systems, registers, indexes and assisting scientific agencies.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

6. (a) Anthropometry, the science of bodily measurements—known as the Bertillon System, the creation of the late Alphonse Bertillon of the Criminal Identification Department, Paris, France, in 1882, who died in 1913. It is based on the fact that dimensions of certain bony portions of the body do not vary between adolescence and old age. Specific measurements, such as head length, head breadth, middle finger length, foot length and cubit, are selected. Each primary heading was subdivided according to height span, length and breadth of ear, height of bust and the eye color. Later he added to these measurements his Portrait Parle system of descriptive photography and his method of grouping colors and peculiarly characteristic marks. Some time after he added fingerprints with his own classification system.
- (b) Fingerprints. Largely the work of Sir William Herschel and Sir Francis Galton, although the classification used to make the system workable was the creation of Sir Edward Henry, formerly Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police of London. First used by officials in India, fingerprints were introduced at Scotland Yard in 1901. Fingerprints are based on the fact that the lines on the surface of the finger tips form certain typical patterns which can be accurately classified. Such patterns appear three months prior to birth and disappear with the dissolution of the body after death. No two impressions have ever been discovered to be exactly the same. The Henry system of classification divides fingerprints into four types: arches, loops, whorls and composites. Arches are classed with loops, and composites with whorls. The ten impressions are divided into five pairs: right thumb and right index; right middle and right ring; right little and left thumb; left index and left middle; left ring and left little. Only whorls are given numerical weight. When a whorl appears in the first pair it counts 16; in the second pair, 8; in the third pair, 4; and in the fifth pair, 1. The value of each of the first fingers is totaled and to this is added one. This becomes the denominator. A total is taken of each of the second fingers of the five pairs and one is added. This becomes the numerator. Primary classifications range from 1/1 to 32/1 and from 2/1 to 32/2 and finally to 32/32, making a total of 1,024 combinations. A secondary classification is required to identify large accumulations of primary classification numbers. While the Bertillon system is still used in some departments in this country, New York discontinued its use in 1918. Instruments used in taking measurements are liable to get out of order—no two persons make exactly the same measurements—and the operators must be specially trained. To take fingerprints only a piece of plate glass or tin, some printer's ink, a rubber cylinder and ordinary white paper will suffice. There is no margin of error. Any police officer can learn to take fingerprints with thirty minutes' practice. The ordinary system of classifications is simple.
- (c) National system in European nations of a central clearing house for all information relative to identification and criminal intelligence. The national system was found insufficient due to the fact that the professional criminal is cosmopolitan and an International Bureau has been established in Vienna.
- (d) Files of photographs according to offenses and to methods used by criminals, tattoo and deformity registers, files of nicknames and aliases, handwriting files, catalogues of newspaper clippings relating to crime and criminals.
- (e) Modus Operandi System, known as the M. O.—a scheme by which a code of methods of professional criminals could be tabulated, particularly in connection with crimes against property. It has ten headings, viz.: building, place of entrance to building, means, object (property stolen), time, represented self as, tale, associates, vehicle, if any peculiarities.
- (f) Distant Identification System—to be used with any fingerprint system. By the use of numerals the patterns, ridges and characteristics of fingerprints may be accurately transmitted by a code created in 1914 by the late Hakon Jorgensen,



subdirector of police, Copenhagen, Denmark. A complete formula for positive distant identification consists of approximately fifty numerals to be used in transmitting by telephone, telegraph or radio a description of fingerprints to distant points, thereby acquiring in a comparatively short space of time information that formerly required days.

- (g) The Meldewesen System—that requires every individual to report to the police when he arrives in a city. He must report his regular place of residence and his business and establish his identity by papers. His native city has a record of him which includes his criminal record should he have one. If he moves to another city or village the police ascertain by correspondence with the authorities of his former place of residence what his past record has been.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION No. 7 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

7. (a) In cases of misdemeanors a police officer can only arrest without a warrant for a crime committed or attempted in his presence. When the person arrested had committed a felony or when a felony had in fact been committed and there was reasonable cause for believing the person arrested had committed it, the police officer is justified in making the arrest. If the individual was a fugitive from another state after the commission of the misdemeanor the police officer had no authority to arrest except in accordance with the provisions of Sections 828 and 829 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, and in that event an exemplified copy of the indictment, warrant or complaint from the foreign state would be necessary. *McDonnell v. McConville*, 1911, 148 Appellate Division, 49.
- (b) A citizen of another state may be arrested in this state for a felony committed in the other state, although all the steps have not been taken which would justify the rendition of the person arrested. As the provisions in the Federal Constitution giving to citizens of each state all the privileges and immunities of the citizens in the several states does not give non-residents coming into a state any greater privileges than a citizen of that state enjoys, the right to arrest a non-resident suspected of committing a felony in the foreign state should be considered in the same manner as the right to arrest a resident. Peace officers of this state are justified in making an arrest of a resident of this state or of a non-resident within the state, upon information received by telegraph from the police department of a city of this state that a felony has been committed in a foreign state and that the person designated is suspected of the crime. *Burton and Heeren v. The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company*, 1911, 147, Appellate Division, 557.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

8. Secure cooperation of motorman and conductor. Secure assistance of first available policeman. Allow no person to leave car. Determine from complainant who he suspects and his factual or probable cause therefor. Determine what complainant had taken from his pocket, its description and value. Determine that a felony had been committed. Detain suspect. Interrogate other passengers for purpose of securing witnesses to the commission of the criminal act. Establish identity of witnesses. Secure names and addresses. If the police officer saw the crime committed in his presence he should make the arrest. If his investigation determines that the suspect had committed a felony or that a felony had in fact been committed and there was reasonable cause for believing the suspect to have committed it, arrest could be made. It should be borne in mind that the complaining passenger should be sure that he has factual or probable cause on which to have the suspect arrested. There should be tangible grounds for the complainant's belief that the suspected person committed the crime. Mere suspicion is not enough. The complaining passenger must have reason which would be convincing to a reasonable, careful and prudent man. If the complaining passenger proceeds without such reasonable grounds for belief in the guilt of the suspect, he places himself open to a civil action for damages for causing a false arrest. The personal liberty of a citizen ought not to be interfered with except for well considered causes and reasons. The fact that an accused person is subsequently acquitted does not necessarily indicate that probable cause for arrest was lacking. Police procedure to be followed.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 9 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

9. Officer should determine if the vehicle was
- On sidewalk except where allowed on narrow streets with car tracks during business hours.
  - On one-way street against arrow direction.
  - Commercial vehicle on a prohibited roadway.
  - Parked away from curb.
  - If it obstructed traffic.
  - Preventing another vehicle pulling in to discharge.
  - So parked to prevent a vehicle pulling away.
  - Obstructing a crossing.
  - Backed up to curb.
  - Within 15 feet of the building line at an intersection.
  - Between a safety zone and curb or within 25 feet of such zone.
  - Within 10 feet of a hydrant.
  - Private vehicle on a hack stand.
  - On a grade and wheels not at an angle to curb, or brakes not set.
  - Parked for a longer time than
    - One hour in congested sections.
    - Two hours in a parking space.
    - Three hours between 12 midnight and 7 A. M.
    - In violation of any special parking, or no parking regulation provided by traffic regulations for the particular section as indicated by signs.

- Without front or rear lights—if at night.
  - Not properly registered.
  - Obstructing employees of Department of Sanitation or Fire Department.
- If the officer found any of the above violations he should warn the owner, correct the conditions and if not promptly complied with, serve summons. If the owner could not be found or he persisted in the violation report should be made to Commanding Officer with a view to its removal as an encumbrance as provided in Section 152, Chapter 23, Code of Ordinances.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 10 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

10. (a) Extortion. X telephoned to B telling him that if he did not receive \$500 by Saturday that he would blow up B's home. B, fearing the house would be destroyed, met X and paid him the \$500.
- (b) Blackmail. X wrote a letter to B threatening to assault B unless B gave him \$500. This letter was placed in the mail box and received by B. X was arrested for being the author of and sending the letter.
- (c) Threatening letter. A had business difficulties with B. As a result he sought to annoy B and sent to B a threatening letter signed with a fictitious name, to the effect that unless B moved out of the neighborhood he would not continue to enjoy good health.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 11 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

- II. (a) Personal property and fixtures when severed from the realty. Personal property includes
- Money
  - Thing in action
  - Evidence of debt or contract
  - Any article of value
  - Securities and effects—deeds—book of accounts—records—vouchers
  - Railroad ticket Postage stamp.
- (b) X was desirous of returning to his native country but was afraid he would be inducted into the military service when he arrived in that country. B, knowing this, went to X and told him that he was associated with the Consulate and if X would pay him \$300 he would have him excused from military duty when he arrived in foreign country. Relying on this, X paid B the \$300. The statement made by B was false, known to be false, and it was of a present material fact. It was relied on by X to his damage for the sum of \$300.
- (c) If the property is a written instrument, being evidence of debt, other than a public or corporate script, bond or security, having market value or being the transfer of or evidence of title to any property, or of the creating, releasing, or discharging of any demand, right or obligation, the amount of money due thereon, or secured to be paid thereby, and remaining unsatisfied, or which in any contingency, might be collected thereon or thereby, or the value of the property transferred or affected, or the title to which is shown thereby, or the sum which might be recovered for the want thereof, as the case may be, is deemed the value of the thing stolen. Passage ticket value is priced at which it is usually sold for. In any other case, market value is the value.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 12 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

12. (a) Commanding Officer of 40th Precinct where injuries were sustained shall cause an investigation of the circumstances and report in duplicate to the Police Commissioner through official channels within 24 hours, showing
- Result of his investigation
  - Whether, in his opinion, the injuries were sustained in the performance of police duty.
- If the officer is disabled in the performance of police duty and is unable to make application for full pay the Commanding Officer of precinct where injuries occurred shall in addition to the above report:
- Make application for full pay for him, stating the officer is unable to make personal application, and
  - Stating the manner in which the injuries were sustained, and
  - Whether in his opinion full pay should be granted.
- If the injured officer makes application personally for full pay, his Commanding Officer shall forward application by endorsement to Commanding Officer of Precinct where officer was injured. Commanding Officer of precinct where injuries occurred shall endorse thereon
- Result of his investigation
  - Whether injuries were sustained in performance of duty, and
  - Whether in his opinion full pay should be granted.
- It is also the duty of the Commanding Officer of the 40th Precinct to see that proper records of accident is made in blotter and aided cards made out. Also that Telegraph Bureau is immediately notified and that Surgeon concerned is notified. Notify his Commanding Officer in case of his reporting sick. Relatives to be notified if he is removed to hospital.
- If on sick report, Surgeon concerned shall visit and report to Chief Surgeon whether, in his opinion, injuries were sustained in manner claimed and to see that he receives proper medical attention, also reporting if Chaplain is desired and additional report if officer is sick over 30 days. He shall direct officer to return to duty as soon as he is able.
- Commanding Officer of Division where injuries occurred shall in case of special faithfulness to duty, exceptional skill and bravery in the performance of duty, investigate same and transmit to the Police Commissioner a report of such investigation with his recommendation. If Departmental recognition is recommended, a copy of the minutes of the investigation is forwarded.



- (b) Promptly report full occurrence, giving facts and circumstances of case. Identity and description of escaped criminal. Give in detail the manner in which he sustained his injuries, together with names and addresses of witnesses. Any evidence in case to be given to detectives. Make entries of facts in memo. book.  
If unable to perform duty he should report sick to Commanding Officer of precinct in which he is located, in person, by telephone or by messenger. If he desires full pay while on sick report he should make application to the Police Commissioner in duplicate, through official channels, and state in detail the circumstances in which the injuries were received. If able, report to office of Surgeon at hours designated. Remain indoors unless having permission of Surgeon. When directed by Surgeon report for duty and deliver return notice to Commanding Officer.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 13 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

13. (a) An Emergency Service Division is organized within the Department consisting of high powered trucks with modern emergency equipment and trained crews.  
The trucks are assigned one to territorial divisions within the City and respond to all emergencies such as serious fires, accidents, disasters, or grave impending dangers such as riots, unlawful assemblies, etc.  
(h) That the entire Force may be speedily mobilized, a card index system is established in which the rank, name and address, squad or assignment of each member of the Force living in a precinct is filed according to the numerical order of post and precinct number. In case of emergency these cards are taken from the file and delivered to the patrol force for delivery at residence of men off duty, directing them to report to their respective commands immediately equipped for duty. If the member is at home the officer returns the card to his command. If officer is not at home the card is left there for him and upon reporting the officer delivers it to his commanding officer, who returns it to the resident precinct for refiling.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 14 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

14. When a person is arrested on a charge of felony or charged with any of the crimes or offenses mentioned in Section 552 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, and if the prisoner is sent to a hospital, the desk officer shall send a transcript of arrest record to member of Force in command or guarding prisoners in hospitals. If the hospital is located in another precinct the transcript will be delivered to desk officer of such precinct for delivery to officer as above, except if prisoners are confined in Bellevue, Kings County, or Fordham Hospitals, then the desk officer of precinct where arrest was made shall forward such transcript direct to officer in charge of prison ward of such hospitals.  
If convicts are sent to the latter hospitals from the Department of Correction, the officer in charge of the prison ward shall ascertain the precinct in which the arrest was made and request desk officer of that precinct by telephone to send transcript of arrest record of case.

Reasons: This is done in order that policemen assigned to guard prisoners in hospitals may have accurate information as to the identity and character of the prisoners confined therein, and to take measures to prevent escape, use of drugs, liquor or smuggling of such things, or weapons to such prisoners.

Purpose: Records. An arrest record must be kept. Statistics. Responsibility properly placed for safekeeping and humane treatment of prisoners.

Interviewing prisoners: Person charged with a felony—only with written authorization of District Attorney of county in which crime was committed. Person charged with a misdemeanor: only with written authorization from Commanding Officer of Precinct in which hospital is located. Also the following—in any case:

- A superior officer of the Department
- Member of the Detective Division
- District Attorney or his representative
- Chief Medical Examiner or his assistant
- Attaches of hospital
- Clergymen in discharge of their duty
- Parole officers when properly identified
- Probation officers when properly identified
- Social workers and welfare officers when properly identified
- Lunacy Commission appointed by courts
- Prisoner seriously ill—on a telegram signed by Superintendent of Hospital.

Written authorizations to be kept on file by the officer at hospital for future reference.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 15 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

15. There need be no further proof of the crime of robbery. Section 395, Code of Criminal Procedure, states that a confession of a defendant may be given in evidence against him except when made under the influence of fear produced by threats, or unless made upon a stipulation of the District Attorney that he shall not be prosecuted therefor, but it is insufficient to warrant a conviction without additional proof that the crime charged has been committed.  
In a case as that cited in the question, the Court of Appeals has said, "Where a plea of guilty is made, no conviction is necessary and the court must pronounce sentence". Again it said, "Where a plea of guilty is entered and not withdrawn it is the same as though a verdict of guilty has been rendered by a jury."

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 16 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

- Information filed or complaint made.
- The arrest on warrant. The arrest without a warrant.
- To station-house for record (Line-up—See Rule 381).
- Bail, if case is bailable.
- Arraignment in court.
- Preliminary hearing by Magistrate.
- Bail, if case is bailable.
- Magistrate's return on cases for Special Sessions to the District Attorney. The District Attorney files the information and the original complaint with the clerk of the Court of Special Ses-

sions. The clerk of the Court of Special Sessions places the case on the calendar for pleading.

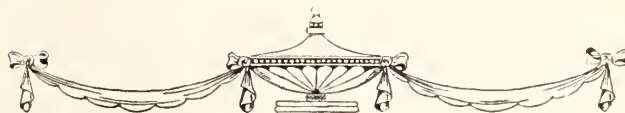
- In felony cases the original papers from the Magistrate's Court go directly to the clerk of General Sessions. There copies are made and sent to the Chief Clerk of the District Attorney's office, who transmits copies of the complaint to the Indictment Bureau. The staff of the Indictment Bureau presents the case to the Grand Jury.
- Special Sessions and the information. Case heard by three justices.
- The Grand Jury and the indictment.
- Motions to inspect indictment may be made by defense. Upon inspection follows motions to dismiss based upon minutes.
- Objections to indictment.
  - Insufficient as matter of law.
  - Disqualification of Grand Jury for some reason.
  - Defects in indictment.
    - By demurrer.
    - Motion to dismiss heard by the court.
- Arraignment—pleading.
  - Guilty except in murder cases confers authority to pass sentence after investigation.
  - Not guilty—the issue is said to be joined between the State and defendant and case is ready for trial.
  - Guilty to lesser degree of crime.
  - Not guilty on ground of insanity. Usually a forerunner for appointment of commission to determine if the defendant is insane at time of examination.
  - Double jeopardy.
- D. O. R.—Discharged on Recognizance. In some cases witnesses are not available, or certain evidence lacking and postponement refused by court, District Attorney will enter on record "D. O. R.", which means he does not intend to prosecute further on existing bill of indictment. If this is done before jury is sworn it is not a bar to subsequent prosecution.
- Selection of jury.
- The case for the people. District Attorney makes opening address to jury, stating charges contained in indictment and outlining evidence to be offered.
- Defendant's attorney may open or waive opening until end of people's case. This is generally at discretion of court.
- Motion by defendant's attorney to dismiss at end of case and motion at close of entire case.
- For the People: Direct examination by the District Attorney. Cross-examination by defendant's attorney. Redirect examination by District Attorney. Recross-examination by defendant's attorney.
- For the defense: Direct examination by defendant's attorney. Cross-examination by District Attorney. Redirect examination by defendant's attorney. Recross-examination by District Attorney.
- Rebuttal for people by District Attorney. Rebuttal for defense by defendant's attorney.
- Summation by defense. Summation by District Attorney.
- Charge by Court.
- Requests to charge and objections to charge.
- Verdict. If guilty, motions to set aside.
- (aa) Motion in arrest of judgment.
- (hb) Sentence.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 17 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

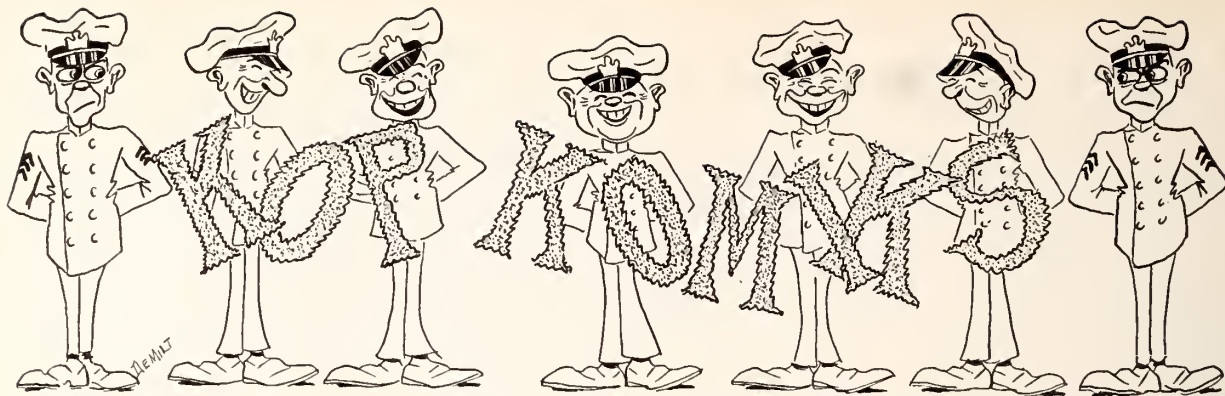
17. Its object is to obtain the production of a person before a court or judge. It is a remedy for a person who is being detained in jail without legal right, where the charge is not being pressed or where bail in an excessive amount has been set. It is a means by which arbitrary actions or mistakes by a magistrate in the preliminary stages of a prosecution may be corrected. Application in petition form is made to a judge by an attorney for the individual detained or by himself.

## In Memoriam

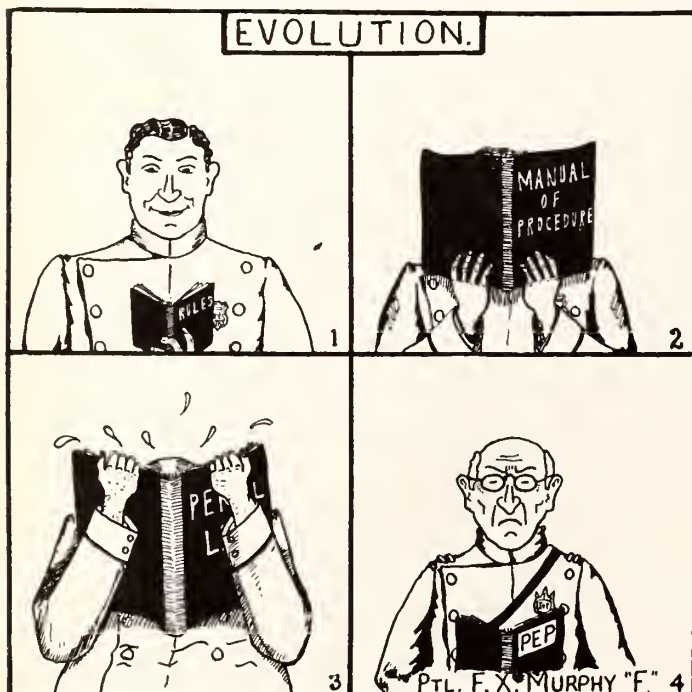
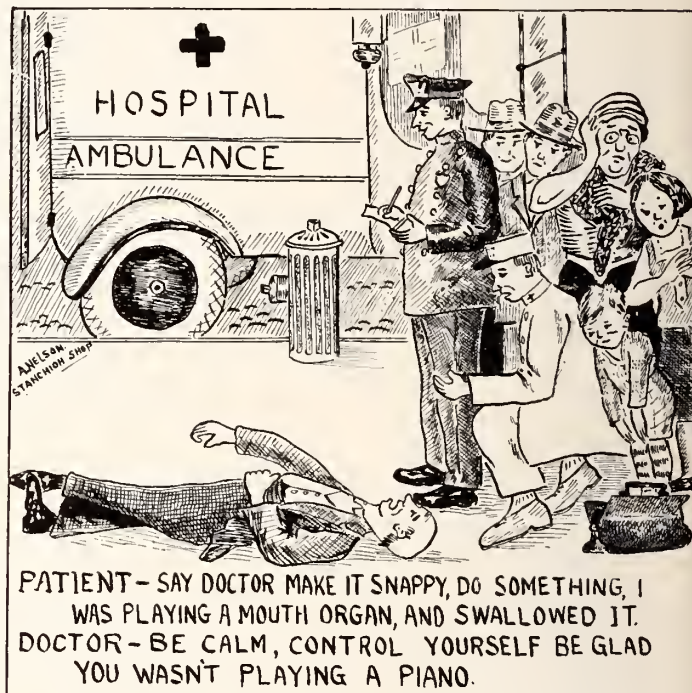
Plt. Arthur Strauss	42d Pct.	May 20, 1931
Sgt. Thomas J. Weber	Tra. "D"	May 24, 1931
Ptl. Thomas F. Caffney	68th Pct.	May 24, 1931
Ptl. John F. McCarthy	14th Pct.	May 30, 1931
Sgt. Wm. H. O'Shaughnessy	28th Pct.	June 9, 1931
Ptl. Eugene J. McMahon	Tra. "C"	June 9, 1931
Ptl. John Q. A. Elwood	120th Pct.	June 17, 1931
Sgt. William B. O'Keefe	108th Pct.	June 18, 1931







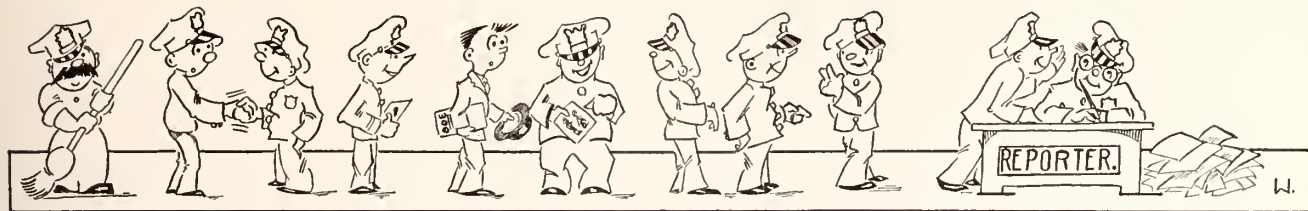
**THIS PAGE IS DEVOTED EACH MONTH TO CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE Department. They must be drawn in black drawing ink on white card board, eight inches square.**





# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 1ST DIVISION

## PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley  
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch  
6th Pct., Ptl. A. Buttncavola  
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

Now that the miniature golf season is here, it won't be long before Patrolman Terry Condon picks up his golf sticks and starts teeing off.

Patrolman "Square" Lynch is not going to look for the man with the green umbrella in the coming examination. He says that this wouldn't be on the level.

Patrolman Walsh, of the 6th Precinct, is trying to figure out where he will spend his vacation. He don't know whether to go on a trip to Europe or to Canarsie. We think that it will be Canarsie.

Patrolman Edward Dark, of the 8th Precinct, says that his youngster is beginning to see the light and that it won't be long before he'll start giving it nickels for the talkies.

## 2D DIVISION

## LT. JOSEPH UNGER

3d Pct., Ptl. John Stofford  
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon

7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker  
9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan  
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

Clerical Patrolman Henry Dawson, 5th Precinct, is still waiting for the insurance appraiser to return and settle for damage to his 1920 auto. Looks like Henry will have his tin Lizzie in storage for the summer.

Members of this command wish Sergeant Malcy good luck in his new assignment at the 2d Division office, and that the day cannot come too quickly when he will be made a lieutenant.

Watch the Police Department baseball team this season, with the star pitcher, none other than Patrolman John Comerford of this precinct.

Patrolman James Ball, our distributor of clothes, coal and groceries, is thinking of opening up a grocery store when he is through with this assignment, and wants Patrolmen Robison, Sendal and Mayer as his clerks.

Watch Patrolmen Ryan, Bokelman, Nawrod and others in the coming sergeants' examination, for they are giving a very good account of themselves at Delehanty's school.

Lieutenant John Sheridan, a recent arrival from The Bronx, seems to be well satisfied. He says the only difference is the air.

## 3D DIVISION

## PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lowlor  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

18th Pct., Ptl. Stephen Kennedy  
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

Patrolman Jack Elliot, of the 20th Precinct, is supposed to be very sweet on a little girl from the wilds of The Bronx. Some of the boys say that it won't be long now. It's strange how these big guys fall for those little "gals." (The little bird who let us in on this news is Jack Coogan.)

Patrolman Dunn is expected to go to Alaska on his vacation. This information comes to us from reliable sources and we wish him the best of luck. Look out for them Eskimos.

## 4TH DIVISION

## LT. JOHN J. FLYNN

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin  
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin  
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll  
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney

The baseball team of the 15th Precinct is going great guns. We haven't lost a game as yet and are still open for challenges.

Patrolman James Harned, of the 17th Precinct, has taken unto himself a little bungalow somewhere in Rockaway Beach. It looks as though he's going to have a swimming good time this summer.

Patrolman Charles Ford, of the 22d Precinct, is all set to go on a long trip with that new boiler of his. He's undecided whether to go to California or Maine. Make up your mind, Charley, but don't run out of gas.

## 5TH DIVISION

## LT. WILLIAM TURK

24th Pct., Ptl. Henry Thiebound  
34th Pct., Ptl. Leo Hoy

30th Pct., Ptl. James W'nil

Sergeant Golden, of the 30th Precinct was observed playing baseball up in Bedford Park recently with the Emergency Squad team. He didn't break any fences with that bat of his, but the ease and grace with which he ran around the bases made a hit with the spectators.

Sergeant Ed Stauffer is known for his wise cracks and shuffleboard ability. Try and put anything over on this baby. He's got an answer before you finish your question.

Patrolman Vincent Kiernan is thinking of hiring a stenographer to help him out with his numerous duties as assistant to the chief clerical man of the precinct.

Patrolman John Ward, of the 34th Precinct, is studying very hard for the "three stripes," and he is expected to finish well up on the list.

## 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

## LT. JAMES F. DONLON

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Sgt. Fred Norman

We regret losing Sergeant Paul Del Gardo, who was transferred to the 41st Precinct. Our loss is their gain. We wish him lots of luck in his new precinct and sincerely hope he comes back to the neighborhood with two bars on his sleeve.

Patrolman John Murray is back in the 23d Precinct again. He still lives in Brooklyn (poor fellow), hasn't lost his bay window, still eats whole wheat muffins, doesn't want to be a sergeant, and still thinks W. J. Bryan would make a good President.

Patrolman Benedetto Stio, of the 23d Precinct, is studying to become a sergeant. We all wish Benny lots of luck, and if he succeeds it will just be another case of the boy who made good. "From pushing the broom to pushing the cops."

Patrolman (Muscles) Leahy challenges all comers in the flyweight wrestling class to a finish bout. He doesn't know his own strength.

Patrolman John Lowe is getting his hair back. He'll be able to comb it with a towel soon.

Patrolman Fred (Dilly) Strakosch, of the 23d Precinct, is going about asking such questions as: "Where does the tide go when it goes out? Would you paint a cabin pink or old rose? If you were going to make a right turn in Pelham Bay, would you put out your right or left hand? Has anyone a spare spark plug?" Solution—FREDDY HAS A MOTORBOAT.

In answer to numerous questions from admirers regarding Lieutenant Thomas Gibney's hair, the answer is. "No! His hair is not red."

The entire command is patiently awaiting the opening of the 25th Precinct detention prison record room and pistol range in the rear of the station house building. By the time this will go to press we hope that Attendant Bill Goetz shall have turned the key on the first prisoner. Bill, we would like to know what you will use in the bottle that will help dedicate this famous structure.

We feel it is about time that we said a word of introduction to that busy little patrolman, Ernest Wagner, who works on Third Avenue. He's small, but my, what big things he can do. Now do not get a swell head. Ernest, for your head is big enough now.

By the time this issue is printed the boys will have finished the tough ordeal of taking the sergeants' examination. We will be very much surprised if the following names do not appear at the head of the list: Patrolmen Bosch, James Kennelley, Ralph Wolk, Martin Hayes, John R. Lloyd (the station house lawyer), George Greene, Fred Koch, Peter Mulvihill, John Conway and a few others, whose names we will not mention. However, we wish them all the best of luck.

Sergeant Louis Ringeisen was seen buying a pair of leather shoe laces. He says they last much longer than the cotton ones. Leave it to those Throggs Neck guys to show you the way to economize.

Talking about Throggs Neck, let us introduce Sergeant George Roeder, of the 25th Precinct. He also

hails from that part of the country. The gentleman of very few words, but my—how many actions!

Patrolman John Smith, our clerical man, is getting along very nicely, ably assisted by Patrolman George Heim. We can safely say that they have the precinct records up-to-date like "nobody's business." Keep up the good work, boys.

Did we ever tell you that we have one of the best P. B. A. delegates in the personage of Patrolman John R. Lloyd, of the 25th Precinct? John says that there's always two sides to any argument that he enters into, and that is, the wrong side and his side. Laugh that one off, John.

The arrest of the assassins of Sergeant O'Shaughnessy, by Patrolmen Ledden, Fox and Armstrong, 28th Precinct, and Patrolman Scully, of the 47th Precinct, is deserving of much praise. Patrolman Ledden was shot in the jaw and had a narrow escape. The work performed by the members of the 28th Precinct as a whole is something to brag about. About fifty arrests since the first of the year of hold-up men shows the activity of this command.

The Poor and Needy Gang, headed by their leader, Patrolman Gleason, have formed a secret society called "The Order of the Groceries." Any time any of the large chain stores want advice on how to handle crowds during rush hours they should get in touch with this society. They sure know their onions.

## EPITAPH

Sgt. BILL O'SHAUGHNESSY

Our old pal has left us,  
But we'll keep his memory ever green;  
Struck by an assassin's bullet  
While on duty, alert and keen,  
Shot from ambush without a chance  
When night shadows screened the kill;  
They may have slain the body,  
But his spirit is with us still.  
Courage is a peculiar strain  
Which is something hard to define;  
It may be mind over matter.  
Or just the state of the spine;  
But old pal "Bill" had all the essentials  
That mark the matchless man—  
A smile like an early June morning.  
A wit that brought cheer to the clan.  
So we'll drink a toast to our comrade,  
Brave, honest, steadfast and true.  
May God in His infinite mercy  
Pick a swell detail, "Bill," for you.  
Fred Meyer, Sgt., 28th Pct.

## 7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

## LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGonnan  
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green  
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

"Babe" Farrington, the practical joker from the lower Bronx, has come to Highbridge for a stay, and I know that the boys will enjoy him. Whenever he starts, all present Laugh—Laugh—Laugh, even at their own expense, and the "Babe" never pays, except with a joke.



George Tully and Bill Downey are anxious to see more notices of retirement in the orders, and can't understand why the old-timers in the "Big Dough" don't "shove off." We hope the boys are well prepared for the exam. this month, as they have been studying for a long time.

Sergeant Eddie Au left our command to work for Captain Dominic Hooks over at Bathgate Avenue, and with him went the best wishes of the gang, who wish him well in his new berth. Replacing him, we have Sergeants Hicks and Sullivan, who, we hope, shall long enjoy the beauty and scenery here at High-bridge.

Mat Bernad tried to pull a fast one, reasons known only to himself. The boy was reticent about his girl friend, but these nosey news hounds will ferret out secrets. Mat, and we wish you the best of luck, and hope you enjoyed the honeymoon.

The recent reserve duty performed at this station house did not go well with our students. There wasn't enough quiet and repose from them until they were overcome with the sleep germ. You other dodos, ever playful as thou art, should have had more compassion for these ambitious students. Despite your racket I SLEPT, with no thanks to any one. Adios.

John Lynch, of the 48th Precinct (the first whip of the station house post), when last seen was wrestling with a roll call.

Wagner and Swarthout are talking things over. Yes, both boys are taking that glorious leap.

Fitzpatrick (the former fireman), while working in Booth 39, reached for his boots when the phone rang.

#### 8TH DIVISION

#### LT. JAMES L. CLANCY

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlett  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Mavor

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan

52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

The entire detective and patrol force of the 46th Precinct is slaving both night and day trying to solve the famous "Aquarium Mystery" or who stole Acting Lieutenant Armstrong's pet fishes? There is little doubt among the boys that the one who first brings the culprit or culprits to justice may rest assured that he will receive departmental recognition, not to mention first-grade dough.

Patrolman Anthony Zitzelberger has put on a lot of weight since he joined the department and is thinking of going on a diet. "Tony" jumped from a mere 180 to 210 pounds, and is still going strong.

Patrolman Gus Talsig, the Eastchester "farmer," says that he'll have lots of good crops this year, due to the heavy rainfall. Gus is pretty well acquainted with anything pertaining to agriculture, having been on a farm all of his life.

#### 9TH DIVISION

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Grossen  
122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

At the annual June walk of the 123d Precinct Proud Fathers, we present the winners of first, second and third prizes for their bouncing babies, and God bless them, their mammas also: First, Ernest Feist and his little girl; second, Orlando Wood and his little boy; third, William O'Donnel and his son. The three wheelbarrows were decorated with sweet

peas and dandelions, to suit the occasion. The following newlyweds say that they have a baby to compete in the next June walk, or Papa Parade: Robert Winters, Clarence O'Leary, Joseph (Smiles) Varhola, George (Chisel) Wall, William White, Lloyd (Sparks) McSheehy, John Guanor, John (Morristown) Bruns and Robert (Goose) Payton. These twelve members of the 1930 Benedict Club are soon to be increased by about twelve others who are going to join the 1931 Benedict Club. It begins to look as though our baby parade in the future will be a big event.

The 123d Precinct has formed a baseball team and the members are out scouting for equipment to play with. The children of the precinct better not play in the streets or their paraphernalia will be confiscated, and no questions asked. The members of the team are training very hard and if any ball team in the department think they have a chance with the 123d Precinct, please get in touch with Patrolman John J. Farrell (manager), as soon as possible, as our schedule is almost filled. We have a few ex-twirlers who can do the trick, and Ed (Old Pop) Manley, the captain, knows his men and says that the games are "in the bag."

#### 10TH DIVISION

#### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan  
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp  
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie  
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan  
70th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

Patrolman Frank Bergen, of the 61st Precinct, went home at the expiration of his tour and found out that he was the father of a ten-pound baby girl. Congratulations from the boys.

Never-Miss Evers and Dead-Shot Daly went to the armory for pistol practice. Evers put a few shots on Daily's target while shooting at his own, and Daly did likewise. That's a great way to qualify.

Best regards and luck to Sergeant Fred Hick, who is now assigned to the 44th Precinct. We hope he will not forget the lobsters down Sheepshead Bay way.

Hack Investigator Moan, after saying "Good night, Captain," has a peculiar way of saluting the clerical force on his way out. Be careful, John, we hear that your nose might turn up after constant thumbing. Since Hack Inspector McNally, who is a little deaf, left the precinct, and Tom Danaher was assigned to his place, Moan is moaning he can't say what he used to.

#### 11TH DIVISION

#### LT. PAUL LUSTBADER

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox  
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. Paul Walsh

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

Patrolman John Tonry, of the 78th Precinct, is anxiously waiting for his vacation. He expects to go to one of them hick villages where he can display his talents as a big time actor from the city.

Charlie Krauss still thinks that married life is the berries. Wait until he has a few marriage stripes. We wonder what he'll think then?

Jack Logan, of the 82d Precinct, is all smiles again. Now that the summer season is here, he'll be able to walk through the park with his girl friends.

Nick Delisa has figured out a new and easier way to reduce. He is seriously thinking of going mounted.

## 12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy  
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gherich  
69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

## PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley  
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy  
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

Whenever you see a crowd in the back room of the 75th Precinct, and you hear someone yelling, you can rest assured that it's Warren Keating telling the boys to "get it up" and be up to date with their dues.

After the examination we'll find out how foxy Patrolman Wolf is. The way he used to sneak in and out of the Police Academy while attending the promotion classes, you'd think he was the only one studying.

Ever since Sergeant Prybil saw his name on the lieutenant's list, he has always had a smile on his face. That's the proper spirit, "Joe." Here's hoping that you never change.

## 13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muchlich

## LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muchlich

Bancalari and De Martino, June 6, at Bayonne, N. J. The boy with the east and west feet steps into the matrimonial sea with his "Gigolo" friend, Al, as Broadway's best. Will be at home after June 10, at their new home, 7 Embury Place, Brooklyn.

Walter Howey, the well driller, has assembled a squadron to attend the serenade, and expects to play "Taps."

Sergeant McCormack has collected sufficient "Merchandise" from the East Side to start things floating at the Shindy.

Parking space for Winchesters, Remingtons and Craig-Jergesons in the rear garage, providing that they have been sawed off. Small Colts, Savages and Smiths can be securely placed with the ice-picks. Not that we expect any trouble, but it is always best to be prepared.

Sergeant Hennie May, with his "archeological" things, expects to spring a surprise.

Lieutenant Walter Grow—Holy cats! He'll be there with his syrup just to smooth things out.

Among the new arrivals at the home of Patrolman Ernest Menkel, 79th Precinct, was a six-pound baby girl, born on May 8th. That accounts for the boys calling Ernest CHESTY.

Everything is running smoothly in the Hack Department of the 79th Precinct since Skippy O'Rourke took command.

Patrolmen Chrastil and Browne have both taken their vacation. Christil will spend his flying at Curtis Field, while Browne will spend his studying for the sergeants' examination. Both will be up in the air when the list comes out. An ambulance will be ready for both.

The baseball team of the 79th Precinct is holding its own. What we need is more encouragement from the boys. GET OUT AND ROOT FOR YOUR TEAM.

Luke White, official Fire Escape Inspector of the 80th Precinct, reports that he recently observed Pocahontas Schowers, our Kickapoo papoose, looking over wedding rings in Woolworth's. Well! Well! How many times will a bucket go to the well? And who is the lucky girl this time?

Sergeant Phil Lyons, the Eagle Eye of the 80th

Precinct, recently observed Sergeant Barto Hynes slinking down Grand Avenue carrying a breeching strap, a pair of traces and an old dog collar. His curiosity aroused, he followed Barto to a prominent harness maker's shop, where he saw the shrinking Barto being measured for the Sam Browne belt he will be wearing shortly. Good luck, Barto.

## 14TH DIVISION

## LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn  
85th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Malone  
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schuebel

90th Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder  
92d Pct., Ptl. Harry Morris  
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

## THE GALLANT 9TH SQUAD, 85TH PRECINCT

There's Harry Goldberg, some call him Ike,  
Now a fellow like Harry anybody could like;  
Morris Steinfeld, clever kid with his mitts,  
One jab from Morris and they go into fits.

Adonis of the force, silent John Hock,  
Claims he hails from the old Dutch stock;  
Then we have Frankie Kanz a fisherman bold,  
At catching fish he's good, I'm told.

There's that jockey kid, Mike Greytak,  
Sometimes I wonder does he have any jack;  
If Mike keeps betting on some old nags,  
I'm afraid he's going to walk in rags.

We have George Lotterhos, wise and smart,  
It looks to me like he's falling apart;  
George walks around just like Mutt,  
Ask for a pension, George, your time is up.

John Francis Kempf, he's some fashion plate;  
On John's thirty-two there's always a date;  
Girls are the reason—they entice him it's true,  
He has a way with the females, so what can you do.

I guess I'll sign off while I'm still alive,  
Hats off to the Stagg Street Precinct, old eighty-five;  
Get Spring 3100 if you want the best,  
Ask for the old Ninth Squad, I'll do the rest.

Patrolman Philip Schear, of the 6th Squad, 90th Precinct, is the only Mohawk Indian in the Police Department today, and what a fisherman he turned out to be under the careful tutelage of Patrolman Sam Goldman.

Patrolman Joe McGuire, of the 5th Squad, is enjoying his vacation journeying around Brooklyn. He will visit all the historic places in South Brooklyn, and if he has any time left he will cruise Lee Avenue with a lunch basket on his arm.

Patrolman John Kuttzke, our assistant chief operator of Ford No. 824, is studying very hard for promotion, and if he fails, Patrolman Forsyth has about nine yards of good heavy rope and a few gas pipes to sell him. But here's hoping that he makes a good showing. Good luck, John.

## POP-EYE ED

Good ole Eddie Wurzbach, betcha wondering who he might be;

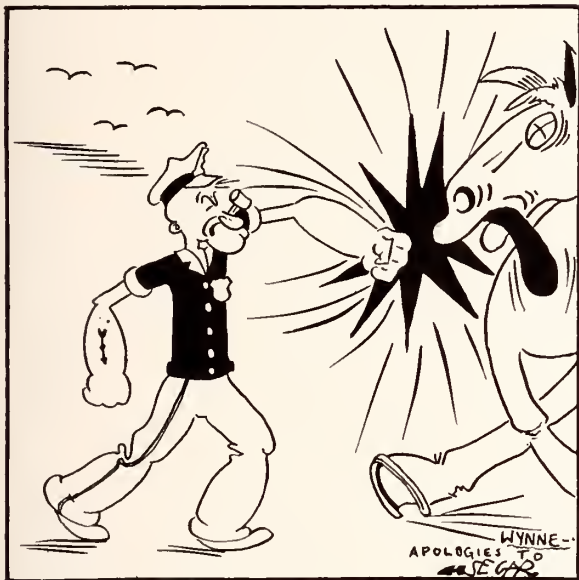
Just read a little longer, it will solve the mystery.  
He is the famous POP-EYE known all over for his whack;

When he hits one on the whiskers, they wind up on their back.

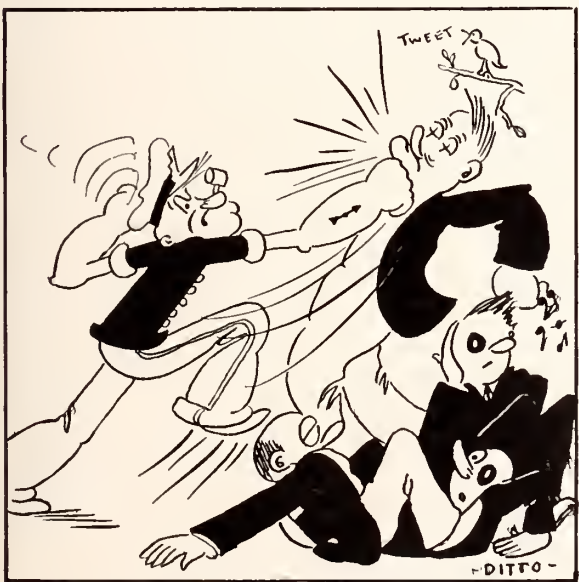


At fires he's a cool one, just tramples on the flame,  
Aided cases are his delight, if in question there's the  
dame.

One day at noontime on a crossing,  
Little kiddies going to lunch;  
A runaway horse came bearing down,  
Ed stopped him with one punch.



I'm telling you without a doubt, this POP-EYE is a  
wow.  
Now to tell you of his doings, when he sits down to  
chow.  
For breakfast he eats very light, a dozen eggs or two,  
A cow, a pig, a horse or so, and maybe a beef stew.  
For dinner and for supper, if I'm lying, "BLOW ME  
DOWN,"  
A ton of beef, a farm of corn, anything that can be  
found.



Riots are his specialty, and "Reds" know when POP  
is near,  
A thousand or two means a lot to you,  
But Ed, he has no fear.

I could write a million stanzas about this strange  
and fearless bird,  
Of strange and stranger stories, of the strangest ever  
heard.  
And for a commendation for this unbeatable sire,  
A diamond studded bar, worded "I'M A FAMOUS  
LIAR."

#### 15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan  
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fax  
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Baath

#### PTL. AUGUST BURGER

103d Pct., Ptl. George McDonald  
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy  
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher

"Doggie" McDonald, of the 102d Precinct, is in  
very high spirits lately. Somebody told him that he  
is a cinch to get on the Police Dog Squad.

Patrolman Demchak is all set to go on his vaca-  
tion; only this year it is going to cost him twice as  
much as last, for he is going to bring friend wife  
along.

Patrolman John Callahan says he still thinks that  
the Brooklyn team will win the pennant. Somebody  
told him that they have the same kind of a chance  
that he has to finish on the sergeants' list.

#### 16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

#### PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio  
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
114th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Schultz

Patrolman "Smiling Bill" Cullinan is vacationing  
somewhere in the wilds of the Catskills and is put-  
ting on a "Vernon Avenue tan."

Sergeant Maher's favorite song, both vocal and  
whistling, is "Just a Gigolo." Eh, Sergeant?

Patrolman Levender says that the "stoop" is re-  
paired now. Permanently or temporarily, Ludwig  
the Fifth?

Says Henry Wellington Holms, "Dontcha want the  
ear, Charlie?" Aye?

If you want to know or learn anything, ask "Dinny  
me bye" Gannon. He knows it all.

Who asked the judge to put the prisoner on Pro-  
hibition instead of Probation? Ask Joey Clarke. He  
knows.

"Papa" Bruns returned from his vacation and says  
that he likes the old farm, but one thing annoyed  
him terribly. Every time he forgot his hat, the  
woodpeckers would assault him unmercifully. Why  
not put some bird seed on that dome, pop?

Patrolman Mike Generaltassio, the big president of  
the "South Ozone Italian-American Club," says that  
he can now tell a sunflower from a wall flower. Mike  
made two signs about two inches from the ground  
on his lawn reading "No Dogs Allowed," so that the  
"pooches" may read them.

Patrolman "Happy Bill" Quinn is back from a  
vacation and says that he was never without his um-  
brella and rubbers. You know, Bill, you always did  
like the water.

Who was it that was told to stand facing the Ser-  
geant instead of standing sideways? Also, when he  
closes one eye, he looks like a needle and that he  
should hold onto something on a windy day? Who?  
Why, Marvin (City) Slicklin, of course.

#### 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. William Mury  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connelly

E—Lieutenant James G. Stephenson, in charge of  
Company "I," certainly tripped the light fantastic  
up Fifth Avenue on May 9. The boys of "I" Com-

pany were so straight that they couldn't walk crooked. The boys and their commander received a great ovation along the route; even the Police Commissioner handed them a snappy salute while passing in review.

Noticed Sergeant Dan Doyle very busy along Riverside Drive during the passing review of the Air Fleet recently. Dan was so busy with contrary motorists on the drive, that for once he wished he was a sky pilot.

Sergeants Johnny Butler, Meade and Mulry were assigned to Bennett Field for the landing of the Air Fleet, and were it not for the kindness of the Air Commander in loaning them a bombing plane to get back, they would still be marooned on Barren Island.

Lieutenant Higgins reports that the whippoorwill is calling him to the hills of Pennsylvania. The Lieutenant states that fishing on the banks of Lake Como for salmon is his favorite sport. John, don't be disappointed—take a few cans along.

The boys of Traffic "E" were delighted to learn that their good friend and next-door neighbor, Captain Meade, was promoted to Deputy Inspector. They wish him unlimited success in his new command.

Traffic "E" has a large number of students preparing for the forthcoming sergeants' examination. We wish all of them a successful place on the eligible list. Incidentally, it has been reported that our worthy messenger, John L. Sullivan, has piles of home study scattered all over the office to the annoyance of our clerical staff.

Patrolman Carew was assigned to keep traffic moving during the progress of a recent important arrest at West End Avenue and 90th Street. John became so provoked at the large number of motorists who stopped for a look, that he requested a few gas bombs to get rid of them.

Patrolman Charlie Fox recently finished his vacation, and when asked how he enjoyed it, replied: "The weather was so bad that every time I left home I was sick of meeting myself coming back."

F—Patrolman Bohan was complaining to Patrolman Mike Gannoti about pains in his side. Gannoti told him to put putty on it. Putty is good for panes.

Patrolman Harold Jackson, in addition to being a pretty good typist, can also shake a wicked broom as acting attendant.

Patrolman Jake Miller and some friends went down to Peconic Bay last week and slaughtered the weak fish. Now this is no fish story, as the writer obtained four of the species. (Ed Note: You must have had your hooks in, Mike.)

Some of the boys have gone on their vacation. We will soon be receiving postcards from "Tin Beach." (P. S.—That's on the roof.)

Patrolman Frank McKenna is laid up with rheumatism. It must be time to beat the rugs again.

Patrolman Mike Connelly moved up to Throggs Neck, and when asked by Patrolman O'Connor where that was, he relied, "Just about two blocks this side of Albany."

Patrolman Tom Bluett and Peter Hurley left the Tribe for the summer and are now located in Staten Island. They will be good fishermen when they return.

Patrolman Charles Klika, who used to be an engineer on a locomotive in a freight yard, is trying to engineer himself into a place on the sergeants' list.

### 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

I. Ptl. George Gallagher  
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell  
L. Ptl. John Behring  
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K—Patrolman John Hilbert wants to sing Barri in the Glee Club. What's the matter, John—change of voice?

Patrolmen Milmerstadt, Oldham and O'Brien ought to be in the Glee Club. These boys sure have good voices and know how to harmonize.

A match must be arranged between Patrolmen Deutch and Scully for the checker championship. What these fellows don't know about checker strategy isn't worth knowing.

We lost one of the best liked men in the Police Department last month when Lieutenant Dan Collins retired. His place will be hard to fill.

Lieutenant Walsh left us to join Inspector Fitzpatrick's staff, which means another good man lost. We wish you the best of luck, Charlie.

Captain Schalow witnessed a queer checker game the other day. Patrolman Oldham, with a single move, cleared the board on Patrolman O'Connor, who had four kings in one move. This is one for the books.

When will John Stelmach come back? He is our star pitcher, and his loss is keenly felt. Hurry up and get back on your feet, Johnnie.

M—Patrolman Albert Blythe, Traffic Precinct "M," believes in making the best of his vacation period. He bought a 1931 Buick sedan, threw in his bag and baggage and went directly to his upstate farm, away from the hustle and bustle of his post on the Williamsburg Bridge.

### HACK DRIVERS' BUREAU PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Old Brother "Stork" is surely keeping up his batting average these days. He made several visits to the members of this division. Patrolman Robert Cousens, of the Boiler Squad, became the proud father of a baby boy. Congratulations, Bob, and the best wishes to you and the Mrs.

During another stopover, he made Patrolman John Horan, of the Drivers' Bureau, a father. Edgewater Camp must be some place. Nothing like the outdoor life for vim and vigor. That makes it two and three, so John better even things up. Our congratulations to you and yours from all the other kids in the office. By the way, John, that teething ring you bought the other day must have been for yourself, because it has been observed that you have several new molars in your upper jaw since the happening.

Greetings and welcome back to the fold. Lieutenant John O'Neill is back with us again, and it surely feels good to have him in our midst. The boys will be up on their toes and things will be humming. Once again, Lieutenant, welcome with a big "W."

"Amos and Andy" surely started something. This seeing your dentist twice a year made the boys of the Drivers' Bureau sit up and take notice and everything else. Some racket!

The Emergency Squad had to be called the other day when our own Patrolman Teddy Schreiber of the Owners' Bureau forced his way into an Austin car which happened to be in the drive way. After putting the Alemite system into play, Teddy slid out



none the worse for his experience. You sure can work your way out of anything, Ted.

#### CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

PTL. WALTER BRUMMERHOP

Well! Well! Well! Have you seen Sergeant Charles R. Lewis of the Bureau of Orders lately? Did you notice the big smile on his face? Did you see the buttons popping off his vest? The reason for him to feel so big and important is the fact that he is now a PAPA, a girl having been born on Saturday, May 30, 1931. There will be someone else calling the roll in his home now. Good luck to Charlie and the missus, and may their daughter grow up to be a policewoman.

Quoting our good old friend, Sergeant Keegan, Criminal Courts Building, Manhattan:

"It's myself, sure, that's now Saargint Keegan, Though wance I was only a cop;  
So hearken to me, now, me hearties,  
Jist look! listen! and stop!

If it's dispositions ye're wanting,

Ye'll have 'em and quickly be heaven,

But it's Article 'leven that first ye must read.

At paragraphs forty-three, five, six and seven."

Joe Lynch, of the Chief's Office, says that all that is necessary now is to study "The portent wools and felenies."

You should see the way these boys here are "hitting it up" for the exam! Tom Bergen, of the Chief's Office, has reached the point where he is disputing Webster's definitions. . . . Big Jack Devery is tuned up to a pretty pitch now. Not quite "walking on his heels." . . . The same goes for his partner, Jim Loures. . . . Johnny Smith is now at the boiling point—raring to go. John just gets in over the wire. Look out for him, too.

#### MOTOR TRANSPORT GARAGE

PTL. WILLIAM G. STRETTON

Captain James F. Donnelly, of the Motor Transport and Maintenance Division, while standing in front of the Police Academy garage saw a female stop her car opposite the garage. The car was on fire. Gallant Jim ran over and immediately put out the fire without sounding a fire alarm. Then he started the car, tipped his hat, and everything, as far as we know, was O. K. You know, Jim, eh, what?

#### QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

PTL. GEORGE HIGGINS

The initial encounter of the current baseball season between teams representing the Police Academy took place on Saturday, May 23, at Ulmer Park, with the Quartermaster's Department trouncing the Chief Engineer's Office by a score of 16 to 2.

Manager Rompke, of the Engineers, endeavored to stop the onslaught of the victorious team with numerous substitutions, but the four Engineer pitchers could not spike the guns of the heavy hitting Quartermaster team. John Howard, pitching for the victors, fanned twelve men during his seven innings on the mound, and held the opposing team at bay throughout.

The line-up: Chief Engineer's Office—Cody, shortstop; Colletti, third base; Lena, second base; Cregan, catcher; Gane, center field; Furey, pitcher; Wynne,

right field; McNally, left field; Murphy, first base. Quartermaster's Department—Reynolds, shortstop; Mitchell, right field; Linder, second base; Herzog, center field; Barry, catcher; Gifford, third base; Molloy, first base; Johnson, center field; Howard, pitcher.

#### BOROUGH HEADQUARTERS, BROOKLYN

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

A man went into the Brooklyn Traffic Court the other day, and he was informed to see Patrolman John Daffy, who was extremely busy at the time; this is the conversation that took place:

Man—Are you Daffy?

Ptl.—No, I am not daffy, but that is my name. What is your name, please?

Man—Watt.

Ptl.—What is your name. I ask you?

Man—Watt! I told you.

Ptl.—What did you tell me?

Man—Watt, that is my name, and he spelled it for the patrolman.

Man (leaving desk)—I guess you are daffy, all right.

#### 8TH DET. DIST.

DET. WILLIAM S. SECOR

Fred Reicker, who laughs like "Phil Cook's Abner," is the greatest guy in the world for playing with the names of different men in the district. For instance, when talking about Johnny Halk, he will say "Johnny (Biff) McLaughlin; Oh! I mean Halk." The boys don't know whether he is making a mistake or if it is one of his witticisms. Because after making his faux pas, he generally lets out one of his guffaws. He also calls Jim Ennis "That Enders guy." What a man!

The tenor of the district, Bill Hyland, is always going around humming "Georgianna." Well, at last it leaked out just why "Willie" keeps humming and singing this particular refrain. Bill was observed in the vicinity of Fordham Road and the Grand Concourse with a nifty female, and when Bill (nice Bill don't forget it) introduced this girl to the observer, her name was the same as the song. Bill is what you would call quite a sentimental guy. The boys hear that it is "steady" between Bill and Georgie. Who knows?

The wrestling match between "Sitting Bull" Gunset and big Frank McCarthy did not come off as yet, but it is expected that it will take place during the summer months. Frank stated that even though he has a big advantage on Gunset, because of his toes being off, he will let "Sitting Bull" use a hold that is barred from competition known as the "Flying Head Dive." This is going to be some match.

Joe Collins tells the story of how the sleeve of his coat is all worn out. The "Primo" of the 46th Squad is the cause of it. Whenever "Primo" goes to the movies and sees the MICKEY MOUSE picture going on, all Al does is to keep hitting you with his nice little elbow and saying, "MICKEY MOUSE—MICKEY MOUSE."

Mike Carroll and his partner, Jim Brady, are, in the opinion of the majority of the sleuths of the upper district, quite the thing in so far as the haberdasher goes. These two nifties were observed in the

8th District Court a short time ago, with the same color ties (red, and bright, at that) and the same kind of collars. You know, them long pointed ones. When one of the boys told them about their makeup, they just stood there and smiled. Well, without a doubt, these two will never be locked up for talking. Jim Ennis and these two should belong to the "Trappist Order."

Al (Primo Carnera) Laurino, as reported in the last issue of SPRING 3100, is a bug on the radio. (Pronounce it like a Democrat.) The only kick the boys of the 46th Squad have with him is that he doesn't put on a program that suits them. He is always turning the dial to the station that broadcasts songs such as "O Solo Mio," with instruments pertaining to the string department. Al is hell on a guitar solo.

Tom Thompson, the dandy of Westchester, is one of those fellows who always believes in having a good time. Example: Frank ("Ha Ha") McCarthy observed Tommy buying one of those little stoves used on a camping trip. A little tip to Walter Dinan and Andy Tully of the Bronx Homicide Squad, the two best eaters in The Bronx. If you are in the mood for a lot of eats, grab hold of Tommy, buy a couple of yards of Italian sausage and then go up to the country with him, and have him put that fireless cooker to work. Don't forget, Walter and Andy, that Tom can eat just as good if not better than both of you.

Archie Burns was observed going around Van Cortlandt Park in his new knickers. The color of the panties are sky blue; the sweater a little lighter blue; the beret a dull red, and the shoes, which are two-toned, are brown and white. He was asked: "What's the idea of the makeup?" He informed the boys that he wanted to get in shape and get used to wearing the above mentioned outfit, as he was going to spend a few days down at "Sparky" Lenihan's summer home. Archie weighs about 250 pounds net.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 3

SCT. JOHN F. WARD

We have a new member added to the squad. He comes from Squad 4 and is none other than "Nate" Friedman, and he sure has our lawyer tied to the mast. "Wholesale Nate."

After being on a leave of absence to the coast, Jeff Pfeiffer has returned with lots of vigor. It is rumored that he has also taken unto himself a life partner. We wonder if he has really filed an application with the benedicts.

Success at last! "Bald Eagle" Mills finally got the boys in line and our commissary is a huge success. He says that he doesn't care for a bungalow; he would rather get a power boat for the milk coupons. Drink up, boys, here's to the new boat.

"Chuck" Connors is back with us again after being detailed to The Bronx Headquarters for several months. Now he can give a little more attention to his Long Island duck farm.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 4

PTL. CARL L. REU

Next time the vacations are to be picked, we hope that someone will be kind enough to hang a set of boxing gloves alongside of the vacation list, and also a large sized crying towel.

The squad just learned that Mrs. Traficenti gave birth to a bouncing baby girl recently. Congratulations to both parents, and we hope that they will make a policewoman out of her if she can't be a policeman.

Believe it or not—Patrolman Hoffman, the Maspeeth fisherman, claims that he caught seven fish with one line at one time, for a total of forty-nine fish. How come, Hoffman? Well, each fish had seven young ones. Oh, my gosh!

"Shoes" Moe Barrett has been blessed with another addition to the family. This time a girl. God bless him. Now, Moe, keep studying and set out for your two goals. First to wear those long-sought stripes on each sleeve, and the other for the heir apparent to keep up the family tradition. Yes, "Sergeant" Barrett.

Peace and quiet are in the squad since "Lopo" Traficenti decided to spend his vacation with his "Gumbars" in the wilds of The Bronx. Do hurry back, as the boys miss that rat-a-tat-tat of the typewriter.

Handballers Please Beware! A certain member of this squad is practicing handball daily, and after a few more sessions he will not be such a rotten player. He received a few socks in the eye with the ball, so as to remind him to keep his eyes on it and he will be a better player. Keep it up, NEWFL.

Our commissary sergeant, Patrolman "Gigilo" Pfleging, left for his vacation, leaving the cupboard bare, and the following was heard chanted by the Astoria humming bird, Patrolman Reu: The boys are gloomy, the foods not the same, the milk is flat, not fit for the cat. The coffee is losing its color, the sugar is turning pale—so dear "Gigilo" Pfleging, please hurry back here.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 5

SCT. HANS AMUNDSEN

The annual baseball games between our squad and that of Emergency 9 resulted in two more victories for our side. The scores were 6-3 and 10-2. Both games were very interesting and the pitching of Eddie Pascocella featured. Maurice Savage caught two good games, although he almost ruined his writing hand when he stopped a fast hook.

Sergeant John Morrell surprised the boys on his ability with the bat. He hit one of the longest wallops ever seen in Bedford Park. It was a sure home run, but just as he was nearing the home plate he sprung a "charley horse" and had to leave the game.

George Moench, the Bronx fashion plate (with his hat on), showed his ability as a sprinter by beating out a bunt.

James (Gigilo) O'Hara was always looking for high balls, but (Take Your Time) Mulligan, the opposing pitcher, wouldn't feed him any.

Jim Morrissey surprised everyone, even himself, with his base-stealing ability. Too bad there weren't any cops around. Jim cut his finger during the game, and then had a window knocked out of his car. Otherwise he had a swell time.

George Geiger had all he could do to carry the bat up to the plate and then back to the bench.

Patrolman Wynne played a nice game at first base. He was ably assisted by Patrolman Cudahy in the second game.



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman Bernard Sherry, 15th Precinct, on plain-clothes duty with the Manhattan Headquarters Squad, fought a pistol battle early May 2 with three armed men and a woman he found holding up a restaurant at 595 Third Avenue. The patrolman killed one bandit and seriously wounded another before being fatally shot himself by the third thug, who escaped. This bandit was later arrested in Garfield, N. J., by detectives of the 15th Squad, and confessed to shooting Patrolman Sherry.

Detectives Christopher F. Carroll, James Lynch and Francis X. McLaughlin, 23d Squad, on May 23 saw a taxicab speeding south on First Avenue. They stopped the cab at 347 East 88th Street and arrested its five occupants, each of whom was armed with a revolver. The taxicab was a stolen one and the prisoners were held without bail for further examination.

## BRONX

Patrolman Martin J. Mulderrig, 10th Precinct, at about 7.25 A. M., May 10, while on duty at 145th Street and Willis Avenue, attempted to halt a taxicab racing north on Willis Avenue past the red traffic lights. The operator swerved the cab and unsuccessfully tried to run the officer down. Mulderrig was joined a moment later by Patrolman Peter J. Dale, 41st Precinct, off duty and operating his own automobile. They pursued the fleeing taxicab to Tremont and White Plains Avenues where Dale's car skidded and crashed into an electric light pole, causing painful but not serious injuries to both patrolmen. Patrolmen Edwin Ward and Fred Werner, 43d Precinct, took up the chase at this point and shortly overtook the taxi and arrested the driver and an occupant. They had previously stolen the cab after robbing the chauffeur on West 65th Street, Manhattan. Both men have since been indicted.

Detectives William Mara and Dominick Caso, 42d Squad, in the investigation of a Chrysler sedan found abandoned in the 42d Precinct, on April 29, learned that this was the car used by Rudolph Durringer, an associate of Francis (Two Gun) Crowley, at the time Virginia Braumen was murdered. As a result of confidential information and intensive search, the trail eventually led to premises 393 West 90th Street, wherein Durringer and Crowley were located. The detectives promptly communicated with Inspector Henry E. Bruckman, commanding Bronx detectives, who, with other detectives immediately proceeded to the above address. After a siege of several hours, Durringer, Crowley and Crowley's sweetheart, Helen Walsh, surrendered and were placed under arrest. Crowley was tried and convicted of murder in the

first degree in Nassau County for the murder of Patrolman Frederick Hirsch, of Nassau County, and Durringer was tried and likewise convicted in Bronx County for the murder of Virginia Braumen.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman William F. O'Brien, Motor Transport Maintenance Division, off duty and in civilian clothes, while returning to his home with his wife and two children, at about 11.45 P. M., May 15, observed three men alight from an auto and enter a drug store at 729 Fourth Avenue. Becoming suspicious he followed and intercepted them in the act of holding up the proprietor at the point of revolvers. Upon ordering them to drop their weapons one of the men turned and pointed his revolver at the officer, who promptly fired two shots, one of which took effect in the bandit's chest. After a short scuffle the others were subdued and placed under arrest. Two of the bandits have pleaded guilty and the third is confined to a hospital awaiting trial upon recovery.

## QUEENS

Patrolmen John O'Keane and Peter S. Samuelson, 110th Precinct, at about 5.25 A. M., April 26, stopped two suspicious appearing men walking toward an automobile parked on Polk Avenue, between 82d and 83d Streets, the two occupants of which hurriedly drove away. After questioning the men they admitted having just broken the window of a store at 8220 Polk Avenue for the purpose of burglarizing same. They implicated the two other men, who were later apprehended by Detective Eugene Shevlin, 110th Squad. Further investigation by Detectives Shevlin and Wesley Huber connected these men with an assault and robbery previously committed in the 108th precinct. The four have been tried and convicted; three were sentenced to serve from three to six years and the fourth to an indefinite term in the reformatory.

Detectives John J. Dust and Hugh Sullivan, 111th Squad, were assigned on May 24 to investigate the assault, holdup and robbery of one Marcus Zussman, by three unknown men, in front of 2391 28th Street, Astoria, at about 12.30 A. M., resulting in Zussman's death on May 24 in St. John's Hospital. After diligent investigation and questioning the detectives obtained a confession from Vincent Angone, an employee of the victim, in which he admitted planning the holdup and named the three actual participants. With the assistance of other detectives of the 114th Squad the three men were taken into custody and have admitted the crime. All are now awaiting trial.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY STALLONE**  
alias "TOM THE PEERLESS"

DESCRIPTION—26 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes and hair; wore gray suit, brown check overcoat and soft brown hat. 114th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**LOUIS GOODMAN**

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 5 inches; 140 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; heart tattooed on right arm with names Ida, Sylvia and Roslyn. 71st Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ZAROFF**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 175 pounds; stocky build; full face; blue eyes; brown hair; thick lips; wears tortoise shell glasses. 28th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**CHARLES KAUFMAN**  
alias CHARLES GREEN

DESCRIPTION—25 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 145 pounds; brown eyes; black hair. 73d Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ROBINSON**

DESCRIPTION—46 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 140 pounds; dark chestnut hair; brown eyes; sunken jaws; medium build. 6th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JAMES GARCIA** alias "BENITO"

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair. 17th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.**



# Spring 3100

JULY 1931

FAR FROM THE LATE TOURS



CHARLES  
HARROLD

# Spring 3100

*"AT YOUR SERVICE"*

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

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VOLUME 2

JULY, 1931

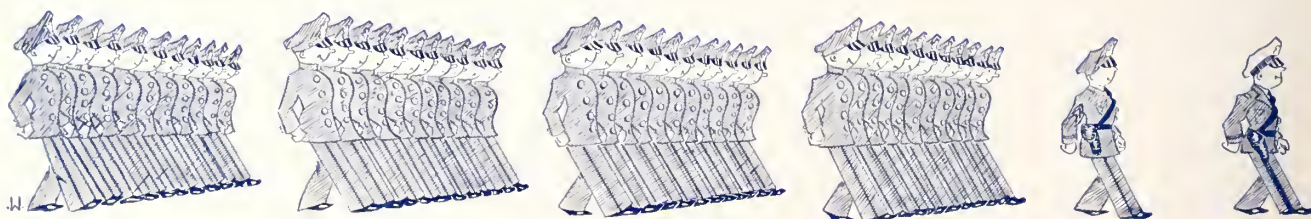
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

## STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

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# editorial page, or what have you?



**t**his ought to be an easy editorial to write. the police commissioner in his role of editor of spring 3100 just called us in and told us we had a surplus to our credit—not much of a surplus to be sure—but still a surplus. that is something to brag about in these times of panic, depression and what not, but it's only half our news—the police commissioner is probably the only man in the world at this time who doesn't want a surplus,—at any rate not so far as our esteemed publication is concerned.

so beginning this month we are renewing and increasing our prize contest offers. there will be a \$25 prize awarded each month for the best short story we receive; three prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, for the three best last lines in our limerick contest and four prizes of \$2 each for the cartoons selected for our “kop komiks” page. details of all these prize contests will be found further on in these pages.

we wouldn't have been surprised if the police commissioner, beg pardon, our editor, had told us he was going to distribute spring 3100 free and charge the production expense to the department because of the magazine's usefulness in police work. you recall that back page of ours where we publish the photographs of persons wanted for murder. we hope you

have been studying it and if you haven't been doing so, you probably will regret it when you read about detective charles murphy of the criminal identification bureau.

detective murphy was out for an automobile ride on long island on june 25 and as all ambitious detectives should do had a copy of spring 3100 with him. murphy stopped for gas at a garage in long beach and who should come to fill his tank but a man who looked like louis goodman who was wanted in connection with the death of alexander polansky of brooklyn.

the detective picked up our magazine from the seat beside him, verified his recognition of goodman and took the man to the empire boulevard station in brooklyn, where the captive admitted he was goodman. the prisoner has a police record and departmental recognition has been asked for the detective who arrested him.

the outings for needy mothers and children have been started and are going along as well this year as they did last year, which is about the highest praise we can bestow. a total of 7,811 mothers and children were carried on the first three of this series of the excursions which are all that had been held when this issue of spring 3100 went to press.

we hope you are enjoying the fine summer weather, that you haven't been poisoned by sunburn or poison ivy, stepped on broken glass while bathing or been stung by a bee. joc moran, the big p. b. a. man, wants us to remind you again that the police recreation camp is a splendid place to spend your vacation and the police commissioner wishes you to know that he has established a mid-town day squad for the benefit of your relatives and friends who may visit new york this summer. details of these and many other strange and wonderful happenings are given in this issue. and so until august, when it will probably be hotter.

# A Page to Please The Big Boss

*Courtesy, intelligence and efficiency have been stressed above all other qualifications by Police Commissioner Mulrooney in his public and private talks since taking office. The Commissioner's attitude is that New York is the most generous of all municipalities and that her citizens rightly demand intelligent, efficient, courteous service.*

*It is therefore a pleasure for SPRING 3100 to print the following letters from citizens commending police officers who have shown the qualifications sought by the Commissioner. May the other members of the Department all follow these good examples.*



"Thank you, officer, I hope I haven't troubled you too much."  
"It is NEVER too much trouble to be of service, dear lady, it is always a sincere pleasure."

## THE SALVATION ARMY THANKS US

June 30, 1931.

Hon. Edward P. Mulrooney  
Police Commissioner  
New York City

My dear Commissioner Mulrooney:

I much regret that I was unable to see personally your representative this morning, when he brought your letter and the magnificent check for \$2,586.20, the voluntary contribution made by members of your Department to our Annual Maintenance Fund.

May I say on behalf of all ranks of the Salvation Army how deeply we appreciate this generous act. Knowing as we do the large sums of money that have been raised amongst your officers and men during this past winter for the purpose of helping those in distress, this present gift reveals a depth of generosity and sympathetic understanding which evokes our greatest admiration. But even of greater value to the community than the money itself, is the knowledge that we have in our splendid police force a body of men who appreciate the struggles of the poor and needy, and who are always ready to assist.

Will you please convey to all the members of your Department who contributed the warmest thanks of the Salvation Army, and our assurance that they may depend upon us using the money in the wisest manner possible for the purpose to which it was subscribed.

The relationships between the Salvation Army and the Police Commissioner and his Department have always been of the most cordial character, and we appreciate to the full all the help given us from time to time in our work.

Again thanking you, I am, my dear Commissioner,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN McMILLAN, Commissioner,  
Salvation Army,  
120 West 14th Street,  
New York City.

## FROM MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN

June 29, 1931.

Hon. Edward P. Mulrooney  
Police Commissioner  
New York City

My dear Commissioner:

I enjoyed very much the visit to the Training School on Saturday and the opportunity to see first-hand the splendid work being done by the instructors, as exemplified by the standards of the exhibitions given. The officers of the school, the instructors and the student body are a credit to the Department and to the City. I was impressed by the fact that the new men were so wholesome looking, as well as alert and physically fit.

Will you please convey to the Commanding Officer of the school and his associates my congratulations upon the work they are doing.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN F. O'RYAN,  
American Airways, Inc.  
122 East 42nd Street,  
New York City.

## A Message From Japan

METROPOLITAN POLICE BOARD

Tokyo, Japan

June 25th, 1931.

Police Commissioner,  
Police Department,  
City of New York, N. Y.  
U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

I learned from your Annual Report for the year 1930 of the magazine, the title of which is "Spring 3100," which is published by your Department.

I should be greatly obliged, if you would kindly forward to me all the copies from the first issue. I will remit all charges as soon as I know what they are.

Trusting that you will excuse me for troubling you in connection with this matter, I am,

Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Y. TAKAHASHI,

Assistant Commissioner.

## OUR MID-SUMMER OFFERING

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## The Midtown Day Squad

**A** NEWLY organized Midtown Day Squad, eighty-four of the handsomest, tallest and most polite members of the latest graduating class of probationary patrolmen, went on duty July 6th in the midtown district for the first time. They answered 4,080 questions and made one arrest before the first tour of duty ended.

The area patrolled by this new detachment is bounded by Sixth Avenue on the west, Lexington Avenue on the east, Thirty-fourth Street on the south and Sixtieth Street on the north. The officers in command of this detail are Lieutenants James F. Tulley and Frank Riley.

The Police Commissioner, in announcing the formation of this squad, said:

"The section of the city which will be in the particular charge of the new detachment is the wealthiest and most congested part of New York. It is the center of both business and amusement activities. It is the part of the city in which New York visitors, who average more than 1,000,000 daily, spend the major portion of their time, and on which their impressions of the metropolis as a whole are based.

"The patrolmen who comprise the new detail have been especially selected and trained to deal courte-

ously and efficiently with the many problems presented by these visitors. In a sense the patrolmen will act as New York's ambassadors. They form an imposing body. The tallest man in the detachment is six feet, four and one-half inches in height, the shortest five feet, ten and one-half inches, and thirty-four of the patrol are six feet or more in height."

The Police Commissioner did not forget, however, to impress upon this squad the fact that they are policemen first and ambassadors second. This warning was also repeated by the Manhattan Borough Commander, Deputy Chief Inspector James Bolan, before the squad went on duty for the first time. The Police Commissioner explained that the new men by relieving the regular police of the midtown section from the burden of directing and informing visitors, would permit them to devote all their time to other police duties.

So now the stranger in New York City has a handsome, well set up, splendidly informed, uniformed guide to answer his questions. Incidentally, the guide hopes to catch pickpockets, mail robbers, gunmen and criminals, for he is a policeman, and it is all in his day's work.

# The Modern Centaur

*By Inspector HARRY L. LOBDELL, Commanding, The Mounted Division*



**B**ACK in 1014 B. C., when King Solomon used to entertain lovely ladies, he often had his mounted troops strut their stuff for his fair visitors. These household cavalry detachments numbered some 12,000 men, recorded in history as being "well equipped horsemen," and in the king's stables were some 40,000 stalls for the use of all his cavalry when mobilized for war. While King Solomon's troopers formed the first mounted police force, it was not until a good many years later that the New York Police Department followed his example and organized a mounted division in the Department.

The mounted unit was, in fact, established shortly after the close of the Civil War. Despite this time interval, the mounted policeman of today retain some of the characteristics of King Solomon's troopers—he receives a great deal of admiration from the fair sex and seems to thrive on it. At any rate, for this and other reasons, assignment to the Mounted Division has always been eagerly sought by members of the New York Police Department.

The first mounted patrolman specialized in stopping runaway horses and the regulation of horse-drawn vehicular traffic throughout the city, particularly in the parks. When the usefulness of the mounted man became better realized, these patrolmen were used for patrol work in the outlying and sparsely settled sections of the city. The Mounted Division reached its maximum number of 800 men

in 1904. There are now some 367 officers and men in this unit, all of whom are assigned to traffic duty.

The year 1904 was an exciting one for the mounted men. That autumn they were used for the first time in guarding trucks and furnishing protection for workers who needed to be safeguarded from the violence of strikers. This was the time of New York's so-called "Meat Strike," when the employees of the meat packing and slaughtering houses in the city went on strike. This labor trouble was followed by the "Express Drivers' Strike" and several others, in all of which the mounted man proved his great usefulness. The mounted man, in fact, came to be regarded as ten times as effective as a foot patrolman in the handling of crowds.

This increased usefulness is due to the mounted man's greater mobility and range of vision, the speed with which he can get from place to place, and the dislike of the average man towards being walked on by a horse. Really, what the crowds fear most is not what the man on horseback may do to them but the horse himself may do.

Soon after the termination of the "Meat Strike" in 1904, vehicular traffic was greatly congested in the city streets. The authorities then decided to employ the mounted men to regulate traffic, and six men were assigned to mounted traffic duty on Fifth Avenue. This great avenue was at that time considered the most congested street in the city and the reader does not need to use much imagination to realize the great changes which have been made, both in the character of traffic and in its regulation since that time.

After the horses have been selected, they are shipped to the Police Department's remount depot. Here they are placed in charge of a number of patrolmen under the command of Mounted Sergeant James F. Gannon, who has had many years' experience with horses and who is an expert trainer and horse-





### THE FIRST MOUNTED TRAFFIC SQUAD, 1904

From left to right: Captain George Woods, retired; Lieutenant James Fitzgerald, retired; Acting Captain Louis Hyams, 6th Detective District; Patrolman George Schaeffner, retired; Lieutenant Otto Walsh, retired; Patrolman James Gorman, Quartermaster Division.

man. All of the patrolmen assigned to the depot are exceptionally good horsemen. Each of these patrolmen takes charge of a group of the new horses and proceeds to break them in for police work.

While many of the horses have been handled and ridden before their purchase, many of them are very green and require a great deal of care and patience on the part of the trainer. One of the patrolmen assigned to this duty lost 11 pounds in bringing a particularly cantankerous horse to the right way of thinking. This particular method of losing weight is somewhat strenuous, but it is passed along for what it is worth to ladies who wish to reduce.

Next comes the task of assigning the right horse to the right man, or, in other words, assigning the man to the horse to which he is most suited. It has been wisely said that a horse eventually becomes imbued with the spirit and characteristics of his rider. One can readily see, therefore, why it would not be suitable to assign to a nervous, high strung man a horse of the same type. The Police Department tries to do just the opposite in the hope that the nervous, energetic rider will keep his slow, easy-going mount "up on the bit" and that the high strung horse will keep the sluggish rider always on the alert.

The Police Department not only maintains a Remount Depot where the horses are trained, but also a Horsemanship School where members of the force desiring assignment to the Mounted Division receive instruction. The Horsemanship School is under the supervision of Acting Captain James P. Meehan, who has had more than 25 years' experience in this work. At the completion of a thirty-day course in the school, the men are rated according to their ability and recruits for the Mounted Division are selected from this list.

The writer, as one of the first mounted men assigned to regulate traffic, recalls vividly the memory of those early days. Truckmen and cabmen would get the wheels of their vehicles entangled in a narrow street and then what tie-ups would result! Before the mounted men took a hand, the drivers had only one method of clearing up these entanglements, and this consisted of climbing down from their respective seats and fighting it out in the street.

The pedestrians often took a hand in the row and a merry time was usually had by all. The net result was the missing of trains, boats and deliveries, with the incidental loss of time and money to all concerned. Today the very presence of a single mounted man on duty in the most crowded street is sufficient to prevent a recurrence of the conditions just described.

The purchase of horses for the Mounted Division has become yearly more difficult. When the Board of Estimate appropriates the annual sum for the purchase of remounts, it stipulates that these horses may be bought in the open market. The Police Department in 1930 was authorized to buy 75 horses and after three months was only able to obtain 6 horses from dealers in nearby cities. A committee was then sent to the middle west and succeeded in purchasing the entire number required. This same practice was followed this year, and the quality of the new horses surpassed that of the ones previously bought in the east.

The police horses are all bay geldings and must not be more than 8 years old when purchased by the Department. The horses must stand between 15½ and 16 hands high, with an average weight of between 1000 and 1500 pounds. Their riders must not weigh more than 175 pounds with full uniform and equipment. Several good men have literally eaten their way out of the Mounted Division.





## For Mothers and Children



**A** TOTAL of 7,811 mothers and children have thus far been made happy by the first three of the series of day outings given to mothers and children by the members of the Police Department. These excursions which were inaugurated last year at the suggestion of the Police Commissioner, and which proved highly successful, are being repeated this summer at the request of the Department mem-

bers expressed through their respective line organizations.

These outings are an all day affair and consist of a trip up the Hudson on a river steamer with luncheon aboard the boat, a stop at Hook Mountain and the return sail to the city. All expenses on these trips are paid from contributions of the Department members, ranging from \$25 given by the Chief Inspector, to the \$2 gift of patrolmen.



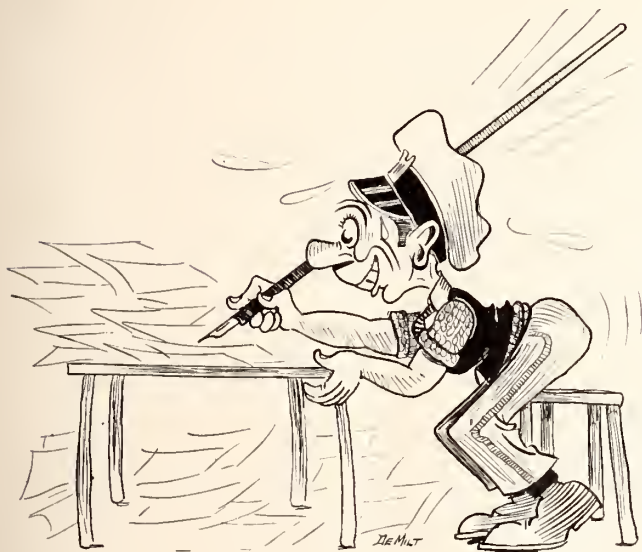


The excursions this year began on Monday, July 6th, with the mothers and children of the Second and Fourth Divisions as guests. Preference is given in the distribution of tickets for these trips to families which have been aided by the Police Department in connection with the Relief of the Unemployed.



The outings are held on Mondays and Fridays throughout July and August. The July schedule called for the 1st and 3d Division guests on July 10; those from the 5th and 6th Divisions on July 13; the 7th and 8th on July 17; the 9th and 11th on July 20; the 10th and 12th on July 24; the 13th and 14th on July 28; and the 15th and 16th on July 30.

## A Prize Winning Page



**C**AN you write, can you rhyme, can you draw? If you can or if you think you can, or if any of your family and friends think you can, you should enter SPRING 3100's prize contests which are open to all members of the Department with the exception of the immediate staff of this magazine.

Let us tell you first about the Short Story Contest. Each month, the editorial staff of SPRING 3100, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will award a prize of \$25 for the best short story submitted. Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length. Stories must be type-

written, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper. Stories submitted for the September prize must be received by the Managing Editor of SPRING 3100 not later than August 7th. The winning story will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

*"Traffic was Murphy's delight,  
As motorists stopped at each light;  
But a speeder one day,  
Got right in Murphy's way,  
....."*

A Limerick Contest can always be depended upon to create interest and fun for the whole family. First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5 respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for this limerick. The Editorial Staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges. Answers must be received by the Managing Editor by August 7th.

Now lets give our artists a hand. A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komiks page. Just follow the usual rule of drawing your cartoon in black drawing ink on white cardboard, 8 inches square. The Editorial Staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will also act as judges in this contest.

Again we ask, can you write, can you rhyme, can you draw? Well, lets find out.

# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



**F**OR purely educational reasons, dear reader, we are taking you with us in this issue on a short vacation trip from which we have just returned—*necessarily, of course*, and much against our wishes.

And believe you us—we were never before brought so vividly to realize the utter ridiculousness of that shopworn old axiom—“*THERE IS NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.*”

It's the bunk, and don't let anyone beguile you into thinking otherwise.

For instance:

Deliberately and with no malice aforethought we locked up the old work bench as our last issue went to press and started out blithely to get ourselves a couple of good, cold, old-fashioned lagers.

Swell idea? Listen—*take the world's largest sponge and throw it into the middle of the turbulent Atlantic and it positively couldn't become sweller.*

So, valiantly and with Spartan-like fortitude we drove for two long hot days straight through the Saharian wastes of the great Empire State, and eventually found ourselves confronted with a sign

that for a moment caused our hearts to stop beating—and our parched tongues to hang out at least a yard further. The sign read:

“*Rouse's Point—CANADA STRAIGHT AHEAD.*”

Feverishly we stepped on the gas, and furtively we strained our eyes for another sign—the kind that a generation ago made of George Ehret the most popular and best loved millionaire that ever basked in the scintillating rays of that exalted rank.

Suddenly it loomed up gorgeously—right in front of us, and it looked more beautiful than did the old Lion Brewery back in the days before Andy Volstead achieved world-wide fame as the champion thirst suppressor of all time.

It was a real nice place, too, and forthwith we entered and parked—comfortably—AND INDEFINITELY.

We hated to leave—honestly we did. We were forced to, finally, by the proprietor who, hearkening with apprehension to the complaints of his waiters, that their legs no longer would support them, and seriously alarmed also at the prodigiousness of our two-day thirst, feared for his supply.

Undaunted and with zeal unabated we again took to the open road and headed heroically further into the fascinating Dominion.

We hate to tell you more. It really might sound as if we're trying to rub it in—*especially in these refreshless days with the thermometer hovering gleefully around the 90 degree mark.*

There is a mighty moral to our sad little story, however, and we are forced reluctantly to carry on.

Anyway, we continued ruthlessly to demolish the luscious national beverage, and with great earnestness tried to drain the Dominion dry.

*And now we are coming to the point.*

For five long days we stuck thirstily to our task. Herculean were our efforts; unswerving our determination.

And then, truthfully, we started to weaken. It's a great life, we admit, if you don't—*especially when in Canada.* If you do, easily—*stay away from there.*

So, just as we were about to give up in despair, whom should we happen across in Montreal but that great girl, Molly Sullivan, charming chief of our Policewomen's Bureau, gaily accompanied by two equally charming sister cops, Peg Solan and Lucretia Antoinette Murphy.

In high glee we crowded them into a neutral corner and explained to them the noble purpose of our expedition.

Feverishly we asked them to help. *We needed help badly.* But to all our entreaties they turned a deaf ear.

They were there, Molly explained coldly, for no other purpose than to visit and officially inspect the beautiful churches and cathedrals with which Montreal abounds. (*Sez they.*)

That was the last straw—as one bartender said



when the last keg ran dry. So on the sixth day we packed up and under cover of a foggy morning sneaked back ingloriously to Rouse's Point.

Sadder and wiser, of course, but with our bankroll badly dented, nevertheless—and our waistline distorted by the accumulation of at least eight additional inches.

And the moral of our story, gentle reader, is that even in these hectic days of dazzling speed and amazing accomplishments—*WHEN NOTHING IS CONSIDERED IMPOSSIBLE*—when fellows like Wiley Post and Harold Gatty think nothing of circling old mother earth in eight days; when Hubie Wilkins' projected dash under the ice to the North Pole is looked upon with but passing interest—we're right here telling you that the man hasn't yet been born who can visit our merry cousins in the North and drink their hospitable old Dominion dry.

Just paste that in your hat, ye potential seekers of fame and glory—and make a book on it.

You can't lose.

**N**EXT stop Saratoga Springs, with the thermometer registering exactly 92—in the shade.

It wasn't just hot—it was sizzzzzzling.

This will never do, soliloquized we. Then we soliloquized some more, and shortly along comes the **BIG INSPIRATION.**

Ah! A telephone booth!

"Hello, Tannersville 29, please. That's right, the Police Camp."

"Hello, I want to speak with Johnny White. Yes, the managing director of the camp."

"That you, John? This is Old Man Sunshine. How's things?"

"No good, John; we're up here in Saratoga being slowly broiled alive."

"What's that? **YOU'RE WEARING SWEATERS THERE ON THE PORCH?** Cut out the baloney, John; persiflage and light comedy are furthest from our thoughts right now."

"Says you if we had any sense we'd pack right up and get over there?"

"You're on, John; can you fix us up for tomorrow?"

"Fine 'n dandy, John; you're a life saver."

So, after a desperately hot night spent in Saratoga we found ourselves next day happily ensconced in that alluring garden spot nestling majestically in the uppermost reaches of the glorious Catskills.

Boy—what a difference.

It was especially pronounced that evening as we parked ourselves in a big, comfortable rocker, enjoying the invigorating mountain breezes that swept

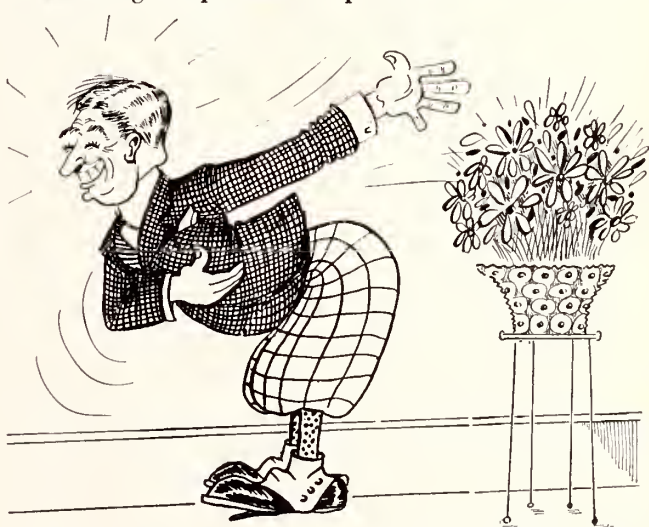
the spacious porch from end to end.

And, incidentally, reading in the newspapers about you poor unfortunates sweltering miserably here in the City.

It's really hard to believe that a matter of a hundred odd miles can bring about so complete a transformation.

And there was good old Johnny, smiling as usual and debonair as al-

ways. Right on the job to make everyone feel at home and all but breaking his neck in his efforts to make things as pleasant as possible.



"We hated to leave—honestly we did"

Never before have we come across a nicer crowd than we found there at the camp.

It was like one big family—with nary a step-child in sight.

Rank and titles, as usual, are checked at the door before even you register, a procedure which doubly insures that spirit of good fellowship essential to any jolly vacation gathering.

To enumerate the hundred and one activities at the camp is simply out of the question. It would necessitate using all the pages in the magazine.





One of the merriest events during our short stay was a thrilling baseball game participated in by two teams of lively cops, with a sprinkling of firemen, viz:

The **EAST SIDERS**: Nine sophisticated youths, captained by Sgt. Frank Gleason, of the 3d Precinct, who thought so well of themselves as baseball players you'd imagine that Babe Ruth and the rest of the big leaguers should be out trying doors, holding down school crossings and things like that.

The **RED HOOKS**: An aggregation of ambitious slickers, captained by Ptl. Steve Ellsworth, of the 14th Precinct, who in the sixth inning ruined the East Siders' hopes by clearing the bags with a wallop that landed less than six feet this side of the adjoining county line.

The Red Hooks won handily by a score of 12 to 4.

They trimmed those poor East Siders so badly that Al Smith himself had he been there, would have screamed in shame and mortification.

Sergeant Gleason, of the East Siders, was easily the outstanding luminary of the game.

He played shortstop, and we must truthfully record *there wasn't a single ball got away from him.*

Sensationally he stopped them all—**SOME WITH HIS SHINS, SOME WITH THE BACK OF HIS NECK AND SEVERAL WITH HIS CHIN.**

Here we show you a remarkable resemblance of Frank at bat.



Note, please, the perfect stance—the graceful position of his feet—the elegance with which he clutches his cigar—and the determined why he holds that bat.

He personifies the ultimate in poise, grace and charm, does he not?

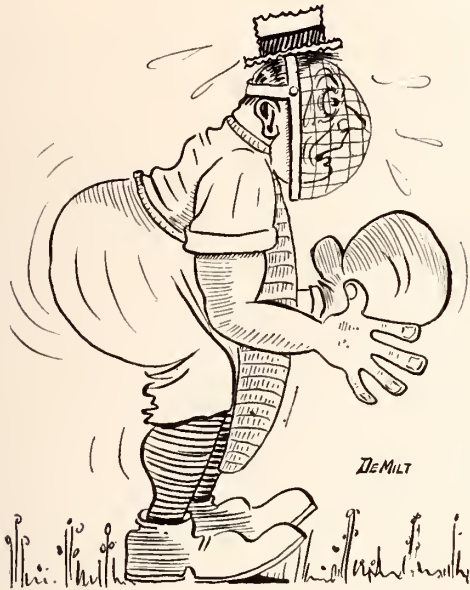
There's one thing we must in truth give Frank credit for; if we didn't our conscience wouldn't operate right, and that is the conceded fact that when it came to socking that old pill he was nearly as good as the big dumbbell that played second base for the opposition. (*That's giving you a break, isn't it, Frank?*)

Following is the official lineup:

EAST SIDERS												RED HOOKS															
1b	Benz.....	Traf. D										1b	Griffin.....	7	Sqd.												
2b	Hart.....	278 Eng.										2b	DeMilt.....	19	Div.												
3b	Klinck.....	Traf. B										3b	Giddings.....	66	Sqd.												
S.S.	Gleason.....	3 Pct.										S.S.	Murphy.....	78	Sqd.												
P.	Lehner.....	25 Pct.										P.	Ellsworth.....	14	Pct.												
C.	Regan.....	81 Pct.										C.	Donovan.....	88	Pct.												
R.F.	Conway.....	118 H.&L.										R.F.	Wilson.....	Traf. B													
C.F.	Quinn.....	14 Pct.										C.F.	Fitzgerald....	E-Sqd. 1													
L.F.	O'Connor....	46 Pct.										L.F.	Grant.....	238 Eng.													
Umpires: Chemist McKeon, Police Laboratories, and Captain Walsh, Fire Dept., Yonkers.																											
East Siders.....												0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0—	4						
Red Hooks.....												2	1	1	1	0	4	1	2	x—	12						



Patrolman Dinny Donovan, of the 88th Precinct, caught for the Red Hooks in masterly style. He wore his straw hat, as you will note in the picture,



to protect his classic features from the tantalizing rays of the sun which shone that day right merrily indeed.

What do you think of the photo taken on the lawn immediately after the game? If it doesn't portray truly a 100 per cent. aggregation of reg'lar fellers then we're sailing for Hong Kong on the first steamer out.



We had a novel radio broadcast one night which Johnny White arranged with some sort of contraption he dug up whereby you sing into a microphone

installed in the private office of the hotel and it is broadcast through the loud speaker on the porch.

Everybody did his or her bit, and you'd be amazed at the really fine talent Johnny uncovered among the gang.

It was some party.

The stellar honors were unanimously bestowed upon a trio of very talented policewomen, Nellie O'Connor, Evelyn O'Brien and Catherine Rosenberg.

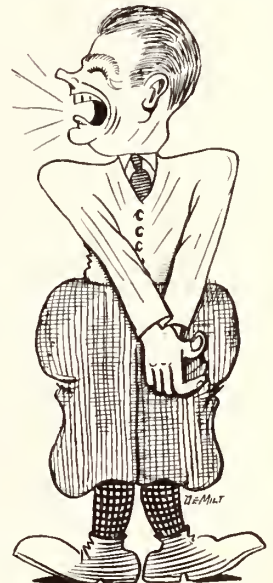
They swept the audience fairly off their feet with a number of high-powered selections rendered in real Metropolitan Opera style.

Never before have we heard that classiest of all classics, "*Show Me the Way to Go Home*," sung with such sweetness and tenderness. Quite a few sentimentally inclined actually broke down and wept.

Below is an intriguing picture showing Nellie, Evelyn and Catherine, in the order named, drawn especially from life.

Detective Johnny Griffin, of the 7th Squad, made a tremendous impression with his rendition of "*Wabash Moon*." Honestly, had Morton Downey been there he'd have turned green with envy.

An editor feller whose name we just don't recall unraveled a ballad called "*There's Nothing Too Good for My Girl*," which went over fairly well. Later, he sprang one about "*Mary's Little Dog*," which was immediately voted all the berries in the place.



Then Detective Tom Murphy, of the 78th Squad, electrified the crowd with "*You Made Me What I Am Today*," and there is absolutely no truth in the report that his charming little blonde missus refused to speak to him the rest of the evening.

(Continued on page 24)

# Our New Deputy Commissioner

**M**ISS HENRIETTA ADDITON, formerly director of the Crime Prevention Bureau of the Police Department, was sworn in on June 22nd as Sixth Deputy Police Commissioner by Police Commissioner Mulrooney in the Board Room at Headquarters. Miss Additon continues as head of the Crime Prevention Bureau, which has 182 members including 60 picked patrolmen, 34 patrolwomen and 25 social workers, who make investigations from 6 unit stations in the city.

All the Deputy Commissioners were present when Miss Additon received her Deputy Commissioner's badge, as were Chief Inspector John O'Brien and Dr. George W. Kirchwey, former Dean of the Columbia University Law School and former Warden of Sing Sing Prison. There were also present Mrs. Willard Parker, Jr., and Mrs. Sidney C. Borg, of the Police Department's Advisory Commission on Crime Prevention, Dr. Valeria H. Parker, of the American Social Hygiene Association, Mrs. Henry G.

Leach, president of the State League of Women Voters, Mrs. Ordway Teed and Mrs. Jonah Goldstein.

The Police Commissioner in congratulating Miss Additon promised the cooperation of the Department in preventing crime. Thus far, he said, she had been very successful and he knew she would continue to be so.

The June issue of SPRING 3100 contained an article stating that the Crime Prevention Bureau had been made a permanent part of the Police Department and that the appointment of Miss Additon as Sixth Deputy Commissioner was anticipated. This article also contained a review of Miss Additon's career and a brief article by her on Crime Prevention work.

Therefore, at this time SPRING 3100 merely reiterates the Police Commissioner's congratulation of Miss Additon and wishes her every success in her work. SPRING 3100 looks forward to another article by Deputy Commissioner Additon in the near future.



## THE 41ST PRECINCT MOURN THEIR MASCOT

THE lifeless body of "Bum," the scraggy little mongrel of unknown ancestry, was found in the gutter at Westchester Avenue and Kelly Street, Bronx, recently. He was identified as a member of the department by his regulation collar studded with brass police buttons.

"Bum" for seven years was the mascot of the 41st Precinct, Simpson Street, The Bronx. In his police career, he drove with his copper pals to fires, riots, murders and robberies. Finally going to his death, the victim of a hit-and-run driver.

The bereaved patrolmen of the 41st are having his body stuffed by a taxidermist and will still keep him as their mascot in the only home he ever knew—the station house.

## In Memoriam

Ptl. Joseph Mahoney	112th Pct.	June 26, 1931
Ptl. Salavatore A. Grazidei	22d Pct.	July 5, 1931
Ptl. Louis Merkle	94th Pct.	July 2, 1931
Ptl. Charles Foeller	77th Pct.	July 11, 1931
Ptl. John Cassetti	74th Pct.	July 17, 1931

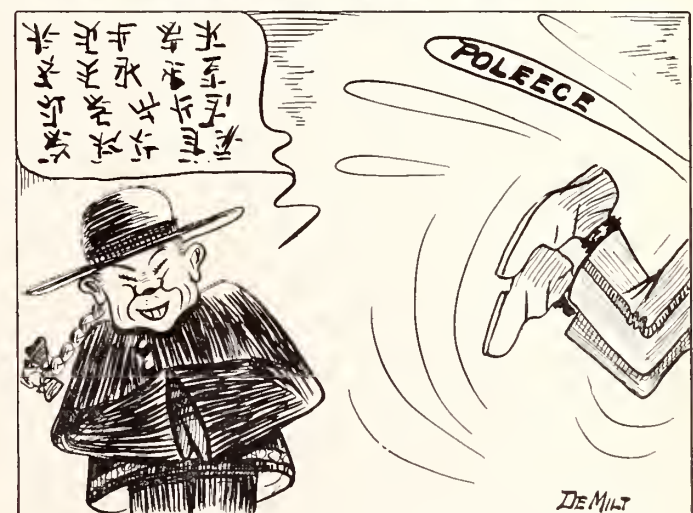
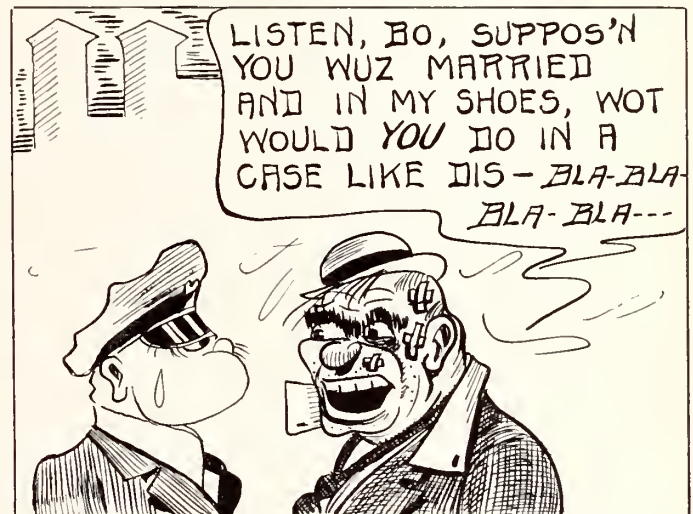
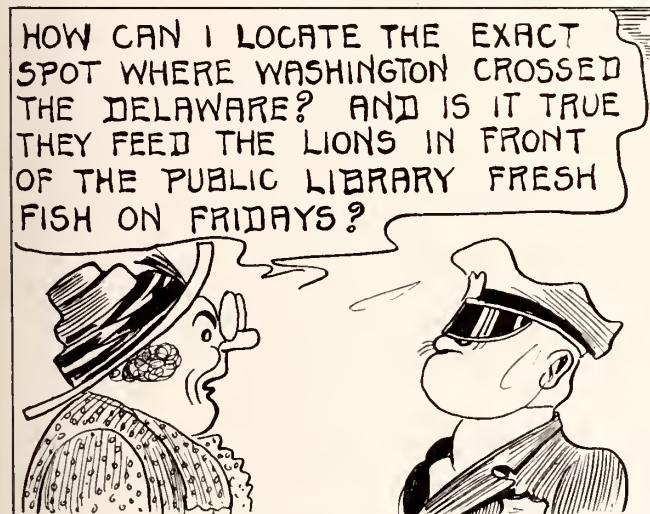
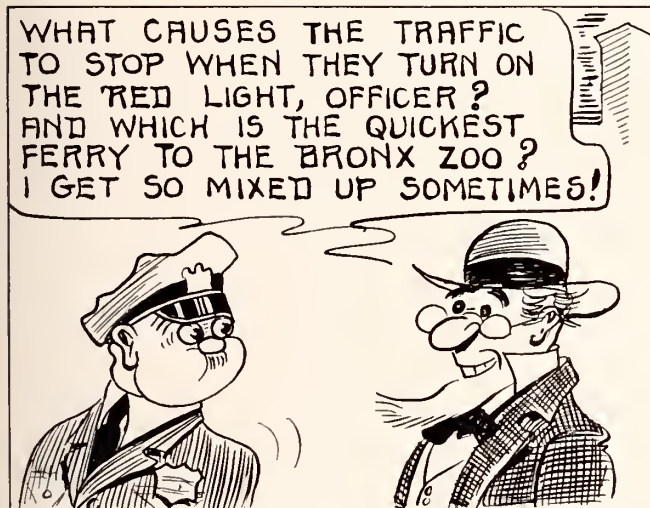




# Barney on the Beat

By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT

## BARNEY TAKES A CRACK AT THE NEW INTELLIGENTSIA SQUAD



# They Were On The Job



A LIST of 432 police awards for meritorious service was announced late in June by the Police Commissioner. Those whose names appear on the list received Civil Service credits of one point for "honorable mention," one-half point for "commendation," and one-fourth point for "excellent police duty."

The awards in 37 cases were for the part played by the recipients in the capture of Francis (Two Gun) Crowley and Rudolph Durringer who are now in the Death House in Sing Sing. Nine men were commended for their work in the Vivian Gordon case.

Three posthumous awards head the list which follows:

Detective Christopher W. Scheuing, 13th Squad, 18th Division, killed in an exchange of shots with two hold-up men he and another detective surprised in a restaurant.

Patrolman James J. Flanagan, 25th Precinct, while off duty, killed in an exchange of shots with two suspects he started to question.

Patrolman Bernard Sherry, 15th Precinct, in a single-handed battle with three hold-up men in a restaurant he killed one thug and wounded another before he himself was killed.

## HONORABLE MENTION

### DETECTIVES

Acting Lieutenant Christian R. Salsieder, Main Office, Bronx; Sergeant Bryan O'Connor, 25th Precinct; Edward W. Byrnes, Homicide Squad, 18th Division; James M. Carney, 6th Squad, 18th Division; Domenico Caso, 42d Squad, 18th Division; Thomas J. Sheehan, 40th Squad, 18th Division; William H. DeGivie, 18th Division; Stephen J. Devine, 18th Division; Louis F. Greller, 50th Squad, 18th Division; William

C. Mara, 40th Squad, 18th Division; James E. Maguire, 52d Squad, 18th Division; Constance J. Mancini, 18th Division; John F. McGuire, 6th Squad, 18th Division; Dominick D. Pape, 13th Squad, 18th Division; William N. Robinson, 32d Squad, 18th Division; Ferdinand J. Schaedel, 42d Squad, 18th Division; Charles E. Lehman, 32d Squad, 18th Division; Thomas J. F. Nelson, Main Office, 18th Division; John A. Kranz, 30th Squad, 18th Division; Julius Salke, Bureau of Criminal Information, 18th Division; Stephen P. DiRosa, Main Office, 18th Division.

### PATROLMEN

Francis J. Bartley, 50th Precinct; William J. Burns, 71st Precinct; Rubin Herbstein, 71st Precinct; Frederick W. Johnston, 28th Precinct; William J. Langdon, Jr., 81st Precinct; Max Pittel, 50th Precinct; Edward A. Muller, 71st Precinct; John M. O'Brien, 15th Precinct; William F. O'Brien, Motor Transport Division; Kerry C. O'Connor, Traffic Precinct D; Charles F. O'Neill, 40th Precinct; Donato Petrucci, 40th Precinct; John P. Ronan, Emergency Squad 1; William J. Ryan, 27th Precinct; Raymond Scanlon, 50th Precinct; Peter J. Talty, 28th Precinct; Peter H. Volberg, 75th Precinct; Benjamin Wallace, 32d Precinct; William M. Wheatley, Motorcycle Squad 1, 17th Division; Earle I. Carter, 32d Precinct; Charles D. Watkins, 19th Precinct; Arthur J. Schirmer, 23d Precinct.

## COMMENDATIONS

### ACTING CAPTAINS

John McIlhargy, 7th Detective District; Richard F. Oliver, 18th Division.

### ACTING LIEUTENANTS

Patrick G. Fitzgibbon, 19th Division; Emil J. Kochman, 42d Squad; Walter Culhane, 52d Squad, 18th Division.

### SERGEANTS

Charles A. Culley, Jr., 72d Precinct; Charles Marz, 87th Precinct; Michael F. McNamara, 18th Division; Thomas G. Smith, 48th Precinct; Patrick J. Walsh, 18th Division; John J. Zipp, 32d Precinct.

### DETECTIVES

Maurice V. Barry, 42d Squad; John J. Brennan, 18th Division; John J. Broderick, 18th Division; Frederick F. Buckley, 18th Division; Joseph Capano, 18th Division; Donald E. Carey, 18th Division; Walter Casey, 18th Division; Timothy D. Crimmins, 18th Division, 30th Squad; John F. Croak, 88th Squad; James A. Dowdell, 18th Division; John W. Dowling, 79th Squad; William A. Duffy, 18th Division; Michael T. Foley, 18th Division; Harold V. Fox, 112th Squad; Thomas J. Gaffney, 18th Division; Arthur F. Giddings, 18th Division; James M. Harrison, 18th Division; Raymond F. Henshaw, 18th Division; Michael J. Horris, 18th Division; Charles E. Lehman, 18th Division; Joseph A. Loures, 18th Division; Joseph A. Macdonnell, 18th Division; James B. Mahoney, 18th Division; Clarence M. Martin, 18th Division; Michael Matis, 18th Division; Joseph B. McCarthy, 88th Squad; William A. McCoy, 42d Squad; Patrick J. McDonough, 18th Division; Milton T. Moffett, 18th Division; James E. Moran, 66th Squad; Francis O'Neill, 18th Division; Francis D. J. Phillips, 18th Division; Walter E. Shea, 18th Division; George E. Webber, 18th Division; William C. Whelan, 18th Division; James A. McCarthy, 52d Squad, 18th Division; Joseph A. Hoffman, 52d Squad, 18th Division; Henry Miller, 52d Squad, 18th Division; Albert Dittmar, 52d Squad, 18th Division; John T. Moffett, 26th Squad, 18th Division; Walter H. Skelly, Main Office, Brooklyn, 18th Division (was Patrolman, 75th Precinct, at time of occurrence); Joseph G. Byrne, Main Office, 18th Division (was Patrolman, 2d Division, at time of occurrence); William Sinnott, 19th Squad, 18th Division; August J. Gillman, 19th Squad, 18th Division.



# PATROLMEN

Rudolph V. Ahrens, 46th Precinct; George Bayer, Traffic Precinct C; William J. Bauman, 72d Precinct; Frederick J. F. Berwind, Traffic Precinct I; Andrew P. Betso, 7th Precinct; Edwin C. Blackwood, Traffic Precinct C; Thomas J. Brennan, C. I. Office, 19th Division; Stephen E. Brennan, 24th Precinct (was attached to 44th Precinct at time of occurrence); Henry J. Brown, Traffic Precinct G; Kenneth S. Brown, 41st Precinct; William Bryson, 19th Division; Arthur J. Bunte, 7th Precinct; Walter R. Byrnes, Motor Transport Maintenance Division; John A. Cantwell, 24th Precinct; John T. A. Carney, 71st Precinct (was attached to 73d Precinct at time of occurrence); Sabbath Centello, 79th Precinct; Henry J. Coleman, 34th Precinct; Gerald F. Connolly, 40th Precinct; Joseph F. Conti, 60th Precinct; Terence A. Corrigan, 28th Precinct; Peter J. Dale, 41st Precinct; Sylvester P. Davis, 87th Precinct; Arthur C. Delyuili, 18th Precinct; William F. Denice, 69th Precinct (was attached to 71st Precinct at time of occurrence); Eugene G. Donobue, 25th Precinct; Daniel A. Donovan, 70th Precinct; William G. Duggan, 24th Precinct; David I. Dunnigan, 13th Precinct; John P. Dunnion, Traffic Precinct E; Jeremiah J. Duross, 28th Precinct; Arthur J. Engel, 10th Precinct; John C. Erickson, 28th Precinct; Patrolman Milton H. Fardon; William J. Feeley, 79th Precinct; Arthur H. Felten, 25th Precinct; Henry C. Fischer, 19th Precinct; James E. Fitzpatrick, 75th Precinct; George E. Forbes, 114th Precinct; Charles Fox, 48th Precinct; Peter F. Gallagher, 14th Precinct; Charles G. Gardella, 19th Division; George F. Gehr, 87th Precinct; Edward F. Geiger, 24th Precinct; Edward J. Gillen, 44th Precinct; James A. Glynn, 24th Precinct; James R. Goodwin, 34th Precinct; John Grady, Traffic Precinct A; Robert Graham, 32d Precinct; Herman A. Gress; William J. Griffin, 18th Precinct; Lawrence J. Grogan, 46th Precinct; Albert E. Gutshow, 14th Precinct; Martin L. Hayes, 25th Precinct; Richard T. Heinrich, Traffic Precinct I; Robert S. Herrnstadt, 23d Precinct; Walter C. Herzer, 18th Precinct; William H. Hess, 28th Precinct; Timothy J. Holland, Bureau of Crime Prevention (was attached to 62d Precinct at time of occurrence); Timothy T. Hushion, 18th Precinct; John H. Judycke, 24th Precinct; Francis Keenan, Traffic Precinct H; Hugh Kelly, 18th Precinct; Joseph D. Kelly, 28th Precinct; Harold W. Kraus, 47th Precinct; Charles W. Krauss, 78th Precinct; Charles R. Lanney, 60th Precinct; Albert A. Lazaro, 66th Precinct; John J. Leonard, 61st Precinct; John P. Lowe, 46th Precinct; John T. McNally, 14th Precinct; John A. McNamara, Motor Transport Maintenance Division; James J. Maguire, 43d Precinct; Timothy J. Maguire, Traffic Precinct E; Marks Mandall, 72d Precinct; Alonzo B. Matthews, 32d Precinct; John J. Metzler, 7th Precinct; Robert F. Moger, 79th Precinct; Matthew Moran, 88th Precinct; William F. Morrissey, 34th Precinct; Martin J. Muldering, 40th Precinct; Andrew J. Mulhall, Motorcycle Squad No. 2, 17th Division; Thomas P. Mulvey, 84th Precinct; Patrick A. Murphy, Traffic Precinct H; John W. O'Keefe, 20th Precinct; Dennis O'Meara, Traffic Precinct D; Patrick J. O'Shea, 17th Precinct; Hugh M. Owens, 7th Precinct; Roger Powers, Traffic Precinct E; Harry J. Pray, 20th Precinct; Earl A. Redmond, 32d Precinct; Mark W. Redmond, 34th Precinct; William D. Reilly, 24th Precinct; Arthur M. Riordan, 25th Precinct; Edward F. Rogers, 114th Precinct (was attached to 17th Precinct at time of occurrence); Andrew A. Ryan, 5th Precinct; Rudolph Savarese, 18th Precinct; Martin J. Schuchman, 94th Precinct; Albert A. Schweizer, 18th Precinct; Francis E. Sellinger, Traffic Precinct K; John Sergott, Jr., 46th Precinct; William R. Shiels, 46th Precinct (was probationary patrolman at time of occurrence); Edward F. Smith, 23d Precinct; Michael Stark, 24th Precinct; Thomas D. Thornton, 87th Precinct; John A. Tonry, 78th Precinct; Thomas J. Toolan, Traffic Precinct D; Joseph C. Ulises, 80th Precinct; Henry F. Vlach, Traffic Precinct B; Thomas F. Werdann Jr., 114th Precinct; Nathan Whitman, 19th Division; William H. Ritzman, 102d Precinct; George Eiler, 7th Precinct, (was attached to 2d Division at time of occurrence); Nicholas Teresky, 7th Precinct; Charles A. Barts, 32d Precinct; Mortimer O'Connell, Traffic Precinct F; Michael Hickey, 20th Precinct; Cornelius Carroll, 28th Precinct; Thomas J. F. Severance, Traffic Precinct N; George C. Tropf, Traffic Precinct N; Teofil Galkowski, Traffic Precinct O; Edward B. Toomey, 18th Precinct; Morris D. Coffey, 18th Precinct; Joseph A. Salvia, 18th Precinct; John J. McGrath, 18th Precinct; Irving Kaufman, 9th Precinct; William N. Venter, 1st Precinct; Joseph M. Brennan, 10th Precinct; Philip J. Schear, 90th Precinct; Frank J. Ludwig, 72d Precinct.

# EXCELLENT POLICE DUTY

## ACTING CAPTAINS

Louis Hyams, 6th Detective District; Patrick F. J. McVeigh, 18th Division; Richard F. Oliver, Main Office, 18th Division.

## LIEUTENANT

Andrew J. Sarosy, 18th Division.

## ACTING LIEUTENANTS

John O. Dale, 18th Division; Charles W. Flood, 18th Division; Christopher Hodge, 18th Division; James E. Kinney, 18th Division; John B. McCarty, 18th Division; Thomas M. Reilly, 18th Division; John Shields, 18th Division; Cornelius F. Sullivan, 15th Squad, 18th Division.

## SERGEANTS

John Becak, 24th Precinct; John H. F. Cordes, 18th Division; James R. Kelleher, 28th Precinct; Gustave R. Mauch, Emergency Squad No. 10; Fred Meyer, 28th Precinct; Frederick C. Mohrmann, Emergency Squad Division; William F. O'Connor, Emergency Squad No. 5; Dennis J. Rodgers, Emergency Squad No. 6; George J. Winter, 40th Precinct; George J. Winter, 40th Precinct (was Detective, 25th Squad, 18th Division at time of occurrence); Francis J. Gill, 92d Precinct.

## DETECTIVES

John F. Allen, 18th Division; John A. Anderson, 18th Division; Joseph H. Arnold, 18th Division; Louis A. Bengston, 18th Division; John S. Brennan, 18th Division; Joseph R. Brennan, 18th Division; Frederick F. Buckley, 18th Division; Harry D. Buckley, 62d Squad, 18th Division; Joseph M. Burke, 18th Division; James R. Burns, 32d Squad, 18th Division; Nicholas Campo, 18th Division; Rocco Caputi, 18th Division; Frederick W. Claus, 18th Division; George B. Colby, 18th Division; Joseph A. Collins, 46th Squad, 18th Division; John P. Cooke, 18th Division; John T. Corcoran, 84th Squad, 18th Division; James J. Cotter, 18th Division; Charles D. Crozier (was Patrolman), 18th Division; John M. Curry, 18th Division; Albert S. Daily, 61st Squad, 18th Division; Thomas J. Devery, 108th Squad, 18th Division; Joseph H. Arnold, Main Office, 18th Division; William F. Kirwan, Main Office, 18th Division; Patrick J. Mullarney, 15th Squad, 18th Division; John J. Hogan, 15th Squad, 18th Division; William J. Mulligan, 15th Squad, 18th Division; Walter J. C. Kiechlen, 15th Squad, 18th Division; Frank A. Dimarsico, Bureau of Crime Alien Investigation, 18th Division; Martin L. Fitzpatrick, 46th Squad, 19th Division; William S. Secor, 46th Squad, 18th Division; James A. Corey, 9th Squad, 18th Division; Francis Nowicki, 9th Squad, 18th Division; John Low, 9th Squad, 18th Division; Patrick J. J. Carey, 15th Squad, 18th Division; John T. Burke, 15th Squad, 18th Division; Frederick Schmidt, 34th Squad, 18th Division; Arthur M. Horey, 34th Squad, 13th Division; William A. Drake, 18th Division; Charles A. Dugan, 18th Division; Thomas P. Earley, 18th Division; Harry J. Eggolt, 18th Division; Charles L. Farrell, 62d Squad, 18th Division; Thomas M. Farrell, 18th Division; Thomas F. Fitzgerald, 18th Division; William Franz, 18th Division; William A. Graham, 18th Division; Charles A. Grubert, 18th Division; James C. Hagan, 40th Squad, 18th Division; James J. M. Hannan, 78th Squad, 18th Division; John W. F. Hannan, 18th Division; Raymond F. Henshaw, Main Office, 18th Division; Richard J. Hickey, 18th Division; Elliotte Holmes, 18th Division; William F. Horris, Main Office, 18th Division; Frederick H. Kammerer, 18th Division; Vincent J. Kiernan, Main Office, 18th Division; Joseph D. Kiley, 18th Division; Edward J. Kirk, 18th Division; William F. Kirwan, 18th Division; Alfred Laurino, 46th Squad, 18th Division; Thomas J. Layden, 18th Division; James Lynch, 18th Division; William A. McCoy, 42d Squad, 18th Division; James F. McHale, Jr., Main Office, 18th Division; Francis X. McLaughlin, 18th Division; Andrew Mealli, 18th Division; Milton T. Moffett, 18th Division; Martin V. Monahan, 18th Division; David J. Mullee, 18th Division; William J. Murphy, 92d Squad, 18th Division; Francis A. Murray, 18th Division; Peter A. Naton, Main Office, 18th Division; Thomas

(Continued on page 19)



# Another "Bad Man" Capitulates

By PATROLMAN JAMES J. WYNNE



"Brass buttons, blue coat,  
Couldn't catch a nanny goat."

**T**HIS was the gang's outburst of defiance aimed at the Police Department in general and a new man in particular. A crime prevention officer they called him. The target of their ditty was usually a block away and immediately after the broadcast the defiers would be exactly two blocks away.

The defamers who thought so little of a policeman's agility were known to the neighborhood as the "South Side Juniors." They used as their headquarters a cave dug in the side of a hill. This den of iniquitous plans was hidden from view by high weeds and brush, so common in vacant spaces of the sparsely populated areas of the metropolitan district. The average age of the bad men was from 12 to 14 years. Over the entrance and held in place by an ingenious contraption of sticks and stones hung a curtain of old burlap. The artist of the troupe, long on red paint but short on draftsmanship, had decorated the curtain with the words:

Headquarters, No Admittance  
"South Siders Jrs."

Louie (Scarface) Parido, Chief

The nickname Scarface hardly fitted little Louie for his face was soft and smooth, with cheeks the color of rosy apples. The imagination of youth overcame this minor detail, for to his band Louie was everything the name erroneously implied. Meetings were held, terrible plans were hatched; the more pretentious they failed to carry out, but they did cause considerable annoyance to the merchants of the vicinity by playing pranks and sometimes stealing small wares. A woman living nearby reported that her windows had been broken by these boys shooting B. B. pellets from an air rifle and she feared possible injury to herself and family.

Patrolman Tommy O'Hare, of the Crime Prevention Bureau, was sent to investigate. He discovered the band as they were starting "out for fun," their own term for mischief making. Louie held the gun, and as they saw the approaching patrolman they all

took to their heels. O'Hare chased Louie, overtook him and ingloriously relieved him of his gun. He spoke to the boy of the danger to life and property that might result from firing these pellets. Louie listened with scant interest. He planned to revenge himself as soon as possible for his present embarrassment.



When the police officer had left, the boy band re-assembled and Louie led them all to the cave for a very special pow wow. He took his accustomed place as the Major Domo and proceeded to give the gang an earful.

"Some stickers," ranted Louie; "you guys all ran from the cop. 'Fraid cats, sissies, why didn't someone crown him with a rock? He took my gun. We gotta get hunk. We're gonna draw lots and the guy that's picked has to get O'Hare, the big yellow mug. Pickin' on us kids. I hate all cops; we all gotta hate them. See them in the pictures, all they do is swipe apples from peddlers. The gangsters always fix them; we gotta get them, too, just like the big South Siders do."

When boys dig caves, they pay little or no attention to the stability of their domicile. All they want is a secret excavation in the side of a hill large enough to hold their band. That roofs cave in, never entered their thoughts, which were of bigger things, such as murder, pirates, loot and bad bad men.

Nevertheless, roofs do fall in and this one crashed down, while Louie was planning the destruction of the entire Police Department. Ten boys were trapped in the debris. Louis, the farthest back in



the cave, was worse off than the rest. The instinct to save themselves was stronger than gang loyalty and nine scared boys fought, struggled and scratched to free themselves.

Their cries were heard in the street and Patrolman O'Hare, who happened to be nearby, came as fast as he could run. Some of the boys were already out; the others with O'Hare's help were soon freed, scared but unhurt. O'Hare heard a whimper, a sad weak whimper coming from what was once the "Den of the South Siders, Jrs.," and in the wreckage lay Louie, no longer their tough "Scarface," but just a scared, sobbing boy caught in a mesh and unable to free himself.

O'Hare went to work with all his strength and energy and "Tough Louie," more scared than hurt, was soon freed. The policeman, working hard to free the boy, paid no attention to a large rock perched dangerously above him and as his digging caused more dirt to give away, the rock came crashing down on the officer's right leg. O'Hare was trapped. The stone was too large for him to remove single-handed. The boys ran crying for help. Brother officers and citizens came running to O'Hare's aid and freed him. The ambulance arrived and the doctor said the leg was broken, and rushed the policeman to the hospital.

Louie called another meeting that night behind closed doors. This time, however, it was held in his own house, his mother gladly allowing him the use of the parlor, and after the conference was over, Mrs. Parodi served the boys with ice cream and they all agreed this meeting was far ahead of any they had ever held in the cave.

The following morning, a bright young lad carrying a basket stood at the entrance desk of the hospital and inquired if he could see Officer O'Hare. An attendant led him to the officer's room. The kid's eyes were filled with tears as he saw the big cop lying in bed with his leg held way up in the air by a funny looking contraption made of sticks, ropes and weights. He shyly walked over and, with a gulp, said: "This is from me and my friends, Mr. O'Hare. We are all sorry you got hurt and hope you get well soon."

Tommy O'Hare, a kid himself not many years before, stuck out his big hand and shook that of the boy. With a smile, O'Hare said: "Thanks, kid, it sure is great for you to remember me and not be sore because I took your air gun."

The kid looked up at the bedridden cop and answered, "Mr. O'Hare, you keep that gun and use it for shooting gangsters and the South Siders, I don't think it was made for us kids."

The boy had to hurry off to school, so he wished O'Hare a speedy recovery in the name of his friends and himself. He then scampered away with a grin a yard wide on his face.

O'Hare called the nurse and asked her to open the package. It contained a nice basket of fruit and the card attached read:

"To Our Hero and Benefactor  
 Poliseman O'Hare  
 Speedy recovery from  
 The Junior Cops of America  
 Louie 'O'Hare' Parodi  
 Crime Prevention Officer."

## THEY WERE ON THE JOB

(Continued from page 17)

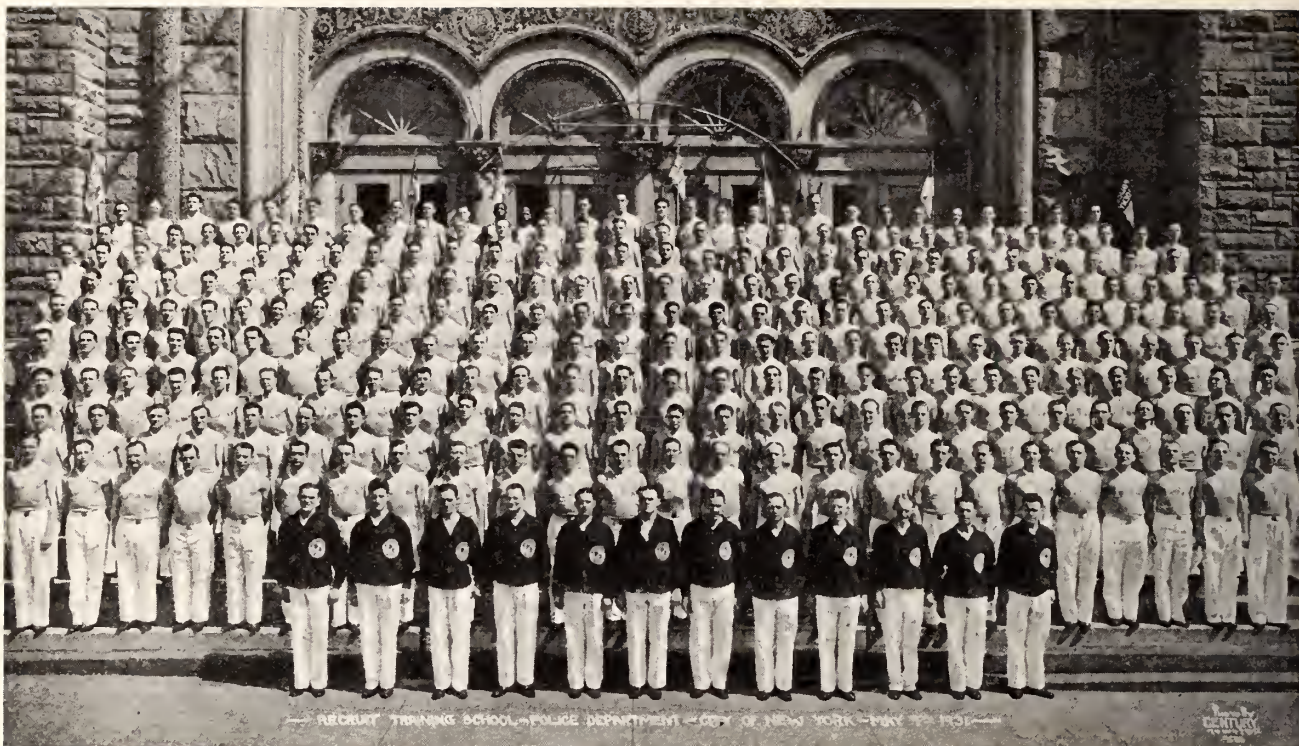
J. F. Nelson, Main Office, 18th Division; Joseph Nocton, Main Office, 18th Division; James A. O'Brien, 18th Division; James J. O'Brien, 18th Division; Benjamin J. O'Connell, 84th Squad, 18th Division; John Pettrizzo, 18th Division; Prospero A. Petrosino, 18th Division; Francis D. J. Phillips, Main Office, 18th Division; Ernest Pizzarelli, 18th Division; Hugh A. Riley, 84th Squad, 18th Division; Bernard P. Ruditsky, 18th Division; Louis J. Schaeffer, 32d Squad, 18th Division; Arthur E. Schultheiss, 18th Division; William Stetter, 18th Division; Raymond Studwell, 22d Squad, 18th Division; James J. Sweeney, 18th Division; Francis C. Trainor, 18th Division; William F. Vaughan, 42d Squad, 18th Division; William E. Van Valkenburgh, 18th Division; James A. Walsh, 18th Division; Fred L. Wilson, Main Office, 18th Division; Charles G. Wrage, 18th Division.

### PATROLMEN

Joseph A. Barrett, 78th Precinct; John H. Bryan, 24th Precinct; Leo O. Carey, 14th Precinct; Walter J. Connelly, 61st Precinct; James F. Cox, 81st Precinct; James J. Curtin, Emergency Squad 5; Nicholas T. Dichiaro, 5th Precinct; Michael E. Di Tolla, 7th Precinct; Richard A. Elfers, 32d Precinct; Frank Erick, 85th Precinct; Thomas E. Fauls, 87th Precinct; Henry Finkelstein, 77th Precinct; Edward J. Finn, 24th Precinct; Stanley W. Fisher, 28th Precinct; Edward F. Garvey, 24th Precinct; Edward E. Gillick, Motor Transport Maintenance Division; Joseph P. Glynn, 73d Precinct; John T. Griffin, 71st Precinct; Thomas A. Gross, 24th Precinct; Thomas F. Hendrick, 88th Precinct (was attached to 84th Precinct at time of occurrence); John L. Hughes, 48th Precinct; Henry P. Hunt, 18th Precinct; William W. Karnbach, 20th Precinct; Christopher J. Kiernan, 28th Precinct; Walter E. Klotzback, Emergency Squad 5; Andrew E. Langert, 92d Precinct; Anthony LaRocco, Traffic Precinct E; John P. J. Liston, Emer-

gency Squad 6; Edward P. Lynch, 20th Precinct; Edward V. McCarton, Traffic Precinct B; Walter P. McCloskey, Traffic Precinct D; Raymond McCullagh, 28th Precinct; John J. McDonnell, 44th Precinct; Frank McKay, 84th Precinct; John A. McNamara, Motor Transport Maintenance Division; Philip J. Mischler, 77th Precinct; August P. Morgenthaler, 92d Precinct; William A. Neubauer, 84th Precinct; Charles J. Nuzzi, 77th Precinct; Michael T. O'Connor, Traffic Precinct D; Joseph A. O'Hare, Mounted Squadron No. 1, 17th Division; William J. O'Neill, 23d Precinct; John J. O'Toole, 87th Precinct; Leonard W. Parkes, 84th Precinct; Frederick H. Parkinson, 51st Precinct; Thomas H. Patten, 88th Precinct; Earl A. Redmond, 32d Precinct; Bernard Rehm, 48th Precinct; William C. Riordan, 60th Precinct; Colin J. Robinson, 85th Precinct; Spencer R. Rowland, 73d Precinct; Joseph L. Robb, 73d Precinct; William F. Rutter, 78th Precinct; Edward J. Ryan, 67th Precinct; Maurice F. Savage, Emergency Squad No. 5; Michael Sergio, 23d Precinct; Frank C. Smith, Traffic Precinct M; Fred Werner, 43d Precinct; James Solimano, 78th Precinct; John J. Sullivan, 7th Precinct; Paul F. Straniero, 44th Precinct; Anton Svoboda, 23d Precinct; Thomas J. Tighe, Emergency Squad No. 5; Walter F. Wallace, 23d Precinct; Edwin A. Ward, 43d Precinct; Horace B. Watson, 66th Precinct (was attached to 70th Precinct at time of occurrence); Frank J. Weigl, Emergency Service Squad No. 1; Fred Werner, 43d Precinct; John J. McDonnell, 44th Precinct; Morris Grabsberg, 7th Precinct; Gerald F. Connolly, 40th Precinct; Thomas J. O'Donnell, 40th Precinct; John J. Healy, Traffic Precinct N; Robert F. J. Sullivan, 92d Precinct; William J. Vogt, 10th Precinct; James L. Francesconi, 10th Precinct; William Smith, 87th Precinct; Walter E. Gramberg, 87th Precinct; Daniel J. A. McLaughlin, 10th Precinct; Anthony Bertani, 10th Precinct; James P. Croke, 10th Precinct; Edward T. Nolan, 90th Precinct.





## Here They Are—Our Latest Graduates

**A**N audience of 15,000 which included Mayor Walker, Major General John F. O'Ryan, war time commander of the 27th Division, and Police Commissioner Mulrooney, attended the graduation exercises held on June 27th, at Baker Field, for a class of 272 Probationary Patrolmen, the tallest and heaviest class of recruits who have ever joined the Police Department. These young men, bronzed from a month's outdoor work at Camp Mulrooney, proved their fine physical condition by giving a splendid exhibition of boxing, jiu-jitsu, calisthenics and rifle drill. They were as fresh at the end of the drill as they were at its beginning.

The average member of this graduating class weighs 163½ pounds and is 5 feet 9¾ inches in height. He weighs 5½ pounds more than the average previous graduate of the Recruits' Training School and is three-fourths of an inch taller. The graduates all gained high proficiency in pistol shooting because of the Police Commissioner's order that special instruction should be given in the use of this weapon.

The honor man of the graduating class, Probationary Patrolman John H. Love, received the Hiram

C. Bloomingdale Trophy, a regulation service revolver, from Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, Commanding Officer of the School of Recruits. An honor graduate who took the full three months' course was Mr. Beck Ton Young, of Canton, China, who, as the representative of his government, is studying American and European police methods.

Mayor Walker was compelled to leave before the exercises were concluded, but the graduates were addressed by the Police Commissioner and General O'Ryan. The Police Commissioner told the new members of the force to enforce the law, "with courtesy and without arrogance." He also said the Police Department was composed of "men of character and courage, men more socially minded than the public knows, who contributed \$300,000 for the relief of the unemployed during the last eight months."

General O'Ryan warned the graduates against dishonesty and the use of third degree methods in handling prisoners.

The list of graduates follows:

Abbondandola, A. F.  
Abbott, William R.  
Abramowitz, Samuel  
Agnoli, Dominick C.  
Barnett, Emanuel  
Beck, John B.  
Bennett, Clarence N.  
Blank, Francis  
Bloom, Irving  
Boland, Michael  
Boller, Joseph  
Boyle, Edward S., Jr.  
Branagan, T. J., Jr.  
Braun, Bruno

Bright, Walter J.  
Brody, Paul  
Brown, Augustus F.  
Brown, Charles  
Brown, George F.  
Brown, James J.  
Brown, William F.  
Burke, John J.  
Burke, William R.  
Butler, Vincent L.  
Byrnes, George  
Cavanaugh, H. S.  
Cimler, Henry  
Clearly, Richard V. *of 27 Rec Cap.*

Cohen, Herman  
Colbert, James J.  
Colligan, Aloysius  
Conroy, John  
Cooney, John H.  
Cooper, William F., Jr.  
Cronjaeger, C. H., Jr.  
Crotty, Thomas M.  
Daly, Daniel J. *60.5*  
Daly, Thomas J.  
Daniti, Mario P.  
Darey, Patrick M.  
Davis, Solomon  
Day, John, Jr.

Delany, John  
Demarest, Francis T.  
De Stefano, Achille  
De Stefano, Arthur  
Dillenberger, E. L. A.  
Di Pietro, Vincenzo  
Doherty, Francis X.  
Dolan, Arnold C.  
Dolan, James M.  
Dolan, Michael  
Donohue, Edward J.  
Dotterweich, John W.  
Doyle, John J.  
Drechsler, Max



Dugan, Walter J.  
Dunn, John H.  
Duper, Albert J.  
Durham, William G.  
Dwen, Thomas G.  
Dwyer, Lester M.  
Eckert, Alvin R.  
Ehle, Henry W.  
Fannon, William F.  
Fant, Francis D.  
Farnan, James J.  
Fegan, Arthur J.  
Feger, Lawrence R.  
Finck, Peter F.  
Finn, Timothy J.  
Fitzgerald, John D.  
Fitzpatrick, Thomas  
Flock, Charles C.  
Flynn, Denis  
Flynn, Paul J.  
Foerth, August G.  
Ford, William S.  
Franz, Albert F.  
Frontera, Francis A.  
Furcht, Louis  
Furke, Joseph W.  
Gaffney, Richard V.  
Gallagher, Denis F.  
Gilbert, Joseph J.  
Glynn, Pierce T.  
Goldman, Charles A.  
Goldstein, Benjamin  
Goldstein, Solomon  
Grafton, John C.  
Guerin, John V.  
Haeseker, Charles B.  
Hagedorn, C. J.  
Hanley, James  
Hann, Albert C.  
Harnig, John F.  
Harrigan, William J.  
Hartner, William C.  
Henning, Walter F.  
Herson, Thomas F.  
Hickey, John E.  
Higgins, Patrick D.  
Hill, James  
Hines, Edward  
Hollander, Milton  
Horan, James M.  
Horgan, Peter J.  
Horn, James A.  
Hughes, Maurice K.  
Hurley, Daniel J.

Huston, S. W., Jr.  
Jaccarina, Joseph F.  
Jacobi, Charles A.  
Jester, Charles H.  
Jordan, Thomas J.  
Jurash, Frank G.  
Kalas, Jerry P.  
Kane, Athanasius B.  
Kane, Daniel S.  
Keating, Joseph F.  
Kelly, James F.  
Kelly, Robert A.  
Kelly, Thomas E.  
Kenealy, James A.  
Keohane, Michael  
Kerins, Patrick J.  
Kip, William A.  
Knott, James E.  
Koch, Valentine N.  
Koenke, Martin J.  
Kolgen, Anthony J.  
Kopachevsky, A.  
Koz, George C.  
Krantz, William W.  
Kreig, Edwin A.  
Lanigan, Edward H.  
Lanigan, Edwin P.  
Lavin, William P.  
Leffer, Nathaniel  
Lennon, Edw. F., Jr.  
Lennon, William J.  
Lennox, John J.  
Leonhardt, J. G., Jr.  
Lewis, Frederick A.  
Loehmann, Frederick W.  
Logan, George E.  
Love, John H.  
Lustig, Jacob  
Lynch, Edward T.  
McArdle, John  
McCabe, Emmett L.  
McCabe, Sylvester R.  
McCann, Francis J.  
McCardell, John J.  
McCarthy, John  
McCloskey, Daniel  
McCormick, E. F., Jr.  
McCormack, P. J.  
McCreesh, John J.  
McDonald, Joseph A.  
McGill, Joseph G.  
McGowan, Thomas L.  
McGrath, N. W.  
McHugh, John  
McHugh, Joseph H.

McInerney, Thos. F.  
McLaughlin, Henry J.  
McLaughlin, Jos. J.  
McWilliams, Edw. J.  
Mackin, Fred C.  
Malthaner, F. W.  
Manz, John  
Margolin, Paul  
Martin, Patrick  
Matejka, Joseph  
Maurer, Leo W.  
Mausier, John  
Merget, Andrew J.  
Messett, Walter  
Miller, John J.  
Miller, William K.  
Mitchell, Timothy M.  
Monahan, James J.  
Mooney, Francis J.  
Morrissey, C. P.  
Morton, Gordon V.  
Mullen, John L.  
Mullin, James M.  
Murphy, Francis J.  
Murphy, Leo D.  
Murphy, Patrick  
Nelson, Andrew N.  
Neuweiler, Wm. S.  
Norton, William J.  
O'Brien, John J.  
O'Brien, William H.  
O'Connell, Timothy F.  
O'Connor, Philip G.  
O'Halloran, John M.  
Ohlmann, C. J.  
O'Neill, John P.  
O'Neill, Patrick  
Ordog, Joseph A.  
O'Rourke, Bryan J.  
O'Sullivan, Thomas  
Paga, Cosmo  
Pastorini, Frank B.  
Paul, Carl J.  
Perfido, Anthony A.  
Phelan, Walter F.  
Piazza, Stephen J.  
Pointer, Joseph W.  
Quinn, Michael L.  
Rafferty, Thomas J.  
Raisfeld, Dick I.  
Ramsdell, Charles R.  
Rappaport, Philip B.  
Rechil, Peter T.

Regan, Philip J.  
Reiher, L. P., Jr.  
Reimer, Robt. B. W.  
Relihan, Howard W.  
Reynolds, Thomas  
Rice, Timothy J.  
Rogers, James L.  
Rotzman, Arthur  
Ruf, Hernian  
Rumack, Max  
Ruoff, George  
Russell, Roy S.  
Ryan, Frank A.  
Ryan, John J.  
St. Louis, Thomas B.  
Sabatella, Joseph N.  
Sabatino, Michael  
Sangemino, Greg. W.  
Schaefer, Emil J.  
Scheringer, G. A.  
Schneider, Albert A.  
Schubert, Frank  
Schwanemann, W. E.  
Seebode, Raymond W.  
Seibold, Vincent J.  
Shalloe, John C. J.  
Shannon, William V.  
Sharp, Peter V.  
Shea, James F.  
Short, William P.  
Siegelman, Isadore  
Silberstein, Wolf H.  
Smith, Gerard J.  
Smith, Leslie L.  
Southwick, Harold A.  
Stack, Raymond T.  
Stellwagen, F. W., Jr.  
Stern, Bob  
Stypmann, Paul H.  
Sullivan, Eugene J.  
Sullivan, James C.  
Taggart, Harry J.  
Timothy, John W.  
Traingott, Thomas J.  
Walsh, James J.  
Walsh, Thomas J.  
Walter, Howard G.  
Weber, John J.  
Weinstein, Herman  
Weis, William T.  
Welsh, Joseph J.  
Wingett, Jack N.  
Wright, Frank J.  
Zarelli, Carmen C. J.





# THE POLICE ACADEMY

## City of New York

*Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean*

### OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.  
Sessions will be held at 10 A.M. and 7.30 P.M. daily except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Mondays - - - 12.30 P. M.  
Tuesdays - - - 5.30 P. M.  
Thursdays - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Fridays - - - 7.30 P. M.
3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Mondays - - - 12.30 P. M.  
Tuesdays - - - 5.30 P. M.  
Thursdays - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Fridays - - - 7.30 P. M.
4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.



### QUESTION FOR THE JULY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. What is meant by the following terms:  
(a) Hypothecation of securities  
(b) Sealed verdict  
(c) Misprison  
(d) Membership corporation  
(e) Jurat  
(f) Jurisdiction  
(g) Subornation of perjury  
(h) Entrapment  
(i) Barratry  
(j) Champerty
2. What is the effect of a pardon?
3. Defendant was charged by information with refusing to pay taxicab fare. The information stated that defendant refused to pay fare which was disputed. Defendant pleaded guilty to this information and was convicted for disorderly conduct.  
Was the information good? Did it state a crime?
4. Briefly outline a plan of procedure for the safeguarding of payrolls in a precinct.
5. Discuss three common crimes or offenses that are not defined by statute, giving an illustration of each.
6. Outline the routine duties of a desk officer in summons cases.

7. Highway accidents are important problems in police work:  
(a) Describe the Departmental procedure in the case of an accident resulting in serious injury to a person.  
(b) Patrolmen are required to report the school attended by a child involved in a highway accident. Why is such information necessary? What has been the result of this procedure?
8. Outline the prescribed supervision of police officers in attendance at court.

### ANSWER TO QUESTION No. 1 IN JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

1. United States Commissioner is appointed by the United States District Court for a term of four years. His duty is similar to that of a magistrate in the judicial system of a state but relates to the administration of the federal criminal law. He receives complaints in criminal matters, issues search warrants and warrants of arrest and conducts preliminary hearings. He may discharge prisoners for lack of evidence or commit them to jail pending the action of the Federal Grand Jury. He may also admit to bail. He makes a return to the court on all actions taken by him.

### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2 IN JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

2. United States Marshal is likewise appointed for a period of four years. His duties are similar to those of sheriff; the execution of processes issued by the court, and he is charged with the custody of Federal prisoners.

### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3 IN JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

3. Article 3, Section 1 of the Constitution of the United States provides for the judicial power of the United States to be vested in one Supreme Court and in such inferior courts as Congress may, from time to time, ordain and establish. Following are the courts: Supreme Court of the United States.  
The Circuit Courts of Appeals—one in each of the nine circuit districts into which the United States is divided.



The District Courts, which are the courts of original jurisdiction in the federal system. The Court of Claims established in 1855 for the purpose of adjudicating claims against the government of the United States. Jurisdiction of the Court of Claims extends throughout the United States. It sits in Washington.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4 IN JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

4. (a) Court of Appeals—Highest court of the state. Appellate jurisdiction limited to review of questions of law, except in capital cases. Hears appeals from Appellate Division of Supreme Court.

Appellate Division of the Supreme Court—Hears appeals from Supreme Court, Surrogate Courts, and County Courts.

Appellate Term of the Supreme Court (First and Second Departments). Hears appeals from City Court of the City of New York and Municipal Courts of the City of New York.

Supreme Court—Principal court of original jurisdiction. Exercises general jurisdiction in law and equity.

Surrogate Courts—Jurisdiction over probate of wills and administration of decedents' estates.

County Courts—In each county except those comprising New York City. Court of limited jurisdiction, having both legal and equitable powers. Jurisdiction over legal actions where defendants reside within the county and the sum does not exceed \$2,000. Has equitable powers in certain actions affecting real property within the county. Can receive action to foreclose lien on chattel, if lien is not in excess of \$1,000 and chattel is located within the county. County courts hear appeals from courts of justices of the peace.

City Court of the City of New York. Limited to common law actions for money, recovery of chattels, foreclosure of mechanics' liens and liens upon chattels, taking entry of judgments by confession, and naturalization of aliens. Jurisdiction is limited to \$3,000, except in marine cases, actions for breach of promise to marry and actions on bonds accepted in this court.

Municipal Court of the City of New York—Has general common law jurisdiction over actions where the amount claimed is not in excess of \$1,000, except cases involving title to real property or where recovery is sought in certain personal torts.

Courts of Justices of the Peace. In towns outside New York City determines upon small matters, and for other parts of the state is like the municipal courts of the city of New York.

- (b) Supreme Court—Jurisdiction over indictable offenses in all counties. It has both civil and criminal jurisdiction. Its jurisdiction throughout the state is exercised principally in civil cases. Nearly all indictable crimes are tried in the courts of general sessions of the city and county of New York, or in the county courts in other counties. Upon approval of the Supreme Court, cases can be taken to that court from the county courts or the court of general sessions. The jurisdiction of the Supreme Court covers minor crimes triable in the first instance in the courts of special sessions or police courts only upon the certificate of a county judge or a justice of the supreme court that the charge be prosecuted by indictment.

County Courts—other than New York City—Jurisdiction over all indictable offenses committed or triable in the county. Except in specified counties, the county court may not try indictments carrying the death penalty.

Court of General Sessions of the City and County of New York—Jurisdiction over all crimes cognizable within the city and county, including crimes punishable by death or life imprisonment. The county court takes the place of this court in the other counties.

Courts of Special Sessions of the Peace. In towns and in named cities and villages. Jurisdiction in all counties over all misdemeanors, with the exception of libel.

The court of Special Sessions of the City and County of New York—Jurisdiction over all misdemeanors committed within the county, except libel cases. There is a district division of this court, the Children's Court, with jurisdiction to hear cases or proceedings involving children under sixteen years alleged to be delinquent, mentally defective or neglected, material witnesses, with authority to appoint guardians of such children.

Police Courts and City Magistrates' Courts. In designated cities and villages—This Court is for the trial of petty criminal offenses. City Magistrates' Courts—New York City. There are twenty-three District Magistrates' Courts, which are known as "Seven Day Courts." These courts have jurisdiction to try and punish persons charged with petty offenses, and to hold others to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Family Court—City Magistrates' Court. Jurisdiction to hear cases against persons charged with non-support and abandonment. There is one such court in each of the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Brooklyn.

Homicide Court—City Magistrates' Court. Preliminary jurisdiction in homicides or assaults resulting out of motor vehicle accidents. There is a homicide court in the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Municipal Term Court—City Magistrates' Court. Jurisdiction over Departmental cases—Labor law, Fire Department, Board of Education, Tenement House and Board of Health. There is one such court in the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Brooklyn.

Traffic Court—City Magistrates' Court. Tries cases of violations of traffic regulations and laws. There are two such courts in the boroughs of Manhattan, one in the Bronx and one in Brooklyn.

Women's Court—City Magistrates' Court. Jurisdiction covers cases of females—wayward minors—shop lifting and prostitution. There is one such court in the borough of Manhattan and one in the borough of Brooklyn.

Probation Court—City Magistrates' Court. One located at 300 Mulberry Street, Manhattan, and the other in the Municipal Building, Borough of Brooklyn. This court meets at intermittent periods during the year and hears cases relating to people who have been placed on probation.

Night Court for Men—City Magistrates' Court—Located at 310 West 54th Street. Hears cases of misdemeanors and petty offenses of persons taken into custody after close of day court and not bailed.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5 IN JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

5. To stop the illicit traffic in narcotic drugs, two lines of action are necessary to be taken universally.

(1) Each nation by legislation and administration should limit the making and distribution of narcotic drugs within its borders to medical and scientific needs.

(2) Each nation must provide definite means to see that all narcotics entering its borders or leaving its borders are kept under control, the shipment or transfer of drugs from one country to another being supervised so that they cannot be diverted from the lawful path.

To keep narcotic drugs out of the hands of smugglers there should be—

(a) Control within each nation. There should be government ownership or government control of the factories permitted to manufacture narcotics. Some central authority should be set up to keep a correct account of raw material that goes to each factory and every ounce of the finished product that goes out of each factory. It is necessary that the enforcement of this accounting must be scrupulous, incorruptible and ever-watchful. Every step in the factory must be a matter of record under government control. Starting with the raw material as it is purchased, either at home or abroad, following it in transportation, its receipt at the factory gate, following through each step of manufacture, storage, sale, distribution, etc., until it is in the hands of the person who may dispense it to the ultimate legitimate consumer.

(b) By control of international traffic. Every nation to adopt and enforce the import and export certificate system as recommended by the League of Nations. No opium, cocoa leaves, morphine, heroin or cocaine to enter or leave the borders of the country unless that government had previously examined into the matter and was satisfied that the shipment was needed for proper lawful purposes and that the importer or exporter was trustworthy. The government of the country manufacturing the narcotic drug to permit its export only upon the word of the government of the country desiring to import the narcotic drug. The latter government to report back as to the receipt or non-receipt of the shipment. If countries control the movements of narcotics thusly, the chance for the drugs to be diverted into channels of illicit traffic would be minimized. This is a necessary supplement to effective national legislation for it closes the gap and leaves no break in the continuity of narcotic supervision through all stages of manufacture and distribution.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6 IN JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

6. Medical authorities have reported that a criminal who takes cocaine is temporarily more efficient in his criminal operations unless he takes an overdose. This drug speeds up physical response. The criminal addict knows that a certain amount of morphine will give him calmness and coolness to do a risky job. In each instance the criminal makes himself feel master of the criminal operation and is not deterred from attempting to commit crime. Narcotic drug addiction exacts its largest toll in the commission of minor crimes, including petty stealing and misdemeanors. Records show that it has also played a part in the commission of major crimes.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7 IN JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

7. The principal routine duties and attendant procedure in a precinct command are as follows:

(a) Patrol, law enforcement and discipline:—For supervision and patrol the precinct is divided into posts. Patrolmen are assigned thereto charged with the prevention, detection and suppression of all unlawful conditions thereon. Sergeants are assigned to assist, instruct, advise and supervise the patrolmen and exact proper patrol and police duty.

(b) Uniform and equipment inspection:—Sergeants inspect each platoon as to uniform and equipment before going on patrol and report irregularities. The commanding officer makes inspections. Record is made in the desk blotter.

(c) School crossing protection:—A list of all schools and designated crossings, post on which located, and time to be covered by the patrolman concerned is prepared and posted for attention of the Force. Patrolmen regulate traffic at such crossings, protect children and prevent loitering or disorderly acts.

(d) Payroll protection:—A list of the names, locations, post number, date and time of all payrolls in the precinct requiring police protection is obtained, prepared and posted for information and attention of the Force. Patrolmen escort and protect such payrolls against robbery.

(e) Supervision of Licensed Premises:—For the supervision of such places the precinct is divided into zones and a Sergeant is assigned in charge. He is responsible to check up on each place or business requiring a license, take proper action on violations and report. A license card file of all such places is maintained for record and information.

(f) Reporting suspected places:—Sergeants in charge of zones and patrolmen on post detect, note and report all such places suspected of maintaining any act or business in violation of law, keeping such places under surveillance. Report is made when the place is vacated or violation suppressed. For record a file is maintained of "Active" and "Closed" cases. When first reported the case is filed in the "Active" file and when suppressed the card is filed in the "Closed" file.

(g) Supervision and suppression of ordinance violations:—A blank form is given each patrolman on Tuesdays of each week. The patrolman makes a methodical survey of his post, noting violations of ordinances on the sidewalk and street, obtains and lists the name and address of the violator, nature of the violation and warns of the necessity for correction of conditions, signing his report at the end of his tour. Sergeants check up on these reports, note conditions not listed or not corrected and counter-sign the report. These reports are kept for three months for reference and filed.

(h) Supervision of Steam Boilers, Hoists, Ice Machines, Steam Presses, etc.:—Patrolmen on post make surveys as directed of all places having ice machines, such as butchers, delicatessen dealers, ice cream parlors, etc., and places having steam presses, such as tailors, laundries, etc. Check up on permit and whether



operator is licensed. Directs those not licensed to the Boiler Squad and reports violations. Commanding officers forward a report on each case to the Boiler Squad. Supervision is maintained over hoists, steam shovels and cableways. In case of no permit summons is served. If the operator is not licensed the machine is stopped and the operator taken into custody.

- (i) Maintenance of Safety Zones, Traffic Signs, Stanchions, etc.—A list of all traffic stanchions and safety zones in the precinct is maintained, showing locations, time of placing and removing stanchions, those requiring lights, and the number of lights. Patrolmen must place and remove stanchions and lights at the time and at places designated; enforce regulations relative thereto; report name and address of persons and license number of vehicles damaging stanchions. Sergeants on patrol observe condition of stanchions, reporting those requiring repainting, replacement or repairs, and directs removal of broken parts to a place of safety or to the station house.
- (j) Prevention and detection of burglaries and other crimes:—On reporting to post patrolmen must make thorough inspection of post. He must note, take proper action on and report every serious crime or condition requiring attention. When business places are closed at night or on Sundays or holidays he must try doors, low windows, and openings to see if secure. Where found insecure or tampered with, he investigates and takes proper action, secures the premises and notifies the desk officer. That the owner in such cases may be notified a card index is maintained in the precinct files. Where a burglary or crime is committed under circumstances that the patrolman might have discovered or prevented, a Sergeant is assigned to investigate and report on a prescribed form to the commanding officer, stating whether there was negligence on part of the patrolman in preventing or discovering it.

Various special duties that develop can be added to the above list, such as fires, accidents, riots, emergencies, etc.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8 IN JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

8. Employees of public and private corporations, as a rule, are courteous, of good health, clean habits and possess moral character. Added to these the special qualifications of courage, tact, zeal for work and devotion to duty would appear to be especially desirable for police sergeants. Police sergeants should also be able to secure the confidence of their brother officers and of the people in the territory in which they are assigned and with whom they come into contact. They should have a knowledge of thieves and the methods used by thieves. They should possess the special qualification of leadership, under which would come comity, alertness, aggressiveness, tolerance, cooperativeness, reasonableness, initiative, responsibility and receptivity. Likewise under leadership would come the faculty of giving instruction and advice to subordinates and of being able to make a decision when a decision is necessary. The art of giving orders and the ability to exercise strategy in situations where strategy is required are other special qualifications.

These qualifications will develop between sergeants and the public, as well as between the elements of the police department, a better

understanding of problems and relations; will develop morale and will fit superior officers to understand the economic administration of their units as well as their efficient conduct in the service.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 9 IN JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

9. Section 316 of the Greater New York Charter gives to the police powers of general police supervision and inspection over all licensed and unlicensed pawnbrokers. It further provides in the exercise of this supervision the Police Commissioner may, from time to time, empower members of the Police Department to fulfill such special duties in these premises as may from time to time be ordained by the Police Commissioner. The Police Commissioner, each Deputy Police Commissioner, Inspectors and Captains of police may by authority in writing empower members of the Police Department, whenever such member shall be in search of property feloniously obtained, or in search of suspected offenders, or evidence to convict any person charged with crime, to examine the books of any pawnbroker or his business and to examine property alleged to be pawned, pledged, deposited, lost or stolen.

Section 317 of the Greater New York Charter likewise empowers the police to examine the books of any pawnbroker when in search of stolen property; and any person having in his possession a pawnbroker's ticket shall, when accompanied by a policeman, or by an order from the Police Commissioner, Deputy Police Commissioner, Inspectors or Captains of Police be allowed to examine the property purporting to be pawned by said ticket. Refusal or neglect on the part of the pawnbroker or his clerk is punishable as a misdemeanor. Section 128, Article 9a, of the Code of Ordinances of the City of New York requires that every pawnbroker shall, at such time or times as the police commissioner may prescribe in a written notice, to be served upon such pawnbroker by a member of the police department, report to the police commissioner, on blank forms to be furnished by the police department, a description such as is required to be kept under Section 126, subdivision 1 of this ordinance, of all goods, articles or things, or any part thereof, pawned or pledged in the course of business of the pawnbroker during the days specified in such notice, stating the numbers of the pawn tickets issued therefor, the amounts loaned thereon, and such identifying marks as may be on the goods pawned, and if such notice from the police commissioner so prescribes, such pawnbroker shall from that time and until he is notified to discontinue so doing, keep and furnish on such blank forms, a general description of every person depositing such pledges, consisting of sex, color and apparent age. These reports are made daily by pawnbrokers and are filed and checked against reports of property lost and stolen at the Lost Property Bureau of the Detective Division, Manhattan Headquarters.

Supervision is maintained by detectives and by a special Pawnbroker Squad operating out of the Detective Division, Manhattan Headquarters. Additional supervision is given by police superiors having territorial jurisdiction as well as by the patrolman covering the post on which the store of the pawnbroker is located. Adequate file records are kept in station-houses of licensed premises.

## READING THE MINUTES

(Continued from page 13)

Another lovely policewoman, Mae McGuire, went in almost exclusively for horseback riding, at which she is remarkably proficient.



Here is a cute little sketch of Mae gracefully doing her stuff on "Highball," her favorite mount.

It is not only a splendid form of exercise, Mae explained, *but it is of inestimable value in holding down one's figure to proportions both reasonable and lookable.*

Everybody also enjoyed dancing on the porch each afternoon and evening to the snappy strains of a four-piece jazz band whose rhythmic melodies it was absolutely impossible to resist.

And what do you suppose furnished our big thrill on the night of July 4th? Nothing less than as magnificent a display of fireworks as ever we have witnessed—*anywhere*. Everybody sure got a patriotic kick out of it, and rightly so. Do you recall Pain's fireworks at Brighton Beach a decade or so ago? Well, they never could compare.

Tough man, that Johnny, and if there's anything he doesn't think of for your enjoyment, rest assured it's through no lack of imagination or resourcefulness on John's part.

There's just one thing you must be extremely wary of—*especially if you are built along willowly lines*, and that is the "eats," because the way Johnny feeds you up there would create the impression he was deliberately and maliciously attempting to wreck your waistline.

A great place, our police camp, and we sure had a great time there.

*We know of no finer place to enjoy a vacation.*

You don't have to take our word for it, just ask anyone who has ever visited there.



# SPORTS

By Patrolman JOHN LENA



TO THOSE INTERESTED, we tried to start a Precinct Baseball League and requested the various precincts to send in their entries, but up to the present writing, only the following have been received: 73d, 94th, 105th and 111th Precincts. We can't understand why so few entries came in when there are so many precincts playing ball. However, we wish to thank the managers of the teams that were interested, and although we will have to abandon our plans of running a tournament this year, you can rest assured that the subject will be taken up again this Fall and by the time next summer rolls around we hope the league will be in full swing.

Sergeant Martini's 111th Precinct Baseball Club is knocking 'em dead again. Last year they won ten straight games. Recently they defeated the famous 15th Precinct team to the tune of 12 to 3. It was sweet revenge for the Bayside boys, for this was the team that broke their winning streak last year. To date they have defeated the 79th, 105th and 112th Precincts.

In order to get real competition the team stepped out into the semipro field, playing such clubs as Kings Park, Great Neck, Floral Park, Winfield and Jackson Heights. In each case they played real classy ball and were asked to come back again.

The team is composed of such players as Smernoff, Byrne, Huber, Costello, Stanton, Schleimer, Hartman, Weiler, Strathowe, Spillett, Carroll, Guidera, Braun and Pentoney who have all had semipro experience. Captain Dinan is one of the team's loyal rooters.

The home field is at the U. S. Reservation at Fort Totten and is kept in big league shape with plenty of room to go and get 'em.

OUR POLICE DEPARTMENT NINE lost a close game on July 5 to the Farmers of Brooklyn. The score was 3 to 2. On July 12, they traveled to West Orange and defeated the West Orange Club, 3-2, after thirteen innings of hard playing.

## Right Off the Bat

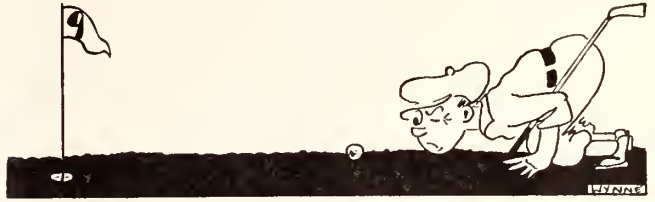
John Buthman, the heavy-hitting outfielder, pulled a "Frank Merriwell" when he broke up the game with a homer after two were out in the thirteenth.

Foley, the left fielder, emulated "Tanglefoot," when he caught a long FLY hit to deep left center, with one down and the bases loaded, and then made a perfect throw to Sullivan, the police catcher, to get his man sliding home, retiring the side. (The arm of the law reaches far.) This was one of the prettiest plays made on any diamond.

Patrolman McAuliffe, second baseman, is the father of an 8½-pound boy, born on July 9th. "Mac"

is so proud over his first born that he won't say a word except that he has another left-handed pitcher for the team.

## GOLF



The following is part of an interesting letter submitted by Patrolman Arthur P. Hunt, of Traffic "C."

"How about that international sport, the most popular and fastest growing sport of all, "golf"?"

GOLF is being played by many in the department, from the Commissioners down through every rank. I meet many of these players on the public links. Why not form a golf team? Every city department has their golf players, and out-of-town police departments, such as New Rochelle, Yonkers, Mt. Vernon and other Westchester and New Jersey cities, have teams who would be willing to compete against us.

You're right, Arthur, but we'll leave it up to the "golfers" and see what they have to say.

## TENNIS



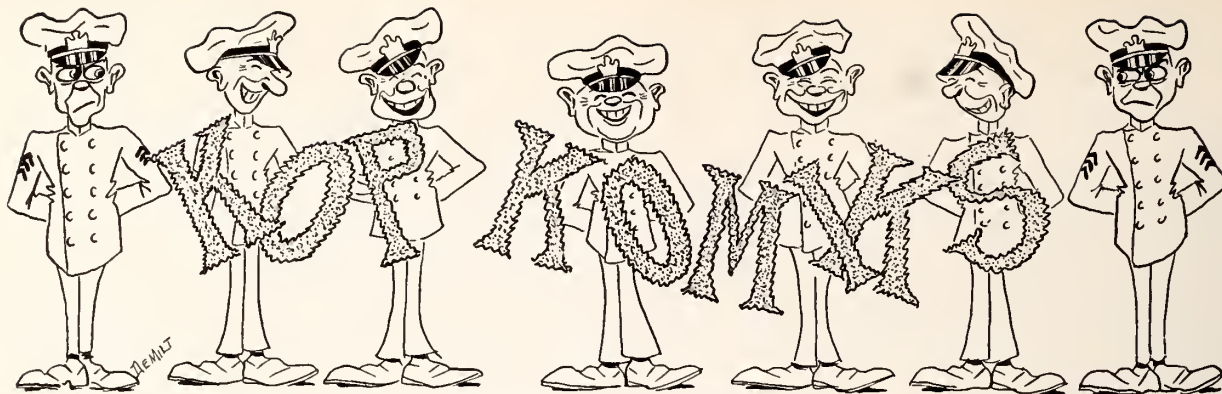
On July 12, Patrolman Stanley Povey, of the 67th Precinct, an unseeded player, defeated Irving Peck, seeded second, by 7-5, 6-8, 8-6, to gain the semifinal round of the annual Central Park tennis championship. Here's hoping that the versatile Stanley brings home the bacon in the finals.

## CYCLING

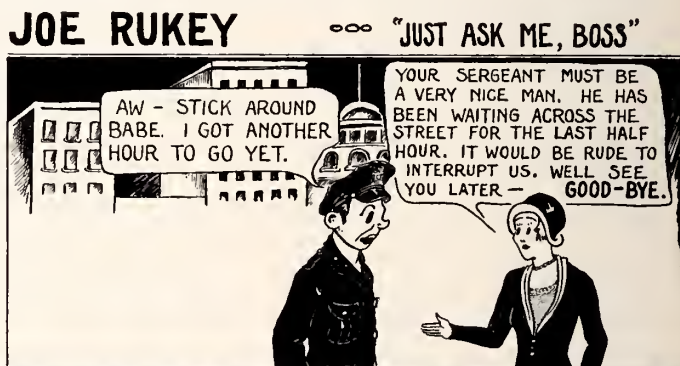
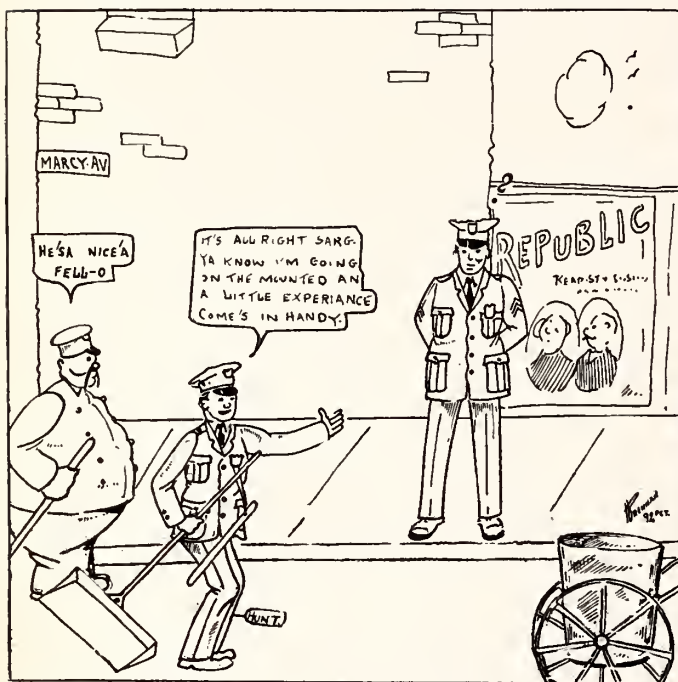


The 60th Precinct boasts about having the best bicycle rider in the Police Department in the person of Patrolman Alfred Barbuto. Alfred is ready to meet any member of the department who thinks he can ride, and the place he has picked to display his prowess is the Coney Island Velodrome. Any challengers?





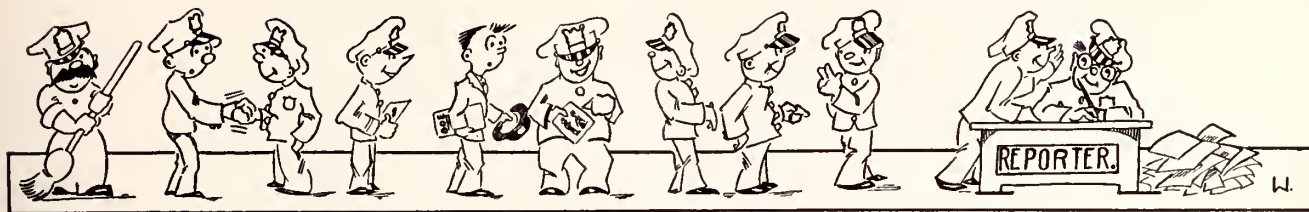
THIS PAGE IS DEVOTED EACH MONTH TO CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE Department. They must be drawn in black drawing ink on white card board, eight inches square.





# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. John Stafford  
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon  
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

## LT. JOSEPH UNGER

7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker  
9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan

It has been reported to the members of the 9th Precinct that one of their members, Sergeant William F. Callahan, has been making purchases in the sporting department of R. H. Macy & Co., on Broadway. A full kit of golf sticks, a pair of 4 plus knickers, golf stockings and white "kicks." We feel that after a few more visits to the various moving picture theatres, where Bobby Jones is giving instructions, our good friend William Callahan will be open for all comers.

## 4TH DIVISION

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin  
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

## LT. JOHN J. FLYNN

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll  
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney  
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

Patrolman Charles Smith, of the 17th Precinct, has a sharp nose for news and we wish to compliment him on his foresight and the interest shown in the magazine. (How do you like it, Charlie?)

## 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

## LT. JAMES F. DONLON

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Sgt. Fred Norman

Patrolman James Watterson has been running around in a very nervous state of mind lately. But why be nervous now, Jim? You haven't been to the altar yet. (Jim's getting married.)

Patrolman William Bourdon can still find time to lose a game of checkers when he isn't buying furniture. (He's getting married also.)

Patrolman Frank Huml has also been running around with a big grin on his face. It seems to be in the air, this joining the order of Benedicts. When someone mentions marriage to him he gets all flushed up. But he'll get over that, they all do.

And last but not least to join up in the marriage game is Patrolman Sammy Bateman. At least Sam gave us a break and submitted some of the names of those who will attend the wedding.

There'll be Hannigan, Flanagan, O'Rourke and Flynn,

McGuinness, McGuire, McFall and McGinn, Murphys, O'Tooles, Brennans, McCoys, And also a few Irish boys.

Someone asked whether or not we had a mooring mast on the roof of the 23d Precinct. We didn't know what they meant until we observed the 23d Precinct BLIMPS, Patrolmen Hamilton and Murray coming through the door.

## 7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway  
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

## LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan  
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green

"Sonny" Chris Farrington and "Gas Pipe" Jimmy Lyons have formed an Uncomfortable Alliance for the teasement of any they may select, and it is the true duty of a news hound to publish such information; therefore, be ye aware, lovers and sheiks. Or ye'll ketch it.

We have at hand undeniable proof that you have deserted from the ranks of the Free and Brave, Mr. Jack RE—Y. Have you naught to say? 'Ere 'tis too late, old son, ye'd better do the right thing by the boys. An old firm of friendship, doing business in the Gold and Precious Stone buyers neighborhood, hath sold thee thy band of Unity, so come through, old son, we're wise.

Baby Barney Salamone returns from the Boro Squad, does a late tour and lo and behold, he is at his old tricks, to wit: Captured another stick-up; Ho Hum, says Barney, this is a quiet precinct. Truly is. Watcha want, a MOIDER?

There is a certain lady fair employed at the Park Plaza who seems deeply interested in OUR GAS PIPE. Give the girl a hand, Jim, be nice.

## 8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Mayer

## LT. EDWARD W. FLYNN

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan  
52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

Patrolman Pressfreund, of the 43d Precinct, was asked by Patrolman Phil (Horsey) Arms what he thought of the Sergeant's examination? He said, "The questions were very easy, but the answers were damn hard."

Patrolman Haggerty, of the 43d Precinct, asked Patrolman Eisele, Sheriff of Booth 26, how he would revise the "statues," and he stated he would put more clothes on them.

A rookie patrolman from the 43d Precinct, while working in City Island, asked the Chief of City Island (Patrolman Hemingway) how they accounted for so many drunks on the island, and Patrolman Hemingway stated, "They get drunk on water the same as on land."

The patrol force of the 43d Precinct is very anxious to know if the trout in the Catskills, where Captain John Quirk is spending his vacation, are on Special Posts yet?

The lieutenants and sergeants of the 43d Precinct have been in conference for the purpose of quieting Sergeant Fick's loud speaker; it has been decided

that a large fish bowl be purchased, with a telephone transmitter built inside, to be put over his head, that the police work may be carried on. He can then exercise his loud speaker as much as he wants without annoying anyone else. This resolution was passed unanimously.

Since the warm weather set in, Sergeant Delano, of this precinct, has started to use large quantities of cologne.

#### 9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis  
122d Pct., Ptl. R. Roeschell

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen  
122d Pct., Ptl. R. Roeschell

The effects of the three days' examination for Sergeant are just beginning to wear off of the participants of the 123d Precinct. Little Peter Finan, who did not compete, is right there to tell you how the questions should have been answered. . . . Robert (Foxy) Payton got shell-shocked when half way through and blew up for time. . . . Frank (Grandpa) Ballweg kept right on writing after the last bell and got seven minutes to the good on the monitors. . . . Charlie (Chick) Holbert was overtrained. His thinking muscles tightened up, and he burnt up, so did his cigarette during recess. . . . Daniel (Oracle Adelphi) Murray says that he should be in the first hundred, for he never goes wrong. Clarence (The Cop) O'Leary is not saying anything for he knows someone; we wonder who and where? Charles (Diamond Dick) Crosson says that if he's on the list then it isn't on the level. All went well until the black ink cork popped out of the bottle, on the subway, on the way home. He had a beautiful stripe on his cream colored suit. . . . William (The Butler) O'Donnell says he finished thirty-five sheets and the examination was a cinch for one who is cultured and educated and knows his job thoroughly. We wonder if he will show on the list. . . . John (Sure Shot) Guanor says that it was a simple exam and right in his wheel house, but in the last few minutes he broke out into a rash for time. . . . Many others had alibis to offer so that if they don't come out on the list they can say "I told you so." . . . The reporters best bets are Smokey Joseph Varhola, John (99) Guanor and Herman (Forc) Goodrich. They have studied hard and should be in the money. Now lay your bets, under-even and over.

Patrick (Money Broker) Noonan, the Chief Attendant, has a nice row of nooses hanging on the steam pipes all ready for use, after the list comes out, but Arthur (Swiss Cheese) Huber, the patrol wagon driver, says the trick can be done in the garage by Monoxide Gas. It is cheaper and more gentle.

Robert (Wing Foot) Bendict says it's do or die, so we will be buying wrist watches or flowers for the victims of the 1931 "Battle of the Pen." Ah, who wants to be a boss, anyhow! (Sour Grapes.)

The 122d Precinct baseball team, champions of Staten Island, will meet all comers who think they know something about the game. They have defeated the Tottenville Tinkers (123d Precinct) by a score of 15-10; also the St. George Crabs (120th Precinct) to the tune of 8-7. The 10th Emergency Squad got cold feet and forfeited their game. They

have only suffered one defeat. This game was lost to the 15th Precinct.

Patrolman Joe Irving, out looking to loosen a few summonses on unmuzzled dog owners, spotted a pooch who was a likely looking subject and started to trail him. After 57 blocks, 16 alleyways, 11 back yards and two hours time, the pup returned to his starting place, and much to Joe's disgust, admitted he was a vagrant.

Did you know? Charley Fetteroll's tomatoes will soon be ripe again? Buster Franklin has lost 40 pounds, but you can't notice it? . . . John Cook, our former clerical man, will soon be shipping in fresh eggs and broilers from Selbyville, Del., where he has migrated? . . . Gerad Butler has designs on a shimmy dancer named Dalphine? That Manley, Cronin, Strong and a few others have the rope all ready for when the list comes out?

#### 10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan  
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp  
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

#### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie  
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan  
70th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

Overheard in the back room of the 60th Precinct after recent examination for Sergeant:

Patrolman Charlie Carr, better known as Windy: "Well, well, boys, that exam was easy. If I'm not in the first 50, there is something wrong in Denmark." Patrolman Jake Berendt, better known as "Smiling Jake," looked at Charlie and smiling sarcastically replied: "If you are in the first 500, THERE IS SOMETHING ROTTEN IN HOLLAND."

The boys of the 60th Precinct send their best regards to Sergeant Frank Sarlo, formerly attached to this precinct. Don't be a stranger, Sergeant, any time you are in Coney Island don't forget to drop in and see your old buddies. Especially Patrolman Charlie Sheehan, who is holding out a pass for the boardwalk for you. Good luck, Sergeant.

Patrolman William Whittier was informed by Patrolman Timothy Downing that the way he drove a car wasn't anything to brag about, and unless he improved he will have to go back doing a "Dan O'Leary." Whittier has taken it to heart so much that after his tour of duty he can be found riding the scooters all over Coney Island.

Now that our crack swimmer, Sergeant Michael Batto (who used to swim to work every day, has left us, Lieutenant Freddie Hofsaes must be aspiring to take his place. We have been informed that Lieutenant Hofsaes can be seen any evening from midnight to dawn in the Kiddy Pool at Oriental Point.

Another member added to the Honor Legion, and a credit to the force. Patrolman Charlie Laurney, better known as Galloping Charlie, galloped after the occupants of an automobile whose looks he didn't like. After catching up to them, Charlie gave them the once over and located a revolver and some jewelry, the proceeds of a hold-up. All were convicted and Charlie was rewarded with a citation. The Honor Legion can be proud of its new member.

Patrolman William McBride has finally taken the dive. "Bill" was married a week ago to the beautiful Miss Valentine (Belle of Bay Ridge), daughter of Captain Valentine. The boys send their best wishes, "Bill," and all the luck in the world.



## 11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox  
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. Paul Walsh

## LT. PAUL LUSTBADER

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

A certain Sergeant in Butler Street has been seen in the company of "Peaches Browning." Is this the reason for the white shoes?

For courtesy and good fellowship, "Leatherfaced" Al Morrison, our genial patrol wagon driver, fills the bill.

"Crackpot" Johnson and "Wooden Shoes" Selig have been seen at the Rosemont? Who is she?

## 13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

## LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Willis  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muehlich

Lou Seaman, T. B. Operator, took a contingent of Delehanty students to his wigwam to further their knowledge, specializing in Social Activity and its Adjuncts.

The examination struck Pete Law to a "T." Such subjects as "Forty Fathoms," "Squids," "Sinkers" and "Correct Bait" were in his "wheel house."

Disorderly persons Bancalari, Gerwig, Leo Murphy, Wirth and Walter Mitchell all took dives into the Matrimonial Sea, after due consideration and study at Delehanty's.

Keen competition between Trader Holmes and Syl Barone, the Hard Rock from in under, and Ignatius McGivney.

Tempting and baiting offers have been extended to Adonis members of this outfit, especially McGivney, Jake Murgelies and Barney. All possessing the necessary qualifications for a Hot Shot in Holly-wood.

On account of the foot patrol of Ignatius McGivney, accidents have reduced enormously.

Patrolman Ernst, clerical man at the 79th Precinct, who never makes mistakes but calls Esposito "LOTITO," Hirschewitz "SAM," Schaffel "ABE," Centrello "CALENDRELLO," etc. It is suggested that those in question have their photos taken in colors and present them, as neither of the boys are twins.

Patrolman Michlin, 79th Precinct, when last seen was driving a Canarsie shuttle through Flatlands Bay. He tried to prove to the Inspector that tracks weren't necessary. He's on the COPS now, sticking right on his post not wanting to do any more explaining.

## 14TH DIVISION

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn  
85th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Malone  
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

## LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

91th Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder  
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry S. von Hasset  
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Good luck and safe journey to Sergeant Patrick Coogan, who is on his way with his family to visit his parents in dear old Ireland, where he left some thirty years ago. He still has that big smile, and the boys have the same for him.

The boys of the 83d Precinct wish our old pal, Lieutenant Daniel Connelly, just retired, long life and health, and may you enjoy your pension for many years to come. We hope that when you cross the big lake, you will think of us and remember us to all the boys at Burke's.

Well, the order has gone out to the wives and families of the scholars to turn on the radio and let's have some music. Quite different from what they have been hearing during the long period while

the boys were studying. We wish the boys the best of luck.

Those three boys, August, George and John, who have just returned from Canada, have all the others guessing who the first bridegroom will be. The mail from that part of the country is keeping the local lettercarrier very busy.

Now that the Sergeant's examination is over, we are beginning to note the effects on some of our prominent candidates. Patrolman Stahl is going around saying that Patrolman Newman is crazy, and we are starting to think so ourselves. Only the other day he was trying to put his book of rules on a taxicab for a medallion.

Patrolman Kennedy, our Hack Inspector, is beginning to call "squads right" and "left" already. He thinks that he'll finish in the first 100. Here's wishing him all the luck in the world.

Patrolman Kurtzke says that if he could have carried that part of the ceiling in the hack room with all the answers on it, to the Armory, he wouldn't have to worry at all about passing.

Patrolman Glickhouse, one of our leading motor patrol operators, wants to know why they put spark plugs in Fords, as he thinks they don't need them. He was telling the boys in the backroom the other day that there are four plugs in every Ford, but he could run them on two, thereby saving the other two for an emergency. Patrolman Callicchio seconded the motion. Well, Glicky, keep up the good work; maybe some day you will be elected Chairman of the "Efficiency Committee."

Patrolman Christie, the daddy of the 90th Precinct, wants to know why the precinct baseball team doesn't play the Brooklyn Dodgers? He thinks that they stand more than an even chance.

The 87th Precinct was well represented in the awards granted by the Honor Board recently when the following members of this command were awarded the following citations: Patrolmen William Smith, Walter Gramberg, Thomas Faulls and John J. O'Toole—Excellent Police Duty. Sergeant Charles Marz, Patrolmen George Gehr and Sylvester Davis—Commendation, and Patrolman Thomas Thornton was given two Commendations.

## 16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

## PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio  
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
114th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Schultz

The Long Island newspapers are all agog over the big baseball event soon to come off. Lieutenant Smith's "Upstarts" are going to play the regular 112th Precinct baseball team, with the stipulation that the winners strip the other team of their uniforms on the field.

Congratulations to Bert Behan, just made a Lieutenant and sent to Central Park, the best place in the world to study—MONKEYS.

Patrolman Walter Innes, while trying to revive a man overcome with gas, keeled over himself and had to be revived by the Emergency Squad. Careful, ol' kid, the boys might blame it on the EXAM.

Patrolman Charles Dauberman, one of the half pint rookies, brought in two crooks twice his size who had stuck up a garage, stole an auto and were attempting to burglarize a store when he caught them. Both were armed. Nice work, Kid, the bigger they are the harder they fall.

# 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. William Mulry  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connelly

The boys of Traffic "E" extend to Patrolman and Mrs. Robinson heartiest congratulations upon the arrival at their home of a bouncing young policeman.

Patrolman Harry Corell was the first to return to the station house from the Sergeant's examination, and immediately was surrounded by his pals, to ascertain how he finished so early. Harry quickly informed them that exams were splendid for cool weather, but too hot for the month of June, whereupon Patrolman Fitzpatrick exclaimed, "O. K., Harry, I guess I can abuse you for a while longer!" What a Pal! What a Pal!

Incidentally, Patrolman Le Cropper returned from the exam and stated that the questions were so hot you could fry eggs on the question sheet.

It has been reported that Patrolman Martin Parkes recently responded to the scene of an accident, and taking out his pencil and memo book asked the injured man for his name, and was advised by him that it was Mr. Kabibble. "Very good," said Martin, "now what is your Christian name?"

Sergeant Johnny Butler left us recently to untie the traffic snarls at Coney Island for the summer season. Hope you are enjoying the balmy breezes, John, and that you will be back with us soon.

Patrolman Max Widner has taken up residence at Rockaway Beach for the summer season, and can be seen most every evening obstructing traffic on Cross Bay Boulevard with lines, hooks and sinkers.

Sergeant Bill Mulry is all set for an ideal vacation at Ideal Beach. Hope, Bill, that the youngsters, Missus and self will have ideal weather.

Sergeant Mike Egan left the upper West Side to keep old man Chris company at Columbus Circle.

Sergeant Joe Meade is going to the Catskills with the Mrs. and a flock of youngsters. Joe says no more Buick cars for him. He is taking an Austin this time, so that if it stalls, he can step out, pick it up and walk away.

Asked Patrolman John Flanagan how he made out in the recent exam? John replied, "Didn't bother about it as the stripes are too heavy to carry."

# 2D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

G. Ptl. Walter Bishop

H. Ptl. Narcisse Gervais

Two of the men of "G" would have made a nice capture the other day if some thoughtless woman hadn't spoiled their plans. They were pursuing two of our "Hold-up Gentry" at Boston Road and Tremont Avenue, when the woman decided to cross the street at the wrong time. Endeavoring to miss striking her, the two Patrolmen, Henry Browne and John Muller, swerved to one side and a steel elevated pillar acted as an "emergency brake."

Much rope has been bought in the Bronx during the past few weeks. Why? Ask fellows like McGarr, Nealis, Shine, Rolston or Wilkinson—what the Civil Service Commission did last month?

On a recent hot day, while Inspector O'Connor was trying to give the right of way to about 15,000 children who invaded Crotona Park on their annual June Walk, one of his rubber heels became loose. So don't talk macadam roads to him. It might end seriously.

What would you do in a case like this? Frank

Crowe of "H" was just becoming reconciled to the fact that he was not sent to regulate traffic at the Stadium, during the Gaelic Football games, when he found out that Sam Weinstein was sent to the coveted post.

We hear that Lieutenant Henry Mallon, of "G," likes his new rank and assignment. He should. He received a big hand from the Bronx boys when he first appeared behind the desk. A fellow like Henry is welcome to any command.

Fred Cauldwell, of "G," likes traffic so well and handles it so efficiently at West Farms Square, that he'd prefer to have Sundays or holidays or other such busy days as his regular day off. "Wise Fred."

Deputy Inspector Conway pulled a good one on Lieutenant Egan recently, by requesting him to draw a diagram of the New York-Yonkers boundary, at the new 238th Street Bridge. Egan obliged, of course, but he was heard mumbling to Sergeant Jordan, "Who the heck said that Deputy Inspector Conway lived in Brooklyn?"

Frankie Wiacek is going to get married.

The six marching gentlemen, Enrico Gaudiosi, Joseph Bellochi, Nicholas De Ore, Basil Tota, Louis Zambardino and Ernest Ruocco are to be ushers. His bosom pal, Handsome Harold McMahon, will act as Best Man. Regardless of this Frankie still insists that he's the Best Man.

We would suggest that Frankie attend one of Prof. Feder's lectures on "How to Be Happy Though Married." So far Henry has four pupils and all are doing great.

However, all your friends in Traffic "H" wish you Health, Wealth and Happiness.

Sergeant "Pete" Tighe believes in that old adage, "An Ounce of Prevention is worth a pound of Feathers," or words to that effect. The other day he found two yards of rope hanging over a pipe in the hall and turned same over to the proper authority.

Lieutenant Kepko is sporting the first real coat of tan of the season. Same was acquired at Camp Mulrooney. Pelham Bay has done well by our Emil.

Jimmie Roche has just returned to the fold after a three weeks' honeymoon. Welcome home, Jimmie, and congrats from all the boys.

# 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

I. Ptl. George Gallagher  
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell  
L. Ptl. John Behring

M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

I—"SPRING 3100" wishes to acknowledge receipt of a postal card from Patrolman Myers, of Traffic "I," who is spending his vacation in New Mexico. From the looks of the picture on the card, Myers must have picked this place because they don't need traffic cops there, and, therefore, no fear of him going to work. Happy vacation, Myers.

M—At present the air is pretty heavy around "M," with discussions as to who answered properly the questions in the recent Sergeant's examination. However, the boys seem to feel better now that it is all over but the shouting. No more sleepless nights and heavy thinking days. It is rumored that brains which had not functioned for years were active.

# MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 1

PTL. BERNARD CONNORS

Lieutenant "Bill" Meyn, the dashing Troop Commander of "B," was seen recently on the boardwalk



in Asbury Park, a perfect picture of sartorial splendor; two-tone sport shoes, ice-cream colored pants, brown serge coat and flaring panama hat, with a gorgeous yellow band.

John "Jigger" Brady, that versatile young Irishman of "B," is taking lessons on the "Sax," and has great hopes of becoming a member of the Department Band; Rudy Vallee sure will have to look to his laurels now!!!! Don't rush, girls, he has a great big heart, enough for all!!

Sergeant "Ducky" Holmes, the mayor, councilman, judge, advocate, lawyer, or what have you, of City Island, is going around with his chest almost scraping the skin off his ehin. Why? He says his daughter was the valedictorian of her class in Hunter College. Glad some one in the family is a success, "Bill."

Patrolman Charlie Scott, well-known comedian of Squadron 1, sure has something to laugh about now. His wife presented him with a bouncing (yes, they're always bouncing!!) boy and girl at 5 A. M., July 7, 1931.

"Jack" Ward, the boy with the "crooning" voice, was seen buying a large quantity of Epsom salts last week. What is it, Jack? reducing again for the annual weigh-in of the heavyweight mounted men? Oh, boy; eider and salts for big men from now on. Try a little Konjola, Jack, or on second thought, why not ask for a little brotherly advice from brother "Connie"; he'd be glad to help.

Overheard in the Squad Room:

Patrolman McGowan: When *I AM* made, I'll, etc., etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Patrolman Distler: I can get you tickets for the Empire Tower.

Patrolman Aylward: Well, that's just as it should be.

Patrolman Dunn, W. T.—*What*, "fied" AGAIN?

Patrolman Peterssen: What show would you like to see, Sergeant?

Patrolman Frank—If I only had more time for the Rules; well, you wish me luck, don't you?—etc., etc., ad nauseum!!!

Patrolman Hynds: GOOD morning!!!

John "Prexy" Uminger, head of the Mounted Association, sure is going around with a great big "Steeplechase" smile these days. No wonder he wouldn't, with approximately thirty new candidates for the Association just assigned to mounted duty. Keep smiling, John, we may grow up as big as the P. B. A. yet.

Sergeant "Tommy" Brady is pinch-hitting for Lieutenant McTernan while the worthy Lieutenant is away on vacation.

"Jack" Leahy wants to know if all Saturdays and Mondays have been taken off the calendar?

Citizen: Officer, what Troop in your Squadron is rated the finest?

Mountie on Post: Wa-al, "A" *think* they are, "D" *believe* they are; and "C" *say* they are, but they're all laboring under a delusion.

Citizen: I see. Well, that leaves "B," doesn't it? What Troop are you assigned to, officer? (Useless question!!)

Mountie on Post: (Just rides away.)

#### 8TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. WILLIAM S. SECOR

Charley "Hen" Crozier was being quizzed by Morry Tobin as to his knowledge of American history. Here are some of the questions: "When was the Armistice signed?" Charley, of course, answered "NO." Morry then remarked, "Well, here is an easy one. What was the name of the great general during the civil war who sleeps in Grant's Tomb?" Watercrest Charley is still wondering who the general is.

Charley "Two Gun" Winterhalter and his shadow, Sitting Bull, also "Two Gun" Gunsett, are two of the best customers that Jovino has. Every time they hit the squad office they talk about firearms. The next time that they go to the line-up they are going to buy the latest Colt or S. & W.

Paul Bufano, who just had a couple of his molars removed, informs us that due to the fact that Mike Foley bought a straw hat and Joe McDonnell doesn't wear a hat, he had his "toothsies" removed just to be different.

Fritz (Cutey) Reiecker was having a feed with the boys in one of Fordham's prominent Chinese restaurants. During the course of the meal, the waiter handed Fritz a pair of chop sticks. Fred, not knowing what they were for, told the waiter, "Why that's pretty good; the 'kid' has a broken finger and I can use these as splints."

Freddy Regan, Charley Nelson and "Nifty" Bill Hyland were observed outside the squad office, because they would not dare enter with their golf outfits. Fred looks like "Sandy McIntosh"; Charley looks like the devil; and Bill looks like a Ryer Avenue Sissy. Bill's knickers are white, see?

Joseph MacDonnell, who never wears a hat, was on patrol along one of the main stems in the precinct and was observed by one of the highlights of the Bronx, viz. Tom Thompson, who asked Joe why he never wore a hat. Joe replied, "I want to give the people the impression that I go to high school." Tom further informed the boys that Joe doesn't wear suspenders or belt, either. The question is, how does he keep himself together?

Frank "Ha Ha" McCarthy, one of the best dressed men in the district, is a great one for following suit and doing what the boss does. Lieutenant Jim Dinan, of the 43d Squad, and quite a dresser himself, is the cause of Frank dressing the way he does. If Jim buys a blue tie, then Frank will come in with the same kind. No matter what Jim does, Frank follows suit.

Joe Collins and Johnny Moffett, the two gigilos of the 46th Squad, are all aflutter waiting for their vacations to come around. Joe and Johnny are both thinking of going to the mountains. Joe keeps telling Johnny about the place he picked out, and Johnny about the place he is going to. Well, between the two they ought to have a nice time wherever they go, as they are both nice looking, single and dress nice. Note: Joe won't be able to do as good as Johnny when it comes to talking to the femmes because Johnny is so romantic while Joe is a Collins. Two good kids.

Johnny Collins, one of the wittiest men in the district, told Tom Williams, another witty person, that a few days ago he saw a man jump from the roof of a ten-story building, and when this man got about

half way, he halted and jumped back again. Tom, thinking that John was kidding, said, "Now wait a minute, don't kid me, no one could do that and furthermore I am not under the influence of any drug or anything that would stop me from thinking properly." John then said that he did see the feat. Tom then came back and said, "Who did this great act?" John told Tom, "Why, your brother Dinny did." Tom's answer was: "Well, Dinny could do it." **WHEN THESE TWO IRISHMEN GET TOGETHER YOU HAVE TO KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN.**

#### 10TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

ACT. LT. THOMAS M. REILLY

Detective James Sweeney, of the 70th Squad, met his partner, Bill Drake, walking down the street with a very attractive young lady on his arm. As Jim approached them, Bill turned all colors and before Sweeney could talk, Drake introduced the young lady as Mrs. Drake. A short time after the introduction Sweeney turned to the lady and said, "You are not the Mrs. Drake that I met before, the other Mrs. Drake was a blonde."

Frank Bals and Charlie Eason, commanding the 62d and 60th Squads, were promoted to Lieutenant on July 1, 1931. Bob Dugan and Tom Reilly, of the 68th and 70th Squads, are on the Lieutenant's list awaiting their turn. A great district, the 10th.

Detective Jim Hibbard, 61st Squad, 6 foot 4 inches, 250 pounds, had a great time trying to get his knees to behave while they were parked under the desk assigned to him by the Municipal Civil Service Commission the day of the Sergeant's examination.

Detective Jack Allen, 10th Detective District, was all smiles on June 25. When asked the reason for being so happy, he stated that there was a new breadwinner in the Allen family. His son, Jack, Jr., was appointed a Probationary Patrolman on that day. What a coincidence! The day Jack goes over to PASS the Sergeant's examination, his son is appointed to the force.

Detective Al Doody was seen in deep conversation with the wax policeman in front of the Eden Musee, on Surf Avenue.

#### 15TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

(Pinch-hitting for your reporter)

My old side-partner, Jack Hurton, now assigned to the 15th Detective District, was delegated as reporter of the said detective district, of which Acting Captain Herbert Graham has been in charge since its inception.

I said "he was delegated," *but*—he has never written a line and I am going to call him down for it. That district is rich in material and it is neglectful on Jack's part when he fails to put it on the map.

On the other hand—Jack was always "kinder" inclined that way. Many a time he invited me out to dinner and lunch, and neglected to pay for it, and to "save my own face" I had to dig down. Not alone that . . . I actually supported him for about six years while he was my partner. I bought his lunch, his dinner (and if I ever slept with him, I suppose I would have had to buy his breakfast,

also). His barber and bootblack always tagged me for his shaves and shines.

Now that I am pinch-hitting for him as a reporter of this district (at the earnest request of the clerical man, Lester Morris, who is proud of his own district, commanding officer and men) I hope Jack will take a tumble, without getting "all wet," like the famous Jack, of Jack and Jill fame.

Maybe he needs a "Jill" to stir him up, Lester, so see if you can't fix him up. Any "Jill" will be able to do it, and you should know plenty of 'em, with your winning smile and athletic build; so go to it!

Just—as a reminder, Jack, you know "Old Boy Herbie" is a grand boss and is really entitled to a break. Many a good detective learned his art from him. He's one of the youngest looking "old men" in the job, and has more pep than many of the real young men in the job. And—does he know his job??? . . . ASK ANYBODY!!

#### 16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

They now call him "the white-haired boy"; the boy with the "golden head"; "comrade" and "commander," but many years ago he was known on and in the vicinity of Tenth Avenue . . . "brick-top"; "tow-head" . . . "scamp" and "hey you." What a difference a few years made to Joe Burke. Now he is the Beau Brummel of the 16th District. . . . Then he was . . . Oh, what's the use. . . . The girls always loved him anyhow . . . and . . . How!! You tell 'em, Joe.

Tom Layden and Dave Salter, products of the same community, tell avidly of the neighborhood gossip in Tenth Avenue twenty years ago.

. And by the way . . . they chuckled when they heard and saw how Chas. P. R. Dorschel was written up by your humble scribe in the June issue. That walking stunt, where the Lieutenant walks the legs off of his companions, appealed directly to them. You know Tommy wants to be game . . . and he stuck it out like a major for two or three walking periods . . . but thereafter . . . he always had an alibi, when the boss wanted him to take a walk. . . . Dave, however, wants to reduce a little . . . not too much . . . but thinks he can accomplish it in his own way . . . many thanks, boss, just the same.

Ed. Lamouree, the "up-state special," and his partner, the "flying Dutchman," are both stepping out now with new "miniature" Lincolns. They've convinced Joe Burke that it's a good car, and now Joe is going to give all of his ladies a treat.

Old man Sadlo is walking around with drooped shoulders now (but still carries the pipe). His son took the Sarg examination, and he thinks that the "kid" will get back at him when he's made. Years ago, the old man used to rule with a "big stick"—but a few years makes a big difference. (He thinks that he is exempt because he is my partner.)

John O. Dale, now Lieutenant Dale, commanding the 112th Squad (also Major Dale, of the U. S. A. R.), puts in about 26 hours every day.

I guess Bill Barrett and Tom Caputo must think they are retired at full pay now. . . . Since Forest Hills was chopped off of the 110th Precinct and added to the 112th, they lost many of their clients



Dan Gray learned something in Red Hook (where he came from) that stands him in good stead now. . . . He learned down there, that in order to go to sleep, he has to keep the other fellows awake . . . until he's dead to the world . . . so that their snoring won't bother him. . . . Dave Salter isn't wise to him as yet . . . but he's always wondering . . . why Dan talks so much up in the squad bedroom, when he wants to go to sleep. . . .

#### CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

PTL. WALTER BRUMMERHOP

Well, it's all over! The prospective Sergeants have done their stuff—and, boy, if everybody did as rotten as they say—well—we will need to have another exam this year. Watch John Devery—John Smith. Dark horses of this outfit.

When this issue is released, our good friends Neal Daly and Tom Randall will be sporting the chevrons. Well, they are two (2) conscientious young men—and the gang wishes them the best of luck—Randall is now practicing addressing the office force in this manner: "Good morning, officer." As for Daly, well, he is a shrewd and observant piece of work and nobody will have to tell Neal "how to get there." The only thing we hold against him is that he is an ardent Brooklyn fan.

Patrolman "Tim" Hickey, of the Chief Clerk's Office, is strutting around with a smile from ear to ear. We thought it was due to the fact that he answered all of the questions in the recent examination and expects to finish "in the money." We found out, however, that on the eve of the examination for Sergeant, Hickey became a Dad. Congratulations, "Tim," and let's hope that the child will be able to salute you when the list comes out.

AIR SERVICE DIVISION PTL. THOMAS MULLIGAN

"Cousin Lou" Davenport has been bragging that Floyd Gibbons mistook him for Gatty, when Post and Gatty ended their world flight recently. Are you sure you don't mean "batty," Lou?

"Buster" Harkins is now known as "Pop," due to the fact that his wife presented him with an 8½-pound mechanic. Congratulations are in order, but "Buster" failed to hand out the cigars.

Since Dutch Hellebrand and Otto Kafka have been in the Pathe News Reel they have been wondering if they might get "Kleig" eyes. About the only thing they'll get is dust in their eyes.

Irving Goldstein and Larry Murray are known as "Cohen and Kelly of the airport."

John Miller, our gigilo, after taking the Sergeant's examination recently, made a complaint to the Civil Service Commission of a monitor who kept whistling "Say a Little Prayer for Me." (With special permission of the copyright owners.)

Jack Friedman, who was also at the celebration given to Post and Gatty, made a swell twenty point landing with the Loening Amphibian.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 3 SGT. JOHN WARD

Our "HERO," Charles "OH YEAH" Bondy, now comes strolling in from a heavy 32 hours off, dressed in the best. Gray knickers, green socks, black and white shoes and a blue silk jersey. Some class. And oh, yes, a red bow tie.

Frank "YOU CAN NOT WIN" Dineen has the initials of the Fire Department embroidered on his silk B. V. D.'s.

Squad 3 expects to have its members up in the first 10,000 on the coming sergeant's list.

"WHOLESALE NATE" Friedman is now the champion handball player in Squad 3. All challenges accepted, bar none. He will buy all the balls "wholesale" and beat his opponents "wholesale."

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 4 PTL. CARL L. REU

Heard after the examination: "What did you give as an answer to the third question, subdivision A, of subdivision C?"—and answer to subdivision B, of subdivision A, under the rules and regulations? Where did you see that question?—Was that asked?—Well, that reminds me, I left out subdivision A, of subdivision B in question 4 under laws and ordinances. Ah, it's all wrong, there should be a law making the Civil Service Commission furnish us prospective students with the questions and answers the night before the exam, so we won't leave anything out.

Moe "Shoes" Barrett is not discouraged with the outcome of the exam as far as he is concerned.—Patrolman Curtin's undercover man reports that Barrett is pushing a baby carriage daily, and also reading a little black book. Further investigation disclosed the fact that the book was not the rules and regulations, but a prayer book. He's praying to get in the first 100. Moe, a prayer book never made a Sergeant.

Emergency Squad 4 offers congratulations to Mrs. and Patrolman Peter Laibach on the addition to the family, a boy.—Peter, can you tell the boys of the squad why it is that your hair is blond, your wife's brunette and the baby's is black?

There was a rush call for the inhalators the other day, and the reason was that Patrolmen Guardella, Batto and Traficenti were all smoking their favorite "Di Nobile" cheroots.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 5 SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Just as we predicted, Patrolman Maurice Savage went and did it! Not only did he fulfill that EASY task of taking the Sergeant's examination on June 27, but on the very next day, mind you, he took unto himself a wife. What a man! The happy couple are spending their honeymoon at Lake George. The squad wishes both Mr. and Mrs. Savage health, wealth and—you guess the rest.

Emergency Squad 5 feels pretty happy since the Honor Board awarded some of their members Excellent Police Duty for their part in the Crowley case. Walter Klotzbach was so excited that he had to hire an accountant to figure out his seniority.

James (Thrifty) McCusker, who didn't have enough time in for the promotion struggle, is seriously thinking of suing a certain Civil Service School to get his money back.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 6

SGT. DENNIS J. O'HANLON

Patrolman Leo Shevlin, the Volga Boatman of Emergency Squad 6, pulled a fast one on the boys; appearing for his check on his day off wearing the season's up-to-the-minute MODE.—A deep brown suit, lavender and brown striped shirt, with collar to match, red wine solid color tie, brown and white clocked socks in brown and white trimmed low ox-fords, and a snap brim panama hat trimmed with black narrow band around the crown. Leo—please

tell us why the make-up? Or is it the story of "From a Bug Exterminator to a Fashion Plate?"

And along came our dear playboy, Mister Peter McDermott, wearing a snug fitting blue serge suit, so spic and span. When asked, "Who is your tailor, Mac?" he replied with a smile, "DAERR REDDY MAID."

Since John P. Liston received the Excellent Police duty in the Crowley case, he sports a bandaged finger on his right hand. When asked how come the bandages, he says, "You see it was like this; I ups with my left and counters with my right, and"—Enough, John—"The bandage—Oh, yes, I think I received an infection. I don't know where, you see my head's so tough, that my skin does not know how it became infected." Thanks, John, that's enough; keep away from the radio's microphone, it's making your nerve cells take the place of your BRAIN.

Since Broderick left us for Emergency Squad 20, his sidekick Walter Whelan went off and done it. We congratulate you—lots of luck to you both.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 19

PTL. JOSEPH J. ROBISON

A little sleuthing by members of this command may bring to light a little episode in the life of one of our comrades (who heretofore was considered one who without a doubt would become a bachelor), which will most certainly prove a surprise to all. Among the many similar acts he has done, the two most outstanding are:

1. While recently sojourning at a lake in New Jersey, carried a fair maiden about a half-mile up a steep pebbled roadway so that her sweet tender feet might not become bruised, and

2. Later, because said sweet tender tootsies became slightly soiled from the bad, bad beach sand, quickly grabbed a bucket of water and artistically cleansed and dried them, probably stooping to kiss each little toe when no one was looking.

Patrolman John Staib, who not long ago renounced all freedom and pleaded "GUILTY" to the life sentence, is spending considerable time in earnest conversation with the above-mentioned, evidently explaining "all the necessary fundamentals."

#### CRIME PREVENTION BUREAU

PTLW. IRENE A. COMEAU

For the past two weeks a series of post-mortems have been conducted in our bureau. You all know the kind—"What did you give as an answer to the second question?"—"Gee, if I had more time I could have put down a lot more," and so on ad infinitum.

Twenty-eighth Precinct's loss was our gain when they transferred "Dinny" Friel to the Crime Prevention Bureau. I wonder who makes the laps to the bakery now that he is gone?

Patrolwoman Marian Mullin has been making an effort to retain her schoolgirl complexion, but the cruel sun brought out the freckles and forced her to hobble around on crutches for a few days.

The Crime Prevention Bureau should indeed feel proud to have the honor of being under the supervision of Miss Henrietta Additon, the new Sixth De-

puty Commissioner. A big assignment, but we all feel confident that she is well able to handle the job.

The Fourth of July was prematurely celebrated in Crime Prevention Unit No. 3 the day that John Roche was made Lieutenant. Flags, firecrackers and everything. We would have baked a cake only John is on a strict diet.

Patrolwoman Helen Skipwith was the victim of a hit-and-run brick tosser recently. Of all the people in Harlem, she had to be the one passing the corner of Lexington Avenue and 138th Street when two young men felt playful and started tossing bricks around. Injury not serious but annoying to say the least.

A delightful dinner was given in the Hotel Astor at the closing meeting of the Patrolwoman's Benevolent Association. Honorary members Sixth Deputy Police Commissioner Additon and Supervisor Hamill were present and as usual a "good time was had by all."

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Sergeant Daniel Tierney (our Custodian) is busy collecting old rope and gas tubes which he expects to distribute to some of the members of this division when they learn the outcome of the examination. An anchor or two would not do any harm.

Vacation time is here and the following can be expected: Lieutenant Joseph O'Neill may catch some of the big ones that got away last year. . . . The Chrysler "72" is all tuned up and raring to go. John Horan opening tuna fish cans and painting houses at the camp, and awaiting callers from the office. . . . Marty O'Connor still chiseling around for that \$2.75 hunting dog. Al Fraser trying for a hole in one. Marty Ruland, of Richmond County, out for a walk with a canary. Thos. McAdam making inquiries as to the rates at Kings County Hospital. Morris Healy still getting the eyebrow in shape. Frank Hunt wondering what convention takes place this month. Bill O'Neill put the sign on the garage but nobody came back. John McCotter and John Flatherty think that Brooklyn will cop. Julius Boeckler, get it up for the kiddies' outing. Isadore Nathanson, some new bathing suits down at Rockaway. Joseph Wixted, I wish I was up in the country. Frank Kelly, I think twin beds are better. John McIntyre, I'm too busy. John Gevin, tell them it's after 4 o'clock. Charles Anderson, I wish I was back on the milk wagon. Daniel Donoghue, Redmond is not an Irishman. Walter Corbit, I could make one when I was in the Marine Division. George Bosch, that reminds me. John Mehrtens, my boy could play better than that.

Those bathing beauties, Edward Monahan and Arthur Irwin, may be seen at Rockaway every Sunday, knocking them dead.

Before the boys know what it is all about, let's hope we will be extending the salute to Patrolman Arthur Millone, of the Investigating Squad. Best of luck, Arthur, and sincere wishes from the gang.



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Sergeant William O'Shaughnessy, 28th Precinct, while on patrol at about 1.50 A. M., June 9, intercepted three armed bandits in the act of holding up the proprietor and patrons of the Lenox Cafe, at 329 Lenox Avenue. With pistol drawn he ordered the men to drop their weapons, whereupon one of them, not within the sergeant's vision, opened fire, three of the shots taking effect and killing the sergeant instantly. The bandits fled immediately, two of them at pistol point stealing a taxicab parked nearby and racing in it to 125th Street and Eighth Avenue, where they collided with an elevated track pillar. They then jumped from the wrecked cab and forcibly entered another taxicab. At this point Patrolman Edward Ledden, 28th Precinct, on patrol, exchanged shots with the bandits and was wounded in the left cheek. Patrolman Edward Scully, 47th Precinct, and Patrolman Joseph Brown, 32nd Precinct, both off duty and in civilian clothes, happening upon the scene, joined in the attack. Several other patrolmen attracted by the shooting also appeared and the bandits shortly were subdued and disarmed. Both prisoners were removed to Suydenham Hospital where they admitted the holdup and were identified as the men who shot and killed Sergeant O'Shaughnessy. Patrolman Ledden was removed to Harlem Hospital suffering from a gunshot wound in the left cheek.

Detectives Thomas J. Nelson, Main Office Division, and John Kranz, 19th Squad, at about 12.10 A. M., June 17, heard a pistol shot and saw three men running from a delicatessen store at 1578 Third Avenue. The detectives gave chase and there was an exchange of pistol shots. One of the men entered a parked car and from there attempted to shoot Detective Nelson, who after a short struggle subdued him. Detective Kranz pursued the other two men to Park Avenue and 92nd Street, where one entered a parked taxicab and attempted to start it, while the other stood guard with revolver pointed. Kranz subdued the guard and placed both men under arrest. They were identified as having shot the proprietor of the delicatessen store in an attempted holdup.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman Martin Byrnes, 10th Division, at about 10.10 P. M., June 29, while on duty in plain clothes in the vicinity of the waterfront at 41st Street, Brooklyn, heard cries of "man overboard!" He ran to the bulkhead and saw a man struggling in the water

and promptly plunged in, swam to the man and after a hard struggle succeeded in swimming with him to the bulkhead, where they were both hauled out of the water. The rescued man, Michael Redmond, of 638 58th Street, Brooklyn, was removed unconscious to a hospital suffering from submersion. The officer was treated by an ambulance surgeon and was later compelled to report sick.

Detective John O'Hagan, 84th Squad, on June 8 arrested in Philadelphia one George Demair, of 55 Concord Street, Brooklyn, charged with homicide.

Demair, at about 4 A. M., June 2, entered for the purpose of burglary the premises of Dr. George Deeley, 167 Joralemen Street, where he was formerly employed as butler. Upon being discovered he knocked Dr. Deeley unconscious with his fists and then stabbed him to death with a knife. Demair was convicted in Kings County Court of first degree murder, and on June 29 was sentenced to die in the electric chair.

## QUEENS

Patrolman James E. McGoldrick, assisted by Patrolman Charles Vradenburg, both of the 110th Precinct, at about 11 P. M., June 16, arrested Joseph McTierney, charged with having attempted to burglarize a dwelling house at 110-17 72nd Street, Forest Hills. The prisoner had in his possession a quantity of burglar tools, including two imitation revolvers. Later the prisoner confessed to having burglarized the same premises on April 25, last, escaping with a quantity of jewelry valued at \$8,500. Both patrolmen exercised keen judgment in effecting this arrest. Their suspicions had been previously aroused by the actions of an unknown man in the neighborhood, who later proved to be the prisoner in the case.

Detectives William H. Carter, Robert Wood and Charles B. Foley, 100th Squad, were assigned on October 10 to investigate the shooting of two men at 255 Barry Place, Hollis, by one Willie Jackson. One of the victims died of his wounds on November 16. Detective Carter obtained information that Jackson might be located in Atlanta, Ga. He spent two weeks there and his investigation next led him to Jacksonville, Fla., where he arranged for cooperation from the Chief of Police. A telegram was received on June 17 from Jacksonville informing Carter of the apprehension of Jackson. This case exemplifies the value of diligent, persistent and intelligent investigation.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY STALLONE**  
alias "TOM THE PEERLESS"

DESCRIPTION—26 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes and hair; wore gray suit, brown check overcoat and soft brown hat. 114th Pct.

## CAUGHT THROUGH SPRING 3100

This space was formerly occupied by the photograph of one Louis Goodman, wanted for murder. He was arrested on June 25th by Detective Charles Murphy who recognized the man and verified his identification from a copy of SPRING 3100. Departmental recognition has been asked for Detective Murphy.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ZAROFF**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 175 pounds; stocky build; full face; blue eyes; brown hair; thick lips; wears tortoise shell glasses. 28th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**CHARLES KAUFMAN**  
alias CHARLES GREEN

DESCRIPTION—25 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 145 pounds; brown eyes; black hair. 73d Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ROBINSON**

DESCRIPTION—46 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 140 pounds; dark chestnut hair; brown eyes; sunken jaws; medium build. 6th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JAMES GARCIA** alias "BENITO"

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair. 17th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.**





AUGUST  
1931

# Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

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VOLUME 2

AUGUST, 1931

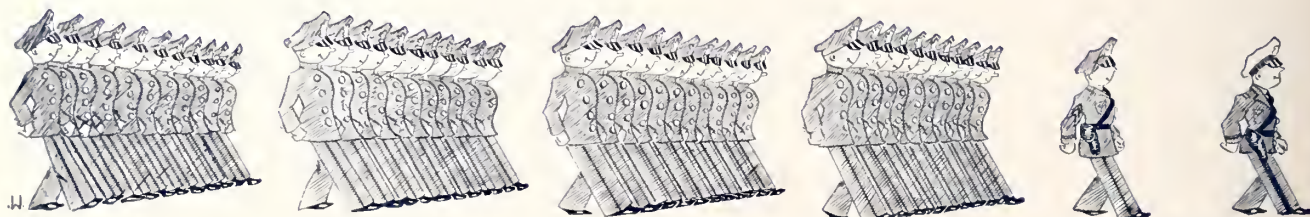
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

## STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

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JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

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# editorial page, or what have you?



*a warm weather suggestion*



**K**inda hot this month, wasn't it, dear brethren? or maybe you didn't take notice. we did, and the only comfort we could find was in borrowing occasionally the original of the drawing made for the top of this page by our optimistic art editor, propping it up on the desk before us and throwing our imagination in high.

he's blessed with marvelous ideas, the said optimistic art editor, only we're surprised that the complacent hero of his picture isn't depicted floating blithely out past the 12 mile limit, with a good substantial hose handy and a rum runner or two for the necessary baekground. it would be just like him. anyway. anything to tantalize.

if you haven't heard yet about the championship baseball game between the police and fire department teams on september 27th you're reading about it now.

it's for the benefit of the needy and the unemployed, and you are not only assured a corking afternoon's sport but you are also doing your bit toward furthering a great cause; and, surely, there can be no finer thought than the extending of a helping hand to the fellow who is down.

and by all means bring the wife and kids along to help root for our side. the old folks, too, will get a

big kick out of it, and if you can get some of the neighbors interested so much the better.

the outings for mothers and children are running along right on schedule. up to and including august 17th the total number carried was 35,068, which means that exactly that many grateful mothers and children enjoyed, as guests of the police department, a real, healthful day's outing which otherwise they might not have known.

the patrolmen's benevolent association was right on the job again as you will read further on in these pages. they have posted \$10,000 as a reward for information leading to the arrest of the beasts responsible on july 28th for that hideous shooting affair in east 107th street.

may that reward be claimed soon.

you will also read in this issue mayor walker's vigorous defense of the finest in a speech delivered on july 30th before the officers and delegates of the patrolmen's benevolent association at a meeting in the broadway theatre, broadway and 53rd street.

it was in connection with a newspaper editorial published two days after the vivian gordon murder. in this editorial the police force was attacked in terms so vicious that it shocked practically the entire nation.

the mayor is in europe just now in the interests of his health. may he return to us soon, strengthened, refreshed and peppier, if possible, than ever.

last but not least—under no circumstances overlook page 20 in this issue. it contains the names of the winners of the prize contests inaugurated last month. they're honest-to-goodness substantial prizes, too, and well worth going after.

*auf wiedersehn.*

# A Page to Please The Big Boss

*Courtesy, intelligence and efficiency have been stressed above all other qualifications by Police Commissioner Mulrooney in his public and private talks since taking office. The Commissioner's attitude is that New York is the most generous of all municipalities and that her citizens rightly demand intelligent, efficient, courteous service.*

*It is therefore a pleasure for SPRING 3100 to print the following letters from citizens commending police officers who have shown the qualifications sought by the Commissioner. May the other members of the Department all follow these good examples.*



"Thank you, officer, I hope I haven't troubled you too much."  
"It is NEVER too much trouble to be of service, dear lady, it is always a sincere pleasure."

## The Salvation Army Thanks Us.

July 17, 1931.

Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Police Commissioner,  
New York City.

Dear Commissioner Mulrooney:

The Salvation Army realizes that its strength lies in the support of its friends, amongst whom I am happy to include you.

Your unselfish labors as Captain, during our 1931 Annual Maintenance Appeal, shows that our organization has a warm place in your heart, and I desire to convey to you our best thanks for every moment you have spent on our behalf in collecting subscriptions amongst your fellow workers.

It is a great joy to us that in the present depression so many good friends have helped us with their money, often when they could ill afford it. Whilst we are grateful for this financial help, we are still more grateful for the spirit of sympathy which prompted the act. We recognize that we are but the servants of the public in this matter and shall regard the spending of the funds as an important duty for which we are responsible to our supporters.

During the coming months the poor and distressed will receive the benefit of your self-sacrifice. Will you kindly convey to all your colleagues who subscribed, our thanks.

I shall be glad if you can display this letter in some manner, so that all who were associated with you may read it.

I pray that the blessing of God may be upon you in all your undertakings.

Very sincerely yours,  
Commissioner JOHN McMILLAN  
Commanding Eastern Territory,  
The Salvation Army,  
120 West 14th Street,  
New York City.

## THESE KIDDIES ARE GRATEFUL

124-21 85th Ave.,  
Richmond Hill, N. Y.  
July 30, 1931.

102 Precinct,  
Richmond Hill, N. Y.  
Captain:

Thursday was the greatest day of my life. I had a lot of fun. I will show you how much I appreciate it by being very respectful to the cops.

I also thank the cops for what they have done for us. Especially Mattie.

Thanking you, I am,

Yours very truly,

SUSIE and JENNIE FRIO.

## Hurrah For The Band

June 5, 1931.

Dear Police Commissioner:

As Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Saratoga Division of Sunday Schools, and President of the Saratoga Ministerial Association, I have been instructed to impart to you their deep gratitude for assigning the Police Department Band of the City of New York to lead our line of march in the Anniversary Day Parade, held yesterday.

I am given to understand it was the first occasion in which the Department Band has participated in the Annual Anniversary Day Parade of our Borough, and their presence evoked continuous applause along the line of march. More than 100,000 children paraded yesterday, taught and trained in the Sunday Schools of Brooklyn. Very naturally, they look up to the Police—not only as peace officers, but as representative of the moral forces of our city; and I am fully persuaded that the presence of the Police Department Band, heading our Division, will greatly aid the religious forces in building up their life of moral righteousness, and in preparing them for future citizenship.

And what a fine lot of men they were! I ought to know, Mr. Commissioner, for my Church had the honor of entertaining them after the Parade. And what splendid tack and judgment they used in the selection of music! Their marches were most inspiring, and the Leader had the good sense to mix in "Onward Christian Soldiers" between every two or three numbers! The members of the Band voiced their pleasure at the reception given them, and of the hospitality shown; moreover, they stated personally to me that they would be most happy to have a "return engagement"—if so commanded. Well, so say we all!

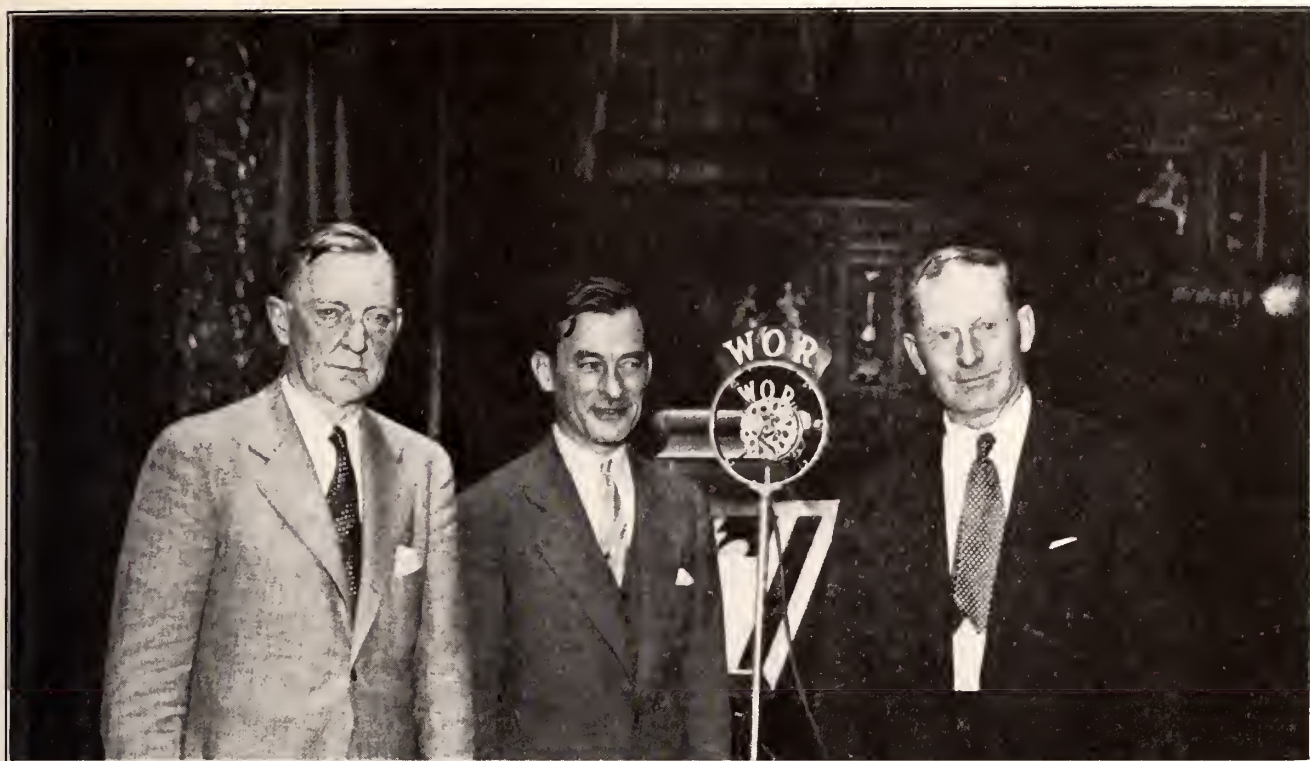
The Christian forces of Brooklyn deeply appreciate this gracious gesture on your part, and on behalf of the nineteen churches co-operating in our Division—numbering in all about 5,000 marchers—I am directed to express to you their sincere thanks. Our group supported the increase in pay for policemen, and now, that you have so signally honored them, they may be counted on to stand by you and "the Pride of New York" in your just and due demands.

With sentiments of high regard, and every good wish, I remain,  
Yours respectfully,  
Reverend HENRI F. GONDRET, Pastor,  
Grace Gospel Church,  
Bainbridge St. near Saratoga Ave.,  
Brooklyn, New York.

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*Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, Mayor James J. Walker and Patrolman Joseph P. Moran, photographed on the stage of the Broadway Theatre at the meeting of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, July 30, 1931.*

## In Defense of the Finest

**“W**HAT I want to say to you now is this—I mean it—I do not want you to have any hesitancy if you come upon a man who is a criminal or a racketeer and you have reason to believe he is armed.

“I want you to pull first and give it to him if he makes any attempt to get you.

“Do not be the last to draw, and if you should meet up with the men who committed that outrageous act in Harlem, give it to them above the waist line, so that when you get to the hospital there will be no question as to what will be the effect.

“If I meet them I will not hesitate in doing just what I am asking you to do.”

With these definite instructions delivered clearly so that all the world might hear, Police Commissioner Mulrooney tersely concluded on the afternoon of July 30 his brief address before the officers and delegates of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association assembled in meeting at the Broadway Theatre, Broadway and 53rd Street.

\$10,000 was voted at this meeting to be posted as a reward for information leading to the arrest of the fiends in human form responsible on July 28 for the killing of five-year-old Michael Vengalli, and the wounding of four other children in East 107th Street.

Patrolman Joseph P. Moran, president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, with deep con-

cern called also to the attention of the members present certain aspersions viciously cast upon the Department by a New York City newspaper in an editorial published on February 27.

It was in connection with the late Vivian Gordon murder, and was titled “Indictment in Blood.”

“Under the influence of such an editorial,” President Moran pointed out, “the average citizen could with difficulty escape the conclusion that a murder had been committed by policemen to prevent a witness appearing in court. Every member of the police force felt the sting of the editorial indictment, and the allegations, however unwarranted, that police were responsible for this revolting crime.

“Facing these conditions,” Moran continued, “the Police Commissioner, knowing the desire of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association to maintain the good name of the Police Department regardless of any other consideration, suggested to the President the offer of a reward of \$15,000 for information.

“Having in mind the ‘Indictment in Blood’ editorial and the preservation of the good name of the average policeman before the people of the City, the board of officers, subject to the approval of the delegates, pledged to the Police Commissioner the sum of \$15,000 for the purpose of bringing to the bar of justice any person or persons warranting trial

for this murder. It becomes my duty, therefore, to hand to the Police Commissioner our check for \$15,000 and further to serve notice on all whom it may concern that the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association will not stand idly by when the good name and reputation of the policemen of this City are unjustly attacked."

Commissioner Mulrooney in accepting the check said:

"I think you are, for the most part, familiar with all the details and all the ramifications that had to do with the Vivian Gordon case.

"The crime was committed on February 25, and on February 27 we were criticised by newspapers. This had a very serious effect on the morale of the Police Department.

"There were six hundred or more different clues, leads and letters that had to be investigated in that case. Each and every one had to be carefully investigated and studied. It took a long time to do that. It so happened that I made contact with a person who would give me some information, and that necessitated my leaving the city a number of times. He knew the value of his information. He was smart in the ways of the underworld. I checked up on the information and I found that it did check up.

"I took the matter up with his Honor, the Mayor, as to the reward—as I take up all similar matters with him. It was first thought of appealing to the Board of Estimate, but it was agreed that if the matter was laid before the Board of Estimate the publicity that it would receive would be detrimental to the case. There was only one other place to turn to, and that was to President Moran, of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. I laid the case before him.

"The information that was received worked out in every way desired. We presented the case to the District Attorney and he presented it to the Jury.

"I want to thank you men for the great aid that you gave in bringing about the solution of that case. And on behalf of the Department, I want to thank District Attorney McLaughlin of Bronx County, and his able assistants who were with us day and night until we had the case in some kind of shape. I want them to know how we appreciate their cooperation in that matter."

Chief Assistant District Attorney Israel J. P. Adlerman, of Bronx County, who prosecuted Stein and Greenberg, the two men accused of the crime, in the course of his remarks, said:

"The acquittal of the two men charged with the murder of Vivian Gordon, in view of the overwhelming and uncontradicted evidence of their guilt, can only be explained upon the theory that the jurors refused to accept the statements of the informer as the truth, even though such statements were abundantly corroborated and supported by uncontradicted evidence in the case.

"This presents a very serious problem and is one that should give concern to every intelligent and law-abiding citizen in our city.

"I am personally in a position to state that District Attorney McLaughlin of Bronx County and his entire staff, as well as Police Commissioner Mulrooney and some fifty (50) picked detectives, worked day and night for months on this case. Those of us who have first hand knowledge of the splendid work performed by the police in this case and the persever-

ance and intelligence displayed by them, cannot help but express our admiration for them. As a fellow citizen I congratulate the people of this city in having so efficient a Police Department."

Mayor Walker, principal speaker of the afternoon, denounced in no uncertain terms the unwarranted newspaper attack of February 27 which, among other things, characterized the entire police force as standing "Indicted in Blood."

The text of the Mayor's address follows:

"There is hardly a day that I can remember, since the first day of my observation of the streets of the City of New York, that I didn't have some reason to admire and be proud of the policemen of the City of New York.

"In all my life in this city, and throughout my entire official career, I have never been more proud of the police of this city than I am this afternoon. Here, you men have given this reward out of your own pockets. It was a very splendid thing to do. It was a very generous and courageous thing you did this afternoon.

"I concur entirely and completely with the admonition of Commissioner Mulrooney on what you should do when you meet up with the offender against public decency and the men guilty of crime. You protect your own life and put him for ever out of this community.

"I have another word after that. As you uphold your vows to protect life and property in this city, standing ready and willing, as your fellow patrolmen and officers have done heretofore, to give up your own life in the protection of that life and property—let me remind you that you still owe yourself, your family and your children, another obligation, and that is to protect the reputation that you have worked all your life to deserve.

"You men of that calibre, that courage, that, without any hesitation, takes you up a dark alleyway to meet the hidden criminal, must always uphold your vows and never give a person an opportunity to criticize you.

"Perform your duties as you should. Do not be afraid of the almighty power of the press. You men have never hesitated to give up your time to be of assistance to the people of the City of New York. The editorial writer, if he works overtime, does he work to tell us how to be good citizens? How to be honest and fair?

"As it has already been stated here, Vivian Gordon was found murdered on the morning of February 25th, and on the 27th of February, two days later, without any knowledge of the facts, without time allowing proper investigation or inquiry, a newspaper in this town, with the audacity to call itself a newspaper—I want to give you my attitude and feeling on it—fear none of them when you are right—without an opportunity to even inquire into the facts, they call you and you and you a murderer.

"Where are the merits about that? How could you spell justice in that? Isn't it a fact that everybody who read that editorial, unjust and cruel as it was, said things about you and your family? Did they care about your little ones in the public schools or other schools? Did they care what the other little ones said to your children—that their father was a cop and a murderer? Did they care anything about how they tore down the Police Department? And all caused by such a paper; and they



are the people who are asking the merchants of this community to support them with advertisements, the people who depend upon you to protect their lives and property. They ask support from the men who are being protected by you day and night.

"Another thing I say about this, that when the reward was offered by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association it had that editorial in mind. It was a big and splendid and powerful and courageous thing to do, because the answer was given back to the newspaper and to the world—that if the perpetrator of this crime, the killing of Vivian Gordon, was a policeman, you wanted to find it out with your own money and drive him out of the Police Department.

"The Grand Jury that indicted those who were tried for the killing of Vivian Gordon said after the acquittal in a presentment handed up to the court in Bronx County:

"The verdict of the Jury was a great shock to the Community, more so to us."

"I wonder if the same newspaper has had the American decency and devotion to fair-play to give it the same space as it gave to the editorial indicting you?"

"I must not give you all the credit; I was dragged into a little blood myself. You must not overlook that I, too, killed Vivian Gordon, according to this editorial. It was only that editorial writer who could make it a wholesale killing. It took nineteen thousand policemen and officers, one Commissioner and one Mayor. It shows you the care with which these things are prepared.

"The best way to be misled sometimes is to read our daily newspapers. Please don't misunderstand me. I have been generously treated by newspapers. I would never have made such statements as I have from this platform, and never anticipated doing so, but such action requires it. I want you to know that

I won't complain when I am talked about, but I will take steps when you are, because I know what you are doing, and what I wouldn't do in the way of rushing in a defense for myself, I will do for you.

"Well, you made a bet that you would give \$15,000, truly characteristic of the New York Police Department, and the check is on the table at my side. The money will be paid, and it should be paid. It is going to be paid because you won't welch.

"I hope that you will keep in mind what Commissioner Mulrooney has said to you. This is one occasion upon which I hope every policeman on the force puts upon himself some additional duty, some additional responsibility. Everyone of you who has little ones at home—every head of a family on the Police Force, stop and think of your own. Devoted as you have been to your oath of office, and as loyal as you have been, call upon the Almighty Providence to give you additional strength to bring them in dead or alive. Make it your duty as police officers, whether assigned to the Borough of Richmond or Queens, Bronx, Manhattan or Kings, to call upon The Almighty to bring to your hands and brains super-human strength, and drive down those dogs who are guilty of the killing of the little ones, and drive them forever out of the community.

"Do not let a moment pass that you haven't got that case in mind. Find those guilty of that crime, no matter where they are, and bring them back to the great Commissioner that you have. Bring them in here. Do not let them breathe another breath of air outside. I mean that from the bottom of my heart.

"Go on now and tell the people of the world that such things cannot happen in the City of New York. Those rats must be run down. We must keep sacred the protection that we want the little ones to have on the streets of this City."

# The Atlantic Conquered by A Cop

**N**EVER heard of him? Then just peruse the following letter sent to the Police Commissioner on July 28 by Sheriff Ben R. Gerow, of Sullivan County, N. Y.

Sheriff Gerow says:

"Your monthly magazine is sent to this office regularly. I thought perhaps you would be interested in having the picture of Mr. Otto Hillig who, with his pilot, Mr. Holger Hoiriis, recently made a trans-Atlantic flight.

"Mr. Hillig was the first peace officer that has thus far crossed the ocean. This office made him a Special Deputy Sheriff, and as Sheriff I consider it an honor that he be the first to fly the Atlantic.

"Thus, I am sending this picture for your magazine if you care to use it. Any other information concerning Mr. Hillig you may desire, I will be glad to furnish it."

And there you are. So to Brother Officer Hillig



we are happy to extend in behalf of The Finest, hearty congratulations.

In successfully accomplishing this hazardous feat Officer Hillig displayed to the fullest that quality of courage and perseverance that the whole world admires—not only in a flyer, but in a cop as well.

# Mastering the "Mobsmen"

By Acting Captain DANIEL J. CURTAYNE, *Safe and Loft Squad*



There was a time when almost every safe burglary was committed by some "yegg" or "safe cracker" fairly well known to the police, but today this type exists only in fiction in the larger cities. The modern safe man, or rather men, for they always work in groups of two or more called "mobs," may be of any race, creed, color or occupation. Usually they are between the ages of eighteen and sixty.

As in every successful business, each member of the criminal co-partnership has his own particular duties. The "finder," often an employee of the victim, or some person having access to the building, locates the job and reports on the details. This information includes the size and make of the safe, when the cash is left in it, method of entrance and escape, habits of neighbors, patrolman on post and watchmen, and countless other items of knowledge necessary for the undisturbed completion of the theft.

With the plans carefully laid the first positive action is taken. If the "mob" fears to be caught with burglar's tools in their possession, they will have them "planted" or hidden in a definite spot in or near the building during the late afternoon or early evening preceding the night set for the commission of the crime. This will be done by some person whose underworld connections would never be suspected, a woman, an old man or a boy.

Some time between midnight and daybreak, depending upon the type of building and character of the neighborhood, the mob will enter the office and begin their attack on the safe or "can," as it is called. The word "attack" is used advisedly for it well describes the methods used by modern safe men. Gone is the phantom of the novel, sensitive-fingered "Jimmy Valentine," famous in romance and song and probably only there. He, together with his more mortal companion, the gentleman who with a well-placed charge of "soup," called nitroglycerine by the chemists, could unhinge the doors of the strongest safe, have vanished.

IT has been said that the beginning of the Twentieth Century heralded the age of specialization in all branches of modern life and the criminal world was no exception. Business men found themselves the victims of a long series of losses through safe burglaries, and thefts of valuables stored in loft buildings. In 1911, to cope with this new wave of specialized crime, it was found necessary to form the original Safe and Loft Squad, composed of men with sufficient patience, perseverance and shrewdness to match that of the criminal. With the merger of the Truck Squad with this organization in 1926 we find one unit charged with the prevention and detection of thefts in the three chief sources of revenue for criminals in the world of trade: safes, lofts and trucks.

The personnel of the present Safe and Loft Squad consists of an Acting Captain, in command; an Acting Lieutenant, a Sergeant and thirty-eight detectives experienced in the art of shadowing and the methods of safe and loft burglars and truck thieves. A short resume of the practices of each type of these criminals follows:



Their successors will rip the bottom or back out of a safe with the aid of brute strength and a giant household can-opener, or a sectional jimmy, or of a fair amount of skill and the cumbersome equipment of an acetylene torch. Or they will bludgeon the



*Tools of the trade*

dial from the front of the safe with a heavy copper or leaden headed hammer used for the sake of quiet and will then be free to punch out the combination and thereby open the doors.

The loot or "swag" invariably consists of money, jewelry, precious stones, negotiable bonds or other property easily disposed of through a "fence" and difficult to trace and identify.

An account of a recent case, though not sensational, well illustrates the methods used by the Safe and Loft Squad in apprehending safe burglars. An observant patrolman's suspicion was aroused by the presence on his post of three men whose lavish spending belied their life of leisure. Upon investigation he discovered that two of his "lilies of the field" had police records for burglary.

When a report was made to the Safe and Loft Squad, the patrolman was interviewed and pointed out the individuals in question to three of the detectives, who immediately placed them under close observation. After two weeks of tedious shadowing or "tailing" the suspects entered an office building late one evening.

The detectives waited outside, intending to catch the men with the stolen property in their possession. When they attempted to make their exit they were held by one of the officers while the remaining two went through the building looking for signs of forced doors or other means of ingress to the offices. A cursory examination revealed nothing and, despite

contrary wishes, the detectives were forced to free their potential prisoners.

Dissatisfied with the results obtained the previous night the Squad men returned to the building early next morning and upon making a minute inspection of the doors in the building, discovered that one glass panel had been recently carefully removed and replaced. The office contained a safe from which the bottom had been ripped and the contents removed.

To connect the suspects more thoroughly with the crime, a member of the Bureau of Criminal Identification photographed the finger-prints on the door and when the photo was enlarged and compared with the prints in the records of the former convicts of the trio, they were found to match perfectly. When faced with this evidence all three men confessed and are now serving prison sentences.

While the safe burglar can ply his trade the year round the loft man is more seasonal in his activities since only at certain periods of the year is a substantial amount of valuable merchandise stored in the lofts.

This type of criminal is, for some unknown reason, usually of foreign extraction. For the last few years many thefts have been committed by negroes who were formerly employed in loft buildings or who, having received their early training as small store thieves, were led to the newer field of endeavor by glittering accounts of the profits in looting lofts. Their jobs, however, are distinguishable by the fact that they usually take a large quantity of finished goods without distinction as to quality.

As in the case of safe burglars, the loft men work in "mobs" of from two to six members, depending upon the type of job and the bulk of the merchandise. They are active between seven o'clock in the evening and daylight, while the loot may be transported from the scene at any time during the succeeding day and night.

Because of the precautions taken by business houses which store furs, silk or other valuables, a loft "mob" must carefully plan the crime. Information will come to them through employees of a firm, or building, from salesmen who have had access to the loft or from numerous other sources. These "finders," as they are called, receive a percentage of the haul for their services. A member of the gang, an expert, is then sent to examine the premises. He will discover the best method of gaining an entrance, and of carrying off the "swag": whether the loft is wired or "bugged" by a protective agency or some other company, and if so whether there are any unwired spots in the doors, walls, floors or ceiling through which an opening can be cut.

With the plans before them the thieves may take any one of several methods of action. A member of the "mob" may secrete himself in the loft or building before closing time and make a careful selection of the desirable goods. When his confederates arrive they pack his choice in specially prepared "swag bags" and carry them to the street. Here a truck, cab or private car receives the loot for transportation to the "drop" or hiding place. If there is danger in this rather open method, the "swag" is hidden sometimes in a vacant loft, in a neighboring building or

in the very building in which the burglarized loft is located, in the cellar, on the roof, in the tank house or motor house or in another loft with the permission of its tenant.

But all jobs are not done so easily. More often it is necessary to force an entrance into the loft. If there is no electric alarm system, and few buildings lack this protection, a door or window is broken open. A "bugged" or protected storeroom presents greater difficulty. The mob will then rent or obtain permission from a neighbor who is not very particular as to his source of income, to use a loft above, below or adjoining the one containing the property about to change hands. After some drilling and excavating, an aperture approximately eighteen inches square appears in the lightly constructed ceiling, floor or wall of the treasure house. This hole must be carefully drilled so that no alarm wires are met and broken to notify the world of the burglars' secret visit.

One reason why there are many thieves is because of man's aversion to hard work and it can be seen that a "bugged" loft presents just the problem the "easy money" man is seeking to avoid. This fact developed the "quick-kick-in-man." He will force or "kick in" any door, protected or not, collect whatever loot he can conveniently reach and hide in the building until the excitement subsides. When the police have left the scene he will leisurely leave his hiding place and hail a taxicab to carry the "swag" and make his escape.

Truck thieves possess none of the skill of the other wards of the Squad. Their chief qualifications are nerve, and an acquaintance with a "fence" or receiver of stolen property. Truck drivers are often very careless with the valuable loads they drive, leaving the truck unguarded in the streets for long periods. When they return, the truck is gone, driven off to be stripped of its cargo by a "mob" which has been waiting for just such an opportunity. The empty truck will be found a day or so later in the outlying sections of the city.

If the chauffeur is faithful to his trust and the thieves really want his load, they will discreetly hold him up, and drive him in a confederate's car to a deserted spot where they will release him. In the meantime, the truck with the "swag" is taken to the mob's "drop" or storehouse, from which it will be later taken to the "fence."

The Safe and Loft Squad tries to prevent this type of crime by educating the drivers of the trucks and by guarding a particularly choice cargo. Once the offence is committed, no formula for success in recovering the property and making the arrests can be given except patience and perseverance in following the slightest clew given by the driver or witness of the theft.

This article was not intended as a complete treatise on the methods employed by these three classes of commercial criminals, for such would fill a volume of substantial size. At least partial failure would face the man who attempted the task, for while he would be at work on the past, the criminal mind would be fabricating new plans and plots to test the patience and ingenuity of the police.

## RAH, RAH, RAH, "THE FINEST"



**S**EVEN college men are in the detachment of rookie policemen in training at Camp Mulrooney at Pelham Bay, and the Police Department is pointing proudly to them as indicative of the higher type of men being attracted to the force.

Physically as well as mentally the 325 men in the squad now undergoing three months of outdoor training are above the average. Eighty-five of them are more than six feet tall, their average weight is 165 pounds, and they average 5 feet 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches tall.

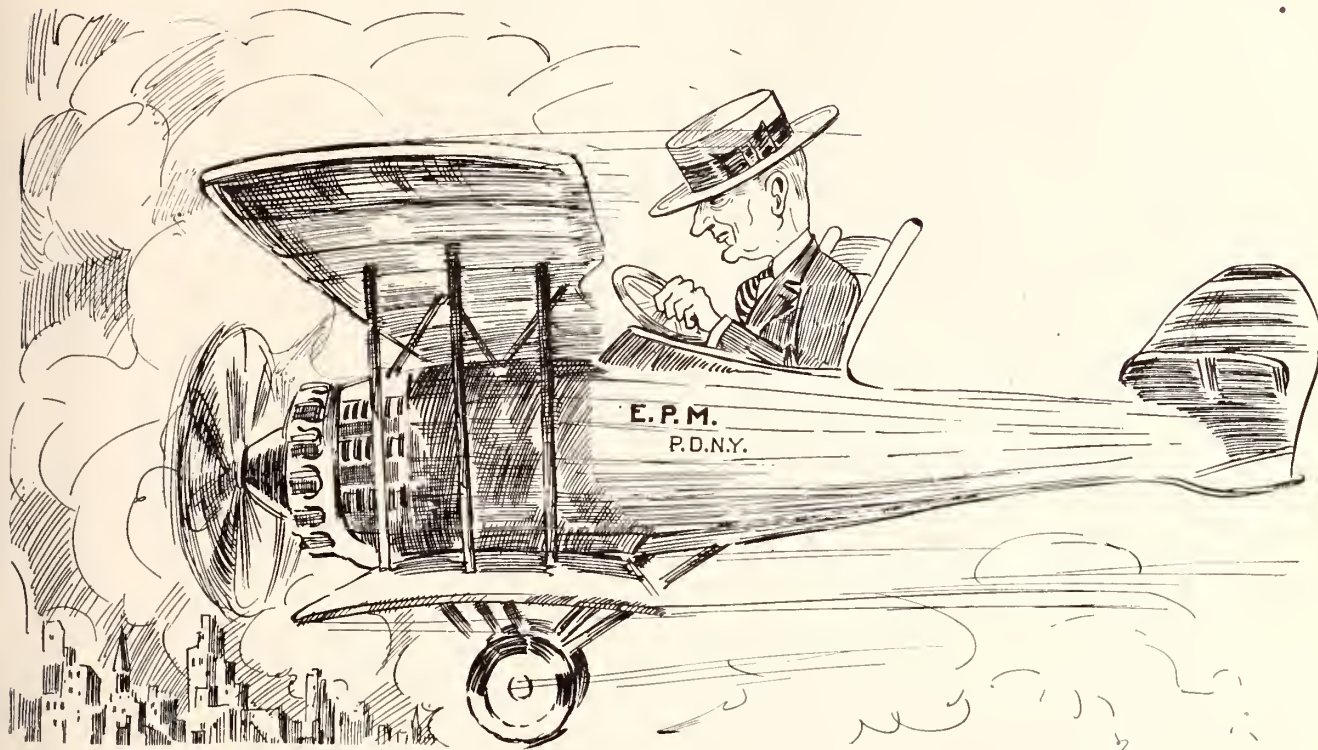
One hundred and seven of them attended high school, averaging two years and one month.

The seven who went to college attended various institutions in New York and took a variety of courses, from the purely academic to architecture. None of them finished a college course, however.

They are: Nathan Betrock, City College for one year, architecture; Lemuel A. Lowe, City College for four months, previously an aviation mechanic; Frank L. Hnida, New York University for a year and a half, accounting; James J. Weldon, New York University, insurance; Francis P. Murphy, Holy Cross College for two years, academic; George R. Salayka, Jr., St. John's College for one year, and Joseph P. Driscoll, New York University for one year.



# The Commissioner Flies High



*"It won't be long now, eh, Ed?"*

**P**OLICE COMMISSIONER MULROONEY who, back in October, 1929, established himself as a veteran flyer by remaining aloft five and a half hours and capturing and escorting the first prisoner ever to be tracked and transported by plane, made another air trip recently. The Police Commissioner with Peter J. Brady, Chairman of the Mayor's Aviation Committee, flew on July 21st from the Glenn H. Curtiss Airport, North Beach, Queens, to Rochester, to attend the seventeenth annual convention of the International Association for Identification.

The Commissioner, who made the trip in a Travel-air monoplane piloted by Gilbert Waller, encountered bad weather on the trip to Rochester but flew back the following day in excellent time.

While in Rochester, the Commissioner inspected the newly installed radio equipment on police scout cars and the broadcasting station. The Commissioner expressed great interest in the latest radio equipment.

Speaking at the annual banquet of the Association, the Commissioner stressed the importance of crime prevention work. He said:

"Despite the crimes, many of them appallingly sordid, that I have seen in thirty-five years' experience, I am not so hardboiled that I cannot be convinced we can do something with the youth who might, if left to their own devices, follow the way of a criminal."

## BATTER UP

**A**RE you all set for the Baseball Battle of the Century scheduled for the Polo Grounds on Sunday, September 27th, at 2.30 P. M.?

It's going to be a real championship contest between those two crack teams representing the Police and Fire Departments.

Not only that, but it's being played for that greatness of all human causes—charity.

The entire proceeds will be turned over to the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment Relief to be used this winter to alleviate the misery and suffering of those poor unfortunates who will find themselves

jobless—and destitute, many of them with large families on their hands.

Admission will be \$1 and tickets will be placed on sale in all police stations and fire houses.

The Police and Fire Department Bands and Glee Clubs will be on hand to help make things merry, and there is no doubt it will prove as thrilling and delightful an afternoon's pleasure as any one could wish for.

Both Police Commissioner Mulrooney and Fire Commissioner Dorman are sincerely anxious to make this an event unparalleled in the annals of sport; so come on, boys, let's show them.

# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



IF memory serves us rightly it was the immortal Mark Twain who a quarter of a century ago astounded the entire world, including Wiusted, Conn., with the amazing feat of driving a herd of bees clear across the great American Desert without the loss of a single bee—or a married one, either.

Do you recall it, you old timers?

A great stunt we cheerfully admit, yet it pales into rank insignificance as compared with the incomparable thriller that early last month rocked the Bronx Park precinct from end to end, and served once again to emphasize the *resourcefulness* and *intrepidness* of those dauntless lads in blue who earn an honest living way up there in that lovely borough.

We had intended to inflict this upon you in our last issue, but we became so engrossed in that refreshing vacation yarn we featured that we suddenly found ourselves stranded without sufficient space in which properly to expound it.

The newspapers printed the story, if you remember, but only perfunctorily and with little regard to detail.

The action starts in the beautiful garden of a staid old Bronx burgher, one Carl Witzke, who, upon starting out to pluck a little spinach to go with the ham

that evening, found to his dismay that his garden had been taken over peremptorily that afternoon by an invading horde later identified as "*The Amalgamated and Protective Order of Busy Bees of the Borough of the Bronx*," comprising all told some 30,000 very active members.

They were holding an indignation meeting of some sort or other, and every conceivable kind of bee was represented.

*There were big bees and little bees; fat bees and thin bees; bow-legged bees, flat-footed bees and bees suffering from high blood pressure.*

They were being addressed stormily by Her Majesty, the Queen Bee, whose frenzied exhortations became so vitriolic after a while that a riot of serious proportions loomed perilously imminent.

Witzke, a man of sagacity and wisdom, seeing that he was outnumbered thirty thousand to one, retreated in orderly fashion, and from the strategic security of his barred and screened bedroom telephoned the police.

Immediately Emergency Squad 9 responded—Serjeant Jack Egan, in person, at their head.

Sizing up the situation at a glance, Egan, a man of determination, advanced courageously and, after quoting the law governing trespass and riot, called sternly upon the bees to disperse.

His answer, sad to relate, was a stinging rebuke—if you know what we mean.

And that stung the Emergency Lads into swift action.

Donning divers' suits, gas masks, asbestos gloves and goodness knows what else not, they attacked heroically, and after a desperate battle lasting more than two hours succeeded in capturing and placing under arrest each and every one of those thirty thousand miscreants, and in a heavily guarded and covered barrel arraigned them triumphantly before Lieutenant Fred Algier, in the 52d Precinct station house.

The charge, of course, was *misbeehaving*.

In the meanwhile Captain Mike McDermott, commander of the Alien Squad, learning of the capture, rushed up hurriedly with some of his best men and started questioning the prisoners with a view to obtaining evidence warranting deportation proceedings.

They received quite a nice reception, as you can readily surmise.

*In fact, for the next few days they were still all swelled up over it.*

The Undercover Squad also put in an appearance, but they're smart babies, those undercover lads, and just like the bashful honeymooning couple, undercover they remained.

Captain Charlie Barrett, on patrol at the time, was notified over the signal box, and upon his arrival someone stupidly tipped off the Queen Bee, who, fired with indignation at the unquently treatment she had received, made a bee line straight for Charlie





—who promptly made a bee line straight for the door.

And there is no question that he acted wisely and well, because in our fastidious opinion no police captain should be seen publicly in the company of queens—no matter what the circumstance or provocation.

Then one of the bees foolishly complained of being thirsty, so the attendant grabbed the first pail handy and generously fed it to them.

Unfortunately it proved to be gasoline, a beverage that bees never have cultivated a taste for, and after a brief period of incapacitation they all succumbed.

An ambulance surgeon later pronounced them dead from *gas-tritis*.

And so ends our story, dear reader, proving once again that crime does not pay, that the wages of sin is death, and that when bigger and better emergencies are created our gallant Emergency Lads can be depended upon speedily and effectively to de-emergen-dize them for us.

*Bee-lieve it or not.*

IT happened on the evening of July 21st.

John H. Purecell, a visitor from Roxbury, Mass., riding in an automobile with his wife and children, was struck at Broadway and 52nd Street by another automobile traveling against the traffic light. Purecell's car was overturned, and his three-year-old son, William, was crushed to death.

We now take you to the 18th Precinct station house, in West 47th Street, where, in the sitting room sits Purecell and his family, horror stricken—and heart broken.

And on a gray cot nearby reposes a silent little form—their baby boy—shattered and broken, his childish laughter stilled forever.

It was grim, stark tragedy, and many an eye glistened suspiciously as the men tried vainly to assuage a grief too poignant for words to describe.

Then it became known that Purecell, due to this unexpected turn of events, was without sufficient funds to carry on. The services of an undertaker together with transportation of the little body had to be immediately arranged for.

He wasn't without funds long.

Promptly the men of the precinct got together, and a few minutes later this stranger in a strange city found \$50 being pressed into his nerveless hand.

It wasn't what you'd call a magnificent gesture by any means. It was simply one of those kindly acts so characteristic of The Finest—and about which you seldom ever read.

The following letter received by Captain Amander Hayes speaks for itself:

Captain,  
Precinct 18,  
West 47th Street Station,  
New York City.  
Dear Sir—

*This is to express to you and your men, my deep appreciation for the extreme courtesy extended to my wife, children, niece and the writer, on the occasion of our recent bereavement in your City.*

*Your marvelous efficiency in handling the situation coupled with your splendid humane spirit and sympathetic attention to my wife and the children, and your great goodness to me, will ever stand out in my memory as the finest act of any crowd of men.*

*I can't begin to tell you what it has meant to me, and how it helped to lessen the pain of losing one of our little sons.*

*Thanking you again for everything, I am,*  
Sincerely,

JOHN H. PURCELL.

Then we had the pitiful case of Mrs. Henry Breuer, out on Staten Island, whose ten-months-old baby son died in her arms as the landlord was busy throwing the family and their belongings into the street.

She didn't have a dime—but she did have a crippled husband and eight more sickly youngsters to look after.

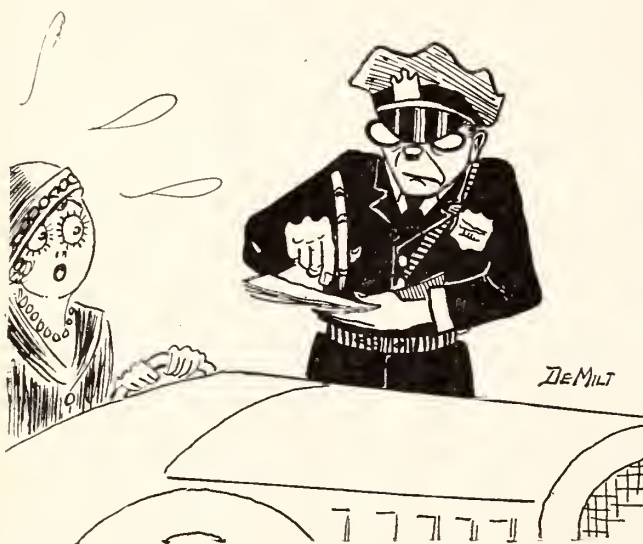
Then somebody notified the cops—in the 120th Precinct—and again things started to happen.

First they straightened out the dispossession proceedings. Next Captain Johnny Golden called his men together and in no time \$67 was raised.

Then Johnny got in touch with the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment Relief, and immediately \$50 more was sent over.

A citizen with a heart sent to the Police Commissioner, anonymously, a check for \$200, and promptly the P. C. rushed it over by special messenger.

It all happened so quickly that this tired, hopeless mother could hardly grasp it. She did realize, however, that her precious baby had been saved from a pauper's grave. It was the dreaded thought uppermost in her mind—and it's exactly what Captain Golden and his gallant crew of Staten Islanders had in mind when they went to her aid.



**C**HALK up another for the True Story Hour. Everybody seems to agree that in stiffer sentences lies the solution to the crime problem.

*But it's stiffening the point outrageously, we think, when a girl receives a life sentence merely for violating a traffic regulation.*

That's what recently happened to a petite little lady formerly known to her friends as Miss Alice Akers.

She was nailed speeding on the upper end of Broadway some time ago by Motorcycle Patrolman Ernest Davis, of Squad 1, and the sweeter she tried to smile herself out of it the faster Ernie wrote in his summons book.

Coyly she pleaded for a break, but there's nothing gullible about Ernie and she was hopelessly out of luck.

He was wise to the ways of the fair femmes, don't worry. They might ensnare others with their bewitching allurements but not little Ernie. He was a hard-boiled hombre, and he wasn't ashamed to admit it.

Several days later he stood at her side in Traffic Court and chuckled gleefully as Alice started digging for the twenty-five bucks the horrid judge fined her.

That made Alice sore, naturally. Then she figured she'd never be safe from future tickets while that fellow Davis was on the job. Something had to be done about it, and did little Alice solve the problem? DID SHE? Listen.

Many moons hadn't passed over her head before Alice had the pleasure of standing demurely alongside Ernie in the Marriage License Bureau, *and this time it was she who chuckled gleefully as Ernie dug up the customary two buck fee and nervously handed it over to the license clerk.*

Her hour of triumph had come, and besides making him promise to Love, Honor and Obey she wisely made him promise never again to hand her another ticket, not even when she burns the steak, or hasn't dinner ready on time—or ruins his best silk shirt.

But Ernie still loves to hand out tickets, and he now insists upon handing them to Alice regularly, *i. e., one on the 1st and one on the 16th of each and every month.*

So you see, folks, one good turn always deserves another as the fellow said while cranking his flivver, and we wish Ernie and Alice all the joy and happiness it is possible to wish.

*And, listen, Alice, if any other motorcycle cop ever tries to give you a ticket now that you have Ernie safe in the bag, we hope and pray he gets the seven-year itch, no foolin'.*

**H**ERE'S a neat little tintype of Inspector Thomas T. Ryan, commanding the 16th Division, in Queens.

It was procured for us by our famous undercover reporter, Detective Johnny Werle, of the 16th Detective District, whose ability and adeptness as a tintype specialist is unquestioned.



*Still known as "Tom"....by his old side partners, who never forgot or will forget him....Has been an Inspector since 1914....He learned endurance as a young copper....when he had to wait for the "Boss"....and now holds almost an endurance record as an Inspector....Only one other has held out so long in that job....his genial Borough Chief....Started out as a rookie in the late nineties, when the appellation "The Finest" was first applied to the N. Y. cop....Incidentally, Tom was a contributing cause for that title....for those were the days when "courtesy" was first recognized as an asset in the cop....He can tell you stories (not fairy tales) of*



the good old days when only a nightstick spelled c-o-u-r-t-e-s-y, but he became one of the instructors who spelled it d-i-p-l-o-m-a-c-y....and the lessons had their effect.

Also holds another enviable record....He almost scored "a hundred" at target practice....several times....And....ALWAYS....scored "a hundred" with the men under his command....They say.... (every one of them)....he is one of the "squarest shooters" in the job....Got that reputation long-long-ago....when he wore square toe shoes....for walking....while he was a "roundsman"....Became a roundsman way back in 1902, after being a cop for six years....Some of the old timers say he was always good to "see"....He met them with a smile—and left them with one....and when he said "Good Night"....it was literally so....

Three years later he had bestowed upon him what was then considered an "army rank"....The only place they knew a "Lieutenant" was the army. What was formerly "Sergeant" became "Lieutenant"....and 'tis said the title became "distinguished" when Tom was "made"....Lordy!!! what a break for the man on the station house post (in those days) when Tom took the desk....No one was asked to do anything....that he wouldn't do himself....openly.... He made the doing of it a pleasure....instead of a duty.

The name indicates....his origin....No, there's not a drop of "Scotch" in him....He gave until it hurt, long before Liberty Loans and long after.... and yet....wouldn't surprise many to know that he had a great deal to do with the "Kiddie Outings" in the summer....and the "emergency relief for unemployed" inaugurated and being successfully carried out in the Department....He MUSTA had a hand in it....'cos those are his sentiments....Try to beat that kind of a man!!!!

Still a young feller with plenty of Pep, Vim and Vigor....and never had to eat yeast to get it.... Rises early without it....and never went "up in the air" for a minute....Those old square shoes helped him keep his feet on the ground at all times.... squarely and firmly....Has a big head....but has to have it to contain all that he knows....It's always the same size, too....never swells....Has finely chiseled features....but none of the collar companies have solicited him as a model....yet.

Never was collegiate....always wears garters ....except when he sports red flannels....Never wore spats....in fact, always hated them....even verbal ones....and, incidentally, was instrumental in coining the famous telephone slogan...."The voice with the smile wins"....And be it further known....he wears silk shirts....but only at his marriage ceremonies....and was married only once ....and unlike some vaccinations....it "took".... and was successful....and everyone admits....

He is one of the finest....of "The Finest."

**P**ATROLMAN WILLIAM DILLON, our energetic young reporter in the 69th Precinct, dropped in the other day with the suggestion that we inaugurate in "Reading the Minutes" a column similar to that well-known newspaper feature "The Inquiring Reporter."

Bill claims to have already tried it out in his native precinct and proudly handed us the results.

## QUESTION

"What improvements would you suggest for the betterment of the Patrolman."

## ANSWERS

Patrolman C. Augustin Ferrin, Jr.:

"There should be more sergeants on patrol—wagons; but, anyway, and in spite of that, I always do a straight eight myself—and absolutely love it. Also, I'm afraid the posts are a little too short.

Personally, I like to wander about the precinct more. Meals on the "cuff," I firmly believe, would help greatly to elevate the morale of the Department."



Patrolman Elmer Dunlap (Attendant, Class A):

"There's nothing right in this job any more. And the bunch of dopes coming into the Department now are making it worse. How t'hell can you expect me to fill up those fool lamps when they won't bring them in?"



Patrolman George Watson:

"First of all, ringing should be eliminated because it's a nuisance, especially on late tours. Secondly, the reserve should be immediately re-established in order to insure the poor married men of the Department one night each

week at least of peace and quiet."

Patrolman Ralph Murcia:

"I heartily agree with Watson about the rings. Any sensible-minded fellow will, and to that I want to add that all police booths be made larger and be equipped with day beds, easy chairs and electric fans—also a good alarm clock. The meal period should be extended to one hour—with plenty of 'personals,' and it should be made unlawful to pester a fellow with more than one 'see' per tour, same to be inflicted not later than one hour after turning out."



There you are, fellows; not bad at all, eh?

How about constituting yourself an Inquiring Reporter in your own command? Pick out a good, snappy question for the boys and send the finished product to Old Man Sunshine. We'll get a little fun out of it, anyway.

Don't worry about the photographs; we'll stick 'em in ourselves positively free of charge.



# The Cop

Submitted by

PTL. HARRY BRESNAN, 22d Precinct



He's not so handsome as the movies rate 'em,  
He's not a guy who'd knock the ladies cold;  
His ears and nose may not bring sighs from flappers,  
His beauty'd never grab the cup of gold.

He's just a cop, a New York copper—listen:  
The kind that packs his bracelets, club and gat,  
And climbs out of the hay when we poor rummies  
Are poundin' down the feathers gettin' fat.

He grabs his cuppa coffee and a doughnut,  
The Missus calls a sleepy-eyed goodnight;  
And out he stalks to greet the waking City,  
All ready for a party—or a fight.

From north and south, from east and west they  
gather,  
The best folks in the wide world—and the worst;  
The folks who come to spend a day rejoicing;  
The ones who hold humanity accursed.

They meet beneath the white lights glowing palely,  
The dregs of life and those we call the top;  
They meet, but gosh, to meet and mix is different  
And when the blow-off comes, why there's the cop.

Hardboiled and gruff he shoulders through them  
roughly,  
He barks a question, pushes back the crowd;  
He's hard as nails and bristling with brass buttons,  
His eyes are cold—his voice a trifle loud.

Perhaps it's just a little traffic squabble,  
Someone has bent a fender, blown a tire;  
And then again a hophead may be lurking  
To bump a cop; ambition can't go higher.

He's tough, why sure he's tough and makes 'em like  
it,

The job's not one for pansy-piekin' yaps,  
It calls for men who've bumped on life's rough edges  
And taken their full share of pokes and raps.

But watch him stop the City's roaring traffic,  
To guide a little gray-haired woman by:  
Stooping to hear her shyly whispered "Thank you,"  
And grinning like a kid who's stuffin' pie.

Or see him on a school detail a'watchin'  
A thousand kids and shielding them from harm;  
He's like an old hen mothering her chickens  
To guard them from the perils of the farm.

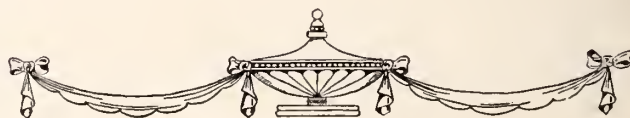
The kids know he's a pal, big, gruff, good-natured,  
There's two or three at home who call him Pop;  
And hear the boys a'braggin' to each other,  
"When I grow up I'm gonna be a cop."

He's out there meetin' Old Man Trouble daily,  
In winter blizzards and in summer heat;  
Staking his life against the human vultures  
Each moment that he pounds around his beat.

Give him a hand, this lad and all his brothers  
Who wear the shield, the old brass-buttoned clan;  
He's just a cop, a common New York copper,  
But paste this in your hatband: he's a man.

## In Memoriam

Ptl. William H. De Give	18th Div.	June 28, 1931
Sgt. William J. Shearer	19th Div.	July 25, 1931
Ptl. James J. Sullivan	24th Pct.	July 25, 1931
Ptl. Fred J. W. Streicher	102d Pct.	Aug. 3, 1931
Ptl. Richard W. O'Connor	Mey. Sqd. 1	Aug. 5, 1931
Sgt. Charles Herrschaft	73d Pct.	Aug. 11, 1931





# Barney on the Beat

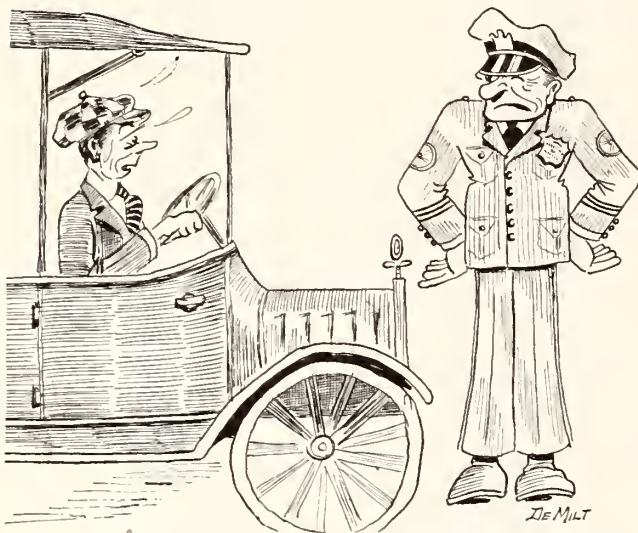
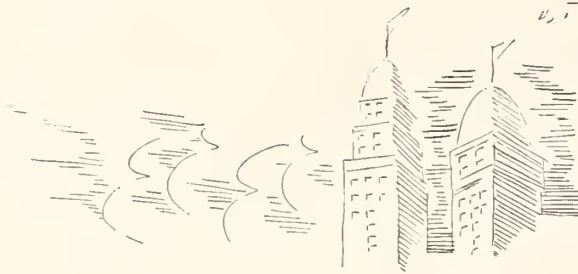
BY LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT

## THE EASIEST WAY



# Y' Gotta Know How T' Handle 'Em

A Story About Red Lights, By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT



"What's the big idea, young feller?"

**T**WEET-TWEET—"Hey! you! Wait a minute—WAIT A MINUTE!"

Mechanically Henry Webster Jones slammed on the brakes, and bringing his newly renovated Model T to a standstill found himself looking squarely into the stern eyes of a six foot traffic cop.

It was at the intersection of 6th Avenue and 57th Street. The light had just flashed red, and Henry Webster Jones, ironically enough, was trapped red-handed indulging in his favorite outdoor sport.

And let it be recorded here and now that "*beating the red light*" is today reckoned good fun by countless other drivers imbued with the same dizzy complex.

In fact, a lot of them get a bigger kick out of chiseling that extra block than the average husband gets out of choking his mother-in-law.

"What's the big idea, young feller, color blind or just naturally dumb or what?"

"Gee whiz, officer, I'm awfully sorry, on the level I am, but the red light got away from me that time on account of the big truck—"

"On account of what?"

"The truck, see it up there on the next corner? I

was right behind it and I figured it was O. K. for me to sail along and—"

"Ah—the old truck alibi. Would you believe I've listened to that story only three times so far today, and I've still got two hours more to go? Let's take a look at your license.

"Henry Webster Jones, is that your name?"

"Yeah; and listen, officer, you know Inspector Whoozis, don't you? Him and me are just like that and—"

"I don't doubt that at all. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm with Smith, Smith and Smith, the big importers."

"Assistant to the president, I suppose?"

"No, I'm the assistant shipping clerk; I've been with them over two years now."

"Well, that's something in your favor, anyway. Now let me tell you a little story.

"New York is a great town—in fact it's a beautiful town. You'll admit that, won't you? Fine. And as for that traffic light there on the corner, would it surprise you to know that it was placed there with absolutely no thought of further enhancing the city's beauty—or its decorations?"

"It wasn't. It was put there for a very definite purpose; to control traffic—and the dizzy drivers who make traffic so difficult to control."

"I know, officer, but—"

"And outside of that, would it further surprise you to learn that there's a lot more thoughtless people like you to whom the traffic regulations are just a pain in the neck—as are the cops whose job it is to enforce them?"

"But, listen, officer, you got me dead wrong. I was—"

"Just a minute. Have you any idea how many people lost their lives last year through automobile accidents alone? Right here in the city, I mean.

"No, I hadn't supposed you would. But it might interest you to learn that exactly 1,163 helpless human beings were swept into eternity last year *just through somebody's carelessness.*



"And out of that number 309 were kids—innocent bits of humanity whose immature minds were incapable of grasping the deadly dangers of our city streets.

"That's not including, remember, 54,495 others who were *injured* by automobiles during the year 1930. A lot of them seriously—a lot of them crippled—*hopelessly crippled for life.*"

"Gosh, officer, I never even——"

"You ain't married, are you?"

"No, but I——"

"I figured not. Well, I am, and I've got three swell kids at home, and I worry about them. I worry and sicken at the thought that one of them might get knocked over some day by a driver like you—a driver to whom a red light means just another foolish light."

"But you've got me wrong, officer, no kiddin'. Say, I wouldn't——"

"Now don't get nervous, son, in the first place I'm gonna let you get away with it this time. Probably your mind wasn't on your work and you rushed that light unintentionally, which simply means that you were careless—and the careless driver, son, is today the deadliest factor the P. D. has to contend with in its never ending war on street accidents."

"That's mighty nice of you, officer, gosh I——"

"And as a grand finale, son, just let me tell you this: I wouldn't have the death of one of those poor unfortunates on my conscience for all of Rockefeller's millions—and I'll make a bet right now that you wouldn't, either."

#### A LITTLE LATER

"Hello, Tillie, I'm awfully sorry I'm late but I couldn't help it. I just got mixed up with a big lug of a traffic cop and if it wasn't that I had to meet you I'd have told him a lot more than I did, believe me.

"It was this way. I'm beating it across 57th Street when the light turns, see? I didn't notice there was a cop there until all of a sudden he blows his whistle and tells me to pull over.

"Let's see your license," says he.

"Sure," says I, 'but you better look the name over careful before you start writing.'

"Oh, yeah?" says he.

"Yeah," says I right back at him.

"Henry Webster Jones," says he. 'Is that your name?'

"Yeah," says I, 'Henry Webster Jones, *in person.*'

"He's got his book out by this time and kinda foolin' around with his fountain pen. I had him guessing, see?

"Then he starts to write and I says, 'Listen, fella, you don't look like a bad skate and I hate to see you get jammed up. Furthermore,' I said, 'if Eddie Mulrooney ever gets wind of this somebody is gonna sweat, get me?'

"Yeah," he interrupts, and with that he hands me the ticket all made out.

"Did I take it? Wadda ya mean did I take it? Do I look like I was embalmed or waiting in line to be cremated or anything like that? Huh! I just



"Did I take it? Wadda ya mean, did I take it?"

stepped outta the car and magnanimous like I said, 'Listen, fella, I've got a heavy date and I can't waste any more time here with you, and if it's gonna make you happy I'll take this ticket and I'll hold it for a while; but I'm not gonna give you the chance to say afterwards that I didn't give you a break.'

"Then I looked him straight in the eye and I said, 'Did you ever hear of the Jolly Six Social Club, Incorporated?'

"And right away he said, 'You don't mean the Jolly Six Club up in The Bronx, do you?'

"Yeah," I said, 'The Jolly Six Social Club, Incorporated, of The Bronx.'

"And he said, nervous like, 'Sure. Do you know anybody up there?'

"And I said, 'There's no reason why I shouldn't, fella, because I happen to be the Vice President of said social club, and the name, as I mentioned before, is *Henry Webster Jones.*'

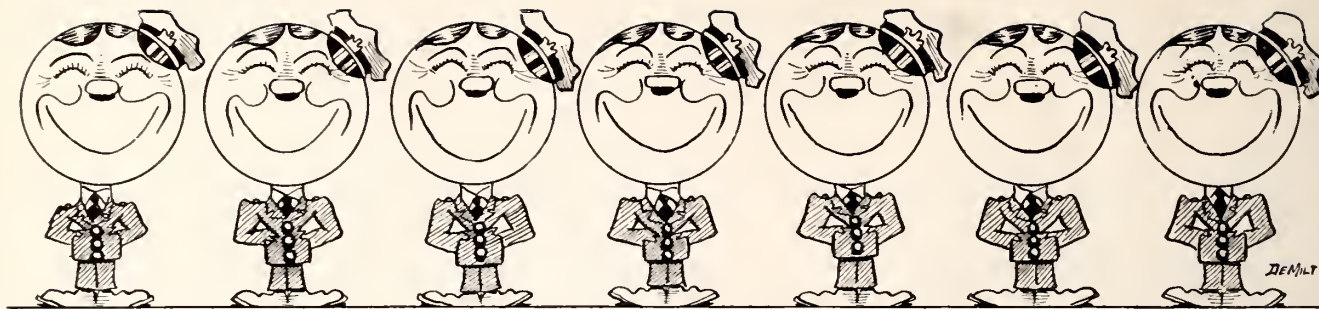
"And he said, 'Hell, Mister Jones, why didn't you mention that before? Here I've been wasting your time for nothing. I'm terrible sorry, old man, but you should never be backward about telling who you are. And, listen, Mister Jones, there ain't gonna be no hard feelings I hope?'

"And I gets back in the car and I said, 'It's O. K. by me, fella, look me up sometime.'

"No kiddin', Tillie, it's too bad you weren't there. You'd have got a big kick out of it.

"Of course, Tillie, a lot of those traffic cops are pretty decent skates at that.

"Y' simply gotta know how t' handle 'em, 'at's all."



# The Prize Winners

**H**ERE they are, good people, the happy winners of last month's prize contests:

## SHORT STORY CONTEST

Prize \$25

Sergeant Joseph Albert, 90th Precinct.

## LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman George E. Marshall, Telegraph Bureau Man.

Traffic was Murphy's delight,  
As motorists stopped at each light;  
But a speeder one day,  
Got right in Murph's way,  
*"And paid for his plight with a night."*

2nd Prize, \$10—Patrolman Edward J. Nolan, Traffic Precinct "F."

*"Now he's pushing up daisies at night."*

3rd Prize, \$5—Patrolman W. A. McMahon, 14th Precinct.

*"It's a cinch he was stopped with a right."*

## KOP KOMIKS

Prizes \$2

Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."

Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

Patrolman J. J. Lynch, 20th Precinct.

Patrolman George Watson, 69th Precinct.

Each month, the editorial staff of **SPRING 3100**, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will award a prize of \$25 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

---

*"McSweeney, the cop, took a notion,  
To study real hard for promotion;  
He soon knew each rule,  
Like Hoover knew fuel,  
....."*

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for this limerick.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than September 8th.

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A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our **Kop Komiks** page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

## FOR YOUR INFORMATION

We received quite a number of answers for last month's limerick signed by the women folk. Unfortunately, we could not consider them.

All last lines must be signed by the officer submitting them, together with his rank and command.

It makes no difference whether the last line was concocted by the better half or by mother or dad or sister or the kiddies—or even the sweetie, if you are fortunate enough to have one. We want the whole family to be included in the fun, only make sure that it's submitted and signed by the member of the Force concerned.

**THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.**



# Ex-convict

*Prize Winning Short Story*

By SGT. ALBERT JOSEPH, 90th Precinct



## I

**L**IEUTENANT PARSONS came in a bit grumpier than usual one morning. He relieved Lieutenant Casey without a smile and opened the Blotter with a bang.

"Not feeling so well this morning are you, Bill?" asked Casey with a rather worried look on his face.

"Well, you wouldn't feel so well yourself if your only daughter had announced her engagement to a worthless, good-for-nothing, young scamp. By God, Casey, I can't let her marry him. He isn't good enough for her." [With these words Parsons wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his blouse.]

Everyone knew that Parsons' daughter was a charming, refined young lady, having a well paying position as designer in a prominent dress shop on Fifth Avenue. She was a very unusual girl, inasmuch as she chose her company carefully and Parsons often boasted that a number of her friends were Social Registerites. However, she had been going around lately with a young man whom her friends admitted was not her type at all. The young man, Eric Godfrey had been brought up in the slums and possessed none of Annette's refinement and diplomacy. He was blunt, unpolished and tactless, but Annette loved him in spite of her father's threats and her mother's pleadings. The two young people planned to be married in June and it was now February. Bill Parsons was determined to do something to prevent that wedding ever taking place. Now Parsons was regarded as a tough man through-



## II

out the district, and when he made up his mind to do a thing it was as good as done.

He sat at the desk trying to think up some way to break his daughter's engagement. A queer light appeared in his eyes and he picked up the receiver of the telephone by his side. He got Headquarters, told them just what he wanted, hung up the receiver and settled down to do his own work.

A key was heard in the door and Annette, a pretty brunette of twenty summers, arose from the couch where she had been reading and ran to the door to greet her father. They came into the kitchen, arm in arm, to ask Mrs. Parsons to hasten with the dinner as they were both hungry. Mrs. Parsons good-naturedly chased them out of the kitchen, whereupon Annette's father led her into the living room. He seated himself in an easy chair and pulled Annette down on the arm of the chair.

"Annette, I have something to ask you. Could you love Eric if you thought he was a criminal?"

Annette looked at her father with a puzzled expression on her face and in a quavering voice asked, "What makes you ask a question like that? You know my attitude toward crime and criminals."

"Annette, the story I have to tell you is going to be difficult for us both. I noticed that Eric looked very much confused when I mentioned Elmira one day. I asked him if he had ever been through a penitentiary and he said yes, hastening to assure me that he had only visited one, that one being Elmira. His manner struck me as being strange. Today I called up my friend, Carlson, at the Bureau of Criminal Identification and asked him to look up the records. He did and called me back to tell me that Eric Godfrey was sentenced to Elmira in 1925, at the age of twenty, to serve a sentence for grand larceny. That is all I have to say. Do as your heart tells you now. If you care to marry an ex-convict, that is entirely up to yourself, but you will not be able to say that you were not warned in due time.

Poor Annette was staring straight before her, silently. She expected to see Eric that evening and it would have to be the end. She did not cry, but sat there, saying nothing, just thinking how she would tell the man she loved that she never wished to see him again.

### III

Parsons came into the station house, slapped Casey on the back and sat down to tell him the story of how he had succeeded in breaking his daughter's engagement by taking a chance on a mere suspicion. Casey appeared interested, but not in sympathy with his brother-lieutenant. He tried to explain that love is something that should not be interfered with, not even by the iron bars of a prison.

Eric sat eating in a little cafeteria in Parsons' precinct. Parsons entered to have a cup of coffee before going home, and upon seeing Eric sitting with his back to the door, walked toward the back of the cafeteria and sat facing the same way, in order to avoid speaking to him. Eric did not see him but went on eating his food listlessly. A commotion was heard near the front of the store but Parsons was too far back to hear it. Eric turned around in time to see three men, one holding a gun, backing the proprietor into a corner. One by one, they took each customer, poked him in the ribs with the gun and lined him up next to the proprietor. Eric took his place in line and looked toward the back of the cafeteria where he recognized Parsons, still unconscious of the hold-up. The three men gradually came closer to the lieutenant. He received the customary poke in the ribs, looked up, saw the hold-up men, glanced down at his holster, where his gun rested peacefully and pitched into the man holding the gun. The other two men rushed to their partner's assistance and landed on top of Parsons. The customers of the cafeteria who were still lined up against the wall

made a dash for the door, led by the proprietor. Eric ran over to where the four men lay struggling on the floor, collared the two top ones, banged their heads together, and allowed them to sink to the floor where they remained unconscious. By this time, Parsons had regained his composure and landed a well placed right to the third man's jaw. He joined his companions in a heap on the floor. Eric and Parsons looked at each other. Both were bleeding and their clothes were torn. The lieutenant walked over to Eric, put out his hand, and with a look of admiration in his eyes, said, "I take back everything I ever said about you. Run along now and change your clothes, then run up to see Annette. I'll call the wagon and have these prisoners taken away."

Eric grabbed Parsons' hand and wrung it gratefully. "Is it alright to get engaged to Annette all over again?" he asked a bit doubtfully. His answer was a broad grin.

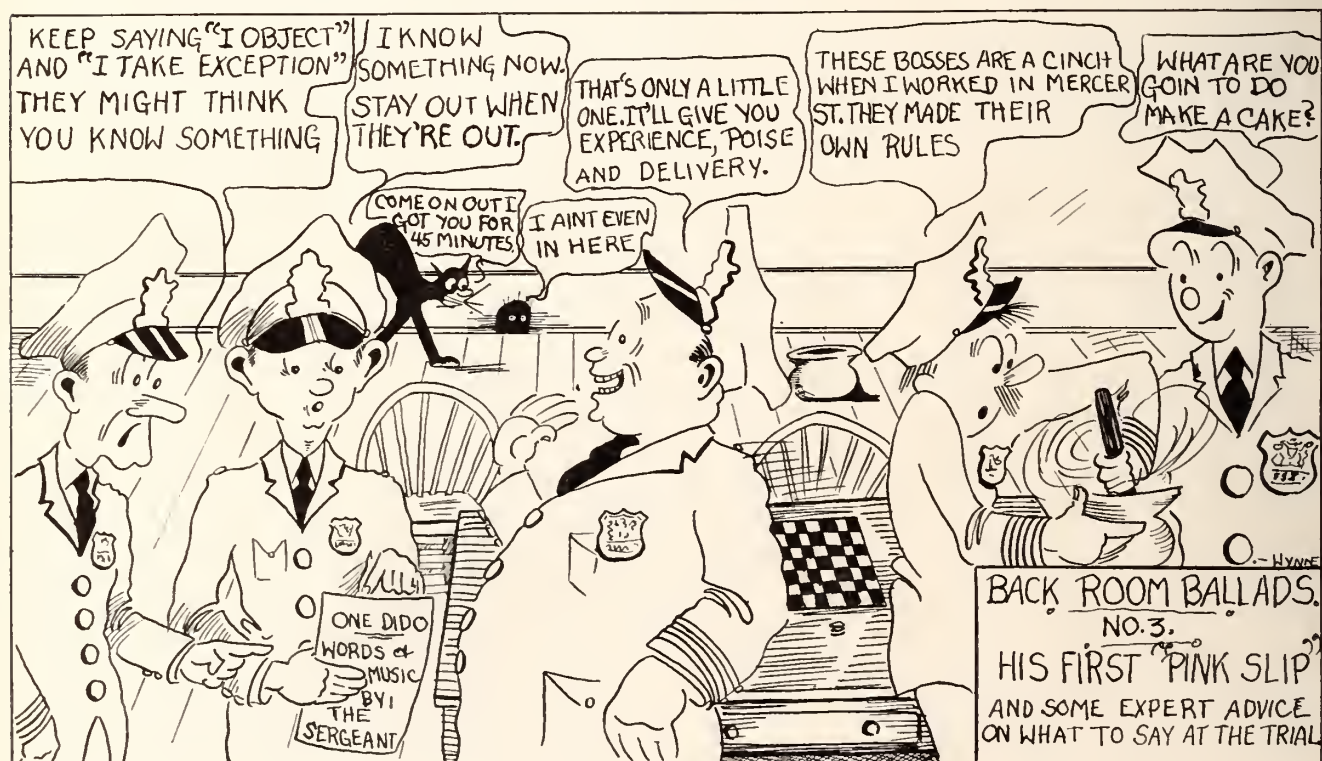
### IV

Casey shoved a square white card under Lieutenant Parsons' nose and asked: "What's the meaning of this?"

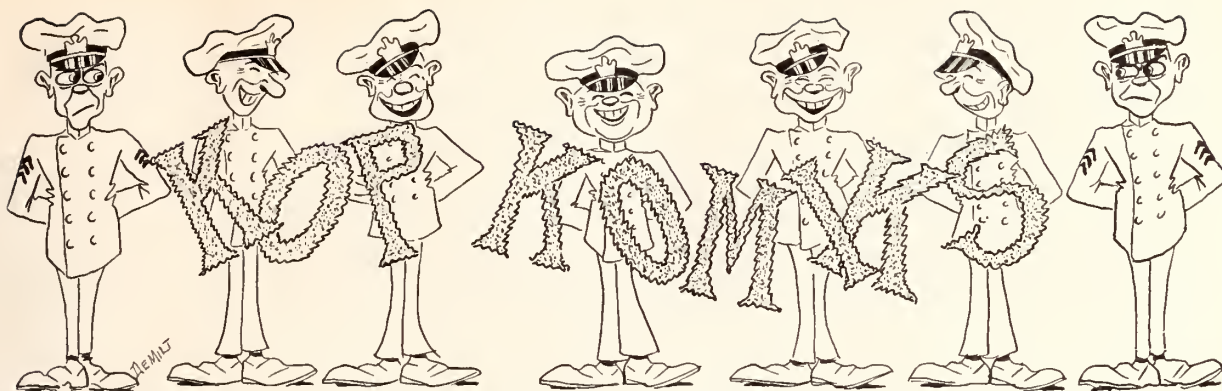
"That's an invitation to my daughter's wedding. She is marrying a fine, upright young man. But why ask the meaning of it? It is clearly written on the invitation, isn't it?"

"It says here that she is marrying someone by the name of Lewis Edwards. What about Eric Godfrey? Surely you can't object to him after he practically saved your life?"

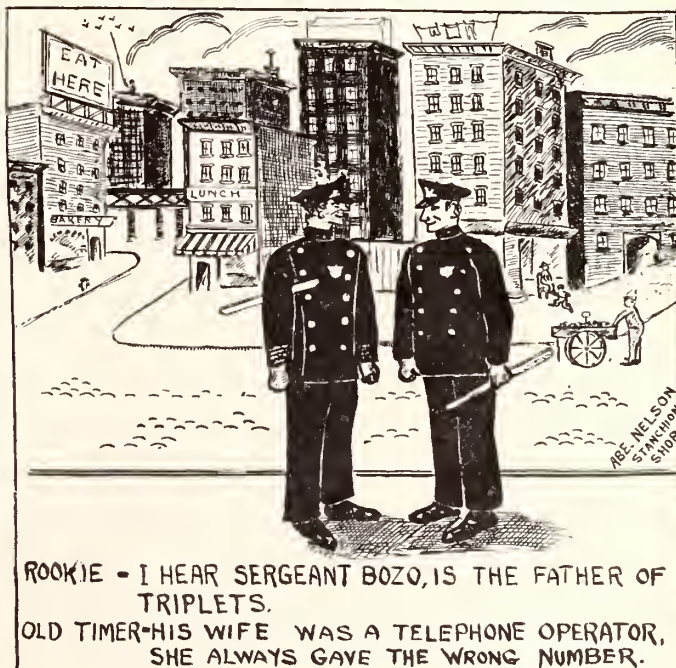
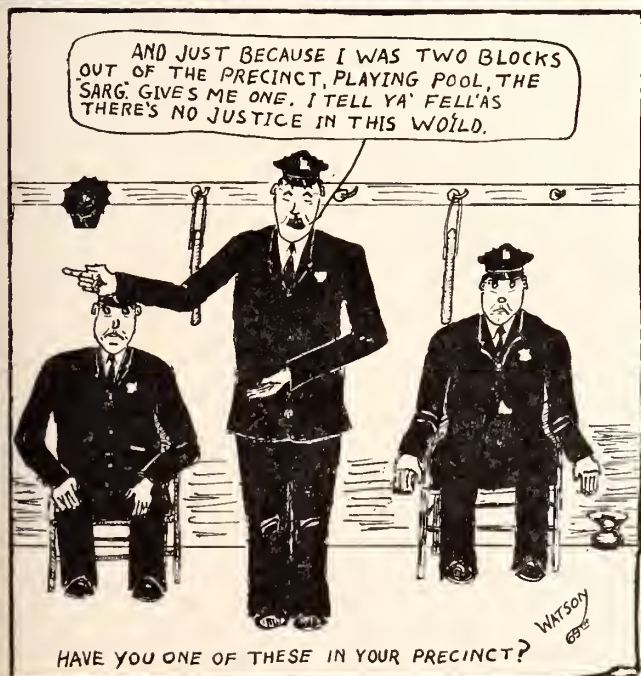
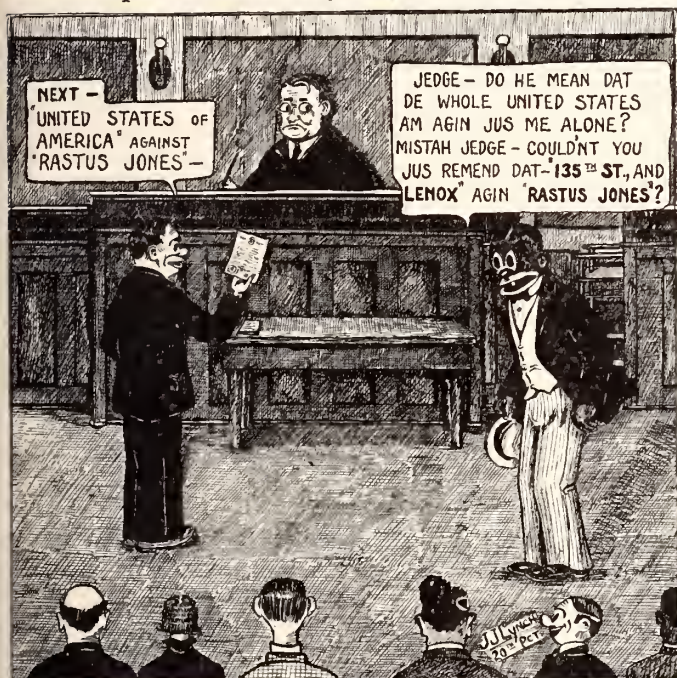
"Don't be silly, Casey; we had that fixed in court last week. It was Eric's idea. He was worried, poor kid, about Annette. He just naturally figured it wasn't fair that she be pointed out as Mrs. Eric Godfrey, wife of an ex-convict."



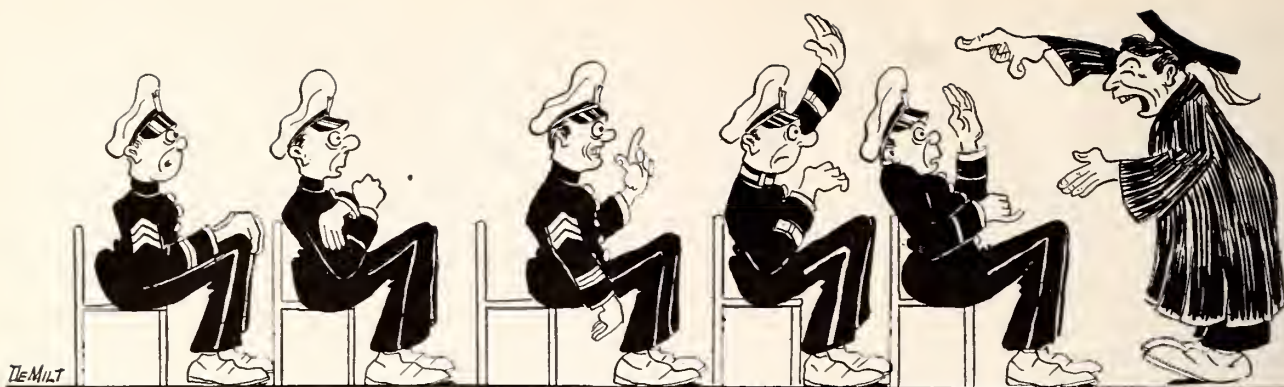




**THIS PAGE IS DEVOTED EACH MONTH TO CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE Department. They must be drawn in black drawing ink on white card board, eight inches square.**







# THE POLICE ACADEMY

## City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

### OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.  
Sessions will be held at 10 A.M. and 7.30 P.M. daily except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  

Mondays	-	-	-	12.30 P. M.
Tuesdays	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursdays	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Fridays	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  

Mondays	-	-	-	12.30 P. M.
Tuesdays	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursdays	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Fridays	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.



### QUESTIONS FOR THE AUGUST ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. What is criminology?
2. "X" was arrested on a warrant for maintaining a nuisance and with conspiracy to violate the National Prohibition Act. "X" had two rooms. At the time of the arrest both rooms were searched and various papers taken therefrom. Other papers were taken from the person of the prisoner.  
Can all of these papers be used in evidence against the prisoner? If not, which ones may? Would it make any difference if the arrest were for a state violation?
3. Describe the history of the Juvenile Court in this country.  
What are its fundamental principals?  
What are the advantages and disadvantages of extending Juvenile Court methods to cover offenses and delinquencies of adults?
4. Outline a program which, in your opinion, will
  - (a) Disclose and segregate individuals who commit crime due to physical or mental defects.
  - (b) Provide a corrective plan founded upon study of individual characteristics and personal history.
  - (c) Abate and deter the habitual and professional criminal.
  - (d) Individualize treatment of offenders.

- (e) Protect society from criminal operations and the burden of cost of detection, trial and custodial care.
5. A new city ordinance gives the Police authority to exercise supervision over public dance halls, cabarets, public dances and balls. What are the principal provisions of the law, and what benefits may be expected in the work of crime prevention and criminal apprehension?
6. A member of the Police Force is seriously injured in the performance of police duty while on vacation in Pennsylvania. Explain the rules that apply in this case.
7. What restrictions are imposed on members of the Department relative to
  - (a) Personal habits and conduct?
  - (b) Investigations?
  - (c) Joining organizations?
8. Are Indians born in the United States citizens?

### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1 IN THE JULY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. (a) By Hypothecation of securities is meant the pledging or disposing of customer's securities unlawfully. Hypothecation, in a strict sense, a species of pledge in which the pledger retained possession of the thing pledged, as distinguished from *pignus*, where the possession was transferred to the pledgee. The term is, however, generally applied to the deposit of stocks, bonds, and negotiable securities with another to secure the repayment of a loan, and with power to sell the same in case the debt is not paid, and to reimburse himself out of the proceeds.
- (b) A sealed verdict is a signed verdict placed in an envelope and delivered by a judge's order to the clerk of the court and retained by the clerk until the judge calls the jurors to declare it themselves.



- (c) *Misprison, of treason*, is the offense of not giving information concerning an act of high treason of which one is aware; (2) *of felony*, to conceal, or aid in concealing, a felony; (3) *positive*, maladministration, embezzlement of public money, wrongful interference with the course of justice, etc.
- (d) *Membership Corporation* means a non-stock corporation incorporated heretofore or hereafter under the membership corporation law, organized not for profit, but for the purpose of rendering aid; such as the Young Men's Christian Association, Children's Society, Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, etc., etc.
- (e) *Jurat*, the memorandum of the time, place, and person before whom an affidavit is sworn. (2) An officer similar to an alderman, sworn for the government of some corporation, in England.
- (f) *Jurisdiction*, the power of a court to entertain and decide any action or matter. (2) The district over which the power of the court extends. Jurisdiction is *limited* when the court has power to act only in certain specified cases; *general*, when it may act in most cases in which the parties are before it; *concurrent*, when the same cause may be entertained by one court or another, at the option of the party bringing the suit; *original*, when the court has power to try the case in the first instance; *appellate*, when the court hears cases only on appeal, or writ of error from another court; *exclusive*, when no other court has power to hear and decide the same matter.
- (g) *Subornation of perjury* is the procuring or inducing another to commit the crime of perjury.
- (h) *Embraecery* consists in the influencing or attempting to influence improperly, a juror or one drawn or summoned as juror, or one chosen as arbitrator, or appointed a referee in respect to a judgment, report, award or decision in any matter or cause pending, or about to be brought before him in any case, not amounting to bribery.
- (i) *Barratry* is the practice of exciting groundless judicial proceedings.
- (j) *Champerty*, a bargain, by the terms of which a person, having otherwise no interest in the subject matter of an action, undertakes to carry on the suit at his own expense, in consideration of receiving, in the event of success, some share of the lands or property recovered, or deriving some benefit therefrom. (2) The purchase of a right of action. Champerty is illegal at common law, and a champertous contract can not be enforced in England and most of the states.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2 IN THE JULY ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100"

- 2. If a full pardon is granted by the president, governor, or other executive official who has authority to pardon, it operates to exempt the person pardoned from all punishment inflicted for such crime. It restores the right of franchise if same had been lost by imprisonment in states prison. A pardon relieves from punishment. It is not a cause for relief in the event of any future violation. An alien cannot be deported for a crime on which he received a pardon.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3 IN THE JULY ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100"

- 3. The information was not good. It did not state a crime. The refusal to pay a taxicab fare is not made an offense by the ordinance. The ordinance provides that upon a dispute the fare shall be determined by an officer in charge at the nearest station house. Failure to comply with such determination shall subject the offending party to a charge of disorderly conduct. The information does not designate any act constituting the crime or any of the elements of the crime which is made an offense under the ordinance, but charges something not designed as a crime or offense, namely a dispute as to fare and a refusal to pay. An information should charge acts constituting a specific offense.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4 IN THE JULY ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100"

- 4. Commanding Officer to assign to Sergeants specific zones, in which each Sergeant is to make a survey and to gather pertinent information as to payrolls of business houses in the zone. Blank forms to be furnished to insure uniformity of survey and information to be gathered as far as possible. Each business man or concern having a payroll or large collections or deposits of cash should be advised that a patrolman will be assigned to protect the money on the date and time of transportation of payroll or deposit without cost. Sergeant should record the name, address, kind of business, and amount of payroll in each place; the date, place and time of paying off or depositing, where and how deposited or drawn, and whether a patrolman escort was desired. Determine whether payroll insurance is carried; if any employee is armed to protect it; if private protection is employed, such as private policemen, armored car delivery, etc. Card index of all firms prepared and filed according to the day of the week and time of deposits, withdrawals and paying off. Desk Officers in preparing roll-calls list the location and time to be covered each day and the patrolman responsible therefor. This list should be rechecked weekly. Thusly information concerning payrolls in the precinct would be available to the Force; advice given and cooperation obtained from business men against hold-ups by furnishing police protection; in frequently changing the day and time of paying off; and changing route to and from the bank or depository and by other lawful means.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5 IN THE JULY ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100"

- 5. (a) *Intoxication*. This is an offense which is not made a crime or offense in the City of New York, but may be dealt with by a Magistrate when found in a public place. Example. "A," after indulging in intoxicating liquor to an excessive extent appears on the public street and draws attention to himself by disorderly conduct.
- (b) *Prostitution*. Is an offense which is not defined by any statute, although the immoral acts of a female will render her liable to punishment for vagrancy. Example. "A," a female, accepts \$5.00 for the use of her body for immoral purposes.
- (c) *Malicious Mischief*. Is not defined by statute, although the article on that crime in the Penal Law is quite extensive. Each act, which would constitute that crime, is declared to

be a misdemeanor or felony, as the case may be. Example. "A," with intent to break "B's" window, wilfully smashes it by throwing a stone.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6 IN THE JULY ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100"

- 6. When a report is made of the service of a summons the desk officer shall
  - (a) Make entry thereof in the summons book, giving the case a serial number and indicate whether the report was made by the officer personally or by telephone.
  - (b) If received by telephone, verify the correctness of the entry when the stub is delivered and indicate such verification by initialing the record.
  - (c) Prepare summons card, U.F. 4a and forward same with next morning returns.
  - (d) If summons was served for a violation of the Vehicle and Traffic Law or Ordinance relative to speed:
    - (1) Prepare "previous record" form and forward same to the Bureau of Information for entries as to previous record.
    - (2) If such a summons is returnable in court in less than 36 hours or when served on a Saturday or a holiday and there is not sufficient time to send the form by mail, obtain previous record from the Bureau of Information by telephone, insert on the "Previous Record" form and sign same.
  - (e) This record form will be attached to the stub and both forwarded to court with court returns on the date returnable.
  - (f) If the summons was served for a violation of the Traffic Regulations, except leaving the scene of an accident, reckless driving or operating while intoxicated, the desk officer prepares the court affidavit and arraignment card, administers the necessary oath to the serving officer, requiring him to sign the affidavit and forwards both with the stub and summons card, U.F. 5a (prepared by the serving officer) to court on date returnable.
  - (g) When disposition of the case is received from court, the desk officer obtains, marks the serial number on, and forwards U.F. 5a to the Bureau of Information, completing disposition entry in the summons record.
  - (h) If the defendant fails to appear or was represented by counsel and case was adjourned, or in any case not disposed of, the desk officer
    - (1) Prepares and forwards U.F. 4a with court action showing date to which adjourned and whether a summons or warrant was issued.
    - (2) Makes entry of these facts in the summons record in the proper column.
  - (i) Where a summons was served by a member of the Force assigned to motorcycle duty a report thereof is forwarded on U.F. 77 to his commanding officer with the next morning returns.
  - (j) A record of all summonses served is made in the arrest and summons index book for reference.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7 IN THE JULY ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100"

- 7. (a) (1) Patrolman renders first-aid, procures medical treatment for the injured and obtains data for report.
- (2) If there was contributory negligence on the part of the driver of a vehicle the officer may arrest if the accident occurs in his presence, or if the injured wishes to arrest the driver the officer takes the prisoner to the station-house.
- (3) If there is evidence of negligence, but the officer did not witness it, and the injured refuses to arrest the driver, the officer will accompany the witnesses to court or arrange to meet complainant and witnesses there at a future time and date to obtain court process.
- (4) In cases of death or serious injury, where the accident occurs in Manhattan or Brooklyn, the officer notifies the desk officer and requests a member of the Vehicular Homicide Squad to be assigned to test the brakes and mechanism where a motor vehicle is concerned, and will not permit the vehicle to be moved or tampered with until so tested, unless where traffic is congested the vehicle may be moved near the curb.
- (5) Report of test and result is made to the desk officer of the precinct concerned and recorded.
- (6) Where arrests are made or summons served in these cases they are returnable in Homicide Court.
- (7) The arresting officer obtains a subpoena for the member of the Vehicular Homicide Squad for each court appearance in connection with the case.
- (8) Whenever, in the opinion of the member of the Motor Vehicle Homicide Squad present at the scene of a motor vehicle accident wherein a person has been killed or seriously injured, photographs should be taken, such member will notify the Telegraph Bureau of the borough, requesting that a photographer be sent.
- (9) In all motor vehicle accident cases which are referred to the Motor Vehicle Homicide Squad, the desk officer shall prepare an additional report on form U.F. 6 marked "M. V. H. Sq. No. 1 or No. 2" as the case may be and forward same through official channels with morning report.
- (10) In motor vehicle accident cases wherein a person is killed or seriously injured in the Boroughs of Bronx, Queens and Richmond, desk officer assigns a qualified operator to conduct test and report thereon, the qualified operator being subpoenaed for each court appearance in connection with the case, should the case go to court.
- (11) This is so expert testimony may be available in the prosecution.
- (12) In cases of injury or death resulting from accident in which a motor vehicle or motorcycle is involved the police officer investigating the case must make report thereof on a prescribed form to the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles who has power of law to suspend or revoke the license of the driver, should circumstances warrant such action.
- (13) Regulation 371 to be complied with.
- (14) See Article XII, Subdivision 18B of Manual of Procedure and form D.D. 97.
- (b) When a child under 16 years is involved in a highway accident the officer investigating the case must include in report the name or number of the school the child attends. The object

(Continued on page 26)



# SPORTS

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



## BASEBALL

THE DEPARTMENT TEAM is still trying to play heads up baseball, despite the fact that a few of the regulars have been injured, while others are on vacation. . . . Frank Risdell, the star shortstop, is out of the hospital and is expected back in harness shortly. . . . Foley, the hard hitting left fielder, has been using horse liniment on that injured shoulder of his, but will be ready for the next game, nevertheless. . . . Manager Whitney was seen at Camp Mulrooney the other day on a baseball scouting expedition. He left with a big smile—and also with the names of six of Commandant Noonan's baseball talented rookies. . . . On August 23d the team visits Travers Island to play the crack New York A. C., and on August 30th they will try to make it three straight against the Cedarhurst Club of Long Island.

CAPTAIN BERNARD F. BYRNE, of the 15th Precinct, wants the world to know that his 15th Precinct baseball team has won ten (10) straight games. He would like to see a team capable of breaking this streak. He claims his boys are also anxious to meet the Police Department Nine, and can't understand why they refuse to play?

Patrolman Fred Gegenheimer, former star player on the "House of David" nine, is the John McGraw of the team.

THE 94th PRECINCT TEAM, under the guidance of Manager "Bill" Real, has won 16 out of 18 games played. This means a challenge to any team in the department. Drop friend "Bill" a line, for booking.



## GOLF

On Monday, July 20th, one hundred and fifty Chicago policemen took part in a Golf Tournament to determine who was the champion golfer in their department. The tournament started at 8 A. M. and lasted until dark. First prize went to Detective Frank McDermott, who shot a 72, one more than par.

Patrolman Joseph A. Brady writes in behalf of Patrolmen Doyle, Boscia, Lyons, Berke, Hart, Hublitz and himself, all attached to the 41st Precinct, that they are all in favor of Patrolman Hunt's suggestion

about inaugurating a golf team. He claims it would be an ideal way of meeting our brother officers from the surrounding districts, and create a closer and friendlier feeling.

Patrolman Harold Southwick, 114th Precinct, is sharpening up on his game in anticipation.



## TENNIS

PATROLMAN STANLEY POVEY, 67th Precinct, reached the semi-finals in the annual Brooklyn Public Courts tennis tournament. Povey had his hands full when John Klempner, an unseeded player, came within five points of upsetting him in his first match. On August 12th, Stanley advanced to the quarter finals by defeating Charles Frink, 9—7, 6—4. Again, on August 13th, he played and defeated Joe Blum, 7—5, 6—2. It looks as though he is heading for the championship.

Recently, Stanley reached the semi-finals in the Greater New York Public Courts Tournament, only to meet defeat at the hands of Edward Burns, who defeated Berkeley Bell, one of the United States entries for the Davis Cup last year. ANOTHER COPPER who is trying his best to bring a tennis championship to the "Finest" is Philip Silvey, of Emergency Squad No. 14. Last season, at Fort Green Park, he played in the finals and received the runner-up trophy.

This year he is entered in the Hyland Park tournament and has reached the quarter finals. His next match will be against Ben Bronstein, the defending champion. Give it to him—Phil.

## THE POLICE ACADEMY

(Continued from page 24)

of reporting this information is to have available data for monthly reports to the Department of Education. These reports are the basis of safety talks to the children by the teachers of the various schools. District Superintendents of schools are able to determine the success of these instructions from reports. The result of this procedure is a reduction in the number of accidents involving children between 6 and 16 years of age at street crossings according to the Annual Report of the Police Department for 1930, there being 27 less killed and 409 less injured at street intersections than in the preceding year.

### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8 IN THE JULY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

- Police officers when attending any court, civil or criminal, whether on or off duty, must report the facts to his commanding officer and entry thereof is made in the blotter. Upon return from court he must again report and entry is also made.

In the Criminal Courts Building, Federal Courts, and Women's Courts, superior officers are assigned, to whom officers attending must report upon arrival and upon completion of their business. Superiors supervise their conduct, manner of presenting evidence in court, and return to duty.

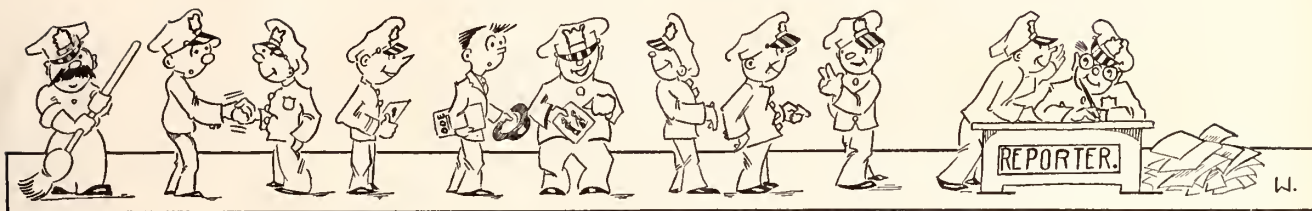
Inspectors of divisions direct sergeants of precincts in which courts are located to visit such courts when on patrol to observe the manner in which patrolmen are conducting their business and insure their prompt return to duty.

To insure punctual attendance in court, if an officer is delayed in reporting thereto he must call such court by telephone, advising of the cause of his delay and the approximate time he will be present, recording the name of the official notified. Complaints of neglect in this connection are made the subject of charges against the officer.



# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley  
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

## PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch  
6th Pct., Ptl. A. Buttacavola  
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

The 1st Precinct baseball team, 1930 backroom champions, challenge any team in the Department and can't lose with the following line-up: C. Sgt. P. A. Brown (Firpo), p. Det. P. J. Fleming (Nemo), 1b. Ptl. Peter Youck (Fishmarket Pete), 2b. Ptl. Louis Raia (Ginso), 3b. Ptl. John Bennett (Father John), ss. Ptl. Frank Timmons (Speed Boy), lf. Ptl. John Lehmann (Muscles), cf. Lt. Timothy Lynch (Ben Chapman), rf. Sgt. John Hutton (Flash), coach Lt. Joseph Walsh (Master Mind), mascot Phil Cestaro. Must have our own umpire (Sgt. "Uncle Bill" Kennedy).

The knife and fork championship goes to Patrolman Clarence Weaver, 2d Precinct, who, on a hunting trip over the 4th of July, put away 29 eggs for breakfast—shells and all.

Lieutenant Pat Sullivan was seen in the shopping district of the 2d Precinct with a brand new honest-to-goodness golf outfit. The lieutenant is now on vacation and training to play McDonald Smith, the golf "pro." The man from Kerry will be heard from.

## 3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lavelor  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

## PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.  
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

The boys on patrol in the precincts of the 3d Division are doing great work these days; the Division office is crowded every Tuesday and Friday with the cops and eye-witnesses relating what they witnessed; the clerical men are sweating plenty writing up the minutes and referring reports to the Honor Board.

Well, it is better to be doing that than to be writing up disciplinary charges.

Young Joe Hickey, of the 20th Precinct, has been down on meritorious duty three times. He is setting the pace.

We now have two Lynch's in the Third Division office. Barney and Junior. Junior doesn't know whether he should join the Sergeants' promotion league or wait until the next list comes out.

Scotty McGirr is now attached to the Third Division. He says what this country needs is a "good five cent cigar." How about the "good glass of beer," George?

No wonder Harry McElroy is so light-hearted. He lets the other fellow worry about how much he owes.

Lieutenant Walter Harding, the big retired fountain pen salesman, has been transferred to the Detective Division and takes charge of the 20th Squad Detectives. We sure will miss his glad hand.

A clipping from the weekly paper issued in Lake Huntington, L. I.:

"**LIEUTENANT** Michael J. Boyle has rented a bungalow for the season at Huntington Beach." Gee, Mike, we knew that you were on the list, and that you would probably be "made" about January 1, 1932, but we had no idea that you were already practising on the neighbors.

The "Patrolmen's enemy No. 1," Sergeant Hugh McGrade, has been granted 30 days' leave in conjunction with his vacation, to enable him to visit his native land.

We have with us a "Rookie" Sergeant, Cornelius Daly, formerly of the Chief Inspector's Office. Neil hated to leave the Chief's office, but seems imbued with the idea that he will return there some day as the "big boss." Glad to have you with us, Neil, and good luck.

For the information of the Promotion League—There is not a bit of truth to the report that Lieutenant Paddy Gunn contemplates retiring this year.

For the benefit of any would-be stick-up men, take a tip and keep away from Broadway and 49th Street or Patrolman William Bauer will get you. On July 12, Bauer bagged two stick-up men after a hot chase over to 8th Avenue. He was ably assisted by Patrolmen Emil Heidenreich and Daniel L. Jones.

On June 15, about forty members of the 18th Precinct journeyed out to Glen Cove for a day's outing. Two nine-inning contests of baseball were played, in which John J. Hennessey breezed them past the plate a la Grove, for the victors in the first game. On the way out to the Cove, a Nassau County motorcycle cop obligingly escorted our bus for about ten miles to the end of his post, which we all appreciated. During the afternoon a fat man's race was held, which included Robert Meyer, George Swoboda and Al Cubbidge. Swoboda, who has the appearance of a barrel, won hands down. A corking time was had by all.

Stephen P. Kennedy, former clerical patrolman (?) and Crime Prevention Officer, is now sporting a gold shield and assigned to the Homicide Squad, Manhattan.

Allan Lanigan has just returned from his vacation and reports that he was very unsuccessful in his search for a dog to make up a full team of huskies.

Had he succeeded in obtaining the dog, he would have left the job in an embarrassing position, and set out for Alaska where he maintains a gold mine that has been idle for some years.

Albert W. Ryan, first whip on the Ford, has been chiding his friendly enemy, John A. Kelly, head regulation 106 patrolman, alias "Felony Jack," about the proper manner to salute him (Ryan) when he attains promotion on the coming list. In fact, the only thing that worries Ryan is what kind of polish to use on the shield.

Patrolmen Lasby and Stanton showed up for roll call with the new "Dickey" shirts.

"Balloon Tire" Lynch, temporarily assigned to the Patrol Wagon, states that it is a great comfort to get off the puppies for awhile.

Patrolmen Higgins and Dwyer (Cross & Blackwell) are back pounding the walk after being honored with the title of Sergeant and Lieutenant acquired during their distribution of food to the persons of Ethiopian extraction.

Patrolman "DeValera" Hanley gave a blood transfusion recently and is now recuperating in the Catskills, with Rip Van Winkle. He writes that it is no wonder that he slept so long—2 ciders and out.

In last month's issue, news leaked out relative to Patrolman Jack Elliot's contemplation of marriage to a Bronx beauty, which made him so mad that after reading the information he went out and grabbed a stick-up man who had just taken over five cab drivers.

Patrolman "Blue Plate" White has announced that he is going to give a corned beef and cabbage dinner at his Palatial Summer Home on 10th Avenue, and has invited all except "Giggy" Madden, the man with the enormous appetite.

Patrolman Joe Horan took another fling at the recent examination (after 36 years on the job) and states that Patrolman Fred Dunn would do him a great favor if he would confidentially advise him as to who is the man with the "Green Hat."

#### 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

#### LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Patrolman Bernard Rogers is honeymooning in Nova Scotia. Reporting marriages in the 23d Precinct ceases to be news these days. Seems to be in the air. BUT when we hear of Barney putting on the double harness—Well, that's news!

Patrolman George Walters' wife presented him with a baby boy. We don't know whether it's one of those so-called bouncing babes because—George hasn't dropped it yet.

That Sergeants' examination is still going. The boys just can't seem to get finished with it, and those that have finished won't say anything.

Retired Patrolman Edward Edgerly will be surprised to know that the regulation 106 men have a new typewriter. The old one will be sent to the Smithsonian Institute. Well, it never did spell right, anyway.

Patrolman Emmett Howe tried to pull a sneaky one on us but didn't succeed because he had to turn in that change of social condition. Must be a marriage club in operation.

Patrolman Michael Brennan is enjoying his vacation at his Hamilton Beach bungalow laying a

cement walk. Mike can be seen any day carrying the hod. Well, Mike, the vacation will be over soon and you can come back to work and rest up.

Patrolman Louis Waxman, the 23d Precinct's famous Hack Inspector, is going in for golf. He practices with a baseball and a shovel, and uses a basket for a hole.

Here's a case for the Detective Bureau to solve. What became of the copy for Spring 3100 that was sent in for the July issue and never printed? Make believe that said reporter of the 25th Precinct did not have to make apologies to members of this command. But we will let the Editor answer that. Very sorry, Mr. Reporter: it takes A Braveman to make a crack like that. However, we'll take the blame—even though the news did come in a little late for publication, and we hope that the newsy items in your column this month will more than make up for last month's omission. O.K.?

Did you see Captain Farley walking around very proudly lately? Well, we will let you in on a secret. Seven members of the 25th Precinct have received Departmental Recognition, as follows: Sergeant Bryan O'Connor, Honorable Mention; Patrolmen Arthur Felton, Arthur Riordan, Eugene Donahue, Martin Hayes, Thomas Duane and Anthony Barbaro, Commendation. Why shouldn't their Captain be proud?

Did you ever meet that well-known Psychoanalyst, Patrolman John J. Flumach, alias Dooflicker, alias Yankee Doodle? The guy that can stop a real big riot by administering a cream puff?

Poor old John Butler, that good old soul of the 25th Precinct, was seen minus a few front teeth the other day, and this is the reason. He turned out a platoon of men that included the following names: Oelszewski, Marszewski, Janovsky, Krzeminski, Oelschlager, Hardekopf and Boudreau.

We have with us since the last issue a little fellow named Patrolman Edward J. Callahan. He's small, but can't he do things! Typewrite, handle the motor patrol, write, swear and eat.

The only reason that it has been quiet around here is that the Station House Lawyer has been transferred to the 18th Division. You guessed it, Patrolman John Lloyd.

Talking about transfers—the lavender socks, the cream tie, vanilla spats and the beau brummel suspenders were also transferred to the 18th Division. We'll give you one guess. Who? That's right, Joe Pickett.

We regret exceedingly that Sergeant Fred Norman was obliged to abdicate from the 6th Division Staff of "Spring 3100" editors. He was the writer for the 32d Precinct. 'Tis said that Sergeant Norman will be engaged in composing other articles. We hope that he will not specialize in the use of "pink sheets" for his new compositions.

Among the absentees from the official dedication of the new 32d Precinct was our boy friend, Patrolman George Hetzler, who was away honeymooning.

Patrolman Joseph Brown recently requested and was granted a long leave of absence. Joe is not sick and does not hail from New Orleans or B. W. I., and 'tis said that Joe has of late been very attentive to just one little girl.



'Tis whispered along Bugaboo Lane (7th Avenue) that Sergeants Chisholm and Kelly and Patrolmen Benton and Seward are the most immaculate shield wearers below the rank of Lieutenant in this neck of the woods, and it's a toss-up as to who is the funniest between Patrolmen Greene, Sloan and Hurst. My vote goes for Hurst.

Patrolmen Richardson, Davis, Greene, Murphy, Cooper, Hahn and several others were seen recently in a lengthy conversation with an official from Mat-teawan. It is rumored that they were making reservations for February, 1932. They took the last Sergeant's exam.

#### 7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

#### LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan  
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green  
48th Pct., Ptl. George Conway

Patrolman Cornelius (Sunny-boy) Regan, 40th Precinct, one of the heavy men observed reducing by playing tennis on the tennis courts in rear of the station house, said that in a few weeks he will be in shape to trim the best of them.

John "Scoopy" Ernst went swimming on his day off last week, and had to take two more days off to recuperate.

Men of the house often wonder why James (Life-saver) Hughes and Arthur (Big Olga) Weingarten never take their hats off. Mystery solved—both were seen in first row (Bald Head), of the follies.

The boys of the 42d Precinct had a great time on July 28th participating in a baseball game between the precinct regulars and the precinct rebels, managed by Sergeant Ben Cowan. The rebels won by the score of 21 to 2, due to the efficient pitching of Patrolman George Maiberger, and the umpiring of Detective Donald Carey.

Patrolmen George Josberger and Thomas McLoughlin, of the Crutch Squad, have just received a new assignment. They have been assigned to move all the lockers from the cellar to the top floor.

Patrolman Johnny Lynch, the Beau Brummel of the 10th Squad, 42d Precinct, is getting ready to start on his vacation, and from all appearances, the boys are apt to hear some good news when he returns.

Bill McGronan has just announced the birth of another son. Bill claims that he will be another first baseman like himself.

Since the Police Department stopped distributing food to the station houses, very little is seen of Lieutenant John F. Brady, and the boys of this command are wondering what happened to his melodious singing of—"Next".

Patrolmen Erikson, Mannion and Mulholland have been transferred to the Marine Division. Now the boys can look forward to some very good deep sea fishing.

Mr. Joe Cestaro, of the 42d Precinct, is just rounding out 50 years as a bootblack in the 42d Precinct.

Comrade Frank "Red" Seltenrich has seemingly lost his way 'mid the fair sex, and in order to restore himself in their affections, has don' gone and did it! Transplanted his eyebrow to his upper lip. Oh, me, Oh, my!

Romeo De Felice had given us all the well known go-by when assigned to plain clothes—has now decided to "go regular" in uniform. "And the mighty shall be humbled—eh Romeo?"

The prodigal hath returned: After a sojourn over at Simpson Street, Romeo Labossiere is here again.

Since the boys have all acquired the day tour sunburn, the boys in the room marked "detectives" have gone "jelly" and are to be seen frequenting the beaches and sun tan parlors. Benny Rosenberg, out at Coney; Eddie Miller, at Roton Point, Conn.

Matt Caulfield, of the 48th Precinct, has been elected to the "Royal Order of the Mop". Some slinger!!

Jack Ryan claims this will be a perfect vacation. He has bought a new flashlight. Last year poor Tom Campbell had to climb every sign post at night with a match, and then couldn't read it.

One of the oldest members of the department. Sergeant William Saul, has retired and has the best wishes of all the members of the 48th Precinct.

Roden is now on his second straw hat.

#### 8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlett  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Mavor

#### LT. EDWARD W. FLYNN

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan  
52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

Patrolman Tom Meehan, of the 43d Precinct, is known to be quite some linguist. In fact, he took the boys by surprise when they overheard him in earnest conversation with a Chinese laundry man. The way he yodeled that chop suey lingo would make anyone believe that he was part CHINK. Tom also bears a Chinese name, for they say his name, MEE-HAN, means 'My Hand' in Chinese Land. We have learned that Tom acquired his extensive knowledge of this interesting language through hanging out with a Chink over on West End Avenue, somewhere between 101st and 102d Streets.

Patrolman (Little Egypt) Manning, the carpenter of the 43d Precinct, and of Booth 42, claims you can never drive a nail with a sponge, no matter how hard you soak it.

Patrolmen Harrison and McNulty (The late tour summons duet) arrested two men for using abusive language to them, and mentioned such language in the affidavit in court, and after signing same were much puzzled when they read the sentence above their names, which read: "I believe the foregoing statements to be true."

Patrolman Haggerty (The walking champ) found out, on a recent late tour, that after walking about three miles he had moved only two feet.

Sergeant Fick wrote a postal card from the country, and stated that he was 2500 feet in the air; on a mountain, not in a plane. Sergeant Wylie said, "He was living on a bluff."

Patrolman (Wee-att) Wyatt, the Kentucky blue bird, smiled when placed on the telephone switchboard. Lieutenant McNamara asked him, "why the broad smile?" "Wee-att" replied, "that if he ever goes mounted, he will be familiar with fast moving plugs in the station house."

Patrolman (Silent George) Haffner, the guiding star of City Island, told Patrolman Faweett, (The consulting engineer of Booth 35) that he thought the moon was terrible, staying out all night and getting full on its last quarter. Faweett replied, "the sun is just as bad, it doesn't show up until morning."

The Lieutenants of the 52d Precinct have taken up the following outdoor sports to keep fit:

Lieut. Stainkamp—Fishing and Hunting.

Lieut. Allgeier—Bowling, golf at 50 cents a pail.

Lieut. Miller—Ping-pong and croquet.

Patrolman Gabel, the spendthrift of the precinct, had his hair cut at the outpatient department of Fordham Hospital.

#### 9TH DIVISION

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

The members of the 122d Precinct Baseball Team state that it isn't bad enough to be beaten by the 120th Precinct team, but that Lieutenant Scanlon, of the 120th Precinct, who lives next door to the 122d Precinct ball field, is grabbing all the balls that go into his yard, and presents them to the 120th Precinct. "What a break!"

Patrolman Connor, Hack Inspector, 120th Precinct, after receiving numerous letters from various hotels and boarding houses throughout the United States, in regards to cheap vacation rates, has finally decided to board with his mother-in-law.

Well, boys, look who's here as aviating Lieutenant! None other than Martin (Head the list) Cauffield, who did the trick twice; once over in France while in the A. E. F. He was the first man to receive a commission as Lieutenant in the Tank Corps of Uncle Sam's Army, and also had one of the tanks blown from under him while going over the top. His next stop will be Captain, and we're wishing him lots of luck.

Oh, Yes, the old timers of the 123d Precinct have some ball team. They played the 10th Emergency Squad three games and won all three, although the opposition were all young and are experts at throwing tear gas lemons. Humbert Paresi, the twirler for the Emergency Squad, wound up like a fork full of spaghetti before each delivery. But he did not have enough cheese and tomato paste on the old pill to do the trick. Henry (Long Neck) Steckelmann wound up like a pretzel, and (Kreischerville Kid) Miller put plenty of sauerkraut on the old pill. Between the two of them, with the able assistance of old (Diggs) Martin, as catcher, they made Squad 10 look like school boys. So Pop Manley and Sergeants Rhodes and Squassoni, our able managers, are strutting around like Pea Cocks over the three victories of the old timers. Now if any of the other Emergency Squads think they are good, please get in touch with Patrolman Manley, at the 123d Precinct.

In reply to the 122d Precinct remarks in the July issue, we beg to state that their ball team failed to show up for two games on our grounds, but when we went to theirs, they all appeared in Pajamas of very pretty colors. We started to love them up, and lost our heads instead of playing ball. We'll slip it over the next time we meet them and make them like it.

We also hope that they can afford to give us something to eat, as we are never on a diet. The last time, we had to do all the providing ourselves. Come on, loosen up, the 123d Precinct don't use any lipsticks.

#### 10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan

61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp

62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

#### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie

68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan

70th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

Another county is heard from in the birth of a new precinct, the 66th. This precinct started off with the Police Band playing, flags flying, the sun shining and with an address by the Police Commissioner. Captain Matthew Davey was at the helm, the hatches were battened down, and we started to steer a straight course to carry out the functions of the Police Department, in order to make Boro Park a better place to live in.

Well, everything went along in shipshape form for awhile, then we lost our captain. He was transferred to Oak Street, and then to make amends to us for our loss, Captain Bernard Rourke was sent to take up the reins, and now we are sailing along as smooth as ever.

We have with us two former members of the Parkville command, Patrolmen Jim Byrnes and the famous Gandolfi, who are running a close race for first broom. The boys all seem well satisfied with the new house and their new officers.

The biggest man in this command is none other than Anthony De Guiseppe, who weighs four pounds less than an elephant, talks like a fog horn and walks like a turtle.

George Diffin, the well known talker of Parkville, with Ironhead Sweeney and Tommy Brennan landed themselves a bullet-proof job compiling records.

Patrolman Krawczak, the Yamma Yamma Kid of Parkville, is now a carpenter working with the "square heads" on 8th Avenue.

Patrolman Sweeney was the knock them over King for a while, and he had a swell chance to get back at all his friends with summonses.

Patrolmen John Maguire and George Diffin are now vacationing at Gowanus Canal. We have with us a new P.B.A. delegate, John P. Mitchell, but we miss our speechmaker, George Deegan.

We would like to hear from the 70th Precinct in answer to this challenge: We claim that we can beat them at anything, swimming, baseball or chess.

#### 12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy

67th Pct., Ptl. J. Ghericich

69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

#### PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley

73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy

75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

The Canarsie Cops have shown the people whom they serve just what kind of stuff they are made of. In a quiet way, they have lived up to their name of "THE FINEST". Colton and Shea rounded up three hold-up men after a thrilling chase; Cassidy and Moran captured two gunmen while Shea caught one of the three stick-up men who had attempted to hold up a B. M. T. pay car.

Henry Whittam, who is often mistaken for President Hoover, is no relation to him.

Several Rookies have been recently assigned to the Canarsie Precinct and are learning the job fast.

Rookie: "Say, Sergeant, do you have to ring on rainy days?"

Sergeant: "No, you sap, send us telegrams." Did you know that:

Buchenroth is very sensitive about the size of his "how-wows"?



Dunlap never laughed out loud?

Even tho Reardon always looks sleepy, he gets at least 2½ hours sleep every night?

Venter has given up all hope of every raising a mustache?

Cassidy likes to be called Buster?

The precinct mourns the loss of its cook, Stapleton, who is in Canada on vacation? Here's hoping you get back soon, Jim, the eats have been rotten since you left.

Flounder Feet Edie and Duck Feet Kinsella are training hard for their 100 yard dash with McNamara's hare? Some speed merchants!

Patrolman: "Say sergeant, I got an aided case for you".

Sergeant: "Shoot".

Patrolman: "John Jones of 100 Main Street, suffering from "Epilepsicalone Gastrophonialitation."

Sergeant: "O. K., make it heart trouble."

Sergeant Hanan, booking manager of the 73d Precinct baseball team, says that he has the following dates open for any team that cares to play: August 19, 22, 23, 24, 25 at (10 A. M.) 29, 30, 31 at (5 P. M.) September (10 A. M.) 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 13 and 14. (5 P. M.) 18, 19, 20 and 21.

#### 13TH DIVISION

#### LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muehlich

The business of being blessed with an heir is peculiar, especially so in the comparison of Nikola Gaffney with Bob Keegan; with Gaffney it's like "Lindy" flying to Asia, with Keegan just "another day."

How is it that you all didn't hear about "Abie's" Chrysler and its battery? He became a little confused upon a report the other morning that the battery had to be "yanked out." He replied in an undertone, "all right, let 'em transfer all the ball-players out here, Murphy never could pitch, nor Schmitt ketch."

"Dry-ice" Mitchell went to the 76th. Notice to all the "Glorified" ones along Kingston Avenue, that he may now be seen with chevrons, but still retains his "in-law" feet of Bancalari.

Promises—Sergeant May and Lieutenant Furey—"Shock absorbers." Lieutenants Goldman and Tedesco—"One in the picturc." Patrolmen Seiter and Klein—"A place to rest." Patrolmen Haggren to Petersen—"A sardine to press." Patrolman Reuckert to 77th—"A pig's foot."

Patrolman "ABNER" Hanneman, 79th Precinct, slow but sure, fell asleep at the Sergeant's Exam, and claims he didn't have enough time to finish. What, the sleep?

George P. Muller (G. E. S.), is vacationing with his family on an automobile trip thru Canarsie, Old Mill, John Reiss Park and points east. And, Oh, yes, Barren Island is on his itinerary, also.

John P. Phelan has recovered from his recent illness, and now the *Imperial Diner* can run along smoothly. Phelan, you see, is on a coffee diet. I wonder why?

Some of the Adonis's of the 79th Precinct, were recently seen on the beach at Rockaway Park posing with their manly figures, and in the evening with the flannel trousers and sport shoes.

Has anybody noticed what the baseball team of the 81st Precinct has been doing to opponents in recent games? Said opponents have wound up "behind the eight ball", in the last seven encounters. We're 'rarin' to go, and would welcome an opportunity to show some other precincts how the great American game should be played.

#### 14TH DIVISION

#### LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn  
85th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Malone  
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schuebel

91st Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder  
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry S. von Hasset  
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

The boys of the 83d Precinct are sure glad to see Bill Murphy back on the job again after his long siege of illness.

Now that the Sergeant's exam. is over the contestants seem very much relieved. Bill Seery was even seen smiling while sitting at the telephone switch board the other day,

From the latest reports received from Ireland, it appears that our Ex-Lieutenant Connelly and Sergeant Patrick Coogan are having a grand time renewing old acquaintances. We wish the two sons of Erin a pleasant voyage home.

Big Tom Sullivan swears that he is going to send the buggy wagon down to Rockaway Beach some night when the boys of the second squad go swimming after a 4 to 12 tour. What's the matter, Tom, don't you care for the water or does the Mrs. object.

La Bella Crauna, the crooning songster of the 3d Squad, seems to think that he still stands a chance, now that his competitor, Rudy Vallie, has taken unto himself a bride.

Patrolman Albert Smith, our gold tooth patrolman, assigned to the job of handling the food, has purchased a new Chevrolet rumble seat chariot and can be seen with the fair sex riding through the precinct at all hours. They call him "Al".

Some of the boys of this precinct are getting up in the money. Patrolmen Ginter, Kniefner, and Mutz were recently observed with knickers, playing golf out at the Salisbury Country Club, Old Westbury, L. I.

Sergeant James Morrison and his family left on a tour through Valley Forge Park, Pa., and down through Virginia and Kentucky.

Patrolman John Rasch, attendant, is making arrangements to spend his coming vacation at "ROUND HORN BEACH." This must be a new place on the map. "Wild Cherry Klein" said he never heard of it. Klein is an authority on road maps, having toured all points throughout the United States on his Harley Davidson motorcycle.

"Bungalow Carlin" and Knickers A. Walsh, the shieks of the 94th Precinct, were observed recently up at Playland, Rye Beach, N. Y. Members of the 5th and 6th Squads are wondering what takes these two shieks so far from home.

Kingfish Jungerman is having a great deal of trouble with his feet.

Best of wishes to our old friend, Patrolman Charlie Lind, who was injured at a fire last March and returned to light duty the other day.

Patrolman Glotzer, the shiek of the motor operators, is so wrapped up in love that when he was told to turn in his book of Rules and Regulations for the new pages, he brought it in to the desk officer filled with crushed roses.

Sergeant Edward Lawrence Ratigan, of the 87th Precinct, outshone himself at the wedding of his daughter on Sunday, July 5. For the first time in 25 years he appeared in a full dress suit and hard boiled shirt.

Patrolman Julius Zsdi, of the 6th Squad, is the champion fisherman of the 90th Precinct.

Sergeant Charles Cavanagh is back on the job again after spending 20 days on the road up around Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal.

Marriage has not helped Patrolman Joseph Marino any of late. Joe was married the middle part of June, and as a result has been on sick report for over two weeks.

#### 16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

#### PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio  
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
114th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Schultz

Patrolman Benill, having reached the stage of his career where he bethought himself of the finer things of life, went out and did the eventful and happy task of taking the yoke for life, and since then has been parading himself after a 5-day leave of absence. Good luck, Lawrence, and may all your troubles be little ones.

"Ludwig the 5th" Levender is no longer a lover of the canine element. He was bitten once, and is now off pooches for life. He's even afraid to look at a 'hot-dog.'

Patrolman Dinny Cannon, the back room philosopher, says that pain always goes to your weakest point. That is why he gets those terrible headaches.

The bunch at the 108th Precinct wish that Patrolman "Cali Gurei" Caliguri would have that THING fixed at "Kiley's" blacksmith shop.

If this heat keeps up, all of the hefty boys will be heading for the cooler spots in life; especially when it sizzles around 100 in the shade, poor Lang, Gill and a few others, have a very hard time of it. What with collars and ties and coats and gloves, please page Joe Moran and tell him to bring back the old style upright collar blouse, and the fat boys will send him their blessings. Those were the blouses! On a hot day, we wore no ties nor shirts, and we got along very fine. Also not forgetting Detective Salter in this terrible heat. Whew! I even hate to think of it.

#### 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

A. Ptl. William Mulry  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill

#### PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connelly

B—Patrolman (Stringbean) Diek Behrens, of Traffic "B," who directs traffic in front of the Police Academy, had his hands full recently when a horse became overcome with the heat and tied up traffic. "Stringbean" tried all the latest methods of resuscitation, including a few of his own, but was finally compelled to shoot the animal. (It only took one shot.) After accomplishing this humane act, he started back for his post. He started, but he didn't get far. Yes, sir, believe it or not, he was stuck! His shoes were stuck in the tar and he was held fast. Not knowing what to do, he summoned the Emergency Squad. They tied a rope around him and after some heavy

pulling and hauling he became loose; but the heels of his shoes were still imbedded in the tar. Hereafter, when he shoots a horse he'll take his shoes off.

E—Patrolman John F. Fisher, of "E," was highly complimented for his recent capture of two gunmen who had robbed a citizen at pistol point, in the vicinity of his post at Broadway and 65th Street.

A few days ago Patrolman John Hennessey retired from the Department after 26 years of service, 15 years of which were spent greeting foreign visitors at the piers in the vicinity of 57th Street and North River. John, who was known to every skipper of a foreign vessel entering our harbor, reported that the fall of the mountains was too great for him to remain with us any longer. Guess he means the Galtee Mountains in his native Tipperary, overlooking the River Shannon. Well, it's a long way to Tipperary, but we wish John bon-voyage. Incidentally, John's place in the Police Department will be filled by his young son, now in training at Camp Mulrooney.

Recently, while the writer was doing Sunday duty in Traffic Precinct "H," in the Bronx, he heard that lovable character, Lieutenant Pat McDonald, assign a traffic patrolman to post in the following manner: "Officer, your post is on Bronx River Parkway, 100 feet south of 233d Street, and that doesn't mean 99 feet 11½ inches!"

Patrolman Johnny O'Connell has returned from his vacation at Fishers Island, on Long Island Sound, with some brand new suggestions for Lieutenant Higgins on how to catch salmon. Johnny says, "use dough for bait and fish in the vicinity of a delicatessen."

Patrolmen John Casey and Pat Murphy recently returned from a splendid trip to the Emerald Isle.

Lieutenant John Kelly and family are enjoying a much needed vacation amidst the pine trees in New Jersey. John writes that the only thing to interfere with traffic down there is a quartet singing without request, "In the shade of an old apple tree."

#### 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

#### LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

I. Ptl. George Gallagher  
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell  
L. Ptl. John Behring  
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K—Joe Sellinger, who the boys thought was going to have a good vacation—spoils everything by having the ball and chain riveted.

Patrolman Scheffler was washed half way down to the Mill Basin when the Highland Park Reservoir overflowed the other day, but was rescued by Patrolman Paddy Fitzgerald, who was one of Ireland's prominent swimmers 45 or 50 years ago.

The crowd wants to know who gave Louie Laut those fish peddlers shoes he is flashing around Traffic "K"?

What did Jim Yuill do in the Sergeant's exam? Jim is a real dark horse.

Lieutenant Herlihy is attached to Traffic "K" temporarily, but everybody here hopes it becomes permanent.

John Calabrese is doing nicely at Eastern Parkway and Atlantic Avenue; expects to be elected Mayor of the district soon.

John Collins, of the peaches and cream complexion, is the envy of the girls wherever he is working.



What did the two pals, Bill Augustin and Bill Cornish, do in the last exam?

Patrolman Alexander Demchak misses the birdge and the bridge misses him.

Phil Eagleston is putting on more weight every day. Must be around the 350 mark.

Don't hear much of Frey and Jack O'Connor, the market gendarmes. These boys know their jobs and are well liked by everyone.

Patrolman Parrott is a real sea cop. Makes that trip to and from Staten Island every day.

Patrolman Frank Seaman's many friends in the Brownsville section are sorry (?) to hear that Frank is not on the summons squad any more.

Patrolman Allen, our strong boy, is putting in a lot of time training down at the beaches. Getting ready for London, Harold?

M—Patrolman "Big Boy" Renton, the working girls friend, has just returned from vacation looking in the pink of condition.

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 1

PTL. BERNARD CONNORS

"Mike" Koenig, that stern-visaged old warrior of "A," left his car in front of Varick Street stable last week, with two new running boards in the tonneau, and his young son in charge. While Mike's son was decoyed away on some pretext, the running boards disappeared, and Mike has turned detective in the most approved fashion. Suspicion seems to center on Matty Rais, who rumor has it, is emulating "Smitty" in the comics, by building a swimming pool in his back yard for the newly arrived little Matty, and expects to use the boards as a spring-board outfit. Why not pick up a spare, too, Matty, and use it for a life preserver?

Tom "Banjo-eyes" Crerend, the big "sword and tassel" man of Squadron No. 1, recently put down \$75.00 on a house, and agreed to pay the rest in instalments as he was cornered.

"Connie" Ward, the white-haired boy of Bay Ridge, is leaving on his vacation, taking along plus-fours, sticks, etc. His destination is understood to be Van Cortland Park, where he is going in training for the Annual Open and Shot Golf Tournament to be held in the Fall at Troop "B" stable. His main opponent is conceded to be Paddy Cahill, the broom expert, who plays all shots with an ordinary stable broom.

The 2d Platoon of "D," thru its loud-speaker, Arty Butler, challenged the 1st Platoon of "D" to mortal combat on the Ball Field, and on the date selected hied themselves to a spot adjacent to Camp Mulrooney, to decide the question.

The 1st Platoon, under the leadership of "Ducky" Holmes, Mayor of City Island, swept through to a glorious but one-sided victory, to the tune of 41 to 6!!!

Arty, in vain attempt to stem the onrushing tide, went into the pitcher's box himself, but, alas, his spirit was brave but his arm woefully weak, and 13 runs were scored off him in one inning (which was all he lasted!!). Your reporter enjoyed himself immensely, and is grateful for the kind invitation to the "fiesta"; also, we recommend—nay, insist that "Pat" Higgins be given a tryout with the Depart-

ment Team, as his playing sure impressed everyone present.

#### OVERHEARD IN THE TROOP BARRACKS

"Cap" Meehan: "Well, you see, I haven't played ball in ten years, and I'm kinda out of practice."

Stephen Lovejoy Schaeffer: "I've never seen a picture of myself yet, that I really liked."

Jack Tracy: "The old hollow-shell, eh? Well, you only got six (6) runs off me, and but one of them earned. Hollow-shell, Hrrmph!!"

Arty Butler: (Via phone) "Say, be a little charitable with our team in the magazine this month, will you? I'm sending down some cigars to you."

"Lock-em-up" Reilly: "I haven't been late since I moved to Rockaway this summer: guess the ocean air has revived me."

"Bill" McLaughlin: "Sorry, fellows, can't take you home to-night; got to pick up Uncle Rudolph at the Penn Station."

All in "D" Barracks: "Got any liniment?" "Boy, my arm is sore." "Gee, I can hardly sit down!" "Well, we won anyhow." "Yeah, you were lucky, that's all." "We need more practice, that's all." "Practice? Say, you guys need a whole new ball team, and another manager, too."

#### BUREAU OF CRIMINAL INFORMATION

DET. TIMOTHY A. CLUNE

Detective William H. De Give, Bureau of Criminal Information, in the investigation of an alleged extortion, on March 3d, apprehended two suspects. Before he had a chance to 'frisk' them he was attacked and mortally wounded. With super-human effort De Give raised himself as the assassins fled and shot one of them in the back. This man was later arrested in the Fifth Avenue Hospital, where he went for treatment. De Give identified him.

De Give died on June 28th at Flower Hospital after a relapse. He is survived by a widowed mother and grandmother, whom he supported; also by a married sister.

De Give was transferred to this Bureau from the Police Academy, three months after his appointment, January 2d, 1931.

His appointment to this Department was the fulfillment of his childhood ambition. He had a wide and varied experience while in this Bureau and had taken part in several important cases.

While the Department mourns the loss of one of its best Detectives, the members of this bureau mourn the loss of its most likeable pal. We called him 'Young Cordes' after the Department's premier detective, Detective Sergeant John Cordes, who was his model.

De Give often worked with Cordes and Broderick, and they thought the 'kid' had the makings of a star detective.

He was a great buddy, a buddy whose memory will long be revered by the boys of this Bureau.

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Once again one of our old sidekicks has been promoted. All the members of this division want to extend their sincere congratulations and best wishes to Sergeant Arthur Millon, of the Investigating Squad.

Rudy was not the only pebble on the beach at Atlantic City recently. Our own Patrolman John J. Gevin was there as large as life.

Nothing like business and pleasure combined. Patrolman John Flaherty was observed (while on vacation) conducting a Hot Dog stand over at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn.

For correct advice or information apply to Patrolman John McIntyre, then ask someone else, because when you ask him to be directed to a tailor shop, John is sure to refer you to a hardware store. Thanks, John.

Just one of the many sidelights of that famous ball game the other day: The pitcher tried to knock off Patrolman Francis O'Brien's head, but his aim was very very poor and Frank had to be led to first base, and later eat his lunch standing up.

Chalk up another rescue for Willie Stevens, the Staten Island fireman. Information received that Patrolman Martin Ruland rescued an armful of canaries the other day, fire hat, boots and all.

#### BOROUGH HEADQTS. SQUAD BROOKLYN & RICHMOND PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

A discussion about the intense heat took place in the Borough Headquarters Squad Office, B'klyn, during the recent hot spell. It appeared that Patrolman Saul Baumritter (the silver flask tenor), was losing ground in the argument. He then told the following story relating to heat:

"When I was down South, I had occasion to visit a church composed of a colored congregation; to be curious, I remained for the services.

The colored preacher ascended the pulpit and was trying to impress on his congregation, the terrors of Hell. He spoke in this manner."

"Breder'n and sistern", he asked, is any of you evah been in Bummingham, Alabamy, where de big steel works is?

"Ah been dere, Pahson," said one member of the congregation."

"Is you been in de mills, and has you ebah seen de hot steel when it comes out of the furnaces?"

"Yes, Preacheh, Ah seen it."

"Well den you knows how hot dat stuff is; Ah wants to tell all you sinners dat when dat dere stuff comes out of the furnace, it's hot. It's white hot! It's sizzling hot! In fact it's so hot dat no one can come anywheres ner it without getting sriveled up. Well, Breder'n and Sistern, in HELL dey uses dat dere stuff for Ice Cream! !"

#### TELEGRAPH BUREAU

Patrolman Edward McDonald, that well known tennis player from Jamaica, and also the Telegraph Bureau, tried to keep it a secret but failed. The news leaked out that he was getting married to a QUEEN from QUEENS.

#### 15TH DET. DISTRICT DET. JOHN A. HURTON

No matter what Detective Werle, of the 16th Detective District (The alleged pinch-hitting reporter for this district), has to say about me, I want it known that I at least have some pride (more than he can boast of.) That pride that I boast of has been hurt by the cracks in the July issue of Spring 3100.

#### A HURT PRIDE TO ME MEANS OPEN WARFARE

In the first place, he told about feeding me. Imagine Jno. Werle paying for anything? Why, I know that when he was in doubt about smiling his way past the cashier's desk and a funny story made an impression on said cashier, who was the fall guy? None other than his good old side partner, J. ALOYSIUS HURTON.

Now for a Little Attention to Our Own Talent.

Al Dillhoff, of the 102d Squad, says there is nothing more invigorating than a cold shower. Cold or warm, how does he know?

Walter Robinson, the boss of the 105th Squad, says he is getting so much milk out in his precinct that he is beginning to MOO.

Bill Toomey, of the 102d Squad, is on a diet. The old waist line has fallen from 48 inches to a perfect 36. Left hook Willie (KID PARKER) must be trying to do a Benny Leonard. Good Luck, Bill.

8TH DET. DIST.

DET. WILLIAM S. SECOR

Archie Burns went to Rockaway to see Frankie Lenihan. He kept pestering Frankie to go on the carousel, and furthermore he wanted to go on a horse that went up and down, because when he was a boy, his folks never let him go on one of them, as he was too stout.

Jim Ennis is back from his vacation, and once more we have a lot of noise around the office, always talking and having his quip with the bunch.

Freddy Regan, the adonis of the 46th Squad, keeps telling us about his acidosis. If he keeps it up, we will be matching our operation scars.

Johnny Moffet informs the boys that they will have to go like the devil to match him in so far as his wearing apparel is concerned. One Sunday he was observed in the vicinity of the Grand Concourse and Fordham Road with his white trousers. Someone said, "that you can tie, but you can't beat him." Marty Fitzpatrick also has 'Whites.'

Tom Thompson, who plays 'hard to get' with women, was observed going up the parkway with quite a swell looker, and when questioned about the incident he just smiled and said, "A complainant."

Johnny Collins, of the upper end of the city, told the mob of the 47th Squad that Hammacher and Schlemmer put an embargo on rope for a week after the Sergeant's examination.

Primo Carnera (Mickey Mouse) Laurino, came back from his vacation, and as usual told us about his experiences.

Conny Mancini is still thinking of the time when he will have a nice week up in Providence, without the thought of 'Squeals' or seeing complainants.

Mike Foley was caught in Schraft's sipping one of those double Ice Cream Sodas.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 3

SCT. JOHN WARD

"SAILOR" Bill Dwyer is back after his annual vacation, plus a good sun tanning and New White Plus Fours.

Now we understand the reason why Sergeant Nolan was transferred to Emergency Squad 3. He probably heard about the good hand ball players

"BOOM-BOOM" Angelo Favata strained his back. He has been on the sick list quite some time now. That is what he gets for carrying that big drum around on July 4th, for the East Side Boys.



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman William P. Callahan, 24th Precinct, while on patrol at about 2.45 A. M., July 20, interrupted three men in the act of holding up the proprietor of a store at 995 Amsterdam Avenue. One of the bandits placed his gun against the officer's stomach and fired as the officer attempted to draw. Immediately the bandits fled, pursued closely by the officer, who, despite his wound, gave chase in a taxicab. He collapsed just as the attention of several patrolmen of the 24th Precinct had been attracted. The bandits were captured after a short chase and placed under arrest.

Detectives Thomas H. Hynes and Arthur Silk, 19th Squad, while on patrol at about 3.45 A. M., July 11, became suspicious of a man observed coming from an apartment house at 404 E. 65th Street. They detained the man, later identified as Vincent Fogliani, and upon going through the building found that two apartments had been burglarized. Fogliani then admitted participation in these burglaries and named as his confederate one Dominick DeVillo, whom they later took into custody and who likewise confessed. They also gave an address in E. 102nd Street where in a cellar a considerable amount of loot was recovered. Both prisoners admitted having committed at least forty such flat burglaries in Manhattan and the Bronx.

## BRONX

Patrolman Claudie Wyatt, 43rd Precinct, while on patrol at about 12.15 A. M., July 25, becoming suspicious of the actions of three men in an automobile making a turn at Morris Park and White Plains Avenues, Bronx, ordered them to stop. He was joined a moment later by Patrolman John Zottoli, also of the 43rd Precinct. A search disclosed a loaded revolver in the possession of one of the men and another between the cushions of the rear seat. When questioned later by detectives of the 43d Squad these men freely admitted they were "cruising around for an easy stickup." They repeated this admission at the lineup next morning.

Detective Ignatius Gannon, Bronx Homicide Squad, on July 31 arrested in Bronx Park one Luigi Raffa, of 1202 Adeo Avenue, Bronx, wanted for homicide.

Raffa, at about 12.30 A. M., July 10, set fire to his home, in which at the time was Erroll S. Fox, of Syracuse, N. Y., whom Raffa had taken in with prom-

ises of a home and employment. Fox had been plied with wine, dressed in a suit of Raffa's clothing and put to bed. Raffa's plan was to burn Fox to death, have his corpse identified as Raffa's and collect insurance amounting to a substantial sum. Fox was aroused from his stupor by the flames, however, and though badly burned managed to escape from the building. He died July 17.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman Lester Fink, 92nd Precinct, while on patrol at about 10.10 P. M., July 19, heard screams coming from the direction of the East River under the Williamsburg Bridge. Rushing to the scene he observed a man struggling helplessly in the water. Lowering himself with a hawser the officer grasped the drowning man by the hair, but in attempting to secure a firmer hold the hawser became detached causing both to submerge. After a hard struggle the officer managed to drag the now unconscious man and himself upon a barge moored to the dock, where, pending the arrival of an ambulance, he applied artificial respiration. At the hospital the victim was later pronounced out of danger.

## QUEENS

Patrolman Charles L. Gnamelius, 105th Precinct, on booth duty at Springfield Boulevard and Merrick Road, at about 11.40 P. M., July 30, in response to an alarm received over the signal monitor a few minutes before, stopped with revolver drawn an automobile containing three suspicious looking men. A search of the car revealed two fully loaded revolvers and two extra boxes of cartridges. These men had but a short time previous held up and robbed at revolver point a "Good Humor" salesman at Hillside Avenue and 207th Street. They were later identified by the victim.

Detective Frank Heyner, 103rd Squad, in company with Patrolman George Shoreys, 103rd Precinct, at about 2.45 A. M., July 26, responded to an anonymous telephone call stating a holdup was in progress at the Knights of Pythias club house, 90th Avenue and 153rd Street, Jamaica. Arriving upon the scene they found three men, one armed with a fully loaded revolver, robbing about twenty of the members who were lined against a wall with arms upraised. Several more members were found locked in a closet. The bandits were subdued after a short struggle and placed under arrest. In their possession was found \$242 in currency, the proceeds of the robbery.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY STALLONE**  
alias "TOM THE PEERLESS"

DESCRIPTION—26 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes and hair; wore gray suit, brown check overcoat and soft brown hat. 114th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**HARRY SCHOTTENFELD**

DESCRIPTION—22 years; 5 feet 5 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes; medium chestnut hair. Occupation, Chauffeur. 41st Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ZAROFF**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 175 pounds; stocky build; full face; blue eyes; brown hair; thick lips; wears tortoise shell glasses. 28th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**LOUIS J. RENZULLO**

DESCRIPTION—23 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 150 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; dark complexion. Occupation, taxicab driver. 10th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**THOMAS BOHAN**

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 175 pounds; brown eyes; dark hair; medium complexion; taxicab driver by occupation. 10th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**ARTHUR LOFFREDO, alias  
EDWARD LOFFREDO**

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 194 pounds; brown eyes; black wavy hair; stocky build; dark complexion; clean shaven. 82d Pet.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.**



# Spring 3100



SEPTEMBER  
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CHARLES  
HARROLD

# Spring 3100

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

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VOLUME 2

SEPTEMBER, 1931

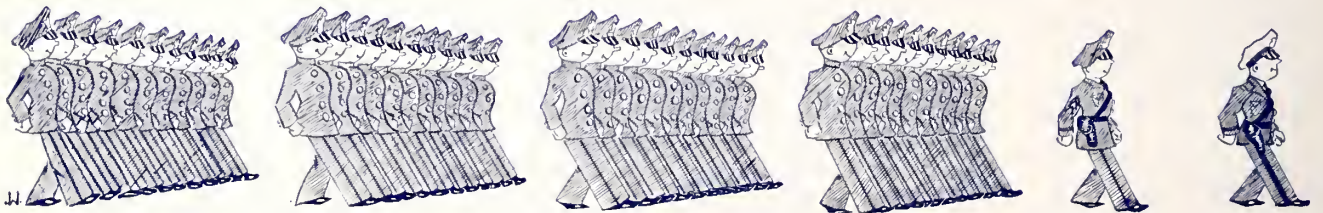
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

## STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

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# editorial page, or what have you?



*always a cheery outlook*



Well, dear fellow members, with half the month of september gone there is finally a bit of fall tang in the air and the boys up at camp mul-rooney are thinking about putting on their long trousers. before the season for gym shirts and shorts is finally closed, however, the police department nine and the firemen's team will cross bats, as we used to say in our sporting writer days years ago, at the polo grounds on september 27th. spring 3100's sporting writer, johnny lena, says that our baseball team has done right well this year, and that anyway a cop is a better man than a vamp nine days out of seven and that it's up to our baseball nine to prove it. finally, the game this year is being played for the benefit of the unemployed, which is an additional grand reason for all members of the department to turn out and root for our side.

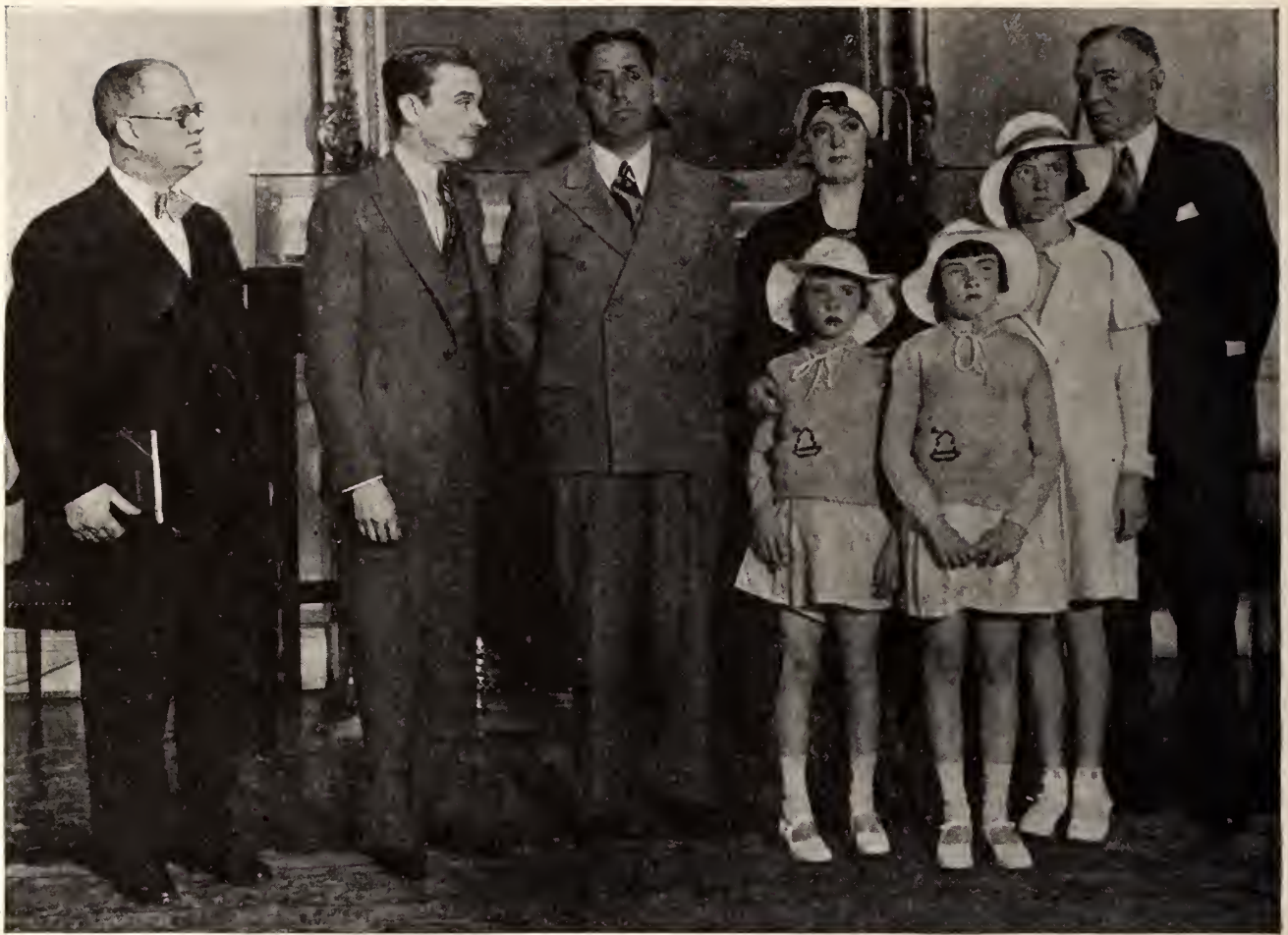
speaking of baseball and hoping that none of our pitchers will go up into the air, we must comment on some fine work which was done late last month by captain wallander's fliers. as you will read further on in these columns, two of the police fliers trailed a carrier pigeon to his coop and thus obtained in-

formation which enabled detectives to capture an alleged extortionist. this was the first time that an alleged criminal was ever thus apprehended, so our sky-men may well place a feather, and not a pigeon's feather, but an eagle's, in their helmets.

skipping lightly from one topic to another, as is our cheery way of doing, let us call your attention to the enviable record of joy which followed this season in the wake of the police outings for mothers and children. as you may again see, providing you read further in our esteemed publication, there were 17 of these outings with a total attendance of 45,713. the cost of these trips, \$41,574, was defrayed entirely by voluntary contributions from members of the department, of whom we are deservedly proud. we are certain from the letters of thanks received from those who went on these excursions that many a weary mother is offering up prayers for the safety and welfare of the boys in blue.

there is one more article in this issue to which the editors feel they must call attention. we refer to the one written by former patrolman peter j. o'rourke, who was recently retired on full salary after being blinded while resisting three bandits. mr. o'rourke entirely of his own volition sent in the article entitled, "what it means to be one of the finest," and spring 3100 was very glad to publish it.

don't forget that our prize contests are continued this month. we have had a most gratifying response thus far both in the quality and the amount of material submitted, and all we can say to our contributors is—keep it up. that's what makes spring 3100 the magazine of the finest.



*Scene in Aldermanic Chamber, June 2, 1931*

*Left to right: Alderman Edward W. Curley, Mayor Walker, Patrolman O'Rourke, wife and children, Police Commissioner Mulrooney.*

## WHAT IT MEANS TO BE ONE OF NEW YORK'S FINEST

By PATROLMAN PETER J. O'ROURKE.

**T**HE Christmas Issue of SPRING 3100 told how Patrolman Peter J. O'Rourke of Traffic "G" was blinded on September 7, 1930, by bullet wounds suffered when he resisted the attempt of three bandits to hold him up while he was motoring with his family near Plymouth, Wynne County, Michigan. After being treated in the University Hospital, Ann Arbor, Michigan, Patrolman O'Rourke was brought back to New York and placed in Post Graduate Hospital here.

The June issue of SPRING 3100 related a sad story of the failure to restore Patrolman O'Rourke's sight despite the efforts of the foremost surgeons of the country. It then told how a bill introduced by Alderman Edward W. Curley of The Bronx retiring the sightless patrolman for life on a pension of \$3,000 a year, his full salary, was passed on June 2d by the Board of Aldermen and signed by the Mayor. The Police Commissioner accompanied Patrolman O'Rourke and his family to the Aldermanic Chamber and made a stirring speech advocating the passage of the bill.

Now Patrolman O'Rourke has written an article entitled "What It Means to Be One of New York's Finest" which SPRING 3100 is glad to publish in this issue. The editor suggests that all of SPRING 3100's readers peruse this article completely and carefully.



**I** WONDER if the policemen of the City of New York realize what a perfectly wonderful organization they belong to when they become one of New York's Finest?

No need to state that each man who is accepted, and passes his examinations must be first class, for everyone knows their worth and merit. But do you realize the brotherly love and good fellowship given to a man injured in the performance of duty?

You may say, "this is no easy job," and that is true, for the man who is a policeman, does his eight or nine hours a day in the broiling sun, and returns home at night in the summer time wringing wet with perspiration, and freezing and cold in the winter time. Does that man realize that virtually at his elbow in time of need the New York Police Department stands, ready and willing to show the same consideration for any member, that a father shows for his son. And that the whole police organization is behind its men in the hour of death and danger. Our honored Commissioner Mulrooney himself directs the measures for his men's concern and personal welfare.

I know for I speak from experience. You recently read how the Best City in the World granted a blinded policeman full pay for life; how the Best Mayor and the Best Board of Aldermen and their associates passed this bill with the help and approval of our good Police Commissioner Mulrooney. *I know*, for I was that patrolman, and I'd like to tell you right here *how well I was treated*.

The night of Sept. 17th of last year, I was taken to the University of Michigan Hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan, shot through the eyes, one of my little daughters who was with me was shot in the head. After my wife paid the hospital a twenty-five dollar entrance fee, ten dollars for the ambulance (a private one) and ten dollars security for my room, she was practically without funds when she left the hospital. She had exactly five dollars, and faced a distressing situation with two members of the family injured, one without sight, in a city nine hundred miles away from New York and a hundred miles away from relatives.

A telegram was sent to Commissioner Mulrooney and to my Inspector O'Connor in The Bronx. They acted immediately. The Police Relief Fund held a special meeting to consider the welfare of one of the Department's men. Detective Edward Kerwin was sent to Ann Arbor to learn the extent of my injuries, to offer both unlimited financial aid and good will for the personal needs of my family, to report the accident and offer, in any way needed, the Police Department's aid.

Mr. Kerwin was personally concerned and his kind consideration resulted in attention to both my own welfare and that of my little family. Their housing was provided for and I was removed from a ward to one of the hospital's best private rooms. Day and night nurses attended me and I know today I owe my very life to this care, because my life was despaired of for two weeks. And in back of it all stood the Department. The Police Relief Fund paid monies amounting to \$1,412 for the housing of my family and hospitalization of myself. Nothing was

spared for our comfort and medical treatment that would restore my health and my sight, if it was possible.

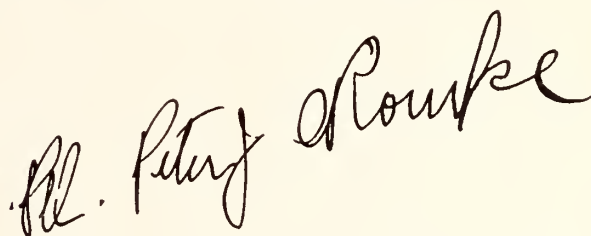
I received financial help from the Holy Name Society, the American Legion Police Post, a collection from the men in my precinct, and Captain John McCarthy. I received every consideration from the men in my precinct and cheery letters from my pals and other men "in the job" who felt for me in my misfortune.

When we were ready to return to New York enough money was provided so that leaving a hospital bed to board the train I was as comfortably and conveniently situated with my family as I had been in the hospital. The conductors of the train had been instructed to look after our welfare.

On my arrival in New York I was taken from the station to the Police Department in a Department car, where I was greeted as a lost sheep returning to the fold. During my convalescence, Police Surgeon Young visited me regularly, and he, too, added that personal touch to his visits. And as you know, I was not deserted once, for, as I said before, I'm receiving full pay for life.

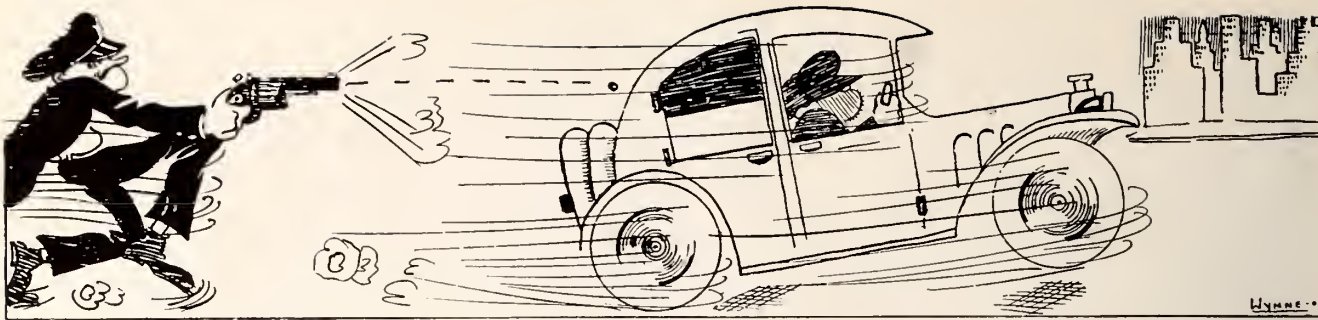
I've experienced what it means to be a policeman nearly a thousand miles away (on vacation leave) from my job, and how that Department of Police stretched its hands across those miles to aid me. I've received the best compensation for what I believed to be my duty, not only financial aid, but the moral support of the people for whom I chose to work.

Suppose I had been in another job with the same misfortune. Now I hope you, too, realize what it means to be one of New York's "Finest."



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# Stop, Thief!

By LIEUTENANT EDWARD J. DILLON, *Automobile Squad*

**T**HE task of checking the traffic in stolen automobiles is one of the most serious jobs which confronts the police not only of New York City but of all cities and towns throughout the United States. A variety of causes, chief of which is the desire of everyone to own a car, contribute to the difficulties of the police in apprehending automobile thieves. This situation will never be completely remedied until the owners of automobiles cooperate with the police to solve this problem.

There were 12,731 automobiles stolen in New York City in 1930 and 2,531 persons were arrested for these thefts. This was an increase both in thefts and arrests over 1929, when 8,769 automobiles were stolen and 2,102 persons arrested as automobile thieves. However, convictions for these thefts also increased 32 per cent in 1930 as compared with 1929. About 70 per cent of the stolen cars are recovered annually.

The increase in the number of cars reported last year as stolen as compared with 1929 may be blamed directly on the economic depression. It is common knowledge that many automobile owners unable to pay garage rent, garage their cars in the streets. Other owners, finding the upkeep of their automobiles to be too much of a financial burden, and also finding it difficult to obtain a fair price at a second-hand sale, leave the cars carelessly in the streets so that they may be stolen and the owner may collect theft insurance on them.

The larceny of automobiles with few exceptions is distributed pretty equally throughout the city. Because of this it is almost impossible to centralize a force of automobile detectives in any particular section. However, when a report is received that automobiles are being stolen in greater quantities than usual from any particular neighborhood, an increased force of detectives is assigned to patrol that district.

The automobile squad composed of detectives whose entire time, ability, and energy is occupied with the detection of automobile thieves and the recovery of stolen cars, consists of thirty-five men. These detectives are all thoroughly trained in the

mechanism of the various types of automobiles and in the methods used by the automobile thief.

The detectives work in pairs. New York City, for greater facility in the work of these detectives, is divided into zones, and a team of two men is assigned to patrol a zone. Each team is held responsible for all automobile thefts which take place within the boundaries of its zone.

Public and private garages in each zone are listed by the patrolling team as well as the places of business of automobile dealers, and the location of automobile paint and repair shops. These places are visited daily and both permanent and transient automobiles are inspected. The approaches to all tunnels, bridges, ferries and other entrances and exits of the city are also carefully guarded. These measures were adopted to prevent thieves from making speedy escapes after the theft of an automobile was accomplished. Stolen cars recovered during the day are placed in a police garage, where they remain pending investigation or litigation.

Persons who engage in stealing automobiles vary greatly in type and are often shrewd, clever and skillful in this line of crime. The types arrested most frequently by automobile squad detectives are:

Youths who steal an automobile for joy-riding and when through abandon the car.

Men who are stranded a considerable distance from their home and are without carfare or a conveyance.

Persons so greatly under the influence of alcohol that they are not responsible for their actions.

Bandits who steal cars for use in committing other crimes, usually holdups.

Lastly, the out-and-out automobile thief who steals and sells automobiles as his sole means of existence.

As a rule, the genuine automobile thief is an experienced chauffeur or a veteran employee of an automobile factory. This experience enables the thief to operate any type of car and to start the car more readily when it is locked, than an inexperienced person could do. Thieves always have certain spots from which they prefer to steal cars. The scenes of their activity are usually in congested portions of the city such as theatre districts, baseball





parks, race tracks, etc. The cars are so closely parked together in these places that it is a comparatively easy matter for the thief to steal one without being discovered.

Automobile thieves usually operate in twos or threes, and average between 17 and 25 years of age. If three youths are working together, one watches the patrolman on the beat, one follows the owner to guard against his return before the theft has been accomplished, and the third actually puts the car in motion and makes away with it. A vigilant police officer can often prevent such thefts by observing the nervous and suspicious appearance of these groups of thieves.

Occasionally the automobile thief adopts more subtle methods. One pair of detectives patrolling a zone noticed that a man accompanied by a woman carrying a baby were often seen within the zone boundary and that after their appearance there was always a report of another automobile having been stolen. The detectives finally brought this trio to headquarters where questioning developed that the man was a veteran automobile thief who used the woman and baby as a shield for his operations and an alibi in the event of detection. This man's method was as follows:

He would buy second-hand a moderately priced automobile of a popular make. Thousands of these cars are sold daily and they are all identical in equipment and other characteristics. The thief would have his car properly licensed and then commence operations.

He would drive about with the woman and baby until he came upon a new car of the same make as his own. He would then park immediately in front or in back of the new car and all three would alight, enter a building close by and promptly emerge. But when they returned they entered the new car which the man opened by the use of other keys or by forcing the lock. Then, accompanied by the woman and baby, he would drive off.

The thief's next move was to drive to an automobile auction sales room where he would find some purchaser among the customers who wished to pur-

chase the particular type of car he had just stolen. He would tell the prospective buyer a hard luck story about his wife and baby being ill and say that for this reason he would sell his car at a greatly reduced price as he was very much in need of cash. The thief would then bring the buyer out to the car where the "sick" baby and wife would be sitting. The sight of them nearly always allayed any suspicions the buyer might have had, and he would usually close the deal, never suspecting that he was purchasing a stolen car. The thief, of course, was clever enough to provide himself with fictitious registration papers and bills of sale.

As a result of the arrest of this man, 41 cars of a popular make were immediately recovered and returned to their rightful owners. This thief forfeited a \$2,500 bail bond and was next heard of in Monticello, N. Y., where he was again arrested for trying to steal an automobile. While in detention, he bribed two young prisoners to throw pepper in the eyes of an old keeper and to take his keys and pistol and liberate all the prisoners in the jail. The two young men later committed several holdups, and in one job shot and killed a former New York policeman who had gone to the country to regain his health.

A peculiar feature of automobile larcenies is that the thieves keep pace with the ever-fluctuating demand for the various makes of cars. The thief seems to feel the public pulse and plies his crime trade in accordance with the automobile market law of supply and demand. The records of the Police Department Motor Vehicle are carefully scrutinized daily to check up on all transfers of ownership. There are approximately 600 transfers recorded daily, most of them being the late models of new cars.

It is the conclusion of the writer that the public must be properly educated so that it may safeguard its own interests in the ownership of automobiles before the activities of automobile thieves can be permanently checked. Make it a rule never to buy a second-hand car unless the records of the Police Department have first been consulted to establish the ownership of the prospective seller.





## The Police Outings

As a red sun descended in a copper colored sky on August 31st, it marked not only the end of that hot day and month, but the last of the seventeen outings for mothers and children given for the second successive year by the members of the New York City Police Department. The good ship "Claremont," as the sun went down, might have been observed disembarking half of her happy 3,000 passengers at the foot of West 54th Street and then steaming around the tip of Manhattan Island and up the East River so that the remainder might go ashore at East 21st Street.

The police outings this year were enjoyed by 45,713 persons, of whom 16,535 were mothers and 29,178 were children. The total cost of these trips, contributed by members of the Department, was \$41,574. The major portion of this sum, \$25,606, was paid for lunches and ice cream for the guests, while the rental of the boats cost \$15,950. The only other expense item was one of \$18 for the huge canvas sign which bedecked the river steamer.

These figures show that the Police Department did even better this year than last year by bringing a day of happiness into otherwise drab lives. There was one less excursion in 1930 and 37,923 persons were the total number who enjoyed the outings. If one may judge from the success of this year's trips and the letters which have poured into the Police Commissioner's office, all of the mothers and children who went on these excursions in the last two years, and many others who did not, hope for a continuance of this activity next summer.



The Police Department was greatly honored when on the occasion of the final outing Mrs. James J. Walker, wife of the Mayor, accompanied by Deputy Police Commissioner Henrietta Additon, went to the East 21st Street pier to welcome the mothers and children and made the trip aboard the "Claremont" from that point to West 54th Street, where she also welcomed the happy throng waiting there for the boat. Mrs. Walker's graciousness in greeting the Police Department's guests was greatly appreciated by the mothers and children and proved a wonderful climax to the police outings season.



Five brief letters which tell something of the happiness which these outings afforded have been picked at random from the many received by the Police Commissioner. They are printed herewith in the hope that the members of the Department who voluntarily and generously contributed to this worthy cause may know something of the joy which resulted from their gift.

### *One Big Happy Family*

281 Scholes Street,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.,  
Sept. 7, 1931.

Dear Mr. Mulrooney:

Altho' it is rather late, I wish to thank you for one of the most enjoyable times I have had this season. Of course, I mean the Excursion to Hook Mountains that you and the New York Police have been so generous as to give the Mothers and Children of the people of New York City.

I can't praise the Officers aboard the steamer "Claremont" enough. They were kind and considerate and what is more made each and every one of us feel as tho we were one great big happy family.

The children have spoken of nothing else since. They are anxiously awaiting for next year when they will be able to go again.

Thanking you and the Police Dept. once again, I am,  
Gratefully yours,

MRS. C. SOEINGEN.



### *An Ill Father Made Happy*

969 Rockaway Avenue,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.,  
August 21, 1931.

Mr. Mulrooney:

I am just writing to let you know of the wonderful trip up the Hudson we had. It proved to be a successful excursion to Hook Mt. We owe many thanks to you.

My father was sick 14 months in the hospital and he was very happy to know we had a nice time.

We hope you will be able to send us some tickets for an outing on next year's trip.

Thanking you ever so much, I am,

MRS. A. HUGHES  
and 4 children.

### *A Happy Outing*

Saturday, July 18th, 1931.

To the Commissioner of the N. Y. P. D.  
Mr. Mulrooney:

Dear Sir:

My eight children and myself had the pleasure yesterday of being the guests of the Police Department on their outing to Hook Mt. from the Bronx. We had such a wonderful trip, including a lovely lunch, that I want to sincerely thank both you and the members of the Police Dept. that made it possible for myself and hundreds of other mothers and their children to enjoy a day in God's wonderful country.

May God bless you all and take care of you.

Thanking you again, I am,

Sincerely,

MRS. ELIZABETH SULLIVAN  
2002 Webster Avenue,  
Bronx, N. Y.



### *From a Mother of Nine*

New York, July 24th, 1931.

Police Commissioner Mulrooney:

Dear Sir:

I want to thank you and your Policemen for the wonderful boat ride we were able to go on last Friday through your kindness and generosity. My nine children and I would have had to let the Summer pass without going anywhere if it wasn't for you.

Thanking you again, I am,

MRS. E. ROSSLER,  
864 Howe Street, Bronx.



### *Good From Bus to Bus*

366 Montgomery Street,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Police Commissioner of N. Y.

Honorable Sir:

Many thanks for the glorious excursion of July 24th last.

My children and I enjoyed every minute of the trip from the bus at 71st Prec. to the boat, with its plenteous lunch, delightful music and healthy air and sunshine, to the return bus.

My baby had been ailing, and the voyage did wonders for him. The officers in charge were all thoughtful and courteous.

Yours truly and gratefully,

MRS. H. MOUARI.





# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



**F**OR the longest time we've been hearing and reading reports about a new military institution that, policeically speaking, is slowly but surely becoming the talk of the country.

So, patriotically we took unto ourselves a nice little day off, polished up the old chariot and headed in the general direction of Pelham Bay.

And what we witnessed and experienced in that beautiful garden spot up there on Long Island Sound really would choke an encyclopedia.

Truthfully do we record that never before were we so amazed and impressed.

To be invited to visit West Point for the purpose of getting an eyeful of the cadets on parade is an event.

In fact, for as long as we can remember it has been considered the treat supreme.

And to say that those gaily bedecked babies up there make the pilgrimage worth while is indeed putting it mildly.

Now we're right here telling you that no longer is it necessary to make such a long journey, for lo and behold, right here within the confines of our magic city, we have a miniature West Point all of our own.

It constitutes the major activities of the Recruits'



Photo by Century, 74 W. 47th St.

Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, First Deputy Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt, Chief Inspector John O'Brien, Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessy, photographed at Camp Mulrooney, September 4, 1931.

Training School of the Police Department, and is located at Pelham Bay Park near City Island.

Very properly it is referred to as the "West Point" of the Police Department, because its activities are fashioned after the United States Military Academy in so far as practicable.

And every evening, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, at 4:40 P. M., 325 "rookie" policemen can be seen on evening parade with rifles and the usual military band accompaniment.

This patriotic ceremony closes the exercises each day at the camp, and is watched by thousands of people who come especially to witness these exercises and enjoy the beautiful panorama of the waters of the sound and the quaint old town of City Island.

As we mentioned before, the fame of Camp Mulrooney as a police training institution has already extended to all parts of the country. Every day sees a visiting police official from out of town at the camp. An interested visitor recently was Police Commissioner John A. Alcock, of Chicago. He came expressly to observe how the camp was conducted, and was so pleased with what he saw that when he returned to Chicago he immediately set in motion a school for police recruits' instruction along the lines practiced at Camp Mulrooney.





Photo by Century, 74 W. 47th St.

A visitor calling at the camp for the first time, and relying on the evidence of his eyes, can scarcely believe that the recruits are white men. Chances are he figures he has stumbled in somehow on an Arabs' camp—so tanned are the men as a result of outdoor training that most of them do really look like husky young immigrants from the Far East.

Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, Commandant of the school, known to us affectionately as "*The Old Colonel*," has already assured the Police Commissioner that when the present class of "rookies" don their blue uniforms they will excel in appearance any group ever appointed heretofore either in this Department or any other within or without these spacious United States, *which bears out exactly our own reaction to these boys on the occasion of our recent visit.*

And there is no doubt that the good old Colonel knows whereof he speaks, because if there's one man who can within a period of three short months make a fighting Major General out of a former soda-water clerk it is none other than he.

We must not overlook that great staff of instructors he has up there, too, each an artist in his line, anxious and eager at all times to instill in their charges that spirit of devotion and loyalty so essential to the good name and best interests of the Department.

Why not take a run up there some afternoon and look the place over?

And if you do not find it the sensation we claim it to be, then cheerfully we'll let you furnish us with a new fall derby, size seven and one-quarter.

*A delicate shade of brown would suit us nicely.*

**B**OB RIPLEY, famous cartoonist, certainly muffed a corker when he let this one get away from him:

*Believe it or not—*

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER JIMMY SINNOTT WAS SEVERELY BITTEN ON THE FOOT LAST MONTH BY A LEOPARD CROUCHED ON THE FLOOR OF HIS BEDROOM!!!!

How's that for a sensational story?

You don't believe it? Very well, then, the next time you happen across Commissioner Sinnott, just ask him about it.

It is not generally known that in his younger days Jimmy was a big game hunter—and of no small propensities, either.

His favorite hunting ground was the well-known Hackensack Meadows, and tradition has it that lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, and even mosquitoes were as common out there in those days as breweries.

One day, so our information discloses, Jimmy bagged one of the loveliest leopards ever captured in that part of the country.



Holding his prize securely by the ears, Jimmy marched him all the way into Hoboken, swam the Hudson with him, and eventually landed him safely home.

(Note—Years ago leopards were absolutely prohibited from sailing on ferry boats.)

A week or so later visitors to his home were brought into the bedroom to feast their eyes on the most gorgeous leopard rug in captivity.

It was so lifelike, everyone declared, with its wide-open jaws, stiletto-like teeth and all.

And for the longest time that leopard behaved beautifully.



Then, in the early morning hours of a certain day last month, the leopard forgot that he had long since been obituaried, and as Jimmy got out of bed after being awakened by the telephone or some other such emergency, the fool leopard got Jimmy's foot in his mouth, causing him to leap about the premises in a manner most undignified—and not at all in keeping with his social position or bringing up.

It was no laughing matter, believe you us.

Jimmy's version of the affair is that he accidentally stuck his foot between the leopard's jaws in the dark—a story greatly at variance with the information we have on the subject.

The undeniable fact remains, however, that for more than a week Jimmy was able to navigate around headquarters only with the aid of a stout cane—and that just now a very choice leopard rug is on the market—cheap, too.

Latest reports have it that he will even consider a reasonable trade-in.

A good Murphy hed, for instance, would be most acceptable.



**H**ERE'S a photo that was sent to us from clear across the continent—from Seattle, Wash., to be more explicit.

It shows a man of distinguished appearance and Herculean proportions in the act of inspecting the uniforms and equipment of two Seattle patrolmen.

Recognize him? Of course you do.

It's Inspector Dan Kerr, our **BIG EMERGENCY MAN**, and regardless of his stern mien in the picture he has absolutely no thoughts of shooting either of these boys for a new uniform.

It wasn't at Horace Greeley's suggestion that he headed for the wide open spaces, either.

No, indeed. The B. P. O. E. (*Best People on Earth*) were holding a national convention that week in Seattle, and Dan was there as the representative of Lodge No. 1, in New York City, of which he is *Exalted Ruler*, a rank which to the Elks means practically what Mussolini means to the Romans.

They gave Dan quite a reception, too, and among his most treasured possessions there now nestles the golden keys to the city, which naturally he brought back home with him.

'Tis said our western brethren were greatly surprised when Dan first pulled into town, flashed his shield and announced who he was.

*They were under the silly impression, we understand, that the only place they raised cops as large as Dan was out there west of the Great Divide.*

Can you imagine?

**C**APTAIN JIM KEANE, of the 108th Precinct in Long Island City, is going around with a beautiful grouch these days—and not on account of the heat, either.



It seems that Jim had selected a lovely triangular plot on Laurel Hill Boulevard at the intersection of Borden Avenue and 43rd Street, in Long Island City, as an ideal spot to plant a new police booth.

So promptly he set the machinery of the Department in motion, and in due course was notified that Tom O'Brien, our versatile Superintendent of Buildings, was on his way with a brand new booth, elegantly painted and of exquisite design.

*Jim had already had his uniform nicely cleaned and pressed for the occasion, and with a neat speech of acceptance in his back pocket the procession started.*

Imagine his consternation when, upon arriving at the place designated, he found that the Queens Park Department had that very morning decorated the spot with a fountain—not a fountain of stately, monumental proportions, remember, but the common, ordinary, every day kind used mostly by little birds for their daily baths.

That left Jim in a tough spot—BUT NOT O'BRIEN. Tom rightly claimed he had fulfilled his part of the contract, so out of the picture he faded gracefully.



There was but one thing left for Jim to do, so boosting the Cop Cabin carefully on his back he waltzed around with it until he located another spot, *directly in front of a tomb stone factory*, and there temporarily abandoned it.

Of course, not being used to exercise of such violence, Jim naturally became tired, and instead of holding the elaborate dedication exercises he had

so carefully planned, he wisely called it a day, wiped the perspiration from his furrowed brow and went home to bed.

## NOTES FROM OUR VACATION CAMP Platte Clove, N. Y.

SERGEANT JIM KELLEHER, of the 28th Precinct, a perfect 200-pound specimen of what a well-fed husband should look like, threw a party on the evening of August 26th which spoke volumes for the success of married life.

It was held in the grand ballroom of the Mansion House, a short distance from camp, and its purpose was to commemorate the sixteenth anniversary of the eventful day upon which, *cheerfully and knowingly*, Jim renounced forevermore every constituted right to freedom and single blessedness—sealing the bargain magnificently by then and there placing a charming girl named Marion on his payroll—until death do them part.

Incidentally, we have often wondered why that “*until death do you part*” angle is shoved in when a fellow is led to the rail to be hogtied.

CAN IT BE THAT IT'S DANGLED BEFORE HIS EYES AS A SORT OF RAINBOW—WHICH HE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO IN AFTER YEARS—HOPEFULLY?

Anyway, the party turned out swell—despite the fact that only duly married couples were invited.

There were no serious arguments, we understand, and no record of any ambulances having been called or summonses served.

And let it be everlastingly recorded that the wives on this occasion behaved splendidly—and *within reason*.

When called upon to say a few words, the genial host pointed with pride to his spotless record of



sixteen long years in the tempestuous field of conubialism.

*"I consider my record particularly noteworthy," Jim explained, "when you figure that in this hectic era of jazz, gin and ginger, the way the women encourage us poor married men is enough to make any fellow grasp."*

(Editor's Note: "Gasp" is the word Jim probably intended.)

*"Of course," Jim admitted, "Marion and I have our little squabbles same as every other married couple have, and on such occasions I have often sat for six straight hours without uttering a single word."*

(Another Editor's Note: In strict confidence Jim later confided that he has always considered it ungentlemanly to interrupt when another is talking.)



The next speaker was Lieutenant Jack McAuliffe, the famous Crime Preventor from Lower Manhattan, who arose bravely when called upon, and without batting an eyelash pleaded guilty to 35 years of continuous service in the interests of domesticity.

A goodly stretch, you'll admit, and one that you hear about not so often.

Except, perhaps, in General Sessions.

*"And I have thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it, too,"* vouchsafed Jack, while his Missus beamed approvingly.

It was at this point that Jack's speech was interrupted, unfortunately, by Senator Bill Hafner, of Long Island, married only seven long years (as he termed it), who innocently pulled the prize bone of the evening.

Jack had just launched into an eloquent defense of the Marital State, and

when he dramatically declared that *"a man never knows how well off he is until he gets married,"* the Senator interrupted with:

**"BUT, LISTEN, LIEUTENANT, ISN'T IT TOO LATE THEN?"**



Captain Tom Farley, of the 25th Precinct, arrived a little tired, and still attired in his running suit.

He had just completed a round trip to the top of Indian Head Mountain, a form of recreation he indulged in religiously before and after each meal period.

In the course of his remarks Tom brought out the fact that next August he and the lovely Mrs. Captain Tom will celebrate the completion of their first quarter of a century together.

*"The man who remains single,"* Tom continued, *"is living only half a life."*

*"Of course,"* he added, *"the fellow who lives only half a life might not be so bad off at that."*

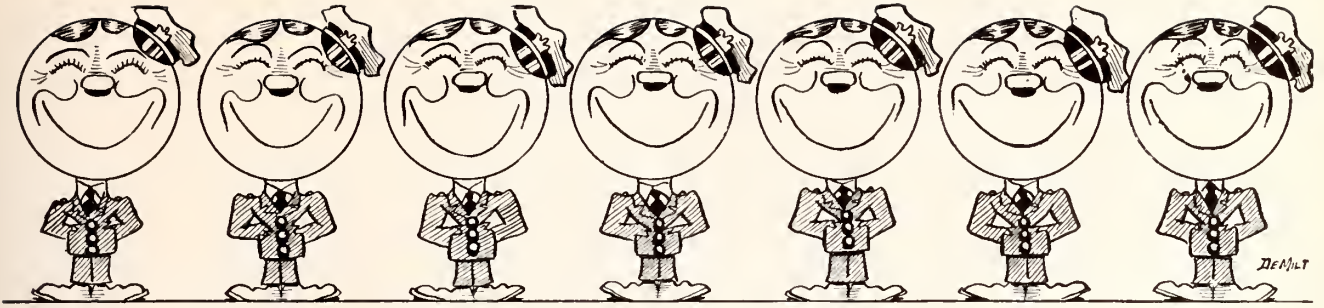
Frankly, it's a question whether this last crack went over so big with the ladies.

Personally, we think not; and when Tom concluded his remarks with the enigmatic statement that *"blondes generally make the best husbands—WITH THE BRUNETTES RUNNING THEM A CLOSE SECOND,"* all of the wives present snapped to attention—if you know what we mean.

It was truly a wonderful anniversary—way up there in that romantic mountain setting.

And to Jim and Marion we are again glad to say—*Many Happy Returns of the Day.*





# The Prize Winners

## KOP KOMIKS

Prizes \$2

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.  
Patrolman J. J. Lynch, 20th Precinct.  
Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72nd Precinct.  
Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F".

## THE RULES

Each month, Spring 3100 will award a prize of \$25 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for our monthly limerick.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komiks page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard eight inches square.

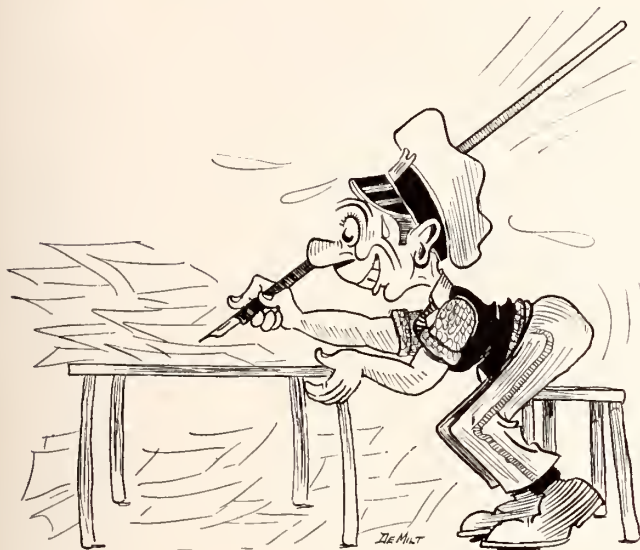
The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than October 8th.

## THIS MONTH'S LIMERICK.

*"McSweeney now rates a salute,  
A gold badge and chevrons to boot;  
He still claims that rules  
Are promotion's best tools,  
....."*

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.



*If at first you don't succeed—*

**A**TTENTION, folks, we now present to you the merry winners of last month's prize contests:

## SHORT STORY CONTEST

Prize \$25

Patrolman George W. Lilienthal, 90th Precinct

## LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Christian P. Sold,  
Emergency Squad 15.

*McSweeney, the cop, took a notion  
To study real hard for promotion;  
He soon knew each rule  
Like Hoover knew fuel,  
"And proved you can't win with 'Slow Motion'."*

2nd Prize, \$10—Patrolman Charles E. Schofield, Jr.,  
Telegraph Bureau, Manhattan.

*"But a straight-jacket curbed his devotion."*

3rd Prize, \$5—Patrolman James A. Sparrow,  
Emergency Squad 8.

*"And now his poor head needs a lotion."*

# Just A Patrolman

Prize-Winning Short Story

By PATROLMAN GEORGE W. LILIENTHAL, 90th Precinct



**T**O the Police Station, please!!!" That from a young lady I saw standing at the curb long past midnight, waving frantically to passing motorists. I, in my own auto in civilian clothes, was attracted by her pitiful expression. I stopped.

She stood on the west side of Bushwick Avenue, down where Trommer's Summer Garden is the chief source of illumination. Under these varicolored lights she made a picture. Blonde hair, blue eyes, beautiful and refined.

I was homeward bound after a 4 to 12 tour on my usual route. On every trip I am hailed by some "flapper" who has left her escort at a corner table in the resort, alone and blue, as punishment for a tiff they had, and tries to prove that some equally handsome "Motor-driven Sheik" would bend an axle in pulling to the curb for the honor of displaying her in his car.

Having served some time in the Navy, being married, and for two other reasons, both boys, I am too sophisticated to be victimized. Smiling, I step on the gas, leaving her for the modern "Vagabond Lover" in the car behind. This girl was different; she was serious.

Still concealing my identity, I asked the trouble. She tearfully replied: "Something terrible has happened to my fiance." Then looking about very cautiously, clambered in beside me, through the door I had invitingly opened. An expression of fright showing clearly as the last of the lights at Trommer's flicked out.

Peering at the few faces which remained in the



shadows, as though trying to find that one which meant more to her than any other in the whole world, she unfolded the facts. On the preceding evening, she and "Ned," her wealthy young companion, had, as on previous occasions, visited a fashionable night club in that neighborhood, and after some few pleasant hours, that time had come, as is wont to do, when the white-aproned gent softly reads a sad, very sad tale from a memo-pad he carries as his only weapon of defense (or should I say offense?) during your stay at his table. Ned smiled, inserting his empty hand into his equally empty pocket. Embarrassment and surprise lit his countenance as he asked for the proprietor. She and Ned were led to the office. This being no common speak-easy, Ned was not surprised to see a very uncommon proprietor. A man of middle age, tall and athletic, gray hair, sharp features, immaculately trimmed mustache and goatee, piercing steel-blue eyes, he looked the staid old family physician, yet something about his whole air belied his seeming tenderness. "Stern, brutal, savage," thought she. The waiter addressed him as "Doc," explained the matter, and added: "These are old customers," then left the office. Apologies from Ned followed, he telling of hastily changing clothes, leaving wallet and checkbook on his dresser at home.

"True and excusable," mused Doc, and with exchanging of personal cards, best wishes and a promise to return within forty-eight hours with the amount due, they left Doc's.

Next evening Ned met her again and took her to Trommer's with full intentions of going to Doc's later. Things went smoothly; the last dance was announced. Sitting at a corner table they absorbed the strains of the enchanting music. The waiter appeared, presented his memo, was paid and generously tipped, then left. Immediately two men appeared, each with one hand in his coat pocket in a menacing manner, requesting Ned to speak with them alone. Politely he left the girl, promising a speedy return. That happened fifteen minutes ago. The resort had since closed and more important was the fact that



she was certain she had seen those men on more than one occasion in Doc's.

"This surely is a kidnaping plot. Why did Ned ever identify himself to a speak-easy crowd? What shall we do? Please help me, she concluded."

For ten years I have listened to sad tales of woe. Some deal with an unappreciative husband, a wayward daughter or a bad boy, while others are purely imaginative hallucinations. Determined on restraining my gallantry from overcoming good judgment, I stared into her eyes, searching for some motive behind that anxious glare. She relaxed in despair, shrugged her shoulders and sighed, her tear-dimmed eyes pleading, begging.

"Please help me," she said.

Her sincerity and faith in me were apparent. Throwing the car in speed, I asked, "Where's Doc's?"

Astonished, she answered: "No; you can't go. I won't let you, alone. Get a policeman."

"That's okay. I'm one. Where's Doc's?" I shouted over the roar of the motor.

That section of East New York, with several trolley and "El" lines, lumber yards and empty lots, is one place where anything might happen. Directing me through short, narrow streets and rough roads, we finally came into a dead-end street. Cautioning me against noise, she signaled to stop in front of a private residence about half-way down the block. With an occasional "Shhh," she guided me past empty tin food containers, through a driveway, over the rear fence and up to a house which backed to the one we had passed. I realized we were now behind a dwelling which fronted on the block north of the street we had parked in.

On we went, to a basement window. My thoughts were, is it open? Gosh!!! I hope so. I tried it. It was. Now what? Sliding inside I landed upright on the floor. The arc lamp on the street corner provided a dim light. Providence was guiding me. At my signal, she entered as I had, and stood beside me, clutching my hand.

Things now happened faster than I can relate. We found the stairway, softly ascended one, then another flight. A moaning sound reached our ears; at first plain, it was now growing fainter. She whispered it was Ned, groaning with pain. Tiptoeing along the hall we found a door slightly ajar. Peering in, we saw two men and a woman sitting around a table in muffled, earnest conversation, audible but not understandable, and above this, the steady agony of Ned's voice.

Out came my cannon as we ran in. The group, frightened at my "Hands up!" jumped to their feet. Table, chairs, lamp and ash tray crashed to the floor. A rapid "frisk" revealed nothing. Looking back over my shoulder for the girl, I saw Doc, the brains of the gang, standing in the threshold.

"Up with 'em, Big Shot!" I commanded.

He obeyed, saying, "What is the meaning of this?"

I wondered at his calm. "Release Ned," I demanded.

Doc started, "I can't do that very well, because—"

I cut him short with, "Nix on the comedy, Big Shot; I'm one of Mulrooney's men."

"This is strange, indeed. So you are a detective," and indicating in turn, first the girl, then the others

of the group, continued, "Here we have Queen Marie, Martha Washington, Napoleon and Brutus, and now you are——" He never finished. I had enough of his crude humor, so prodding him with my revolver, bade him to follow as I backed toward the door, bent on releasing poor Ned.

I found myself thinking, trying to remember where I was and what had happened. I was now out of the coma. Yes, I remember, as I backed out, everyone in the room "cowed," I was struck on the head from behind, and here I am lying in bed, bound hand and foot. What a sap. If I ever escape, I'll run straight home into the arms of a sympathetic wife. Not even report this. I'm disgraced.

Opening my eyes, I looked around. It was daylight.

"Well, young fellow, I found your shield. How do you feel?" Doc was over me, talking.

A lot he cares, I thought.

He continued: "I could not release Ned, as you requested; he still is in the straight-jacket."

Ah! So that is how prisoners are kept here, I thought, and then realized I also was in one. "You won't be so funny very long, Big Shot," I growled.

He smiled, as our attention was drawn to approaching footsteps in the hall. The girl appeared, that same tear-dimmed, pitiful expression in her eyes.

As he unbuckled the last strap which bound me, he turned to her and said: "Now Queen Marie, go to the bullion vault and weigh your gold," and to me, "Look at the sign out front," and with a hearty laugh, left me.

I hastened to the window and there, on the lawn, stood a large white sign bearing the following:

"DR. KENT

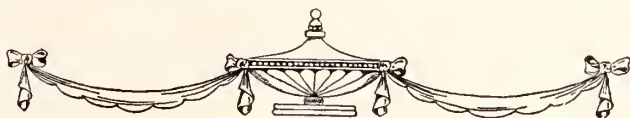
PSYCHIATRIST

PRIVATE SANITARIUM"

Gaining the sidewalk, I looked back at Doc in the doorway and shouted: "Let her go, Doc! I'm your patient," and no longer able to suppress a broad smile, I thought, "No wonder I'm still JUST A PATROLMAN."

## In Memoriam

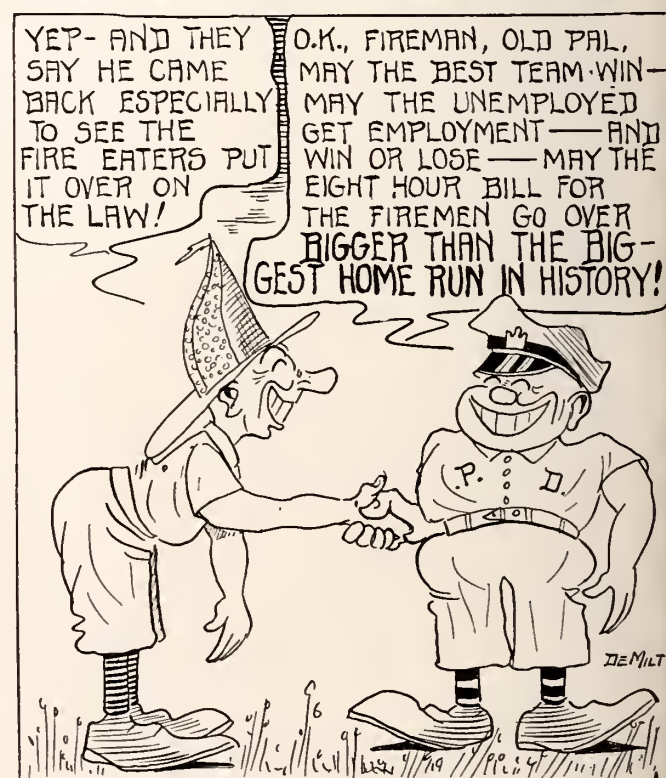
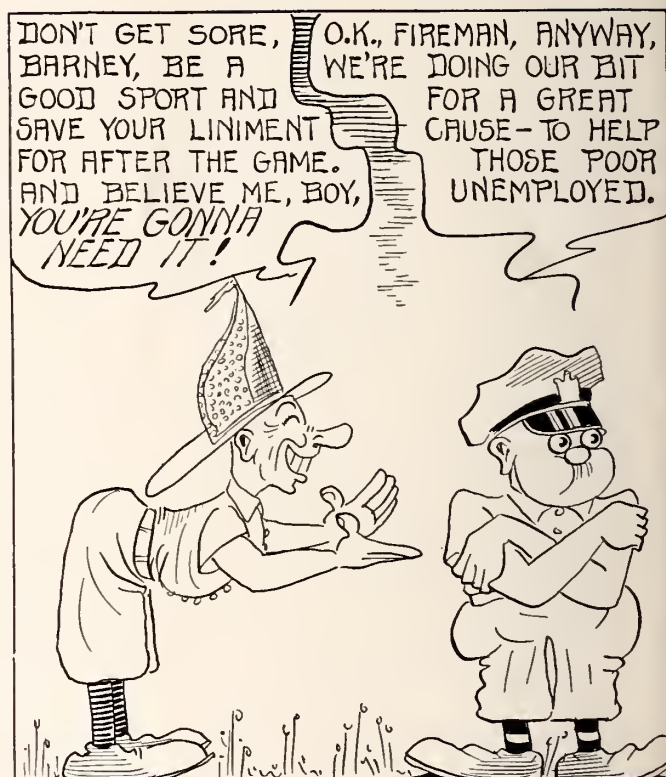
Ptl. Walter Webb	40th Pct.	Aug. 21, 1931
Ptl. Edwin V. Churchill		
Motorcycle Squad No. 1		
Ptl. Jeremiah D. Moriarty	82d Pct.	Aug. 26, 1931
Ptl. Charles C. Brayton	82d Pct.	Aug. 27, 1931
Ptl. John E. McHugh	61st Pct.	Aug. 27, 1931
Ptl. Walter F. J. Sullivan		
Bo. Hdqts., Bx.		
Ptl. Edward Dougherty	85th Pct.	Sept. 1, 1931
Ptl. Frank C. McKay	75th Pct.	Sept. 6, 1931
Ptl. Bernard F. Conroy	44th Pct.	Sept. 7, 1931
Sgt. Timothy Murphy	8th Pct.	Sept. 14, 1931
Ptl. William F. Eberhardt	15th Pct.	Sept. 15, 1931



# Barney on the Beat

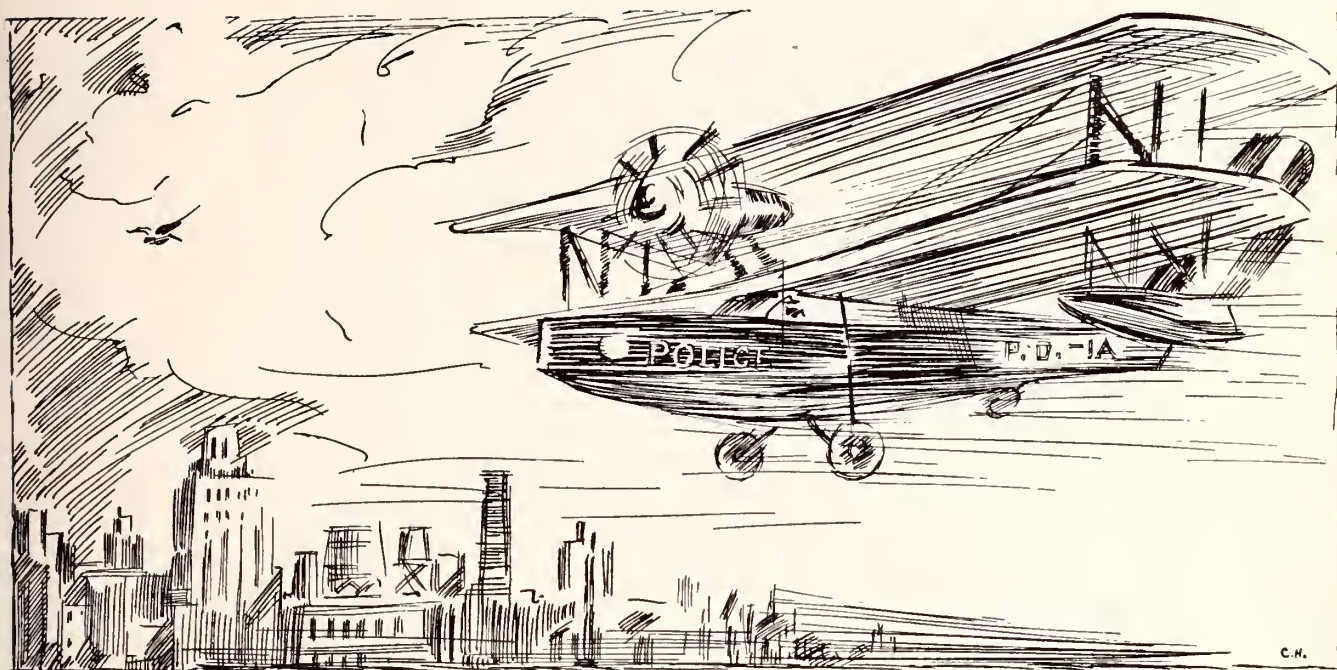
By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT

SO SAY WE ALL





# Our Fliers Salt A Pigeon's Tail



*The P. D. 1-A in flight*

**T**HE Police Air Service Division performed a feat hitherto unknown in the annals of aviation when, because of the skillful flying of two of its pilots in following a carrier pigeon, an extortionist was arrested by detectives of the Jamaica Precinct on September 13th. The detectives said that their prisoner, George Marthens, 48 years old, of 22 Glad-iola Avenue, Floral Park, Queens, said he attempted to obtain the money because he was unemployed and his two children were hungry.

This story begins on August 20th, when the fifteen-year-old Edgar F. Hazelton, Jr., whose father is a former Municipal Court Justice, disappeared from his home. On August 24th, four days after his son disappeared, Mr. Hazelton posted a reward of \$2,500 for his return.

Later that same day, the father received a telephone message informing him that his son was safe and would be returned upon the delivery of \$2,500 to the person making the telephone call. This person told Mr. Hazelton to leave \$1,000 in a cigar box in the vicinity of Parsons Boulevard and 46th Avenue, Flushing, Queens.

Mr. Hazelton found the box with a carrier pigeon in it. A note tied to the bird directed him to fasten two \$500 bills to the legs of the pigeon and release it. Instead, Mr. Hazelton wrote a note asking for a sample of his son's handwriting and propounding some questions which only his son could answer.

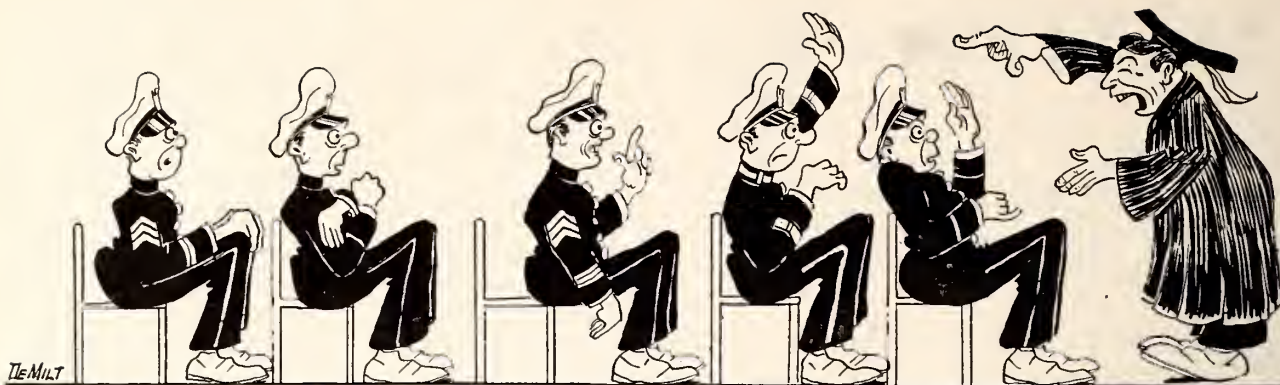
Another telephone message was received the fol-

lowing day by Mr. Hazelton in which he was told to go to a store near Parsons Boulevard and 76th Avenue, Flushing. He did so and found another box, another pigeon and another note, informing him that no questions would be answered and that it would be useless to set a trap for the owner of the bird.

But Mr. Hazelton thought otherwise and promptly notified the police. Acting Sergeant Allen Van Hagen, Chief Pilot of the Police Air Service Division, and Patrolman Otto Kafka, another pilot, followed the last pigeon in two police planes. They traced the bird to a dove-cote on the roof of a house at 46-12 161st Street, Jamaica. The owner of the house said he had rented the pigeon coop to an unidentified man, and the detectives took up the hunt for the owner of the pigeons.

Detectives Harry Strauss, Frank Heymer and Theodore Burger of the Jamaica Precinct arrested Marthens on a charge of attempted extortion. The detectives state that Marthens admitted ownership of the pigeons and the coop and that the proprietor of the store where the second pigeon was left, identified Marthens as the man who left it there. The prisoner has admitted that at no time did he know of the whereabouts of the missing boy, who has since returned to his home.

So once again the Police Air Service Division leads the way in modern methods of apprehending criminals.



# THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

## OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Friday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.



6. A, B and C conspire to cheat X out of \$5,000. The conspiracy was carried out. They are arrested. Is it possible to convict them of—  
(a) Conspiracy?  
(b) Any other crime? If so, what crime?
7. What elements establish "probable cause" for search by police officers?
8. What is penology?

## MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

For each of the following questions five or six answers are suggested. Before each answer is a space within which to make an X. Read over the answers and then place an X within the space before the answer which is correct. Do not mark more than one answer for each statement.

## QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. What advice should be given by a police officer in the following cases?  
(a) A poor person needs legal advice in a civil matter.  
(b) A young woman without funds and in need of shelter.  
(c) Families needing immediate relief and social service.
2. Briefly outline the jurisdiction over crimes committed on vessels or ships on the water.
3. X, a naturalized citizen of the United States, becomes the father of a child born in a foreign country. What is the citizenship status of the child?
4. When a grand jury refuses to indict and the charge against the accused is dismissed, can steps be taken to present the case again? Explain.
5. A boxing contest among amateurs is scheduled. An admission is to be charged. Tickets are on sale. How are these contests regulated?

9. Jones and Smith planned to rob Williams on his way from the bank to his place of business. The route walked by Williams embraced busy thoroughfares, which increased the danger of capture. The criminals went unarmed. Approaching Williams, Jones concealed his right hand in an overcoat pocket to make it appear that he had a revolver. Williams was frightened and submitted to Smith taking a payroll of \$100.00 from one pocket and a revolver from another pocket.  
( ) Williams is guilty of a felony in carrying the revolver.  
( ) Jones is guilty of robbery in the second degree, while Smith is guilty of robbery in the first degree.  
( ) The sum of money taken from Williams would be the deciding factor in determining the degree of crime.



- ( ) Jones and Smith would be guilty of extortion.
- ( ) As the revolver was part of the stolen property Smith did not arm himself with a dangerous weapon.
- ( ) Jones and Smith committed the crime of robbery in the first degree.

10. The common law is the—

- ( ) Statutory law.
- ( ) Law, usually unwritten, established by long usage.
- ( ) Law made by Congress.
- ( ) New York State Law.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1 IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. Criminology is the scientific study and investigation of crime as a social phenomenon, and of criminals with reference to their physical and mental traits, their habits, their proper discipline, etc. It elicits information from investigations—physiological, psychological, legal, chemical, economic, statistical, educational and sociological.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2 IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

2. To apply the rule of admissibility of evidence seized in an arrest as cited we shall divide the property into two classes:

- (1) That which was taken from the person of the prisoner when he was arrested and searched, and
- (2) That which was seized when the rooms were explored for evidence.

The papers taken from the prisoner may be lawfully introduced in evidence against him.

What was seized in the search of the rooms falls within the second group. There are fixed boundaries which may not be transgressed. General exploratory searches of premises or property is forbidden as violative of the right of personal security, liberty and private property. If evidence is openly displayed to view it may be taken and used against the defendant.

The State law is different. If the evidence is before the court and is competent, it will be admitted. If the rights of the accused are violated, he has his civil remedy.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3 IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

3. Under the school laws of the State of Colorado, Judge Lindsey in 1899, and the City of Chicago in the same year, established juvenile courts for the hearing of cases of delinquent and neglected children. These courts developed out of the recognition of the evils prevailing upon the usual methods of trying children's cases in the criminal court in which cases of adults were heard and the burdensome methods of handling them in other courts. Splendidly presided over and giving to juveniles a chance before denied them, the juvenile courts met with public approval and spread rapidly throughout this country and throughout the world. At present every city in the United States having a population of 100,000 and upwards has a court specializing in children's work. All of the states except Maine and Wyoming have legislation providing special court organizations for dealing with juvenile cases. While progress has been made in the extension of juvenile courts to rural areas there are still many rural communities and towns without this service. Maine and Wyoming each has some provision in the law regarding the handling of children brought to the courts.

The fundamental principles of the juvenile court are:

- (1) Separate and individual hearings for children's cases.
- (2) Informal procedure, which includes the use of the summons or petition.
- (3) Separate detention from adults.
- (4) Mental and physical examinations.
- (5) Special court and probation records—legal and social.
- (6) Probation service both for investigation and supervisory care.

**Advantages:**

It is a generally accepted principle that offenders under 16 years of age should be dealt with by courts as wards of the State, rather than as criminals. For young persons above this age court treatment varies. The feeling is developing that treatment dissimilar from the usual criminal procedure should be extended to young people of the next age group—up to 18 years of age. This feeling is exemplified in the extension of juvenile court jurisdiction to higher ages and the assignment of cases involving these young persons to other specialized courts.

The juvenile court is given jurisdiction over boys under 18 in twenty-one States.

The extension of the age limit would permit of mental and physical examination, and social investigation, on procedure as existing in the juvenile court organization; and from this procedure guidance could be afforded the court in prescribing treatment.

It is believed that more effective supervision of probationers would result in many areas.

Preventive methods should have a major part in the treatment of youths of 16 to 18 years of age because of the large number who apparently come into conflict with the law for the first time during these years. Complicating factors in the offenses of many are broken homes; poverty; lack of intelligence and sympathetic guidance at home; difficulties at school; shifting of jobs; unemployment; bad companions, including gang membership; mental dullness and defect, and emotional instability.

Court experience of some is more or less accidental or their offenses can be attributed to a passing phase in their transition from boyhood or girlhood to manhood or womanhood.

Court organizations could be set up so that the juvenile court could have power to waive jurisdiction and permit youths to be tried under ordinary criminal procedure to safeguard the interests of the public for the extended age group. If jurisdiction was extended to include 18 years, juvenile court jurisdiction for youths of this age might be made concurrent with that of criminal courts as in California and several other States.

**Disadvantages:**

There is a lack of reliable statistics to form a basis upon which to proceed.

Extension would require increased appropriations for the expansion.

Added resources for additional judges, for probation staff, for detention pending disposition of cases and for additional institutional facilities for their care.

Delinquency and offenses would increase.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4 IN AUGUST ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

- 4. (1) Adoption of a fingerprint identification system by all police and penal agencies—Federal—state—municipal.
- (2) Studies of crime and the technique by which they are committed.
- (3) Establishment in each state of a state bureau of criminal statistics and identification.
- (4) Establishment of record and statistical bureaus in each public police agency, containing information on crimes and criminals.
- (5) Establishment of criminological institutes in an university in each state for research and to assist and collaborate with the public police service as occasion requires and upon request.
- (6) Establishment of a scientific laboratory in each police department of cities having a population of 100,000 and upwards.
- (7) These institutes and laboratories to be places where and from which criminals and materials can be studied by scientific methods.
- (8) Police forces carefully selected and examined under civil service regulations; trained for at least three months prior to performing police duty. Additional courses of training for entire personnel of department at stated periods at time least interfering with exigencies of police service.
- (9) Safe and proper detention pending arraignment of those accused of crime. Detention of suspicious characters; professional idling criminals not satisfactorily accounting for their movements. Detention for habitually idle persons consorting with criminals.
- (10) Reconstruction and conciliation of criminal laws and procedure. Speedy trial. Mental and physical examination and social investigation, by probation officers, from which a basis can be adopted to determine treatment for accused. Methods of treatment embodying the aims of social reformation and crime abatement include:
  - (a) Fines for adults found guilty of certain offenses; provision for restitution in certain cases.
  - (b) Probation for first offenders except in major crimes; a study of whom indicates they may be released and trusted at large under supervision.
  - (c) Intermediate prison for first offenders between 18 and 24 years of age to keep them apart from older and more hardened criminals. Beneficial training, education and discipline of inmates, including vocational and industrial training.
  - (d) Separate prisons for recidivists.
  - (e) Commitment to institutions, adapted to the nature of the criminal for those who need treatment. These institutions would include hospitals, asylums and settlements for the physically and mentally ill or defective.
  - (f) Reform schools for those who are victims of ignorance and unskillfulness but who will be able to profit by training.
  - (g) Industrial prisons for the incorrigible who is hopeless.
  - (h) Parole after proper training and intensive study of characteristics of the individual under efficient parole officers, the force of whom would be sufficient in number to really supervise.
  - (i) Enactment in each state and by the Federal Government of effective statutes regulating firearms, including outlawing machine gun possession by private individuals.
  - (j) Establishment of child guidance bureaus in municipal and state departments of education.
  - (k) Establishment of crime prevention bureaus in police departments of first, second and third class cities.
  - (l) Rapid dispatch of police information.
  - (m) Motor vehicles equipped with radio receiving sets—police department and state broadcasting and receiving stations.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5 IN AUGUST ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

5. The principal provisions of this local law are as follows:

- (1) Definitions:
  - a. Dance hall shall mean any room, place or space in New York City in which dancing is carried on and to which the public may gain admission, with or without payment of fee.
  - b. Public dance or ball shall mean any dance or ball of any nature or description to which the public may gain admission.
  - c. Cabaret shall mean any room, place or space in the City in which any musical entertainment, singing, or dancing or similar amusement is permitted in connection with restaurant business or the business of directly or indirectly selling to the public food or drinks, except a hotel having upwards of two hundred bedrooms; premises owned and used by membership corporation, providing such corporation was in actual existence prior to January 1st, 1926; premises owned, occupied or used by a religious, charitable, eleemosynary or educational corporation or institution and premises licensed pursuant to Chapter III of the Code of Ordinances (Amusements and Exhibitions).
- (2) a. Application to be made to Police Commissioner accompanied by fee of \$50.00.
- b. License to be posted at main entrance.
- c. No license to be issued until place shall comply with rules and regulations of Building and Health Departments.
- (3) Premises not to be kept open for business, nor public permitted to remain or enter between 3.00 A.M. and 8.00 A.M.
- (4) License may be revoked if disorderly, immoral or obscene conduct is permitted.
- (5) Inspection to be made by police before issuing license.
- (6) Police Commissioner, when authorized by Board of Estimate and Apportionment, may appoint inspectors of dance halls and cabarets.



- (7) License for public dance—fee \$5.00. Not between 3 A.M. and 8 A.M.
- (8) Existing licenses to run until expiration.
- (9) Superceded Sections 1485-6, 1494 inclusive, of the Greater New York Charter.  
The Police Department now having direct control over dance halls and cabarets is in a better position to prevent crime. Stringent regulations are bound to be effective. Among others these include:
  - (1) All parts of licensed premises to be accessible to the public and to the police during business hours. Doors unlocked. No signal system. Record and supervision of entertainers and employees.
  - (2) Closing on time. No closed booths. Criminals not permitted to operate. Members of underworld, pimps, procurers and degenerates not permitted to remain on premises.
  - (3) Proprietors not to subsidize hack drivers to secure patrons.
  - (4) Report to the Police Department disorder or crime.
  - (5) Not to discriminate as to fees.
  - (6) Revocation of license for violation of regulations.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6 IN AUGUST ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100"

6. The injured member should immediately report the facts and circumstances under which he was injured to his commanding officer by messenger, telegraph, telephone or through the police authorities having jurisdiction at the place where the injury occurred.  
If possible, he should return to this City.  
Desk Officer notifies Telegraph Bureau by telephone and forwards prescribed forms. Entry to be made in blotter of facts and circumstances of case.  
Commanding officer makes report to the Police Commissioner requesting that a communication be sent to the out of town police authorities having jurisdiction to investigate and report.  
Chief Surgeon and the District Surgeon to be notified.  
Next of kin of patrolman to be notified.  
Commanding officer of command to which officer is attached to collaborate with District Surgeon and office of Chief Surgeon in investigation of the case and make report to the Police Commissioner in duplicate of the result of investigation, and as to whether or not the injuries were sustained in the performance of police duty.  
This member of the force was on vacation with full pay. His vacation period with full pay would continue until its termination.  
Should the injured member desire full pay while on sick leave, application would be made by him to the Police Commissioner, stating in detail how the injuries were received. The commanding officer of the applicant would forward such application with appropriate endorsement and recommendation to the Police Commissioner through official channels. If the applicant is unable on account of the injuries received to make application for full pay his commanding officer shall make the application, stating therein that the member concerned is unable to make application, the manner in which the injuries were sustained, and recommending whether full pay should be granted or not.  
In cases of members of the Force who are injured while out of town they are returned to the City immediately if they are able to travel by train or by automobile. The Chief Surgeon of the Police Department takes appropriate action in all of these cases.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7 IN AUGUST ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100"

7. (a) Obey lawful orders of superior officers. Neat and clean in appearance. Courteous and respectful.  
Give name and shield number when requested.  
Not to engage in games of cards or chance in Department buildings.  
Not to scatter refuse or litter in such buildings.  
Not to smoke while on patrol nor in public while in uniform, nor in Department buildings, except in sitting room of station house.

- Not to give personal cards or buttons to persons which assume to give privileges.
- Not to carry packages, bundles, umbrellas, etc., while in uniform, except in performance of duty.
- Not to occupy a seat in a public conveyance while in uniform to the exclusion of a paid passenger.
- Not to solicit railway transportation passes from officials of railway companies.
- Not to ride in automobiles while in uniform, except on duty.
- Not to associate with known criminals or persons of shady character, except in line of duty as properly authorized.
- Not to indulge in intoxicating liquors to an extent unfitting him for duty.
- Not to accept awards or presents for police service except with permission of Police Commissioner.
- Not to authorize photograph of himself in uniform in connection with a testimonial, advertisement or enterprise, nor endorse or subscribe to it or mention official title or rank in connection with it.
- Not to interfere with or attempt to influence the lawful business of any person.
- Not to agree to or advise payment to a pawnbroker by a person for property alleged to have been stolen from such person.
- Not to give information to undertakers about deceased persons except in line of duty or in case of member of one's own family.
- Not to enter places on the suspected list except on police business. Not to give information about police business or records, except as authorized.
- Not to recommend or suggest to anyone the employment or name of any person, firm or corporation as attorney, counsel or bondsman.
- Live in city limits.
- Use care in handling firearms, explosives and evidence.
- Report loss of, or damage to, department property.
- Not to solicit or pay money to be used in connection with matters affecting Department or any member of it, except with written permission of Police Commissioner. Association dues excepted.
- (b) Careful in inquiries not to endanger the character or reputation of person who may be the subject of investigation.  
Complaints of violations of law regarding vice, gambling and intoxicating liquors, or of premises suspected of harboring or maintaining unlawful acts or business, report to Commanding Officer observations and reasons.  
Before action is taken in such cases Division Commanding Officer causes discreet inquiry to be made as to the existence of violations; note character of people and neighborhood, social conditions; not use unknown men.  
In the investigation of alleged crime or suspicious death, avoid duplication or unnecessary questioning of witnesses.  
Refer cases to appropriate authority as investigation warrants.
- (c) Section 306 of the Greater New York Charter prohibits members of the Police Department from joining, being, or becoming a member of any political club or association or any club or association intended to affect legislation for, or on behalf of the Police Department or any member thereof, or to contribute any funds for such purpose.  
Rules of the Department prohibit members from being delegates or representatives for nomination or election of candidates for political office, or affiliating with any organization or body whose constitution or by-laws exact prior consideration and interfere with his performance of police duty.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8 IN AUGUST ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100"

8. The Fourteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution provides: That all persons born in the United States and not subject to any foreign power are citizens, but Indians are not included in this. However, in 1924 a Federal Law was enacted declaring that Indians born in the United States territory to be citizens of the United States and they do not lose any tribal or property rights. Also an Indian who is an honorably discharged veteran of the World War is a citizen.

# Holy Name Society Awards Scholarships

THE winners of the Annual Scholarships offered by the Holy Name Society of the Police Department of Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond for the year 1931 have been announced. The winner of the four year College Scholarship is James V. Sullivan of 1208 Franklin Avenue, Bronx, son of the late Patrolman Jeremiah Sullivan of the 18th Division (old). The High School Scholarship was won by Francis Kelly, son of Sergeant Patrick Kelly of the 5th Precinct. Both boys have elected to attend Fordham University, the former the College Department, and the latter, Fordham Prep.

Seventy-five boys and forty girls, sons and daughters of members were sent to Camp for a two weeks' vacation during the summer. The boys attended Camp St. Agnes at New Paltz, New York, and the

girls attended Camp Catholic Daughters of America at Camp Mattituck, L. I.

Since the establishment of the policy of the Holy Name Society to expend its funds for the benefit of the families of the members six years ago, eight boys have been awarded tuition for a complete high school education and seven boys have been sent to college, at a cost of \$9,000. More than a hundred and fifty boys have participated in the competitive examinations which are open to the sons of all members of the rank of sergeant and patrolman.

During the past six years more than three hundred boys and more than one hundred and fifty girls have taken advantage of a two weeks' vacation offered the children of all members of the Society. This work has been carried on at a cost of approximately \$15,000 to the Society.





By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

### HANDBALL TOURNAMENT

**H**ERE'S a chance for all you handball "artists" to show what you can do. The Police Commissioner has granted permission to SPRING 3100 to conduct a singles, and, if possible, a doubles tournament, one wall and four walls. Prizes will be awarded to the winners and those finishing second and third.

Handball has always been a favorite sport among policemen and we hope to find out who are the best players in the department.

The tournament will be governed by A. A. U. rules. Send in your entry, together with name, command and squad, to the office of SPRING 3100. Entries close on October 15, 1931. LET'S GO!!!

### BASEBALL

**SPECIAL NOTICE**—On Sunday, September 27, at 2:30 P. M., at the Polo Grounds, the Police and Fire Department baseball teams will cross bats for the City Championship. This game is for a good cause, the Unemployment Fund, and we expect to see a large turnout of "coppers" to help swell this fund and to cheer our team to victory. (P. S.—The "Tin" is no good!)

Manager Whitney's boys are in fine shape for the conflict, having recently defeated the New York A. C., the Waterbury Club, and the Poughkeepsie All Stars on three successive Sundays.

To date, the club has five men who are batting over .300. The team's average is .270. They have won two-thirds of the games played this season. This is a very good average for a traveling team. (BRING ON THOSE SMOKE-EATERS!)

**WELL, WELL, WELL!** Captain Byrnes' 15th Precinct baseball team was finally given a chance against the police team, Thursday, September 10, at Dyckman Oval. The Byrnites came up in a big bus with a crowd of rooters; in fact, everything but a brass band. What do you think happened? Well, the police team used its regular lineup, and they annihilated the precinct boys to the tune of 15 to 0. What's more, the precinct boys quit at the end of the seventh inning. Oh, boy, what a shellacking!

### RIGHT OFF THE BAT

Manager Whitney is arranging for a 100-yard race between the fastest men on the Police and Fire Department teams, and expects the winner to equal Chapman's record of 10 2-5 seconds, made with the

Yankees. (This will look like a game of Cops and Robbers.)

Roy Auer, of Eastern League fame, is now pitching for the team and won his first game last Sunday, when he defeated the Poughkeepsie club. Roy is about to graduate from the training school and will play with the team for the remainder of the season.

McAuliffe, our crackerjack second baseman, was poison to the Poughkeepsie pitchers. He hit two homers and a single. (Being a daddy must have improved his batting eye.)

The box score follows:

POLICE DEPARTMENT						POUGHKEEPSIE					
	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a. e.		ab.	r.	h.	po.	a. e.
McAuliffe, 2b.....	4	2	3	3	2 2	Shanley, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0 0
Kuhn, 1b.....	3	1	0	9	2 0	Streck, 3b.....	3	1	0	1	5 0
Duckett, cf.....	4	0	1	1	0 0	West, ss.....	3	1	2	1	3 0
Bushman, rf.....	4	1	2	1	0 0	McDermott, 1b.....	5	1	0	10	0 0
Foley, lf.....	4	0	1	3	0 0	Gohl, cf.....	4	0	2	1	0 0
Mansfield, ss.....	4	0	0	2	4 0	Allen, lf.....	3	0	1	4	0 0
Stefanek, ss.....	0	0	0	1	0 0	Eckert, p.....	1	0	0	0	0 0
Otsky, 3b.....	4	0	0	1	2 0	Becker, 2b.....	4	0	0	4	3 1
Engel, c.....	3	1	1	5	0 1	Losee, c.....	4	1	2	4	1 0
Sullivan, c.....	0	0	0	1	0 0	Ruge, p, lf.....	3	1	1	2	2 0
Auer, p.....	3	1	2	0	2 0						
	33	6	10	27	12 3		34	5	8	27	14 1

New York Police.....	1	0	0	0	2	1	2	0	0	6
Poughkeepsie.....	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	5

### TENNIS

Once again our good friend, Stanley Povey, had to be content with the runner-up trophy in the Brooklyn Public Courts tennis tournament. Stanley played his head off, but was defeated by a better man. Stanley then teamed up with Bill Eisman, and they just about walked away with the doubles championship. (What a RACQUET he must have!)

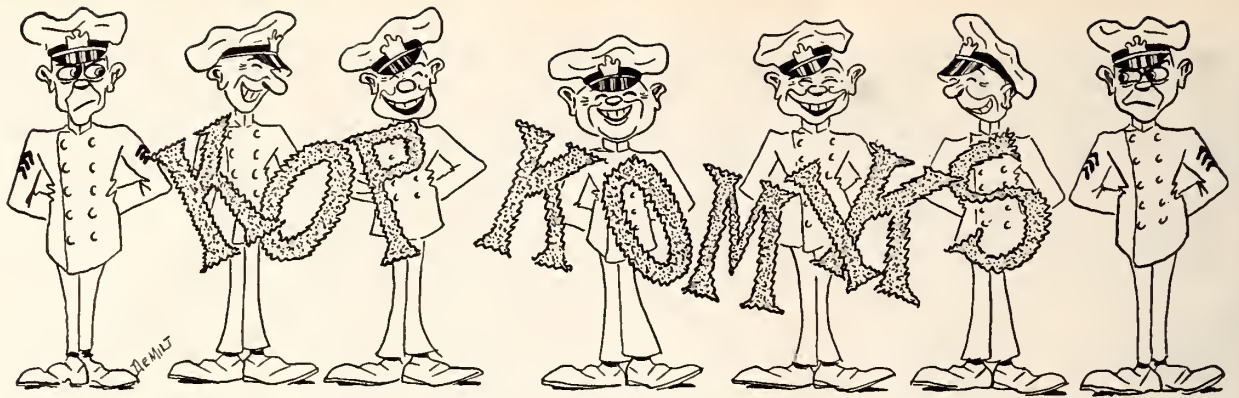
Patrolman Phil Silvey, our other entry for tennis honors, fell by the wayside. Better luck next time.

### GOLF

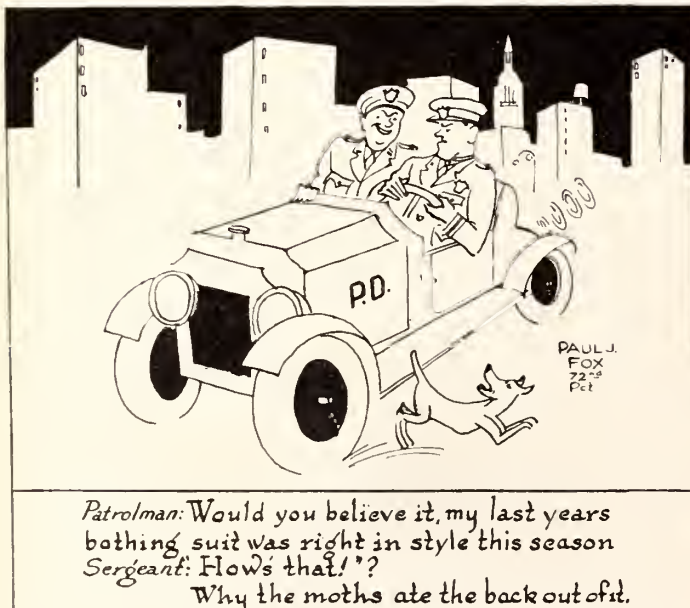
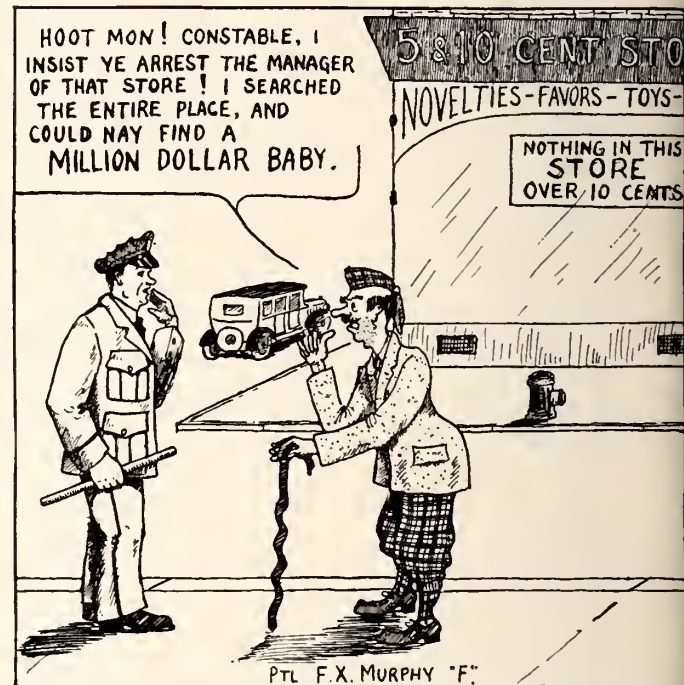
On Wednesday, September 9, the New York Municipal Golf Association held a men's one-day handicap tournament at Pelham Bay Park. PATROLMAN ARTHUR P. HUNT, of Traffic "C," with a handicap of 10, shot a 73. He was tied for low net, but was unable to play off the tie because he was working a 4 to 12 tour, and had to get back to work. This cost him his chance for a prize.

On September 27, at Van Cortlandt Park, the Daily News A. A. will hold its fourth annual golf driving contest. One of the features is a contest between the police and firemen. The men on the police team were picked according to their records, and we know they will give a good account of themselves.





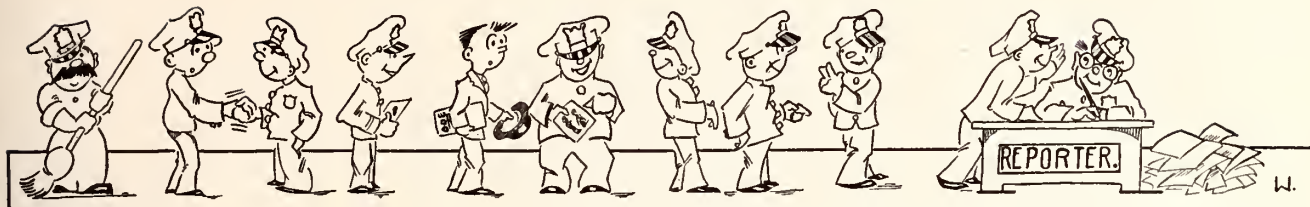
PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT





# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. John Stafford  
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon  
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

## LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan  
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.  
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

Gloom and Happiness invaded the office of the Second Division simultaneously at 1:42 P. M., on August 20th, when the telephone typewriter conveyed the message that Deputy Inspector John J. Seery of the 2d Division was detailed to the rank of Inspector and assigned to command the First Division.

Gloom prevailed, at the thought of losing from its personnel a man who thrilled his subordinates by his thorough knowledge of the routine of the Department, his happy disposition, and his courteous treatment of all who came in contact with him.

Gloom, however, was quickly dispelled by Happiness, with the knowledge that a promotion justly deserved had taken place, and one and all of his subordinates wish him the best of luck, with the reminder to keep persevering to attain the highest goal that this department can offer.

The Crime Prevention Bureau is again functioning properly, and is 100 per cent effective since the return of a certain Miss M. E. G., from Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

## 3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

## PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.  
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

Since "Heinie" Spaeth has "Irish Jim" for a partner he is singing the praises of John the Bullock. Dan Keohan and his nickel cheroot are silent bystanders.

After hearing "Porky" Flynn and "Junior" Lynch talk on the happiness of wedded bliss, Officer Basel is about ready to take the fatal leap.

Dominick Hallinan says KNOX pulled a BLOOMER.

By the way, Mike Coleman, who is this guy "Red Nose" you are always talking about? Is he one of them Dutchmen you have yet to sign a truce with?

It is a long time since "Lock 'Em Up" Leo Carey got his last medal. Guess the "Guerills" are keeping clear of him.

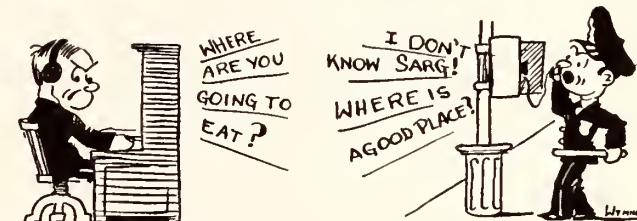
## 4TH DIVISION

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin  
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

## LT. JOHN J. FLYNN

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll  
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney  
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

Patrolman Sarisky, 17th Precinct, ringing, and Sergeant Hoer at the signal monitor.



## 5TH DIVISION

24th Pct., Ptl. Henry Thiebaud  
34th Pct., Ptl. Leo Hoy

## LT. WILLIAM TURK

30th Pct., Ptl. James Wall

On a beautiful September morning a baseball game was played at Dyckman Oval between the 30th Precinct Pinochle Hounds and the Sleeping Beauties of Emergency Squad No. 5. The game almost ended in a riot. There was an umpire there by the name of Bender, who in his spare time Captains the 30th Precinct. The way he called balls and strikes, and the way he favored his precinct team, would make a blind man blush. No foolin! The emergency boys threatened to use tear gas bombs if he didn't give them a break. The final score was 9 to 7, in favor of Umpire Captain Bender and the 30th Precinct.

AT THE GAME—Sergeant Gaffney made a dive for something that looked like a five-spot, and when he picked it up he was surprised to find out it was the baseball. What a stop!!...Sergeant Golden threatened to give the opposing pitcher a "pink slip" if he didn't let him hit the ball, but when he got his chance he lost a Golden opportunity....Patrolman Grippo looked more like a Hippo the way he ran around the bases...."Chuck" Connors certainly looked like a pitcher—uniform and everything!....Rossiter made a perfect slide going into third base and was safe by a mustache....Sullivan, that demon catcher, showed up a little late, but that's expected—he's a newlywed!....Edward (Patsy) Pascocella, the opposing pitcher, pitched a good game and brought along a bunch of rooters from his "Woofers' Club."....Cudahy and Lena surprised everyone present, including themselves, by making a double play....Those three PANSIES, Montgomery, Moench and O'Hara, looked better eating corned beef and cabbage than they did in the outfield....Lieutenant Handweg was an interested spectator...Patrolman (Shick) Spannake had charge of refreshments; he was ably assisted by Patrolmen Schweitzer and Ed Mullins....Patrolman Savage went after the corned beef and cabbage in true Savage style. He's another newlywed—his wife still

uses the cook book....McMahon started to talk things over with Sussingham at the dinner table when someone grabbed a piece of his "beef." He filled out a lost property report....Linskey says he'll never sit under a tree again; a bird ruined his Panama hat....Larkin was just as good at the table as he was on the ball field....Wynne ate enough for a month....All in all, everyone had a good time (we're hoping for another) and Sloan's liniment was used freely the next day.

#### 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Broveman

#### LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Bantan

The reporter of the 25th Precinct would like to know why the 2d, 4th and 5th Division reporters were among the missing in the August issue of this magazine. Surely, there must be a few good ones left in those divisions.

Patrolman Arthur Grundig, one of the 25th Precinct motor patrol operators, alias "Red," "Tin Ear," "Flat Tire," "Chew Tobacco," has poor Bosch's heart broken with the last alias, especially when it comes to the wind shield.

Did you ever meet one of the Beau Brummels of the 25th Precinct known and well liked by the entire command? That person is none other than Patrolman Charles Gillis, alias "Cop Charlie." Charlie tried his good fortune in another detail lately, but did not like the environment and asked to be transferred back. Try and laugh that one off, "Cop Charlie."

Here's wishing speedy recovery to members of the 25th Precinct who have been away sick for a long time: Patrolmen Henry Levy, Joseph Marino, Herbert Stubenvoll, John A. Lee, Jr., and Harry Welch. The entire command hopes that you are all back with us soon, in good health.

Patrolman Victor Weinum, while on his vacation in the wilds of Crotona Park, met quite a few Indians, but none like the ones in the 4th Squad of the 25th Precinct.

Patrolman J. Mahoney makes an able substitute during the absence of Attendant Harry Welch on sick report. My, how that guy can wield a broom. Hey, James, get the shovel!

Yes, sir! Patrolman Stephen Janis's misplaced eyebrow has an addition to it. Another hair was seen to sprout last week, and all the members of the 25th Precinct are rejoicing in his good fortune.

#### 8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Mavor

#### LT. EDWARD W. FLYNN

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan  
52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

Members of the 43d Precinct miss the cheerful "Good morning" of Thomas McGrath, Hack Inspector, who retired last month. McGrath has opened a filling station (gasoline only) on the Albany Post Road, at Cold Spring. On the side, he also sells "they're all hot." There has been a scarcity of the four-footed ones in this precinct for some time, and now the secret is out. Every member of this command wishes him the best of luck in his venture, and even the hackmen are singing: "Oh, how we miss you tonight."

Patrolman (Boo Boo) McCarthy told Patrolman Arthur Reilly (Skeets Martin) that if they moved Broome Street down one block it would be GRAND.

Patrolman McCormack, of the 52d Precinct, just back from a trip to Ireland, says every time he hears Sergeant Dan Harrington call the roll—he thinks he is still in Ireland.

Patrolman Yudenfriend (the peddler's friend) bought a second-hand Hudson for \$17.50. What was the \$17 for?

#### 9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Chorlex Reis

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crassen  
122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

Here's to a bunch of jolly good fellows, and the reporter of SPRING 3100, Charles (Diamond Dick) Crosson, of the 123d Precinct, at Tottenville, S. I., has the pleasure to report that the Perth Amboy, N. J. police baseball team are all gentlemen and scholars in the art of hospitality, for, during and after the game. We had everything from soup to nuts and what goes with it. Even a vaudeville show in Jaekel's Hall. They certainly know how to treat out-of-town guests.

The Perth Amboy manager, Pete (Two Gun) Hansen, the hero of the Strand Theater stickup, besides being a good cop also knows how to manage a baseball team....Bill (Belly) Seiboth is a star first baseman and knows his onions....Sergeant Frank Seiboth saw to it that everything was on the level....Chief of Police Nils Tunnerson also was on the job....The game was played at the City Stadium, and there was a full house....It was a pleasure to lose to such a bunch of good fellows....Our manager, Ed. (OLD POP) Manley, and Captain Sergeant Squassoni and Coach (Hawkshaw) Sergeant Rhodes were all pleased with the score—Perth Amboy, 2; Tottenville, 1. The next two games both resulted in scoreless ties. They were played at the Tottenville High School Stadium and we tried to return their hospitality.

After being told by a side-kick that there was a dead dog on his post (he being a rookie), Daniel (Brainy) Thorsen asked what he should do with it. Patrolman Keaveney, the joker of the precinct, told him to put it in the flivver and take it to the house, for someone might steal it. He brought it into the house and asked what he should do with it. Lieutenant White told him to put it on ice in the cellar, which he did. Patrolman Mike (Cuspidodian) Cotter had a job spraying disinfectant until the arrival of the wagon. It's a good thing it wasn't a horse. Cheer up, we were all rookies once.

#### 10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan  
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp  
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long  
70th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

#### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie  
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell  
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis C. Regan

Since the departure of Patrolman Jake Berendt, better known as "Smiling Jake," who at present is spending his vacation at Saratoga, his buddy, Patrolman Charlie Carr, affectionately called "Windy" Carr, is filling in as Second Mop (Attendant at the 60th Precinct). Charlie can be found gazing attentively at the clock, but what an improvement since he was promoted to Attendant. The brass-work has lost its sparkle and in most conspicuous places can be found the beautiful handiwork of Coney Island's giant spiders. In fact, the place looks



grand all decorated with cobwebs. (Keep up the good work, Charlie; Jake will be mighty proud of you on his return.)

A word from Patrolman Walter Stretch, better known as Sunshine Walter, whom "Windy" Carr claims is looking at life through corn plasters. Walter wishes for Jake's speedy return.

Patrolman Coviello, better known as "Punchy," can be found looking for peepers over in Brighton Beach. "Punchy" is an active patrolman. At least the boys of the precinct think so with the exception of Patrolman Dave Bailey, who claims Coviello is punch drunk from shadow boxing.

Patrolman Jim O'Neill, known to his buddies as "Pork Chops," is still ear-bending about his trip to Canada. Boy! how that fellow can hand it out. Jim has seen things on his trip that were never heard of. Patrolman Conlon claims Jim was never any further north than Bronx Park. Jim was praised for his wonderful physique and it went to his head. He is now training for the Northwest Mounted Police by riding the bucking "brons" at Feltman's carousel.

Patrolman Jim Byrnes, of the 66th Precinct, is quite a horticulturist. He planted dahlias to better the appearance of our front yard, and much to his surprise, when reporting for duty the other morning, he found three full grown peaches on the plant.

Patrolman Dave Gandolfi has returned from vacation with a head like a Japanese garden; two temples, a bridge on his nose and a little grass on the edge of a large lake. You should have used Herpicide, Dave.

Patrolman John Maxwell spent his vacation at Bear Mountain, and states that the mountain is misnamed. The only "bares" he saw were at the old swimming holes.

Our big friend, Jim Morisey, does not like October days, and misses his September morns. Never mind, Jim, summer will be around again and there will be other vacations.

Patrolmen Tony DeGuiseppe and Jim Morisey would make a good pair, and a wonderful eyeful sitting in a police flivver. Don't do it, boys, there is more room on a Mack truck.

The flivvers of this command never ran better than when our beloved mechanic, Semmig, was on vacation.

A remark overheard in the back room, addressed to Patrolman Buck O'Neill: "Speaking of Carnera, how's your feet, Buck?"

The writer envies Patrolman John (Red) Maguire when he thinks of the delicious sandwiches made by the Mrs. at the bus outing of the Maxwell family and relatives.

The Siamese Twins of Parkville, namely "Tootsie" Tyrell and "Pansy" Entwistle, accompanied by "Mother" McCaddin, are on their vacation, and from latest reports are headed for Saratoga. Sergeant Martin immediately notified the A. S. P. C. A. of Saratoga to watch out for this notorious trio, as on one occasion when the Siamese Twins came into view adorned in their sport outfit, a few of the horses opposite the station house keeled over. What! Must we tell you why?

Since John Lee survived his almost fatal hanging on one of our traffic stanchions, he can be seen arguing with his beloved friend, John Cassidy, as to

what brought them into this country. Cassidy still insists that Lee came from China, and to cite an illustration, asks Lee if he ever heard of Chin Lee.

#### 11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox  
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. Paul Walsh

#### LT. PAUL LUSTBADER

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

### "LURKING LUDWIG"

"Tells How"



You see it's this way: Last month I ran off a record of fifteen stolen cars and I says to myself, "Ludwig, you're the berries, and they ain't no raspberries, either." When I spots 'em they feel like a broken window, "they're due for a new pain." But it takes system and a good pair of optics—"You know I'm pretty fly" and "a fly can see even though he leaves his specks behind."

One of them birds I meets up with gives me a stall about being deaf, I tells him, "the Judge will give you your hearing in the morning."

Another fellow was just coming off the ferry, and he puts up a loud argument. I says, "what's the matter with you," and he said, "every time I ride the ferry it makes me cross." Then he keeps hollerin', "the jig is up, the jig is up" and I runs him over to Bellevue where I finds he had St. Vitus' Dance.

But it's a great life anyway; another fellow gives me a spiel about his grandfather just dying at 120. I says, "what are you doing, kidding me," but next day I finds his grandfather did die at 120—at 120 15th Street.

Then there was the swell guy who says he was going to a night club; I says, "I got one right here waiting for you"—and, by the way, that reminds me I got to make that Last Ring.

Be it known that Professor John W. Sutter, of the 11th Division office, our clerical lieutenant, has cleared the deck for action, and here is what took place: Enrolled in Delehanty's, Schwartz, Police Academy, Columbia University (elementary law), and in staying at home nights for study period.

All you hear at our office is, "What is a wit, who issues it, and for what purpose?" Then the honorable speedy Paul H. Lustbader comes in and breaks up the study period with this crack: "Who discovered Hoboken and why?" You ought to see the "mugs" on Lieutenants John Cashman and Lightweight Charles Kuhnemund (looks like a ferryboat) when Paul comes in, as they are afraid of his knowledge (of history, not law). Well, between the four of them it looks like the first four on the list, and

maybe one or two in the observation ward of Bellevue Hospital.

"Legs" Diamond, excuse me, I meant Officer John M. Toohill, is very enthusiastic the last few days, and from information received and on good authority, it looks like he will lead a beautiful woman down the long aisle and then hold her for life.

The members of the 78th Precinct are anxiously awaiting the speedy recovery of Sergeant Frank Reiff, who is on sick report.

Patrolman Maloney, his wife Agnes, and the Ford just returned from Maine, after spending a pleasant vacation there. Now that Maloney is back, the members of Engine Company 226, on State Street, can expect a busy season with Jim turning in the alarms.

Our P. B. A. delegate, Charlie Schrimpf, just returned from his vacation and is unending in his praise of the Police Recreation Camp.

Patrolman Edward (Bugs) Paynter just returned from the woods, claiming he was cutting down timber. We think, however, he was keeping away from the squirrels.

Lieutenant Lonergan is back from his vacation and sure is looking swell in his coat of tan. We bet that he did a little pistol practice in hopes of winning the next shooting meet.

We are glad to welcome Patrolman William Surliss back after his illness.

Patrolman John Tonry sure is some pilot. He has a 30-foot boat somewhere off Sheepshead Bay, and thought that he would like to take out some of his friends and show them the New York skyline, and while doing this, John, in some unexplainable manner, lost his equilibrium and fell overboard, having to be fished out of the drink. (Attention of Patrolman Joe Schlupf, Stanchion Repair Shop.)

Patrolman Lazzaro, late of the 78th Precinct, assisted by Patrolman Tonry, did some very good work in shooting it out with a desperado who had held up the Hotel Lafayette. We are glad to note that the Honor Board rewarded these men with commendations.

Patrolman Charlie Krauss is in line for another commendation for his very good work in subduing a desperate character who tried to shoot him while going to the assistance of two women whom the criminal had tried to kill.

Sergeant Howard J. Smith is away on his vacation at the Police Camp. He has joined the order of the Shiek, and rolls his socks a la collegiate.

Sergeant Lynch just returned from a long auto trip. Not even a flat.

During the vacation period Sergeant Nick Pisarra is getting plenty of desk duty. He handles the Bat like a veteran; his only trouble is getting up in the morning.

Sergeant Wilde returned from his vacation, but is quite reticent as to where he spent it.

Our genial Captain Martin Cuff is vacationing in quietude, in parts unknown. Wherever it be, we sincerely hope that he is thoroughly enjoying himself.

Lieutenant Mike Hagen is Acting Captain, and we must say that he is handling the job well.

Sergeant Francis Xaxier McCarthy is away on an extended fishing cruise, but from all reports he is still eating eggs.

At this time we wish to remember the deceased members of the 78th Precinct. And so we pause for a moment—MAY THEIR SOULS REST IN PEACE.

#### THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why Sergeant Richardson can win at checkers only?

Why certain sergeants can't figure when to return from vacations.

Why desk lieutenants think they know how to fish.

Why so many men want to go to the American Legion convention.

#### 12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy  
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gherich  
69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

#### PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley  
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy  
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

In the wilds of Barren Island roams a Jersey steer who had never encountered a toreador. Sergeant O'Sullivan, of the 63d Precinct, better known as "SLAUGHTER HOUSE," gladly accepted the challenge of the boasting beast. Before a diversified crowd he introduced the old Spanish custom of throwing the BULL. While acknowledging the cheers and applause of his audience, the Bull suddenly charged the gallant Sergeant. He was tossed into the air, and after returning to terra firma, he was minus his bridgework, a few teeth and his corn-cob pipe. After admitting defeat, his only alibi was that he forgot to spit into his hands, a custom he adopted while serving with the Foreign Legion in the County of Killashee.

The 67th Precinct is proud to say that men like Schreck, Fleming, Phillips, Naughton and J. Dowd turn out of the old Town Hall to do their tours of patrol. Schreck, the runner-up for the precinct, has 19 arrests to his credit so far this year; 13 of these are felonies. The most spectacular was the one where Patrolman Schreck, with the help of Patrolmen Fleming and Phillips, captured, after a four-mile gun chase, three notorious gangsters wanted for the homicide of Shapiro in Brownsville. This arrest resulted in the recovery of a stolen auto in which they tried to escape, and the finding of a sawed-off shot gun and three revolvers.

Jimmie Dowd, our stick-up expert, arrested one James Lynch in the act of holding up a Chinese laundry on his post. It's a good thing for Lynch that he gave no fight, because, if you remember, our Jimmie killed the last stick-up man who tried to get away from him.

Patrolman Naughton, who believes that the female stick-up artist is no better than the rest, arrested one Betty Zilia, charged with the holding up at the point of a gun a man who had given her a lift in his car.

Most of the criminals know the boundaries of our precinct, and those who don't, find out that four out of five go in the can. Keep up the good work, men.

The 67th Precinct mourns the loss of their two popular friends, Sergeant Hartery, the man of a FEW words, and Sergeant Bill Jacobs, the man who advocates that it's cheaper to move than pay rent.

Mrs. Newman surprised our little Johnny by presenting him with a nice baby girl. John Eugene intends to keep her out of politics. He believes it is no place for a lady. Congratulations, John, and keep up the good work.

We would like to hear a little from Brother Bill



Hayes, who joined the Benedicts about two years ago.

Sergeant Louie Tagliani took a course of instruction at the Academy in beating a drum. He has turned in his itinerant musician's license, and when last seen was going north on the Bowery, trying to swap a handle for a pair of drum sticks.

The boys of the 69th and the people of Canarsie are going to miss their old and true friend, Sergeant Herman Kahn, who retired from the Police Department after performing 36 years of excellent police duty. He leaves behind a vast number of friends, who will tell you that there was no squarer shooter than Herman, a friend of the boys and the citizenry. We hope that you will speedily recover from your illness and enjoy a long life. We, the boys of the good old Canarsie Precinct, do not say good-bye, but so long, and do hope that we get together in the near future and talk over old times.

One of the Finest of the Canarsie Precinct, "Baggy Knees" Brady, embarked on the seas of matrimony. Boy, oh boy, you should have seen the sparkler he presented to his future better half on Saturday, September 5th. The jeweler guarantees that the token he sold Brady is made from the best beer bottles and sardine cans obtainable. No more staying out late nights, Johnny. You know that the future brother-in-law, Eddie Reardon, has shown his sister how to read the working chart. Heard from the anvil chorus: "Another good man gone wrong."

Whittam, the nearest thing to "Bert" Hoover, asked Speedy McNamara, our industrious attendant, who has worn out all the chairs in the sitting room, how he enjoyed his vacation? Mack replied: "Fine, but there wasn't enough of it." Why, Mack, you are on a perpetual one!

Say, boys, did you hear "Real Estate" Wubnig calling headquarters the other day and asking for the Bureau of I?

"Day Off" Ferrin goes directly home now after doing a tough tour. How come, Charlie, is the better half home from her vacation?

Did you see the Beau Brummel of the 69th, Handsome Charley Schubert, sporting that beautiful silk handkerchief in his coat pocket? During the last hot spell Charlie was seen fanning his brow with the "kerchief," which turned out to be a female's hose. How come, Charley?

De Felice, returning from an ambulance call, was asked by McLaughlin what kind of a case he had, and De Felice replied: "Only a small one; some guy suffering from CONTRIBUTIONS of the left ankle."

Anyone desiring to attend the Schwarbfest to be given under the auspices of the Kraut Heads of the 69th (Schroeder, Whittam and Hitz), will forward their reservations to Head Ryc Loaf Eifler, chairman of the Arrangement Committee.

#### 13TH DIVISION

#### LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

Charlie Kemmerman has finally added to this man's world one bouncing baby weighing 8 pounds 5 ounces. Success, Charlie.

Instructions will be in order from Sergeant Bill Young on how to become a mountaineer, having had

his experience with George and his tent at Hither Hills, L. I., under conditions.

Information has come to the fore that the SHIP that Pete Law masters will not be laid up for the winter, nor drydocked.

Joe Gaffney's car meets all trains while in the country, and elevated pillars while in the city. The roof has contracted measles.

Confusion reigns at the 77th, with the names of Lieutenants Krause and Rauch. Various "little" things get mixed up. Something ought to be done about it.

Imagine our embarrassment at the 79th Precinct when Patrolman David Buckley returned from vacation and announced the arrival of TWINS at the old Buckley homestead. Both mother and the girls are doing fine.

Even though Patrolman Szczechowiak has officially changed his name to Cheswick, he will still be known to the boys as CHECK and DOUBLE CHECK.

The berry pickers' league are working full blast. Prizes will be awarded the person who kills the most mosquitoes. Yours Truly will be around when it's cider time in Rego Park.

Sergeant Shanley, of the 80th Precinct, the famous boat builder of Long Island, after building a dory in his cellar, has considerable trouble in finding second-hand and rusty parts in the lots and junkies.

Chief Rookie Operator Spellman is papa of a 15-pound boy; maybe a copper.

Detective Walter Shields, of the 80th Squad, must feel lonesome for a horse. He practices daily on the merry-go-round at Coney Island.

The other day Pop Winters was seen slipping his big son, Herman, Jr., the price of a meal—"two bits."

The only time a slump in the sale of cheese cake was noticed around Broadway and Gates Avenue was when Patrolman Frank Cranc, of the 81st Precinct, was home nursing an injured knee, which he received trying doors on Sunday, at about 12 noon.

Now that the employment relief is over, Patrolmen Mahoney and Depree were heard to say that they would like to take an exam. for Coffee Sergeant.

The depression has apparently overlooked the 81st Precinct. Patrolman Bohner's wife presented him with a son recently. Also an increase in the family of Patrolman Hartman.

#### 14TH DIVISION

#### LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn  
85th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Malone  
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

91st Pct., Ptl. Emanuel Uhfelder  
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry S. von Hasselt  
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

The boys of the 90th Precinct have organized an indoor baseball team, and are shaping up very well in practice, learning to stop them with their heads, necks and eyes, as well as their hands. Little Moe Glickhouse can even stop them with his cigar. Dick Faber stopped one with his eye and complained of seeing "aeroplanes flyink 'round in groups mit the stars." After practice they indulge in open air shower baths; they don't even wait to remove their clothes.

Carlin, in a certain place one day, was threatened with being blown to pieces with a "pineapple" if he went down the stairs. He cleverly telephoned the detectives and had the place surrounded, but when

he frisked the accuser, all he found was a honey dew melon.

The 2d Squad went fishing the other day, and about four of the fishermen got sick. What was the matter, Vaughn, too rough? As usual, the monster got away.

We would like to get even with our representative, because we get all the cracks in the magazine while he manages to escape. The following has been saved for quite some time, and as Manny is a cop who can take a joke, we know that he won't be offended:

"There is a cop, a nice 'Jew-Feller'—His name is Manny Uhlfelder—But 'tween his Missing Teeth—And 'Crumbled-up Feet'—He's a Hard Feller, to Beat."

Recently he tried to usurp the duties of the Fire Department, in extinguishing a small fire on patrol auto No. 825. Promptly reported sick at the station house, his hand all swathed up in bandages; but the next morning the Surgeon needed a Microscope to see where the "Electrical Burns" were, and he was sent back on duty forthwith. However, we think that the "Short Circuited Pay Check" hurt the most.

#### 15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan  
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox  
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

#### PTL. AUGUST BURGER

103d Pct., Ptl. George McDonald  
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy  
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher

Just a few lines about the boys at the 102d Precinct, from "The Rebel":

#### TINTYPES

Thomas A. A. is back from vacation and rearing to go; so, boys, have your cards made out O. K. (AIN'T that right?)

Sh! Sh! Sh! My boy Charlie is contemplating matrimony. Well, Charles, may all your troubles be little ones.

LIMBERGER JOHN, of the 1st Squad, is back from a beautiful vacation with the smell of that sweet summer dew.

Hold your hats! Old boy Harrison is pining for the switchboard. Times must be bad, Harry. Benny claims it's depression.

A LITTLE DITTY: When old DOGGIE walks down the street, Papa says, "NOW, ain't that sweet?" (What is—the odor or walk?)

CUTIE WILLIE D., of the 3d Squad, is going to hike to Detroit with the American Legion shortly, and the battle of Yaphank will be fought all over again.

Our esteemed friend, Jim Powers, has a new set of teeth now, and invites any mad dog to a finish match. (Bring on your dogs.)

FAMOUS SAYINGS: What will Papa say? Ain't that right? Platoon, Attention! What box you on?

Charlie P., of the unemployed, is now on vacation. (The boys are going to save the milk until you return.)

George Kauffman, otherwise known as Bab, was seen in a new AUSTIN.

#### 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

A. Ptl. William Mulry  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill

#### PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connelly

Deputy Inspector Matthew J. McGrath and Mrs. McGrath are enjoying a much needed vacation at the

playground of the world—Atlantic City. Nobody enjoys basking in the sunshine better than our popular Deputy Inspector, nor does anybody get a greater kick out of the briny ocean than he. Incidentally, Mrs. McGrath and the Inspector entertained a host of friends daily at their seashore abode, the Traymore Hotel.

Lieutenant John Kelly just arrived back from the Catskill Mountains sunkissed to an orange hue. He reports he had a nice vacation and cannot get over how quickly the time passed.

Lieutenant John Higgins has left for the most beautiful lake region of Pennsylvania—Lake Coma. Before John left, he was seen at R. H. Macy's fish tackle counter inquiring about salmon bait.

Lieutenant James E. Stephenson is still battling at Traffic "E" station house without a moment's rest. Jim says he will hit Miami Beach in the good old winter time.

Sergeant Joe Meade returned from his vacation as brown as a berry, and got an extended vacation to Traffic "G" in The Bronx. Gee, Joe, how the boys miss you, especially when it comes to Sunday duty.

Sergeant Dan Doyle and his wife enjoyed a pleasant trip through the Middle West in a brand new flivver.

Sergeant Michael Egan took the family to the Thousand Isles. Mike also visited the Canadian Ale—pardon my pen—I mean the Canadian Isles.

Sergeant Johnny Butler is enjoying a much needed rest at the seashore with his family.

Recently the records of Traffic "E" were amended to change the social status of Patrolman Pete McGuire. Pete was married to the most beautiful girl in the Inwood section of Manhattan—the former Miss Mae Flannagan. May all your troubles be baby ones.

The boys of Traffic "E" extend to their pal, George Cooledge, their heartiest congratulations on his recent promotion to the rank of Sergeant. A little tip, George—stay close to Sergeant Mike O'Callahan; he is a wonderful navigator.

Patrolman Eddie Hartman left to attend the state and national conventions of the American Legion. Eddie, who is rated one of the best clerical men on the force, is very popular with the boys of "E." He was twice elected Commander of the Police Post of the American Legion, and the boys of the post are rooting for Eddie to become National Commander of that organization.

#### 2D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

G. Ptl. Walter Bishop

#### LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

H. Ptl. Narcisse Gervais

Patrolman Patrick Dolan and Michael Disignie, of Traffic "G," have maintained the fair name of The Bronx Traffic Squad by having recently nabbed five noted criminals for grand larceny, and who are now on their way for a long vacation. No fooling with Pat and Mike.

Patrolman Bill Schneider, of "G," has suggested a directional sign be placed at Grand Concourse and 161st Street reading: "To the Bronx Traffic Court."

Patrolman Jerry Sullivan, of "G," has started a private shipping agency to enlist all Kerrymen now in the Police Department who desire to attend the Eucharistic Congress in Ireland, in 1932. It is be-



lieved that Jerry will go away over the 10 per cent quota.

Patrolman A. Anderson, of "H," requests that some sort of a machine be placed at Fordham Road and Jerome Avenue, where he works, to get even with operators with dazzling lights.

Smiling Jimmie Roche, of "H," can't even get married without people knowing it. Just the same, Jimmie, SPRING 3100 wishes you and the Mrs. success.

### 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

*I. Ptl. George Gallagher  
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher*

*K. Ptl. Harry Shortell  
L. Ptl. Jahn Behring  
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson*

Now that the sergeants' exam. has passed, Henry Handy has been studying "Joe Miller's Joke Book," and submits the following:

Mamie: "Have you given the goldfish fresh water, Tom?"

Lieut. Goodman: "No; they haven't finished the water I gave them yesterday."

Barber: "It seems to me that I shaved you before?"

Ptl. Harrington: "No; I got those scars over in France."

Ptl. Bauerschmidt: "What is an island?"

Ptl. Doyle: "A place where the bottom of the sea sticks up through the water."

Lieutenant Slattery has just returned from a long vacation. Now John O'Brien, the attendant, looks more and more like Beau Brummel.

Things were so quiet around Traffic "J" during the absence of the chief scribe that they had to stick pins in the desk officers to keep them awake.

Dave Maune, "THE GHOST" of Traffic "K," gained about two ounces while on vacation. Cheer up, Dave, you will soon be in Eagleston's class.

Sergeant Tracy, of Traffic "L," has sent Lieutenant Strachan a book on chess. The Sergeant says that the Lieutenant moves the bosses around so fast they don't know which precinct they belong to.

Lieutenant Nathaniel Minion, of Traffic "L," spent his vacation at Cocheton Centre, N. Y., where he visited his son. Nathaniel carried home with him all the honors for horseshoe pitching and pinochle playing. He had the farmers in that section "dizzy" with his blarney. They were kind of skeptical, however, when he told them about the turnips in Ireland and weighing 19 pounds.

Patrolman Richard Hughes, Traffic "M," is at present one of the proudest members of the department. His wife presented him with a bouncing baby boy. The members of this command wish him and his wife the best of luck. Keep up the good work, Dick.

### 4TH DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) PTL. WILLIAM KEARNS

*N. Ptl. John H. Westervelt*

*O. Ptl. Edward T. McKenna*

*P. Ptl. Thomas E. Sheedy*

Paddy Coleman has returned from Niagara Falls. He thinks it must cost a lot of money to keep that thing going.

Just a great, big-hearted fellow: Eddie Leavey holding a flashlight for a BLONDE while she changed a flat on his new Chevvie.

"Brief-Case" Charlie Burgess is recuperating after his vacation, which he spent building roads on the "Reservation" upstate.

(N.) "Chubby" Westervelt, "The Big Rock," is a steady customer at Woolworth's candy department. His latest craving is lollypops.

One of the most popular men on the force, Tom Severance, changed his social standing on Saturday, September 12, when he married the beautiful Miss Alice Galligan, of Williamsbridge. The ceremony was performed at St. Mary's Church, 212th Street and White Plains Avenue, Bronx. The happy couple are spending their honeymoon in Canada. Congratulations! May all your troubles be little ones.

Tom Stapleton spent his vacation at the "Bellaire" in Stotterville. Most of his time he spent in the barn. Wonder what the attraction was?

Bob Ahles is very quiet. We haven't heard from him for some time.

Paddy Quinn has returned from his vacation. He was seen motoring with a dignified "old gentleman" towards points north.

(O.) Jack Howells has returned to duty after recuperating from a gun shot wound received in an attempt to frustrate a holdup.

John Gleason, 1st Deputy Assistant Clerical Man, a resident of Queens Village, is frequently observed in Woodside, wearing golf knickers and heliotrope stockings. Tip us off. What's the low down?

(P.) Dick Hanley lost 40 pounds while on vacation. Must have been the change of climate and water.

"Dynamite" Dunne, the well dressed golfer from Ridgewood, went back to the farm on his vacation. Even the cows laughed out loud.

### 5TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. EDW. J. C. HART

All the boys seem worried. It's not the heat, but has more of an outward appearance of lonesomeness. I wonder if it's because they lost their Uncle Sam? (Acting Lieutenant Dribben.)... And say, you should see the new boss, Lieutenant Walter Sullivan—wears silk underwear and everything. Here's luck to you, Lieutenant!... When anyone asks for a detective by the name of Oberlushingwaeger or Underlinderhauser, and John Oberhaus is around, just give the phone to him, that's who they want.... Little Messenger Boy Teedsie hurt his foot—really. He says he was chasing something or other, but we all hope he is O. K. soon.... The other day we had some men up here from the Alien Squad looking for someone, and when they spied Detective Farese, they asked him what was the name of the ship he came over on? Would you believe that Vincent couldn't tell them?... "Big Six" Crimmins is assigned to the main office. He thinks it's for shadow work. Oh, yes, he's very good at that.

34th Squad—Do you know that Tony Greco became terribly ill while on his vacation at Cranberry Lake? (Whatever precinct that's in.) Must have been the berries.... Do you know that "Knicky," I mean "Bil," Ornstein, is lots and lots of times taken for some big aristocrat on 181st Street?

24th Squad—How is it that no matter how many times you tell Bill Barrett your maiden name, he always calls you Charlie?... And say, Little Bill May is wearing inner tubes for garters again. I thought you were reducing, Bill.

# 7TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. McCOURT

Detective Austin is spending his vacation in his old home state, Vermont. From postal cards we have received, the scenery is beautiful.

Detective Thomas Sullivan, Alexander Avenue, is now a grandpa. He feels just as delighted as when he first became a father.

Detective Ernest Pizzarelli was observed in the Supreme Court Building the other day. It is rumored that he is having his name changed. He doesn't like how some of the boys pronounce his name. Stick to the old name, PIZZY.

Lieutenant Conrad Rothengast is now in command of the 41st Squad. The only regrets the boys have is that he was not assigned there before the last sergeants' examination. It will be remembered that he assisted in condensing the Book of Rules so that you could carry it in your vest pocket on the late tour.

Detective James Foley, the station house lawyer, thinks the penal law is all wrong and should be rewritten. Jim, take the matter up with Lieutenant Rothengast.

Detective Matthew Solomon has returned from his vacation all sun-burned. The boys say he got tanned in Tannersville.

Acting Captain McIlhargy sends us a card from Lane's Beach, somewhere in Rhode Island. It has been rumored that he acted as captain of the life guards.

The only time Detective Robert (Herpicide) Damrau smiles is when he sees an advertisement for a good five-cent cigar.

That fish story that Detective Robert Rehman tells about marking a fish with an indelible pencil and recatching it the following year, in the same spot, took first prize in City Island.

# 8TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. WILLIAM SECOR

Conny Mancini tells this story about Detective Secor:

Secor, while stopping at Montreal last summer, asked the hotel clerk if he had a nice room? The clerk said, "Sure." Secor then asked if there were any BUGS? The clerk replied, "Well, I'll tell you, I killed the last one last night." Secor then went to sleep. Upon arising, the clerk asked him how he slept. Secor said: "Say, remember that BUG that you killed yesterday? Well, last night—IT HAD SOME FUNERAL!!!"

# 16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

Bollner and Kiernan, that detective team in Flushing, again "knocked off" one entitled to space, so here goes:

On August 18 they arrested one Eugene Matusiewski, of 46-31 162d Street, Flushing, and charged him with assault and robbery.

Since he was a successful business man, conducting an expanding window cleaning business, and operating for several years as such, with his brother, some surprise was occasioned when the charge against him was made known.

The surprise was emphasized when he was identified by nine chain store managers who had been held up in the past two months, in Flushing, as being one of two men who had held them up at the point of revolvers and "cleaned out their tills."

To make the surprise enduring, and to clinch matters, the said Eugene finally admitted his delinquencies, and involved his brother, who was his co-partner in his playful escapades.

At the morning line-up, the Assistant Chief remarked what "a difficult task sometimes confronts detectives, who have to investigate these holdups, when business men, without previous records, commit these crimes."

Boller and Kiernan also bolstered up their case by locating the gun used, which, by the way, was found in the cellar stuck in a crevice that had been cemented shut. It looks as though these two business men are going to quit the holdup racket for a long time to come, says I, and by the way, let's give the two boys a hand.

Bill Benecke was recently observed going in and out of department stores, getting quotations on the price of mosquito netting.

Gee, ain't it great to have a PLEASING SMILE! That fellow Ed. Hatrick (now functioning in the 112th Squad) always gives me a kick when I see his dimples. You know, one of those fellows who always seems in good humor—and I want to assure you that he's the same way all the time. Ain't it grand to be that way? Why cannot we all acquire some such personal asset?...The atmosphere is much clearer around Long Island City now....Tony Sadlo, the old man with the pipe, is on his vacation....Tom Devery is now pinch hitting for Lieutenant Dorschel in the 108th Squad in everything but the long walks on patrol, while the Lieutenant is burning up the country roads on his vacation. Tom says he is conserving his energy so that when he retires he won't have to sit in a park.

# HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Patrolman Stanley Povey, our tennis "champ," is wearing rubber panties these days. What's the idea, Stanley?

Our Patrolman "Vacuum Cleaner") Eddie Drum is freely helping himself to our lemonade, and I suppose the only way to stop it is to ask for a donation.

Station WXYZ is broadcasting the annual series of the Locust Point quito games this season, where many close scores are being made. The latest returns have Lieutenant Charles Dyer, of the Drivers' Bureau, in the lead by a safe margin. Regulation knickers are in order.

A word to the wise, etc. Patrolman Arthur Cadell, of the Bureau of Information, might get a few pointers from Stanley Povey before attempting any more of those difficult shots.

Judging by the number of road maps Lieutenant Joseph O'Neill had with him the other day, he must intend trailing Colonel Charles Lindbergh across the country. Best wishes for a good time, Lieutenant.

Our white-headed boy, Sergeant Eugene Dunn, is on his vacation, and no doubt misses the old veal outlet this trip.

A number of people were disappointed in making the trip to the Bronx Zoo this week. They went with the expectation of seeing some of the moose and other animals that Sergeant Daniel Tierney said he would bring back with him from his trip to Maine.



Our old side-kick, Patrolman Bill O'Neill, is back from vacation after visiting all the water resorts on Long Island. He looks none the worse for his travel, and gave that Model "T" of his some drive.

Patrolman John Lafferty (the man with the educated mustache), now doing tours in the Brooklyn Traffic Court, submitted the following for the readers of SPRING 3100:

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A motorist was held up by a traffic policeman. "What's your name?" demanded the cop.

"Jake O'Reilly Goldstein," replied the motorist.

"What's the O'Reilly for?" asked the officer.

"For protection," returned Jake.

#### BUREAU OF CRIME PREVENTION

##### PATROLWOMAN IRENE A. COMEAU

Patrolman James Crane has been holding the fort in Unit No. 7 during the absence of the Lieutenant. James, you know, has the reputation of being the one that cleaned up Sands Street while the fleet was in. All he needs now is a broom and a two-wheeled cart.

What a hard working boy Tom O'Brien has been during the summer! On the weekly outings he has been competing with the members of the Glee Club. Tom, you know, was a cheer leader in one of our leading "co-ed" colleges in his earlier days.

Benny "Wise-Crack" Nachmann is sojourning at Atlantic City. Benny likes to be different, even in the selection of his vacation playground.

Patrolwoman Mary Falloon wishes that those people who are fortunate enough to possess an over-heated insurance policy would have it a little further away from her home.

Does anyone know of a good chiropractor? Patrolwoman Rae Nicoletti has had so many treatments from fake ones that her fifth dorsal vertebrae is out of place, and she feels a little crooked herself.

Policewoman Mary "Alphabet" O'Neill breezed in the other day arrayed in one of those cocky Empress Eugenie hats. Eugenie may have been a heart-breaker in her day, but with that come-hither look in Mary's eye, she has 'em all dizzy.

"Half-Pint" Eugenia Healy has a complaint to make. She says that one has to be twins to do all the work she turns out during the day. Come out now with your red hair and purple nose.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 4 PTL. CARL L. REU

How come, Moe, every time a call comes in you are the first one in overalls and rarin' to go, and when we get to the job you pull out the master tool, PENCIL and PAPER. Besides, it's not even an INDELIBLE one, which the rules call for.

We hope the ADONIS of The Bronx, Pfleging, or shall we say, "the Carnera of Squad No. 4," does not try any of his fancy dives while trawling from a rowboat, on a grappling job, for some person who thought water would never hurt him.

Since Patrolman Patrick J. Clancy, Jr., returned from vacation, the mailman has been complaining about the heavy inflow of mail. "Whaddaya call this, Clancy, ya big heartbreaker, you leave the poor, weak girls alone. Ya big sweet smelling son of a gun."

Oh me, Oh my! We almost forgot to tell you.

When Feltman bought his floating power, the poor guy asked the salesman if he (Feltman) would have to get a transport pilot's license to run the crate.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 5 SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Patrolman Curtin, the champion (?) swimmer of all time, failed to show in a recent tournament held by the squad. He was seen walking along the boardwalk with ice cream shoes and a lollypop suit, and also an imitation Panama hat. The squad thinks he is a false alarm.

Patrolman "Squeaky" McCusker is the proud father of a future heir to his large bank account. Rumor has it that he is going to teach the child how to walk on one foot, so that he'll only have to buy it one shoe. "Squeaky" held a christening for the youngster and all the squad was invited to attend. George (Pumpnickel) Moench thought he was at a "Dutch picnic" and did a goose-step. He was assisted by his landsman, George (Weiner-schnitzel) Geiger. The music was furnished by none other than the pride of Scotland, James McCusker. "Grandpa" McCusker was also present and rendered a few selections. Old Bill Wilson was in charge of refreshments, but he couldn't get the coca-cola past Frankie (Transfusion) Gore. Mrs. Wilson did a Spanish dance, accompanied by Mrs. Lennon. Somebody said the baby looked like "Red" Cudahy. Sergeant Morrell showed up a little late, due to the fact that he had to make out a lengthy report in the dark. He couldn't locate the electric switch, so he had to go to McCusker's for his glasses. Congratulations to both parents. The next "shindig" will be at Geiger's.

#### POLICE ACADEMY

Just received a couple of post cards from our old friend Patrolman J. W. Donaldson, of the Police Academy, and Patrolman Fred Schaefer, of the 19th Division. One of the cards came from the Dutch West Indies, and the other from the Panama Canal Zone. Donaldson is known to be one of the greatest travelers in the department. Each year finds him in a new country. Not to overstay his leave, he had to get back to New York by aeroplane. Some day he hopes to write a book about the different countries visited by a New York policeman, and what he thinks of each.

Detective Arthur Schultheiss, of the Radical Squad, informed the commanding officer, Captain Michael F. McDermott, of the fact that at 11 P. M., September 2, there had been an increase in the family, and that his wife had given birth to a future heavyweight cop. He emphasized "heavyweight" due to the fact that the youngster weighed in the vicinity of ten pounds. The Captain in turn suggested to Schultheiss that he make out a U. F. 14 (change of social condition) in duplicate and that he should give one to Lieutenant Devoe in Assistant Chief Inspector Sullivan's office. The other to be taken to Mike Delehanty in order that he might put his name down as a prospective cop. Congratulations from the boys of the Radical and Alien Squads, and we hope you continue to keep up the good work.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 8 SGT. EDWARD ENGLAND

The boys of Sergeant England's platoon have turned hunters. Yes, siree, the "Sarge" keeps them

busy on each tour looking for cuspidors that were left by the previous squad. When they locate one, he displays his prowess by hitting the bull's eye at twenty paces. Some say that it's an old England custom!

Sergeant Tom Kennelly is on vacation; and from what the boys hear, Tom is having a hard time keeping those two hairs on top of his head from being burned up by the sun.

Patrolman "Gingerale" McGuire went fishing the other day, and when only a short way out was found sitting on a butter tub, feeding the fish and wishing he was dead.

Patrolman "Speedy" Weiss has left on his vacation down in old Kentucky. We all hope to greet him on his return, and what a frisking that old "can" of his will get.

Patrolman "Groucho" Sheppard has just returned from his vacation in Canada. You ought to hear what he asks for in his sleep.

#### POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

ACT. CAPT. EDWARD McDONALD

Patrolman William Morgan, the Beau Brummel officer, assigned to the rotunda of the Police Commissioner's office, having about garnered all the golf trophies in sight, has now turned his attention to angling. He will never cease telling the other members of the Commissioner's Staff of the experience he had last Sunday while fishing from his father-in-law's sloop. The boat was anchored off Princess Bay, and the rest of the family were bewailing their poor luck when Bill felt a heavy tug at his line. Quickly taking in his slack, he called for the rest of the family to secure gaffs and stand ready to assist when he had his prey alongside the sloop. After some tense moments upon the part of all on board, Bill finally pulled the fish alongside the boat. It was a seven-pound smelt, but when his wife attempted to use the gaff on it she became faint. Bill dropped his line and rushed to her assistance, and that is why he can produce no proof to substantiate the story that he is endeavoring to have his fellow workers believe.

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON NO. 1

PTL. BERNARD CONNORS

Warren Dunn and Dan "Webster" Fitzpatrick were not content with being Benedicts themselves, but they had to take little Willie Robbins on a moonlight sail up the Hudson, and upon his return Willie announced his intentions of taking unto himself a "receiving teller," September 13, 1931.

Eddie Distler has taken his mount to the top floor of Troop "B" stable, and has become a member of the platoon of "has-beens."

Cyrus Rheims, the big stableman of 10th Avenue, won first prize at a recent wedding reception for being the most talented dancer. Cy's technique in putting over the "can-can" was something to marvel at.

"Pickles" Hynds and "Barney" Connors are greatly desirous of joining some committee formed to bid bon voyage to distinguished folks sailing to Ireland.

Larry Archer is in the midst of a very serious dilemma. He just can't make up his mind whether to get his hair cut, or buy a new violin.

Bill Mott, junior sergeant of "B," attended an automobile college for a two weeks' course. He

states he has just discovered the difference between gasoline and vaseline.

Johnny Cotter, Adonis of "B," was seen taking his mother-in-law to one of the Broadway shows last week. Rumor has it that truce has been declared, and peace now reigns in the Woodlawn mansion of the Cotters.

Ludie Frank and Joe O'Hare have been observed very often of late in the throes of a heated argument. Eavesdropping disclosed they are trying to decide which shall be their respective districts when they are promoted off the next sergeants' list. Boy, that optimism for you!

#### OVERHEARD IN THE SQUAD ROOMS

Richter—"I pitched horseshoes for two hours last night."

Uminger—"I can change any bill; pay your dues now."

Thomas—"I'm going out. I've got a nervous headache."

Curtis—"Hello, Abe, how's the folks?"

Holmes—"Well, now that I'm a life member of the Met. Burial Association, I've got nothing to worry about."

Johnson—"Gosh darn it, my hands are all blisters—owning your own house means a lot of work, all right."

#### MOTOR TRANSPORT MAINTENANCE DIVISION

PTL. GEORGE J. SCOTT 2

Fishing trip on "Bleibtray's Special"—Fully equipped. (One life preserver.) Day, September 4, Friday. (What a day for the fish.)

Crew, 6—Captain Bleibtrey, Deep Sea License. First Mate, Mecca, eight years Spanish Navy. Second Mate, Wilbur Voepel, Staten Island dry land sailor. Chief Bilge Diver, Bill Struttin (mostly on his nose.) Black Gang, Scotty No. 2. (Johnnie oil drive shaft 40 times on the half trip.) Cheer Leader and Legal Advisor, "Old Salty Pop" Sergeant Campbell (20 minutes out all formalities ceased). Assistant Cheer Leader, in addition to his bilge diving duties, Bill Struttin.

Starting point—Good old Staten Island. Time, 11 A. M.

Objective point—Sandy Hook. Purpose—Fish. (Killies or something—teaching the worm how to swim.)

Half an hour out when up spoke Pop: "Say, boys, I suppose you all know how to fish and hook up your lines?" NO ANSWER. One hour out Pop again heard from, "Say, do you boys know I've been fishing here for the last twenty years and you kids have to know the tricks?" Well, trick or no tricks, at the end of the day everyone caught plenty of fish but our expert fisherman POP. Not alone that, but he had also lost his twenty-year-old pole when he threw pole and everything overboard during an exhibition of casting. WHAT A FISHERMAN!

#### SUPERINTENDENT OF BUILDINGS OFFICE

That pipe that Patrolman Louie Stokes smokes has the boys all gassed. Harry Rush took one whiff of it the other day and was almost overcome. He's seriously thinking of complaining to the Department of Health.

Charlie Enkler was recently seen in a well-known ice cream parlor named Franks. He was drinking a coca-cola, the big sissy.



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman James J. Fay, 18th Precinct, while on patrol at about 7 P. M., August 6, gave chase to one of two holdup men who had just shot and fatally wounded Carl Munich, in a cider stube at 405 West 44th Street. The pursuit led to the top floor of 599 Tenth Avenue, where the bandit was subdued and placed under arrest. A .32-calibre revolver with three discharged shells was later found in the yard. Before Munich died he identified the prisoner as the man who shot him.

Detective Otto Franz, 40th Squad, at about 4:30 A. M., August 30, while on motor patrol duty in company with Patrolmen James Mannion, Eugene Nonnon, John Ellis and Robert Ball, recognized at 150th Street and Morris Avenue one Ernest Soricelli, whose brother, Jack Soricelli, was shot and killed a short time ago. Becoming suspicious, the officers questioned the man and found in his possession two fully loaded revolvers. He later stated that his purpose in being so armed was to wreak vengeance upon the murderers of his brother.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman Francis McKee, 71st Precinct, at about 10:45 A. M., August 10, while on patrol at Rutland Road and East 98th Street, observed a taxicab pass with a man on the running board holding a revolver pressed close to the driver. The officer pursued in a commandeered car and after a chase of seven blocks caught up with the taxicab, disarmed the man of a fully loaded revolver and placed him under arrest. It developed that the bandit had just held up and robbed at revolver point a driver of the Sheffield Farms Milk Co.

## BRONX

Patrolman Walter J. Webb, 40th Precinct, at about 3:45 P. M., August 21, assigned to guard a payroll in charge of Lloyd Fromhof, manager of the Mendoza Fur Dyeing Co., 712 East 133d Street, while alighting from Fromhof's car in front of the above premises, was shot and instantly killed by two holdup men, who seized the payroll, ordered Fromhof from the car and escaped in it. A few minutes later, having abandoned the car and entered a taxicab, the bandits at 169th Street and Boston Road shot and mortally wounded Patrolman Edwin V. Churchill, of Motorcycle Squad 1. Again escaping, they engaged in a running pistol battle with pursuing police to a point in front of 146 Dyckman Street, a distance of about ten and one-fifth miles, where, in a final exchange of shots, both bandits and the taxicab driver were killed. In the course of the chase Patrolmen David Lewis, Traffic Precinct G, Michael Lyons, Traffic Precinct F, and Francis J. McPhillips, 42d Precinct, were wounded. In addition, one civilian was killed by the bandits and nine others wounded. The payroll was recovered.

## QUEENS

Patrolman Ambrose P. Donnelly, 110th Precinct, at about 11:10 P. M., August 5, while searching the roof of premises 34-33 90th Street, Jackson Heights, was suddenly fired upon and shot in the left breast by an unknown man. The officer returned the fire and collapsed as he was reloading his pistol. Later his assailant was arrested in the yard of premises 3423 86th Street by Patrolmen Jerome Hart and James McGoldrick. He was found suffering from a gunshot wound in the neck. A .38-calibre revolver with five discharged shells was lying close by. The prisoner admitted shooting Patrolman Donnelly, by whom he was later identified.

Detective Harry R. Kraus, 103d Squad, was assigned on August 26 to execute a warrant forwarded by the States Attorney of Miami, Fla., for the arrest of one Jonathan Williams, charged with first-degree murder. Information was received that Williams might be found at 106-57 158th Street, Jamaica. The officer succeeded after lengthy and patient investigation in locating Williams and placing him under arrest.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY STALLONE**  
alias "TOM THE PEERLESS"

DESCRIPTION—26 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes and hair; wore gray suit, brown check overcoat and soft brown hat. 114th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**HARRY SCHOTTENFELD**

DESCRIPTION—22 years; 5 feet 5 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes; medium chestnut hair. Occupation, Chauffeur. 41st Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ZAROFF**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 175 pounds; stocky build; full face; blue eyes; brown hair; thick lips; wears tortoise shell glasses. 28th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**LOUIS J. RENZULLO**

DESCRIPTION—23 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 150 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; dark complexion. Occupation, taxicab driver. 10th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**THOMAS BOHAN**

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 175 pounds; brown eyes; dark hair; medium complexion; taxicab driver by occupation. 10th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**ARTHUR LOFFREDO, alias  
EDWARD LOFFREDO**

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 194 pounds; brown eyes; black wavy hair; stocky build; dark complexion; clean shaven. 82d Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.**



# Spring 3100

HOME  
SWEET  
HOME

OCTOBER  
1 9 3 1



CHARLES  
HARROTT

# Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

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VOLUME 2

OCTOBER, 1931

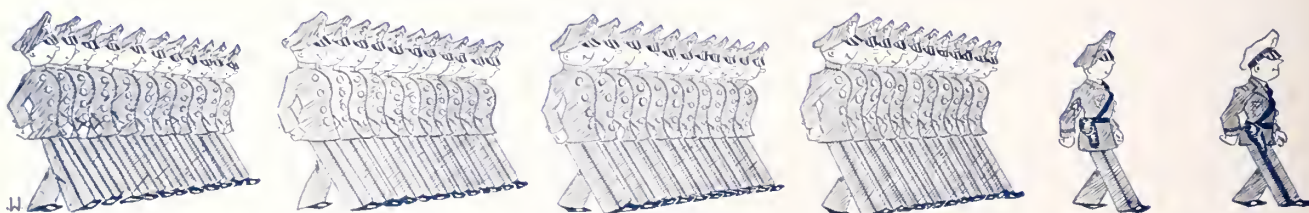
NO. 8

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

## STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

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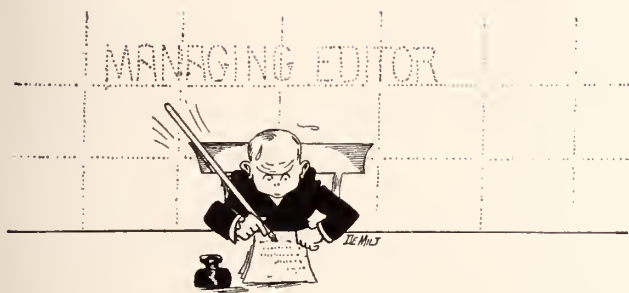
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Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.



# editorial page, or what have you?



good to the last page



This is going to be an easy editorial to write and an easier one for our readers to peruse. first of all, for the benefit of our anxious prize winners, we will say that the police commissioner will give out the prizes within a few days after this issue is published. then, for the benefit of future prize winners, we will say that our contests will be continued with only one change. so many good stories have been coming in that we are going to give first and second prizes of \$15 and \$10 respectively, each month, instead of the single \$25 short story prize.

johnny lena, our sporting writer, has spring 3100's hand ball tournament with about 90 entries, already under way. this means that there will be more prizes for the commissioner to distribute and we hope to have him as a spectator at the tournament finals, despite considerable agitation for a special match between jim de milt, our compelling cartoonist, who weighs a mere 240 pounds, and the managing editor, who scales a light 200, all we can tell our readers at this time is that the matter is pending.

while we are still speaking of wonderful spectacles, what about those graduation exercises on october 4th at ebbets field, brooklyn, where 40,000 persons cheered the latest men to join the finest. the police commissioner called them the finest class of rookies he had ever seen and even if we dared to differ with him, we'd have to agree in this case anyway. let's hope that their record is as handsome as their appearance.

so far this has been an easy editorial for you to read. now we are going to show you why it is an easy one for us to write, by printing the following letter received from one of our enthusiastic readers. we hope you will enjoy it as much as we did.

"twenty-eighth precinct

october 6, 1931.

"managing editor, spring 3100.

"dear sir:

"i suppose you are in receipt of all kinds of letters relative to the magazine spring 3100 and get quite a kick out of their various opinions, so i came to the conclusion that i would let you know what the ordinary everyday policeman thinks about the publication.

"when it was first published and we had to part with the thin dime for its issue, everybody was growling that we were being needled for something that was not in the book of rules and the repartee in the back room, that we all indulged in, would have given grover whalen many an evening's entertainment during the winters to come, if it could be broadcasted, as is.

"i want a picture of the cop who parted willingly with his dime when spring 3100 came to life. now toward the end of the month you can hear the gang quizzing the clerical man as to what delays the magazine in getting to the station house so late and the surprised look on the cop's face when told that they're all sold out. no more take it and like it stuff handed out, but an eagerness to buy that surpasses understanding.

"the snappy cover designs by harrold show a sense of humor that appeals to all. the clear-cut printing, the assembling of various ideas into real fiction and fact is enlightening and instructive. lieutenant de milt's sketches are on a par with the best pen and ink men in any big paper printed. his cartoonizing of our force arouses the sense of humor in all of us.

"deputy chief inspector o'connell's questions and answers on law, etc., are not alone interesting, but of extreme value, not only to the student but in conducting intelligent police work. last and not the least, the news from the precinct and squad reporters furnish many laughs and while the hours away. with appreciation for your efforts in making a brilliant success out of spring 3100, believe me to be,

"truly yours,

"sgt. fred meyer, no. 937,

"28th precinct."

and so until november.



*Photo courtesy, The Daily News*

## “Cops Are Heroes,” Says Hoover

**P**RESIDENT HOOVER, in an address delivered October 12 by radio to the convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police at St. Petersburg, Florida, condemned the sentiment that makes a hero out of a criminal. The President asserted that the country needs the glorification of policemen instead of the glorification of cowardly gangsters.

Mr. Hoover praised in glowing terms policemen “who do their duty and give their lives in public protection.” The President declared that with proper support the police would stamp out crime in this country and remove “the universal disrepute of

some of our great cities.” “Before this prophecy can become fact,” said the President, “the police must have the backing of public opinion, supported by competent prosecutors, just courts and laws without loopholes through which clever criminal lawyers could find devices for the escape of the guilty.”

This defense of the police was the second made by the President in recent weeks. Soon after a report of the Wickersham Commission on “Lawlessness in Law Enforcement” had criticised the Washington, D. C., police, Mr. Hoover declared that the public should not condemn honest and courageous policemen on the evidence of admitted criminals.



The President at that time asked by inference if the police were not more abused than abusive. He added in his address of October 12 that he wondered at times how the police maintained as much courage as they do in the face of the odds against them.

The President's message to the Police Chiefs follows:

"It is my privilege on behalf of the government to greet the delegates to the thirty-eighth annual convention of the International Association of Police Chiefs, meeting at St. Petersburg.

"I wish to add a cordial welcome to those delegates and guests who have come from beyond our shores.

"In the United States a major responsibility rests upon the shoulders of our chiefs of police. Ours is a form of government where the task and responsibility of maintenance of organized society through its never-ending battle against crime rests upon each local community.

"The chiefs of police occupy a position of high command in that service. In not a few of our communities, the police have been subject to criticism. That criticism arises from the exception and not the rule in police conduct.

"Moreover, there is a sentimentalism in some people which makes popular heroes out of criminals, which needs replacement by a sentimentalism that makes a popular hero of the policeman for the courage and devotion he shows in protection of our citizens.

"Instead of the glorification of cowardly gangsters, we need the glorification of policemen who do their duty and who give their lives in public protection.

"The police perform an unending task, not alone in the mothering of the children on our streets and in the good-humored dissolution of traffic jams, but in this incessant war against criminals.

"If the police had the vigilant universal backing of public opinion in their communities; if they had the implacable support of the prosecuting authorities and the courts; if our criminal laws, in their endeavor to protect the innocent, did not furnish loopholes through which irresponsible yet clever criminal lawyers daily find devices of escape for the guilty, I am convinced that our police would stamp out the excessive crime and remove the world-wide disrepute which has disgraced some of our great cities.

"The police by instinct are the enemies of gang activities, robberies, hold-ups and ruthless murder. But so long as criminals can proceed with the smug assurance that they can defeat the law, there is a constant discouragement to the police.

"I wonder at times that they maintain the vigilance and courage they do against the odds with which they have to contend.

"I extend to you my cordial good wishes for a helpful convention. I know there will emerge from collective counsel at your meeting an increased skill and resourcefulness and deeper devotion in advancement of public welfare.

"I look forward confidently to the day when the moral forces of every community will rally to your support in the fight against crime everywhere."

The convention, which was attended by police executives from the United States and foreign countries, including Deputy Chief Inspector Michael A. Lyons of this Department, received the President's

speech with a great deal of enthusiasm. The convention immediately sent a telegram to Mr. Hoover expressing appreciation of his encouragement and his "expression of confidence in us to cope with the present crime conditions." The message pledged the support of the members in every way possible in combatting crime and protecting the lives of citizens.

The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association of the New York Police Department at their regular meeting at Teutonia Hall, Manhattan, on the day after the President's address, adopted a resolution thanking Mr. Hoover for his speech. The resolution, which was presented by George Mulrooney, First Vice-President of the Association, directed the President, Joseph P. Moran, to write to President Hoover expressing the Association's appreciation of the President's remarks. Mr. Moran accordingly addressed the following letter to the President:

"October 13, 1931.

"The Honorable Herbert Hoover,  
President of the United States,  
Washington, D. C.

"Your Excellency:

"At the regular meeting of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association held at Teutonia Hall, New York City, today, a resolution was adopted by unanimous vote thanking you for the inspiring words uttered by you in a radio address delivered yesterday to the Convention of Chiefs of Police at St. Petersburg, Florida. The President was directed to write you expressing our deep appreciation of your splendid understanding of the duty performed by the policemen in our country.

"Respectfully yours,

"JOSEPH P. MORAN,

"President."

The President's reply follows:

"The White House

"Washington, October 14, 1931.

"My dear Mr. Moran:

"The President has received your letter of October 13, and is very appreciative indeed of what you are good enough to say regarding his radio address to the convention of the Chiefs of Police on Monday.

"Sincerely yours,

"LAWRENCE RICHEY,

"Secretary to the President."

## FOR HALLOWE'EN

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# Mistakes

By PATROLMAN FLORANCE J. SULLIVAN, 43d Precinct

*Prize-Winning Short Story*



**O**FFICER DAN MOODY wiped the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief that was already well saturated with the moisture that persisted in forming on a weather-beaten face this humid August night. He was making his way along the avenue in a leisurely fashion, wending his way through a maze of sweltering humanity the cheap tenements spewed on the sidewalks of his beat. Almost everybody along the line knew him; liked him. Evidence of that was in the friendly greetings and pleasantries that were flung at him as he walked along. Neither was he too stiff or self-constrained not to acknowledge them. It was, perhaps, on about the fifth tour of his beat this evening that Schultz, the grocer, standing in the doorway, spoke to him as he strolled by.

"Pretty hot tonight, eh, Dan?" he remarked. Dan drifted up to him, nightstick swinging idly at his side.

"It sure is," he agreed for possibly the two hundredth time that day. Schultz, pushing the last of his handkerchief into his pocket, noticed his perspiring face and laughed.

"A nice big glass of cold Muenchner would go good now, wouldn't it?"

"Maybe," Dan grinned.

"Well, how about taking the nearest thing to it?" he asked. "I've got some nice All-American near-beer packed on ice."



"Is that supposed to be an invitation?"

"Did I say no?" he laughed. "Come on in and I'll open up a bottle."

Dan shook his head. "I'd like to, Schultz, but I can't leave post; sorry." The thought of it seemed to make him thirstier. "But, I'll tell you what you CAN do. Fill up a glass for me and I'll duck in and knock it off. I'm as dry as Sahara and sure can stand it."

With that suggestion, the grocer disappeared into his store, while Officer Moody stood by, waiting for the signal. But he was destined not to hear it—not that evening, anyway.

As he stood rocking from heel to toe, and back again, in anticipation of quenching a consuming thirst, a woman, seemingly out of nowhere, suddenly confronted him. Excitedly she shook a small glass jar containing some small bluish tablets under his nose.

"Looka Mister Police-a-man, see, wanna la-dee she'sa taka dees. She'sa vera seek, hurry, maybe she die." She was swarthy and fat; undeniably Italian. He reached for the jar in her hand.

"Here, let's see that." He got a flash at the label; whistled. "Cripes, mercury tablets; come on; where is she?" He sprang into action.

He hastened with the excited woman to a row of dingy flats in the next block. She led him into and along a long dimly lit hallway that led to the stairs. She waddled and puffed up four flights as fast as her ungainly bulk would permit; Dan at her heels. On the landing she pointed to a door. He stepped to it, swung it open, and made his way into the apartment. His eyes took in an ensemble of destitution. He had entered by way of the kitchen and a few strides took him through the small apartment to the threshold of the bedroom. Moody took it in at a glance, quickly, comprehensively; took in the sleeping infant in the crib, and, the still form of the woman curled up in the last conscious throes of a convulsion, lying on the bed. Her face was to the wall. He realized, too,



that there was no time to be lost should there still be a spark of life left in that inert body. Without hesitation, he turned to the still panting woman at his elbow.

"Eggs; I've got to have eggs!" he snapped out.

"Si, si." Her head bobbed.

"Hurry, get them, two;" he showed the number with his fingers. "Put in a glass, stir them up, like this," he demonstrated in pantomime. She understood what was wanted and slipped away to the kitchen. He heard the doors of the icebox open and shut; then her disappointed voice came to him.

"She's a no gotta da eggs; she's a no gotta da notting ina de icebox, boss. At's alla right. I get. I joosta live nex' door, joosta minoot," with which he heard her bustle out.

Dan Moody stepped to the bed and hung his nightstick on the bedpost at the foot of the bed, that he might have both hands free, and turned to the prostrate figure. He tried her pulse, found she still lived, then banked the two pillows he found on the bed and propped her up on them. As he straightened out, the bustling neighbor returned with the beaten eggs in a tumbler. With a fervent prayer on her lips, she handed it to him. As he took it, he saw she was looking for further orders. Nodding toward the bed, he gave them.

"Hold her head up while I pour this into her."

Willingly, and as quickly as her bulk would permit, without a word she slipped her arm under the limp head of the woman. Moody lost no time in administering the antidote.

While he did so, he could not help contemplating the almost lifeless figure. He saw she was still young, not yet out of her teens. About his own daughter's age, he estimated; nineteen. She was pretty, too. Even the premature lines and pallor of the face were unable to hide entirely the beauty of her refined and delicate features. What sort of prank had Fate played on this stripling, he wondered.

He forced the last of the contents of the tumbler into her and straightened out. The motherly woman removed her arm gently from the back of the girl's limp head and made her comfortable. She turned moist and anxious eyes to him.

"My fren', she will live, yes?" she asked hopefully. He looked at the pallid face, shrugged his broad shoulders, and reached for the nightstick hanging on the bedpost.

"Dunno. Wait here with her while I get the ambulance." With which he left to find the nearest telephone.

Ten minutes later the ambulance doctor followed him into the bedroom. Making way for the doctor, the swarthy woman, a bright light in her eyes, sidled up to Moody. She radiated joy.

"She's a leev; she's a leev; she's a go lika dees." She gave a semblance of a long-drawn-out sigh. He nodded in approval, watching closely the doctor at work over the patient. Soon the girl's eyes opened, but pain still lined the face. With a look of relief, the man in white straightened out, patting her on the head.

"There, there, you'll soon be all right again. A couple of hours' rest and you'll be as good as new," he smiled. "But, tell me, young woman, how did you

come to take those tablets? You know they're poisonous, don't you?" he asked curiously.

"Mistake," she mumbled. The doctor looked at her gravely for a moment.

"Mistake, eh? Well, my dear young lady, you can thank this officer here that your mistake hasn't resulted in more serious consequences. It was really HIS quick action that saved your life," he informed her. He recorded the case as accidental, then turned to Dan. "That's all; no hospital case; so long." With which he slipped out and back to the perch on the back of his ambulance.



After he had left, Dan Moody studied the figure in the bed a few minutes. "What made you do it, kid?" he asked gently.

"Mistake," she mumbled again, avoiding his gaze.

"Oh, yeah; you DID tell that to the doctor." He was thinking of the empty larder, the baby. "Got a man?" he asked.

"Did have," she answered a bit reluctantly.

"Where is he?"

"Dead, three months," she answered. He was touched.

"Too bad! How come?" he inquired. She hesitated. Then literally spilled the information.

"Cops shot him getting away from a hold-up. I. I didn't know he was that kind. He told me he was a salesman." She looked up to him to see if he believed. He did.

"Humph! You look like you had a decent home at some time or other," he remarked, then asked, "Who's your folks?"

Her eyes dropped from his. "I guess I haven't any now," she answered in almost a whisper. Officer Moody did one of the things a hardboiled cop is not expected to do. He sat on the edge of the bed and took the young woman's slim white hand in his.

"Come, who are they?" he coaxed. She was reluctant. He persisted gently. "Now, now, you don't have to be afraid of me. I've got a kid about your age; I'll understand lots of things. Tell me, how did you get into this jamb? Come, child, spill it: it'll

do you a world of good." He patted her hand as if she were his own child. She could no longer resist his kindly, fatherly interest. She told it in her own way.

It was the common story. She was born and lived on the outskirts of Albany with her folks. Her father had a fair-sized business; a hardware store; still has. It was at a high school dance she met him; a dashing young cavalier who seemed to have an endless amount of money. She had him call at her home several times, but dad couldn't take to her dashing Romeo. In fact, he had tried to discourage her, dissuade her from seeing him any more. But she was crazy about him, and they eloped to New York City, where, Tony insisted, were greater opportunities for a progressive fellow like himself. It seemed that he had been right, because he seemed well able to maintain a sumptuous apartment on Riverside Drive. He was good to her: she wanted for nothing. It all seemed like a dream, a chapter from the Arabian Nights; she had only the need to wish. But there was an awakening. That, too, had seemed unreal. It was when the police notified her that night; quizzed her. She couldn't seem to be able to face the world after that. From then on, it had been down—down. She was a nobody, disgraced. Left the mark of it on her parents. She was sure they would rather see her dead. Her name? Claire Todd—yes, Todd. It meant nothing.

Dan Moody patted her hand as the tears that welled to her eyes suddenly rolled out and down her cheeks.

"There, there, child. We all make mistakes at

some time or other. But remember, every dark cloud has its silver lining. Everything will be all right." He rose and motioned the woman, who had been standing in the doorway the while, to precede him into the kitchen. There, out of earshot and sight, he stuck a bill into her hand. "Here, fill that up. Understand?" He pointed to the icebox. She nodded energetically. That settled, he left.

The day that followed was hot, too. Ninety in the shade at four-thirty in the afternoon. Schultz blocked the doorway of his store, mopping his florid face. Dan Moody strolling by, stopped to have a word with him.

"Cripes," he grumbled, "I'd like to see this heat let up."

"Me, too," the grocer added. Something about the cop's weary look interested him. "Say, you look all in. Aren't you feeling good?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm all right; just a bit tired from covering about three hundred miles with the old Lizzie," he yawned. "Had to start for Albany after my tour ended last night."

"Must have been pretty important business?"

"No, not exactly." Dan pulled out his handkerchief to wipe away the beads of perspiration that stood out on his face. "Had to bring a gent down from up there. Didn't want to lose a day so took it out of my sleep." His eyes suddenly twinkled. "By the way, Schultz, what happened to that drink you were blowing me to yesterday?" he asked.

The grocer laughed. "The same thing that will happen to this one if you don't stick around close." With which he turned and disappeared again into his store.

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## Manchester's Lord Mayor Calls

THE Police Department was honored on October 16th by having as a visitor Lord Mayor Titt, of Manchester, England, who had been officially welcomed to New York City by Mayor Walker. After attending the line-up, the Lord Mayor was escorted by the Police Commissioner and Chief Inspector John O'Brien through Headquarters and the Police Academy.

This picture shows the Chief



Photo courtesy The Daily Mirror.

Inspector explaining the workings of a ballistics camera to the Lord Mayor while the Police Commissioner listens approvingly to the explanation. The camera is used for the examination of bullets. The Lord Mayor expressed a deep interest in the methods of the New York Police Department and said that as a result of his visit, he would return to Manchester with many new ideas concerning police work.





## HONOR LEGION ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL

The Police Department Band in rehearsal for its share of the excellent programme offered at the 19th Annual Entertainment and Ball sponsored by the Honor Legion of the Police Department, at the Hotel Astor on October 30th; Lieutenant Charles C. Steinert, president of the Legion, and a committee of 34 officers of the Legion headed by Chief Inspector John O'Brien, in charge.

In the foreground are seen, left to right, Fritz Forsch, conductor of the band; Madeline Elba, prima donna, who will sing "The Star Spangled Banner"; Vincent Lopez, noted orchestra leader, who will conduct the Police Band in his especially written and dedicated "Honor Legion March" for its premier public performance, and Lieutenant William Mahoney, president of the Band.

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## SQUARE CLUBS' Memorial Services

**T**HE Police Square Club and the Fire Square Club, both Masonic bodies, paraded 600 strong up Broadway from 96th Street on the afternoon of Sunday, October 18th, and down Cathedral Parkway to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, where their annual memorial services were held. The Police Department Band and the colors of the two organizations were in the van of the procession.

The main body of the parade, accompanied by an escort of uniformed Knights Templar was under the command of Inspector George Haerle, assisted by Captain William Estabrook and a staff composed of officials of the two organizations.

Officers of the Police Square Club who marched at the head of the procession included William R. Leach, Gustave A. Beaufrere, corresponding secretary, and William T. Reynolds, president. The Fire Square Club was represented in the front rank by Frank D. Muller, president; Henry J. Holzberger, recording secretary; and Jacob Cohen, treasurer. Nine police chaplains and two Fire Department chaplains were present at the services.

Dean Milo H. Gates opened the services at the cathedral with a brief address of welcome. Then requesting the congregation to rise, Dean Gates read the names of the eighteen policemen and eight fire-

men and three honorary members of the latter department who died during the preceding twelve months. As he concluded, a bugler in the Police Band sounded "Taps."

The Right Rev. Dr. Frank Du Moulin, rector of St. John's of Lattingtown, Locust Valley, Long Island, preached the sermon. He said:

"Today your heroism is being recognized and men look with pride at those uniformed forces, the watchmen upon the towers of our city. The time has come for America to justly apprise your services. It is time for all right-thinking Americans to put the underworld forces where they belong.

"I have never known a policeman in all my life—and for ten years I lived in one of the most dangerous sections of Chicago—who did not have a strong arm, a clear head and a kind heart. Yours is more than a profession; it is an enlistment in public protection and safety."

The members of the Police Department attending the services were saddened to learn of the sudden death of William Taylor, a member of the Police Department Band for the thirty years of its organization, who died from a heart attack while on his way to take his place in the procession. Patrolman Taylor, who was 60 years old, was attached to the West 47th Street Station and lived at 857 Eighth Avenue.

# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

*Our Own Star-gazer*

*Knows All—Sees All—Tells All*



**W**ERE you included in that record-breaking throng of 40,000-odd that stormed the historic old Polo Grounds on the afternoon of September 27?

If you weren't you sure missed a rare treat.

The gate—\$60,496.50—established a record never before known in the history of amateur baseball.

It was a lovely day, too, if you recall, and long before the appointed hour of 2:30 we were comfortably settled in a field box impatiently waiting for the slaughter to begin.

We figured it could be nothing less.

Really, the way our boys belted that ball around during practice made our chest swell enormously—and with quite pardonable pride.

They handled themselves like real Big Leaguers—while engaged in aforementioned batting practice, we mean.

And, frankly, we were nervous. Not that species of nervousness born of apprehensiveness, remember, rather it was our conscience—and it bothered us none too little.

We have always had a sneaky regard for those

sturdy brother bluecoats who earn their living with the aid of a hose, and we hated to think of the horrible fate that awaited them at the hands of our mighty nightstick wielders.

Fervently we prayed they might not be handled too roughly.

Especially with our great little Mayor looking on.

And, incidentally, didn't Jimmy look like a million dollars that day—sartorially and otherwise?

And don't you suppose he was tickled silly with that magnificent turnout—for the cause closest to his heart today?

You bet he was, and he didn't hesitate to say so, either.

The P. C. was mighty proud, too, as was Fire Commissioner Dorman.

They were the men who not only conceived the affair but engineered it from beginning to end.

And to say they were pleased with the way their men responded would be putting it mildly indeed.

Getting back to the game, however, the less said about that the better.

*Those fool smoke eaters ruined our afternoon right at the start.*



*"So long, Copper, see you next year"*

They piled into our heroes in the very first inning, and in less time than it takes to tell it, they had the game and the cup and innumerable copper goats safely tucked away in their bag.

*They bombarded our boys so enthusiastically that even the P. C. broke down and wept.*

It was plainly evident those smoke-eating pals of ours have little or no respect for law and order.

And it's a wonder some one didn't "sic" the Emergency Squad on them.



Don't think for a moment that our boys didn't contribute to the fun, too.

Yes, indeed, it's a long time since we've witnessed so marvelous an exhibition of tall and lofty tumbling as was staged by some of our heroes in that memorable first inning.

As baseball players they'd have fitted nicely with the unemployed, in whose interests they were performing.

Anyway and nevertheless, the best team won, cleanly and fairly, and to the bonnie fire laddies who put it over we extend hearty congratulations.

More than that, we hope sincerely they have even

less trouble putting over their eight-hour bill than they did trimming our poor coppers.

*And we're positive The Finest—to a man—will subscribe to that thought gladly.*

The real victors, after all, are those poor unfortunates who will derive help and comfort this winter from the sixty-odd thousand dollars so generously contributed.

*And again let it be told we are always on the job where the extending of a helping hand is concerned.*

It was reflected plainly, we think, in that record-breaking turnout that made history on the afternoon of September 27.

## VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE

**Y**OU will probably not take our word for it, but the two ambassadorial-looking gentlemen depicted here are none other than Deputy Commissioner John A. Leach, well-known Brooklyn Reprimander, and Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell, Professor-in-Chief of our Police Academy.

And we are showing you exactly how they looked a few short weeks ago upon their arrival from Paris, a town they visited for the ostensible purpose of showering with their gifts of oratory the International Police Conference in session there.

That they devoted all their time to this noble work is reasonably probable. It's *their* story, anyway, and we'd fall for it cheerfully—if the said conference had been perpetrated in any other town than *La Belle Paree*.

Gleefully they tell of delightful visits to various station houses, jails, courts and other places of similar interest.

Oh, yes! they enjoyed, too, the majestic dignity of the Eiffel Tower, the pretentiousness of the Champs-Elysees and the grandeur of the famous cathedral of Notre Dame.

But when we questioned them about old Montmartre and the gay boulevards with their enticing sidewalk cafes, they became strangely mute.

They admitted, however, knowing of the presence of these quaint places and of the rare vintages one might quaff therein without the usual quake of con-

science; but, they said, bravely they shunned them all.

To mention France, and especially Paris, one usually dwells on the *Beauteous Ones* for which that country is justly famous; and when you consider the world-wide reputation they have achieved both for loveliness and splendor of accoutrements, it becomes indeed a most reasonable thought.

We mentioned this to the boys, of course, but they assured us solemnly they were entirely too engrossed with their official duties to give the subject even the slightest thought.

Please do not think we are insinuating, or that we for a moment doubt the boys can back up rigorously anything they say.

Taking everything into consideration, however, can you imagine a story like that from two young fellows safely away from home, absolutely unchaperoned—and with practically no one to guide them?

Doesn't it recall the story of the motorman who spent his vacation riding around

on trolley cars?

Anyway, we wonder if they felt like the Governor of North Carolina felt when he said to the Governor of South Carolina on the occasion of *their* visit to gay Paree—"*Voulez vous pour un bouquet d'viollette?*"

Meaning, we've been told, "*If we never get back will that be soon enough?*"





**I**ZAAK WALTON, extolled in song and story as the most prodigious codfish catcher of all time, never could compare, in our opinion, with Acting Captain Bill Estabrook, Generalissimo Supreme of the Queens Telegraph Bureau, who has o-fish-ially incorporated in his Bureau an organization known as the "Glad-U-Come Club."

The principal requirement for membership is that you be a pedigreed fisherman with previous experience as a deep-sea sailor—and that you report unflinchingly on days designated for patrol on the high seas.

This rule is enforced so rigidly that even if friend wife tries to inveigle you into a visit with the inlaws (*or would you say "outlaws"?*) on such days, you are sworn courageously not to swerve from your sacred duty to the club.

*"Glad-U-Come"* also is the password of the club, and is used extensively in greeting invited guests and such.

Later in the day, if the fish have evinced bashfulness about joining in the fun, the guests are cajoled with the club's favorite slogan, to wit:

*"You should have been with us last time—the fish were so thick on deck we had to use nightsticks to keep them quiet."*

Which slogan, we understand, is employed not too infrequently by Bill and his mighty prowlers of the deep.

Patrolman Leo Colton graces the rank of Commodore, and it is rumored he enjoys this distinction so well that he is trying to have the rank made permanent by the Police Commissioner, promising, in return, that the Big Boss's table never will want for fresh fish as long as they continue to speak his language.

So if any of our readers would like to enjoy a real fishing party some time, gladly do we recommend the "Glad-U-Come" organization.

For reservations just call up Captain Estabrook at his office.

The number is Jamaica 6-1700.

**H**ERE'S where we take you back to the days of that historic old family scrimmage referred to casually by us youngsters as the Civil War.

But let's not get ahead of our story.

This picture is reproduced from an old-fashioned tintype taken in 1869 at Iona Island, on the Hudson, at a Sunday School excursion given by the Nstrand Avenue Methodist Church, in Brooklyn.



And the two husky lads gazing at you from the tintype are two former members of The Finest—in *full uniform of the period*, who were assigned on that day to accompany the merry excursioners and protect them from all and sundry evils likely to becloud an occasion of such auspiciousness.

The snappy looking fellow on the left is Patrolman James T. Goud—the hero of our story. His side partner in the picture is Patrolman James Klickner, his old buddy, now deceased.

Patrolman Jimmy Goud dropped in to see us the other day and his visit was as refreshing as the proverbial summer breeze.

*He is exactly 84 years young now, but his appearance belies his age startlingly.*



He is still a husky 200-pounder with a mean pair of shoulders, a fine, well kept flowing mustache and a pair of snappy blue eyes that win you over the moment he flashes them on you.

He was born in 1847, appointed to the old Metropolitan police in 1868 and was retired in 1901, at which time he was attached to the old 49th Precinct in Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, which was manned in those days by a force of twenty-seven men, and covered the territory from Flatbush and Franklin Avenues all the way to the old Brooklyn city line—*wherever that was*.

They had good posts, too, Jimmy said, explaining that it required only about four hours of steady hiking in those days for a fellow to reach his relieving point promptly.

"Of course," Jimmy chuckled, "that wasn't so hot for the roundsman, *especially when he was out to fatten his batting average, if you know what I mean.*"

Which proves conclusively that even in those days the boys played hide and seek occasionally when on patrol.

Crime conditions were not so bad then, according to Jimmy, and the occasional report of a horse and wagon going astray—or maybe a cow or two, helped wonderfully to break up the monotony of things.

For years Jimmy has lived in his own home in Merrick, L. I., happily, until a little more than two months ago, when his devoted wife, his faithful side partner for 57 years, was taken from his side.

His parting advice to the members of the Department we quote gladly:

*"Be loyal to the job—go through it cleanly—save your money—and invest in good real estate."*

In substantiation of this, Jimmy told of how in 1890 he purchased a piece of property in Merrick for \$225, and only recently sold it for \$22,500, hating even at that staggering figure to let it go.

Yes, sir; today this grand old-timer exemplifies gloriously "The Finest" of yesteryear.

So let's all join in wishing Jimmy lots of good health and contentment for many more years to come.



**W**E now present in tintype form the story of an ambitious young fellow who made good—in a big way—and entirely on his own. Appropri-

ately we title it "FROM PATROLMAN TO ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF TELEGRAPH."

*"Gerald Stephen Morris" is how he signs the payroll....Claims he's 35....but doesn't look it....Would pass easily for 25....Has a boyish face....seldom without a smile....or a good-natured grin....Well set up....stands 5 feet 10½ inches....Weights 185 pounds....Puttered with things electrical ever since he can remember....Talks electricity fluently....It's his favorite language....even in his sleep....Lucky he speaks none other....in his sleep....as you will appreciate further on.*

*His first job upon leaving school was with the New York Telephone Company....Held it nearly ten years....Resigned with the title of Private Branch Exchange Wire Chief....to enter the service of Uncle Sam....as Chief of the Telephone Service at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, in Maryland....Landed the job via U. S. Civil Service....in an examination from which he emerged Number One....Held the job six months....Resigned in 1922 to become one of The Finest....Took the examination practically without preparation....and as a matter of course....Was 583 on the list....Appointed and assigned to the Recruits' Training School....through which he went like a house afire....Graduated as Honor Man of his class....with the coveted Bloomingdale Trophy thrown in....to make it unanimous.*

*Assigned to motorcycle duty in the Miller Avenue precinct in Brooklyn....Transferred to the Telegraph Bureau one year later....which was right in his wheelhouse....and where he belonged....Last Spring....seven years later.... an examination was announced for the position of Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph....He went after it....AND HOW....and again popped up Number One....in a field of 35....and was appointed on April 27th....Salary 4,260 kopeks per....with the assimilated rank of Captain to help along.*

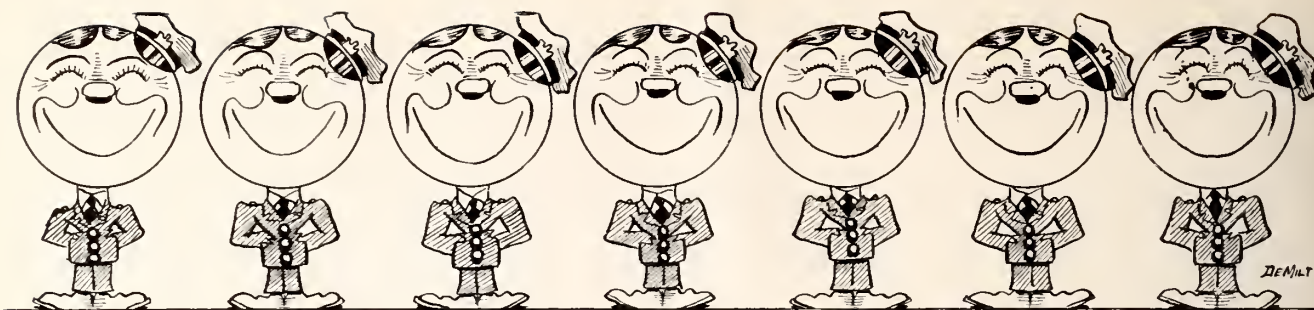
*Claims he likes his new job very much....particularly the salary that goes with it....He'd be a sucker if he didn't....Makes a swell boss....Couldn't be tough if he tried....Not gaited that way.*

*Is also a disciple of Marconi....Rated an expert wireless operator....Held a U. S. Wireless Operator's License for four years....from 1924 to 1928....for which he also took an examination....Hasn't bothered having it renewed since....Doesn't need it now....Is also an expert on the Teletype System....Was appointed an instructor in its use upon its adoption by the Department....in February, 1928.*

*Strictly a One Gal Man....Neither looks nor acts like a fish....but was hooked at 19....before he could even register....much less vote....and has been hors de combat ever since....Was crowned "Papa" four times....and is mighty proud of it....The eldest 16 and the youngest 3....Two are prospective cops....the others just girls.*

*Didn't notice any moles on his neck or behind his ears....which are reasonably sized and clean looking....Claims he scours them regularly....A commendable practice indeed.*

*Altogether a swell fellow....well liked by all....Deserves to the fullest the success he has achieved....And that's why SPRING 3100 is glad to extend him hearty congratulations....somewhat belated....of course....but nevertheless sincere.*



## The Prize Winners

**T**HE winners of the various contests conducted during the past three months by SPRING 3100 will receive their prizes from the Police Commissioner at a date to be announced later, probably during the first week of November. The contests will be continued with one change; namely that instead of one \$25 prize for the best short story received each month, first and second prizes of \$15 and \$10 respectively will be awarded to the authors of the two best stories submitted each month in the short story contest.

**O**N your toes, folks, while we present to you the winners of last month's prize contests:

### SHORT STORY CONTEST

Prize \$25

Patrolman Florance J. Sullivan, 43d Precinct

### LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman John C. Peterson,  
10th Precinct

McSweeney now rates a salute,  
A gold badge and chevrons to boot;  
He still claims that rules  
Are promotions best tools,  
"If the seed of ambition takes root."

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Henry Schachne,  
43d Precinct

"So he 'pegged' till they made him a 'Lieut.'"

3d Prize, \$5—Patrolman Francis J. O'Neill,  
15th Division

"A statement no one can refute."

### KOP KOMIKS

Prizes \$2

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.  
Patrolman J. J. Lynch, 20th Precinct.  
Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."  
Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

### THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for our monthly limerick.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komiks page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than November 8th.

### THIS MONTH'S LIMERICK

"McSweeney is now a Lieutenant,  
His new shield is much more resplendent;  
He vows he won't stop  
Till he's hurdled the top,  
....."

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.



# Meditations of a "Winner"

*Patrolman Lilienthal, whose story, "Just a Patrolman," won the short story contest in our last issue, describes amusingly in this very interesting article the experiences and emotions attending his efforts to put over a winning story.*

*Lilienthal has promised to write another "winner" as speedily as possible, and he has our very best wishes for his success.*



By PATROLMAN GEORGE W. LILIENTHAL, 1st Precinct

"GEORGE, what strikes you so funny? Stop smiling and pay attention to the services," my wife whispered as we sat in church one Sunday morning not long ago. There, no doubt, is a strange place to become suddenly possessed of an idea for a story, plot and climax to submit to SPRING 3100 for their story contest, but it so happened.

I paid little attention to the sermon and other proceedings which followed, because my mind was constantly distracted by plans of what to write and how to write it. Finally we arrived home in the family flivver after several narrow escapes from injury or death in the mile-a-minute ride from church. I drew a chair up to the secretary, filled the fountain pen and went to work, putting my thoughts in writing. Before what seemed a few minutes to me had passed (though I wrote six pages), dinner was served. I must have "gulped" it down, for later the doctor was called to prescribe for my indigestion, although I still think I suffered a "brain-storm."

Next day, feeling better, I resumed writing the "classic." Now I realize the most difficult part of writing "short" stories. After filling ten pages, I found there were about three thousand words. This had to be cut down to one thousand five hundred. To strike out full sentences and paragraphs would

leave just a mass of jumbled words with no meaning, so this is where my old friend, Noah Webster, the "Big Word Man," came to my assistance. By the use of phrases, commas and carefully selected English, I was still able to convey the same thoughts in fewer words.

I then called the advisory board (friend wife) and offered it for her criticism. It went over big with her, but knowing how wives will encourage us, no matter what we do or how we do it, I still was rather skeptical about bringing it to the magazine. Wife assured me I could not be sent to jail for trying, so I mailed it in (not wishing to be within kicking distance of the editor).

Several weeks dragged by before I received a message to report to the editor in charge of the publication. Bidding a fond farewell to my spouse and the kids, I went forth to face the worst, thinking the charge would be "using the mails to defraud."

It was a brand new husband, my wife said, as I entered the door some few hours later, all dressed up in a radiant smile. My story had been accepted. Gee! One more shock like that will prove fatal to me.

"Where is the check?" she asked when I had related the tale of my success. That, after all, is the first concern of every woman, so I let it pass without comment, though I was to be questioned at length several times afterwards concerning that trivial matter.

The issue was published, my story appeared, and then my troubles began. Like every other person who gains popularity by broadcasting their talents, I also received that ever welcome "fan mail." One letter from my uniform tailor who had lost track of the precinct where I worked, congratulated me, and enclosed an itemized bill of long standing on which he would accept the prize money as part payment. Another "threatening letter" came from an individual who sold me the family flivver. "Now that you have some money," it started. Still another came from an old friend, reminding me of the time I promised to give him my worn-out uniform overcoat. Such popularity! Am I glad I won?

My captain said I should be good at making out "pathologicals" (U. S. 18), but that in the future, if I again make such an ignorant report as the last, he will demonstrate his talent, in the form of a "complaint."

Here I am now, the winner?

# Firemen Trim Cops Before 40,000

**T**HE unemployed of New York City were the real victors in the baseball game played at the Polo Grounds, September 27, between the nines of the Fire and the Police Departments. The firemen smoked out the police by a score of 11 to 6, but all of the boys in blue joined hands on October 6 when a check for \$60,496.50 was handed to Mayor Walker to swell his Emergency Relief Fund. This large sum was netted from the sale of tickets for the game, which was witnessed by about forty thousand partisan fans.

Police Commissioner Mulrooney and Fire Commissioner Dorman jointly presented the check to the Mayor, although the Commissioners

had been on opposite sides during the ball game. Captain Chester McAuliffe of the Police Department team, and John W. Welsing, captain of the Fire Department nine, were also present, and McAuliffe seemed just as glad to help the Mayor get the check as if the Mayor had not presented the winner's cup for the ball game to Welsing.

Anyway, next year will roll around and the cops will have another chance at the fire laddies. Meanwhile, we can rejoice because the game was played for the noblest of all causes—sweet charity. The technical account of the game follows.



Photo by Century, 74 W. 47th St.

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

**T**HE game started off with a bang and it looked like curtains for the hosemen. The coppers, first at bat, started a rally after two were out, and by some heavy clouting scored three runs. This was enough to take the heart out of any team, but not our firemen.

They came right back in their half and showed lots of fight. When the inning was over they had sewed up the ball game by scoring eight runs. After this outburst of hitting, plus three bad errors on the part of the police, both teams overcame their stage-fright and settled down to some real hard playing. The final score was 11 to 6.

In the first inning, after two were out, Duckett and Buthman singled. Foley followed with a long drive over the left fielder's head which caromed off the fence for three bases, scoring two runs. Sullivan, the police catcher, walked. Otskey singled, scoring

Foley. Risdell got a base on balls, but Auer ended the inning by hitting to short, who made a beautiful stop, retiring the side.

Then the fireworks started for the Fire Department. Schmidt, the lead-off man, singled. McCrystal walked. Otten popped out to second. Burkley hit to Risdell at short and with an easy double play in sight, which would have retired the side, he fumbled, and the bases were loaded. He was over-anxious and tried to throw the ball before he had it. Kinsley then hit a grounder to McAuliffe at second, which he missed, and Schmidt and McCrystal scored.

This was another double play that should have been fielded with ease. Auer, the police pitcher, got a little bit rattled and walked the next batter, filling the bases again. Mickey Damm, the firemen's fiery catcher, then hit a slow roller to Otskey at third, who helped the fire cause by making the third police error. Burkley scored. Auer then walked Welsing, forcing in a run. Noonan struck out. Schmidt, up



for the second time, singled for his second bingle of the inning, scoring Fahey and Damm. McCrystal tripled past Buthman in right field, who tried for a shoe string catch instead of playing the ball safe. It began to look like parade day for the firemen. McCrystal came home on a passed ball and Otten fled out to Duckett, ending the inning. Eight runs, three errors.

After this hectic beginning, both teams played good baseball until the fifth inning, when the fire lads scored a run on two hits and an error. The coppers came back with a run in the sixth, when McAuliffe singled, reached second on a fielder's choice, and then stole third by a neat head-first slide. He then raced home to beat Burkley's perfect throw of Kuhn's hard smash to center.

In their half of the sixth the pole sliders made two runs, one of them a tremendous homer by Otten, which hit the scoreboard in the upper right field grandstand. He received a big hand from the crowd. The police rallied in the lucky seventh, when Buthman singled; Foley doubled, sending Buthman to third. He scored on Sullivan's long fly to left, Foley advancing to third on the throw in. Otskey hit to Kinsley, who dropped the ball, and Foley crossed the plate, Otskey reaching third. Risdel struck out. Otskey, after some useless clowning, was picked off the bag, ending the rally.

At the end of the game Officer Chester McAuliffe and Fireman John Welsing, the captains of the respective teams, assembled before Mayor Walker, who presented a trophy to the winning captain. The police team captain congratulated the victor. Better luck next year.

POLICE DEPT.							FIRE DEPT.						
	ab	r	h	po	a	e		ab	r	h	po	a	e
McAuliff, 2b.....	4	1	0	0	1	1	Schmidt, ss.....	5	2	2	0	4	0
Kuhn, 1b.....	5	0	0	10	0	0	McCrystal, 3b.....	5	1	1	2	0	0
Duckett, cf.....	5	1	3	3	0	0	Otten, 1b.....	5	1	1	12	1	0
Buthman, rf.....	5	2	3	1	0	0	Burkley, cf.....	5	1	2	2	1	0
Foley, lf.....	5	2	2	0	0	0	Kinsley, rf.....	5	2	2	1	0	0
Sullivan, c.....	5	0	0	4	2	0	Fahey, lf.....	5	1	1	2	0	0
Otskey, 3b.....	4	0	2	0	2	1	Damm, c.....	4	1	2	5	0	0
Piedella, ss.....	4	0	0	3	2	2	Welsing, 2b.....	4	2	0	3	5	0
Auer, p.....	4	0	1	2	1	1	Noonan, p.....	4	0	1	0	1	0
*Stefanak, 2b.....	1	0	1	1	2	0							
Totals .....	42	6	12	24	10	5	Totals .....	42	11	12	27	12	0

\* Batted for McAuliffe in seventh inning.  
Police Department ..... 3 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 0—6  
Fire Department ..... 8 0 0 0 1 2 0 0 x—11  
Two-base hit—Foley. Three-base hits—Foley, McCrystal, Kinsley. Home run—Otten. Struck out—By Noonan, 3; by Auer, 4. Bases on balls—Off Noonan, 4; off Auer, 6. Passed ball—Sullivan. Left on bases—Fire Department, 4; Police Department, 6. Umpires—Murray, Meehan and Kraemer.

RIGHT OFF THE BAT

After all the predictions we made about what the police were going to do to the firemen, they turned around and upset the dope by giving a good imitation of how baseball should not be played. It doesn't pay to be overconfident.

McCrystal, at third for the fire brigade, got a "fire" signal in the eighth, and the way he put Otskey out was a treat.

Catcher George Sullivan played a bang-up game. He was in there trying all the time. What an arm George has! He picked one man off second and caught two more stealing. Those two wallops he hit to left just missed going over the fence. Nice work, George.

Auer pitched his arm off for the police, and it wasn't his fault that he lost—even though he could have used a nightstick. Better luck next year, Roy.



Photo courtesy The Daily News

MAYOR WALKER PRESENTS TROPHY

Left to right: Police Commissioner Mulrooney; Patrolman Chester McAuliffe, police team captain; Mayor Walker; Fireman John Welsing, captain of the fire team, and Fire Commissioner Dorman.

The check for the profits of the game was given to the Mayor at the same time.

Otten, first baseman for the firemen, laced into a straight ball in the sixth inning as though he were pinch hitting for the eight-hour bill. What a smack! If the scoreboard hadn't stopped it, it would have landed in Staten Island.

Where were they hiding this guy Stefanak, who took McAuliffe's place after Mac went out with a lopsided ankle? He stepped into the game, made a "beaut" of a one-hand grab and then went up to the plate and pickled one for three bases. They ought to find room for him. He's a hustler.

Commissioners Mulrooney and Dorman grasped a bat at the start of the game to see which was the home team. They gripped it hand over hand as they did when they were boys. (Quite some time ago.) Fire Commissioner Dorman won. What a pair of MITTS!

The firemen weren't ALARMED when the police scored three runs in the first. They just had FIRE in their eyes and at the end of the inning they BURNED the coppers for eight runs. Quite a SCORCHING.

A patrolman after nearly getting beamed asked Noonan, the fireman pitcher, "if he owned a car." He probably wanted to give him a ticket.

Rumor has it that Manager Whitney chewed up seventeen plugs of tobacco during the game.





## A Fine Class Joins "The Finest"

**A**N audience of more than 40,000 attended the graduation exercises at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, on October 4 for 321 graduates of the Police School of Recruits, who were described by the Police Commissioner as "the finest looking bunch of young policemen I ever saw." Rear Admiral William W. Phelps, commandant of the New York Naval District, was the reviewing officer, and was accompanied on his tour of inspection of the recruit battalion by the Police Commissioner, Chief Inspector John O'Brien and Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, commandant of the Recruits' School.

For more than an hour preceding the review the probationary patrolmen gave an exhibition which included calisthenics, jiu-jitsu, mat exercises, boxing, rifle calisthenics and rifle drill. Chief Inspector O'Brien presented the Hiram C. Bloomingdale trophy, a regulation service revolver, to Probationary Patrolman Christian W. Hagenlocher, 25 years old, of 159 Hemlock Street, Cypress Hills, Brooklyn, who made the highest general average in all subjects during the twelve weeks' course in the Recruits' School.

The Police Commissioner, in addressing the graduates, said:

"If you want action, you have chosen the right profession. The policemen in the street in American cities has a hazardous calling. The thugs do not let you select the time or place for an encounter.

"You must be on the alert to protect yourself and the citizens. Under proper circumstances I want you men to be the first to go into action.

"The very nature of your duty brings you within the range of criticism. You must have self-control and courtesy and should give out warnings where there are minor transgressions."

Rear Admiral Phelps advised the graduates to read the preamble to the Constitution of the United States for guidance and to regard the Police Commissioner as their model. He said:

"You men are not only public servants, but you are more than that. You are public servants with authority. Your job is to defend life and property and to see that every citizen is blessed with life, liberty and a reasonable pursuit of happiness."

The list of graduates follows:

### HONOR MAN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

PROBATIONARY PATROLMAN  
CHRISTIAN W. HAGENLOCHER

Abrams, James J.  
Ahle, Henry  
Allen, John J.  
Anderson, John H.  
Andrews, George F.  
Antonius, Christian C.  
Aurr, Roy J.  
Austin, Robert C.

Bandarenko, Nicholas  
Barker, Raymond E.  
Barr, Charles  
Bauder, Stanley U.  
Beatty, James F.  
Behrens, Louis J.  
Benner, August C.

Betrock, Nathan  
Beyer, Kurt W.  
Bianco, Carlo  
Biddescomb, John R.  
Biehuse, Henry H.  
Bollon, Vincent  
Bosco, Dominick  
Bosko, Michael G.  
Bostick, Austin P.  
Bova, Paul  
Bowen, William J., Jr.  
Boyle, Arthur J.  
Brennan, Richard  
Brennan, Thomas E.  
Brooking, George J.  
Brownstein, Harry

Bruno, Frank J.  
Buckley, Jeremiah R.  
Burkhardt, Philip R.  
Butler, Charles W.  
Bylewski, Leo

Cahalane, James J.  
Callahan, John T.  
Callahan, William F.  
Canavan, Eugene  
Capalbo, Anthony F.  
Carcich, Dominic J.  
Carmosin, Otto E.  
Carroll, Thomas J.  
Cashel, William F.  
Cassidy, Michael J.  
Chanda, John J.

Chesler, Sol  
Christensen, William W.  
Cimafonte, Joseph  
Cimilluca, Michael A.  
Ciuffo, Cono G.  
Clancy, Matthew A.  
Cody, Walter H.  
Cohen, Jacob  
Cohen, Louis  
Colato, Ferdinand B.  
Colgan, William N.  
Collins, James J.  
Connor, John A.  
Cotter, Patrick J.  
Court, Hyman  
Craig, Samuel  
Cronin, Jeremiah J., Jr.





Photo by Century, 74 W. 47th St.

Crowley, Walter H.  
Cullmann, Frederick A.  
Cunnane, John W.  
Cunningham, John J.  
Cusack, Edmund J.

David, Frank  
Davis, Leo  
Degen, Edward  
De Leo, Charles S.  
Delgaudio, George M.  
Deigel, Alfred W.  
Diamant, Frank  
Diebold, Rudolf G.  
Dobbs, George E.  
Dobson, Joseph V.  
Doggrell, Herbert L.  
Donnelly, Charles J.  
Donnelly, John  
Donoghue, Thomas M.  
Driscoll, Joseph P.  
Dunn, Thomas R.  
Dwyer, Henry A.  
Dwyer, William J.

Ellis, Albert E.  
Engel, William  
Escowitz, Abraham  
Evans, Thomas J.

Farrell, Joseph  
Farrington, James A.  
Fasano, Enrico  
Feeley, Edward T.  
Finch, Myron B., Jr.  
Finnegan, Edward J.  
Finnegan, William J.  
Finning, Eugene  
Fish, Joseph B.  
Fitzgerald, Edward A.  
Fitzgerald, Edward J.  
Fitzgerald, Francis J.  
Fitzpatrick, Howard F.  
Flaherty, James S.  
Flavia, Peter M.  
Foley, Denis  
Friel, Francis  
Frolich, William F.

Gaffen, Morris  
Gaiser, Herbert J.  
Gallagher, Daniel P.  
Gannon, John J.  
Germano, Frank J.  
Giattini, William  
Glum, Oscar P.  
Goldstein, Ralph  
Gray, Alexander J. G.  
Green, Patrick T.  
Griffin, John J.  
Guzewicz, Stanley F.

Haase, Paul L.  
Hackett, William C.  
Hahn, Henry R.  
Hale, Michael R.  
Halligan, Bernard F.  
Hagenlocher, Christian W.  
Handy, James J. R.

Hannon, Daniel J.  
Hansel, Harry P.  
Hanson, Bernard F., Jr.  
Harrington, Bernard  
Haughney, George W.  
Hay, Leroy W.  
Hayden, William L.  
Healy, John J. A.  
Heide, Gustav D.  
Heunessy, John R.  
Hennigan, Thomas  
Herrmann, Namdor A.  
Heussler, Charles  
Hilkemeier, Charles W.  
Hinton, Thomas H.  
Hnida, Frank L.  
Hrbacek, Stephen  
Hughes, Richard F.

Iannelli, Victor P.  
Ivory, James E.

Jackowski, Edward P.  
Jetter, Peter  
Johnson, John A.  
Johnson, Oscar S.  
Johnson, Truman L.  
Judge, William G.

Kahn, Harold T.  
Kaiser, John F.  
Kaminski, Joseph J.  
Kaminsky, Stephen A.  
Katz, Joseph  
Kelly, Harry J.  
Kelly, John F.  
Kelly, Lawrence J.  
Kelly, Joseph D.  
Kennedy, Harold P.  
King, Francis J.  
King, Henry S.  
Klein, Joseph  
Knowlton, Alfred E.  
Koczko, Joseph  
Kofert, Fred J.  
Kuhn, Henry J.  
Kusters, William

Lacina, Edward  
Lambiase, William  
Lane, Thomas J.  
Larsen, Louis H.  
Lapsley, Samuel  
Leff, Louis N.  
Loprete, Salvatore R.  
Low, Lemuel A.  
Lunghard, William J.  
Lyman, John P.

McAlvanah, Francis A.  
McAndrews, Thomas J.  
McCaffrey, James J.  
McCarthy, John J.  
McCarthy, William P.  
McEnery, John J., Jr.  
MacFadden, Edwin E.  
McGovern, Eugene F.  
McGough, Stanley V.  
McKeon, Francis G.  
McKenna, John J.

McNellis, Edward L.  
McQuade, John P.  
McGuire, Frank V.  
Nachules, John  
Maggio, Peter G.  
Magro, Michael  
Mahoney, John F.  
Mahoney, John J. A.  
Manning, Cornelius  
Marcucci, Joseph  
Markey, James J.  
Markloff, Charles J. *NI*  
Meurer, Harry  
Miller, Louis N.  
Minogue, Joseph E.  
Mooney, James W.  
Morano, Louis J.  
Mortensen, Arthur L.  
Muller, Frank R.  
Mugan, Thomas J.  
Murphy, Francis D.  
Murphy, Joseph P.  
Musto, John J.  
Myerscough, Thomas

Newman, Joseph A.  
Newman, Raymond J.  
Neyer, Howard G.  
Neylon, James M.  
Nielsen, Arthur T.  
Niessner, Otto H.  
Nolan, Thomas  
Noon, Thomas J.  
Noonan, Thomas V.

Oakley, David X.  
O'Brien, James A.  
O'Brien, William F.  
O'Connor, Henry J.  
O'Connor, Thomas W.  
O'Donnell, Robert  
O'Hagan, George  
O'Leary, Daniel J.

Parry, Edward J.  
Petraska, Ladislav W.  
Pinsker, Isidore  
Piskule, Edward F.  
Podraza, Alexander J.  
Prendergast, James P.  
Prenderville, Joseph W.  
Preston, Thomas  
Prinz, Conrad J.

Quigley, Francis X.  
Quinn, William J., Jr.

Rapp, Paul O.  
Ravalgi, Joseph  
Reilly, John J.  
Roach, Richard J.  
Roberts, Alfred  
Rodewald, George  
Rosemond, Thomas J.  
Ross, Theodore T.  
Roth, Edward M.  
Roublicek, Andrew A.  
Rupprecht, John J.  
Ryan, Oscar W.

Salayka, George R., Jr.  
Santariello, Daniel M.  
Savage, Victor X.  
Saviola, Filomeo C.  
Scanlon, Jeremiah J.  
Schleimer, Henry R.  
Schmidt, Fred H.  
Schurr, Philip  
Schwicker, John  
Scully, William V. F.  
Sexton, John E.  
Shea, Daniel S.  
Shea, Joseph F.  
Shepard, Albert N.  
Shelvin, Edward J.  
Silberlust, Nathan  
Sixsmith, Martin J. *S. 108*  
Slender, Thomas A.  
Smiley, Robert P.  
Smith, George C.  
Sorrentino, Alphonse G.  
Spina, John J.  
Spitz, Abraham G.  
Stapleton, Raymond A.  
Steensen, George O.  
Stein, Michael  
Stevenson, John A.  
Straub, Michael J.  
Sullivan, Bernard J.  
Sullivan, Jeremiah  
Sullivan, Walter J.

Tate, Francis J.  
Teahan, Maurice F.  
Thompson, John J.  
Thompson, Walter S.  
Togliatti, George  
Trezza, Raffaele A.  
Trumble, James P.  
Trunkles, William A.  
Tuohy, John P.  
Tynan, John E.

Vitale, Nicholas A.  
Vopelak, Frank J.

Walsh, Frederick W.  
Walsh, John P.  
Walsh, Robert J.  
Walsh, Thomas J.  
Wanek, Wilbur A.  
Warden, William J.  
Waters, Henry J.  
Way, Lawrence B.  
Weber, Anthony W.  
Weigand, Louis C. L.  
Weinbrecht, William J.  
Welch, James A.  
Weldon, James J.  
Wilson, Ambrose A.  
Wilson, Thomas J.  
Wirtz, Louis H.  
Wollman, William A.

Young, Leo H.  
Yurko, Michael J., Jr.

Zucconi, Dovilio P.  
Zurla, Charles F.

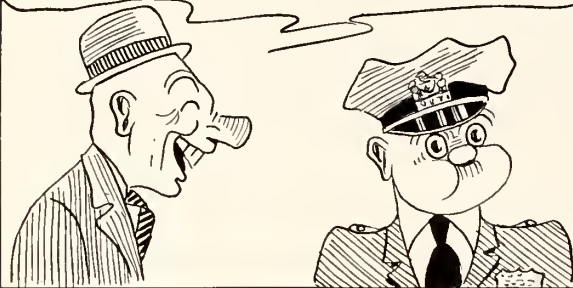


# Barney on the Beat

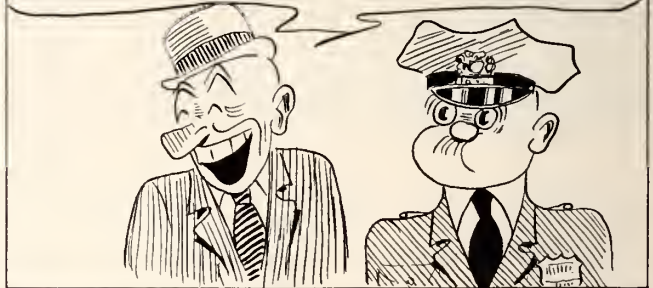
By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT

## THE CHESTNUT VENDOR—(IF THE RULES ONLY ALLOWED!)

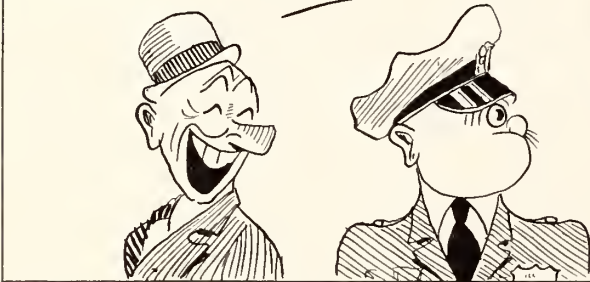
HAVE Y' HEARD THIS ONE, OFFICER? ONE BLOKE SAYS TO THE OTHER—"SO Y' HAD A GOOD TIME IN CANADA, EH? HOW LONG WERE YOU UP THERE?" AND THE OTHER BLOKE SAYS—"ABOUT A MONTH THEY TELL ME!" GET IT? HEH!



THEN THERE'S THE ONE ABOUT THE PREACHER TELLING THE IRISHMAN THAT WHISKEY IS NOTHING BUT SLOW POISON, AND THE IRISHMAN COMES BACK WITH—"AT'S O.K. BY ME, BROTHER, I'M IN NO HURRY T' SHUFFLE OFF!" WHEE-E-E-E



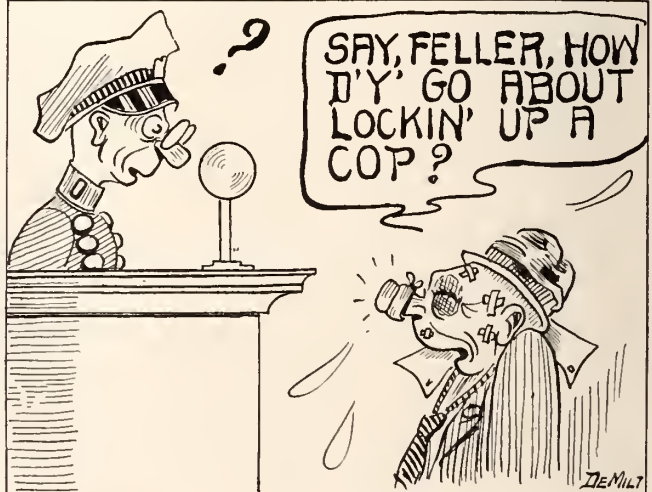
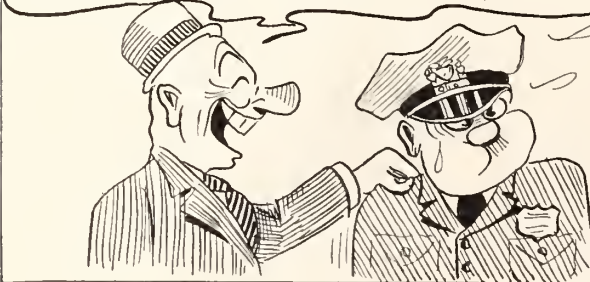
THEN THE PREACHER SAYS—"DON'T YOU KNOW THAT PEOPLE WHO DON'T DRINK LIVE LONGER?" AND THE IRISHMAN SAYS—"DON'T BE SILLY, IT ONLY SEEMS LONGER!" Wow!!



"YOUR WIFE HOLDS HER AGE WELL" I SAID TO A FRIEND OF MINE, AND HE SAID—"NO REASON WHY SHE SHOULDN'T, STUPID, SHE HASN'T CHANGED IT IN OVER 15 YEARS NOW!".....WOOF!!



HERE'S A CORKER ABOUT THE TRAVELING SALESMAN AND THE FARMER'S PRETTY DAUGHTER. IT'S KINDA LONG BUT YOU'RE GONNA LAUGH YOURSELF SICK. THIS MUG TAKES THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER OUT ONE NIGHT AND—







# THE POLICE ACADEMY

## City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

### OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Friday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

### QUESTIONS FOR THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. Personal records of members of the Force attached to a precinct command are required to be kept on file in the precinct command. What are these records? What purposes do they serve?
2. Police procedure in cases of arrests on charges of felony or certain misdemeanors require that certain information be entered in the history of the case. List this data. Briefly outline the reasons for such procedure.
3. A nineteen-year-old boy is arrested for operating a motorcycle without an operator's license. Court is closed. The boy owns the motorcycle and offers it as bail. Should it be accepted by the desk officer? Explain the law governing the case.
4. State the course that should be pursued by a policeman who did not witness the accident outlined below. Give reasons.  
"A" operates a vehicle in the wrong direction in a one-



way street. "B" operates a vehicle in the proper direction at the same time in such a manner as to collide with "A's" vehicle and seriously injures "A". What evidence would be necessary to establish that an offense or crime had been committed?

5. "X" is arrested charged with possession of policy slips. It is established that he had in his possession sheets of paper upon which were written the names of persons from whom he collected money. Can "X" be convicted of any charge?
6. "A" and "B" are seated in a motor vehicle in the nighttime on a side street in the Borough of Manhattan. The car is owned by "A". "C" approaches and tells "A" and "B" that he would shoot them unless they drive him forthwith to Woodside in the Borough of Queens. "C" gets into the car and places a loaded revolver approximate to "A". "A" starts the car in motion to comply with the demand of "C". Enroute there is a collision near Woodside. "C" escapes. What crimes has "C" committed?
7. Briefly explain the methods of coordination and cooperation between and among the various units of the Police Department.
8. "X" is in possession of a machine which, by inserting a coin and manipulating a lever, there emits therefrom a candy mint. There appears in a glass panel in the front of this machine a witty saying each time a coin is inserted and the candy mint is received. Occasionally metal slugs of no intrinsic value are emitted in conjunction with the candy. These slugs may be inserted and a bright or witty saying again appears on the front panel of the machine. Is the possession of this machine a violation of law? Is the sale of the machine a violation of law?

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1 IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100."**

1. (a) Inform such person to appear in person to the Legal Aid Society, 9-15 Park Place, N. Y. C. Telephone No. Barclay 7-6120, or to its nearest branch office between 9.00 A. M. and 5.00 P. M. Direct how to go. If crime has been committed take appropriate action.
- (b) Direct to the Municipal Lodging House, Department of Public Welfare, 432 East 25th Street, N. Y. C. Telephone Ashland 4-1332, day or night, or to any of the following:  
St. Barnabas' House, 304 Mulberry St., N. Y. C. Telephone Canal 6-1914. (Day or Night.)  
St. Zita's Home for Friendless Women, 143 West 14th Street, N. Y. C. Chelsea 3-1794. (Day or Night.)  
Salvation Army Working Women's Home, 297 Tenth Avenue, N. Y. C. Telephone Lackawanna 4-2959. (Day or night.)  
Ozanam Home for Friendless Women, 40-48 Concord Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Telephone Cumberland 6-0225. (Day or night.)
- (c) Manhattan and Bronx—  
A. I. C. P., 105 East 22nd Street. Telephone Gramercy 5-7040—any family (9 A. M. to 5 P. M.).  
Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of N. Y., 477 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. Plaza 3-0543—Catholic family (9 A. M. to 5 P. M.).  
Jewish Social Service Association, Inc., 71 West 47th Street, N. Y. C. Telephone Bryant 9-3670—Jewish family (9 A. M. to 5 P. M.).  
Manhattan—  
Charity Organization Society, 105 East 22nd Street, Gramercy 5-4066. Any family (9 A. M. to 5 P. M.).  
Brooklyn—  
Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, 285 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Telephone Triangle 5-5482. Any family (9 A. M. to 5 P. M.).  
United Jewish Aid Societies of Brooklyn, 1095 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Telephone Pulaski 5-8800. Jewish family. (9 A. M. to 5 P. M.).  
A. I. C. P., 401 State Street, Brooklyn. Telephone Triangle 5-5482. (9 A. M. to 5 P. M.).  
Queens—  
Family Welfare Society of Queens, Crescent Plaza Building, Bridge Plaza South, Long Island City. Telephone Stillwell 4-7693.  
Richmond—  
Staten Island Social Service, 229 St. Marks Place, New Brighton, St. George, S. I. Any family. (9 A. M. to 5 P. M.).  
Catholic Charities, 30 Bay Street, St. George, S. I. Catholic family.  
Hebrew Benevolent Society, 246 Heberton Avenue, Port Richmond, S. I. Jewish family. (9 A. M. to 5 P. M.).  
For all Boroughs—5 P. M. to 12 Midnight and on Saturday afternoons. Joint Application Bureau, 105 East 22nd Street, N. Y. C. Any family.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2 IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100."**

2. As a general rule, vessels are conceded to be floating territory of the country under whose flag they fly.  
When crimes are committed on board vessels, by persons of any nationality, or by one of the crew, and the vessel is, at the time, located on the high seas, the nation whose flag it flies has jurisdiction. When vessels are located in ports or on navigable waters of a foreign country the above also applies. However, this latter may depend upon treaty agreement, which sometimes provide concurrent jurisdiction and then the government that first acquires jurisdiction continues with the case.  
United States jurisdiction also extends 12 miles from shore in cases of violation of liquor laws.  
If a foreign ship is in New York harbor and a crime is committed on board by citizens or aliens, New York State acquires jurisdiction particularly if the crime is serious. The State of New York does not acquire jurisdiction over crimes committed on an United States warship located in the waters of New York State except the crime was committed by civilians.  
In waters in and around New York City jurisdiction is concurrent with the Federal Government and the New York jurisdiction, extends to low water mark on the New Jersey Shore.  
New York State has jurisdiction within three miles of shore except when the Federal Government supersedes it.  
In the Long Island Sound New York State has jurisdiction to middle of Sound except as above stated.  
In cases of piracy on the high seas any nation acquires jurisdiction. Maritime law relates to laws, rules and regulations of the seas.  
Admiralty relates to the courts having jurisdiction in maritime matters.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3 IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100."**

3. The child of a naturalized citizen born in a foreign country is a citizen of the United States by reason of the father's naturalization. An adopted child would not become an United States citizen. If the father became expatriated the child would not become an United States citizen.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4 IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100."**

4. Steps may be taken to present the case to another grand jury, as often as the court may direct. It cannot be resubmitted without the direction of the court. This order or direction is exercised with caution. The district attorney generally states facts to show there is sufficient ex-parte evidence for a true bill.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5 IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100."**

5. Contest is regulated as follows: By the State Athletic Commission who has control over them according to a recent decision. A license must be obtained from the commission to hold these contests. Also physicians, referees, judges, timekeepers, managers, seconds and trainers must be licensed. Corporation must be bonded. Building where contest is to take place must comply

with building, health, sanitation and fire prevention laws. Experienced physician must be in attendance. Licensed referee to control bout. Licensed judges to render decision. Contestants to wear gloves of prescribed weight. Tickets of admission must have printed on face the price and a greater fee shall not be charged.  
Chapter 714, Boxing Law, provides that it is a misdemeanor to conduct boxing contests except as provided above. Exception is also made for contests held by the national guard regiments and naval militia.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6 IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100."**

6. (a) Since the overt act was accomplished in obtaining the money the crime of conspiracy was completed. A, B and C may be convicted of conspiracy, a misdemeanor.
- (b) Prior to July of the year 1931 a conviction for conspiracy could not be had where the object of the conspiracy was accomplished and the degree of crime committed was a felony. In that case the misdemeanor of conspiracy became merged in the felony. This was the ruling decided in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court for a long time. In July of this year the Court of Appeals overruled this principle and held that two separate crimes are committed.  
Therefore, A, B and C may also be convicted of grand larceny, first degree, the amount of money criminally obtained being \$500.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7 IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100."**

7. The following facts must be established:
  - (a) That property in a premises was stolen or embezzled.
  - (b) When it was used in commission of a felony.
  - (c) When it is in possession of with intent to use it as a means of committing a crime.
 In any such case the property so kept or possessed may be taken on the warrant from premises or person. Process should be obtained when the above elements are known.  
A policeman may search a prisoner whom he has lawfully arrested. The United States Constitution provides that persons shall be secure in their houses, persons, papers and effects, from unlawful search and seizure. It also cautions against issuance of search warrants except when the above elements of probable cause are shown by affidavit.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8 IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100."**

8. Penology is the science relating to the incarceration of prisoners, their care, reformation and rehabilitation; the maintenance and administration of prisons and penal institutions; the employment, education and control of persons confined in penal institutions; their release on parole or on probation.  
It is also concerned with punishment as a means of expiation and retribution for crimes and as a deterrent to others who might commit crime.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 9 IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100."**

9. (x) Jones and Smith committed the crime of robbery in the first degree.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 10 IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF  
"SPRING 3100."**

10. (x) Law, usually unwritten, established by long usage.

## In Memoriam

Ptl. John J. Shea	64th Pct.	Sept. 22, 1931
Ptl. Tole A. Hart	50th Pct.	Sept. 25, 1931
Capt. Matthew F. Davey	3d Pct.	Sept. 26, 1931
Ptl. Patrick M. McNamara	70th Pct.	Sept. 27, 1931
Ptl. Peter J. O'Rourke	90th Pct.	Sept. 29, 1931
Ptl. Howard Biegler	5th Pct.	Oct. 1, 1931
Ptl. John H. Howe	18th Div.	Oct. 10, 1931
Lt. James Lennon	20th Pct.	Oct. 15, 1931
Ptl. Francis A. McCormack	Bureau of Telegraph	Oct. 17, 1931
Ptl. William F. Taylor	18th Pct.	Oct. 18, 1931
Ptl. John J. Toomey	94th Pct.	Oct. 18, 1931







By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

#### HANDBALL

WELL, WELL, WELL! We finally got some action! The coppers went for that handball idea like a duck goes for water.

When the entries closed on October 15th, there were about 93 names listed. That is, for the four tournaments. Our first tournament is the one-wall singles. At the time this issue went to press the games had actually started. Yes, sir; if you don't believe it, just take a run up to the Bronx Union Y. M. C. A., at 161st Street and Washington Avenue, any morning at 10 A. M., and enjoy the pleasure of seeing some big hefty coppers punishing a wee little handball. SPRING 3100 is not only sponsoring this tournament, but is also offering some swell prizes to the winners.

**NOTICE TO PLAYERS**—This is an elimination tournament, two wins out of three games and the loser is OUT. Through the courtesy of the officials of the Bronx Union Y. M. C. A. we have been fortunate in securing three fine courts on the roof. It's likely to be COLD, but we hope that your opponent will make it HOT for you. See next issue for results.

#### BASEBALL

We're not going to tell you anything about the Police-Fire Department game. You can read about it on page 16 of this issue; but man to man, fellers, wasn't it a BEAUT?

**NOW TAKE A SQUINT AT THIS:** The Department's baseball team ended its season on October 11th, by defeating the St. John Alumni team of Brooklyn, 4 to 0....WALTER LOWE twirled the final game just as he did the opening game when he defeated the Poughkeepsie All Stars, 5 to 3. (Where was he in the Fire game?)....The team's record for the season is very good. They played 29 games, winning 19 and losing 10. They defeated the Poughkeepsie All Stars twice, Waterbury Club, Springfield, New York Athletic Club, and the fast Cedarhurst Club three out of four games. This latter team defeated the Fire Department three out of three.... The firemen must have the "Indian Sign" on our men....Next season Manager Whitney is going to ask for a three-game series....Manager Whitney just left for Maine, on his vacation, but before he left he asked us to tell you that he wishes to thank the loyal fans throughout the Department who followed the team throughout the season. He also wishes to

thank the Commanding Officers of the precincts for encouraging the men to go out and play for the team and give the Commissioner and the Department one of the best teams that ever represented "The Finest." Sergeant Whitney deserves a lot of credit.

#### GOLF

On October 2d, Patrolmen Arthur Hunt, Traffic "C," William Grace, Motorcycle Squad 1, Harold Southwick, 114th Precinct, and Acting Sergeant Harry Shelley, Motorcycle Squad 1, journeyed to the North Shore Country Club, where at the invitation of Police Chief Frank McCue, of Glen Cove, L. I., they spent a pleasant day emulating Bobby Jones *et al.* The Chief, with Hunt and Shelley, played a match against Patrolmen James Richie, of Glen Cove, and Grace and Southwick, of "The Finest." The law and order boys shot some good golf, showing that the years they have spent swinging the stick has kept them in excellent form.

The Chief, with an 82, had the best score of the day. His side, however, lost the match by 1 up. Shelley, with a 90, and Hunt, with an 89, played good, consistent golf. The winner's card for the day showed Ritchie with an 84, Southwick 86, and Grace 88.

The Glen Cove boys shoot a wicked game, as can be seen from the score. The Chief took our boys to luncheon after the match, showing them that good golf is accompanied by swell hospitality at Glen Cove. The boys say they had a wonderful time and are looking forward to another meeting.

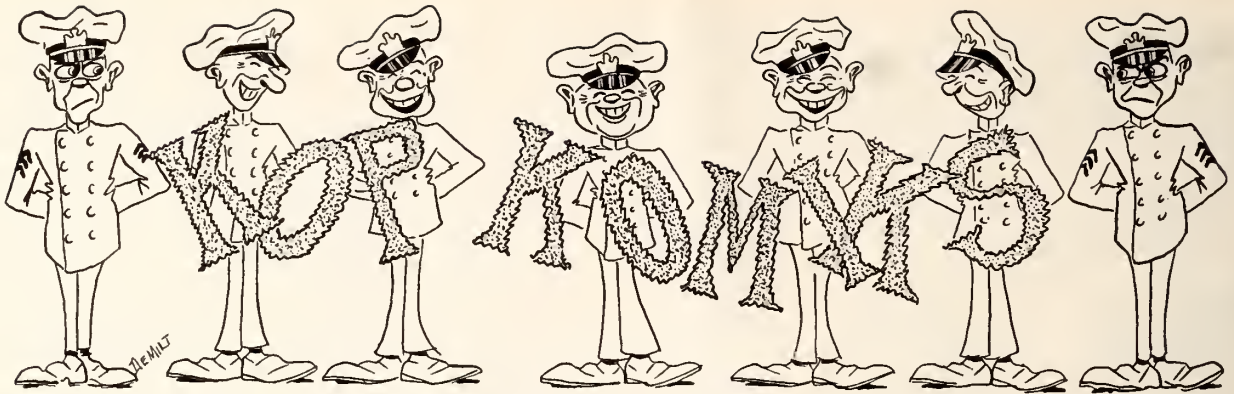
#### CHALLENGES

This column will be devoted to challenges from members of the Department who desire competition in athletics.

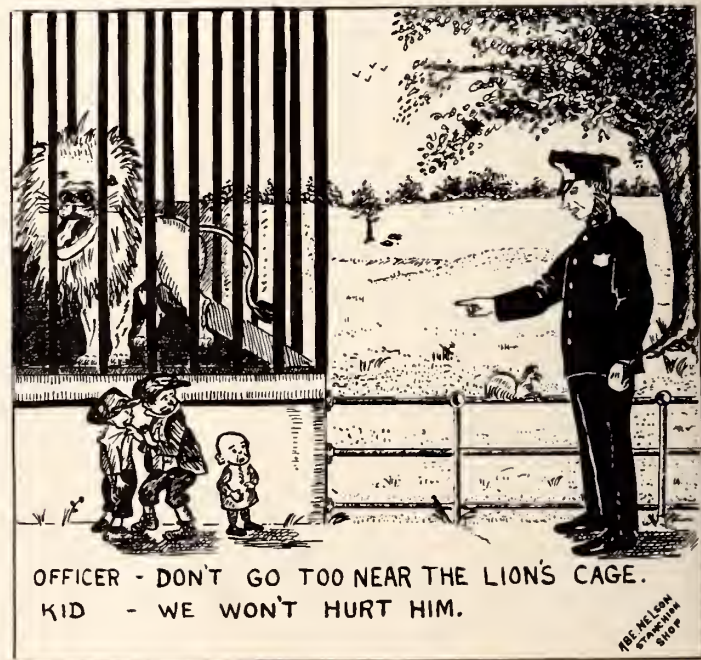
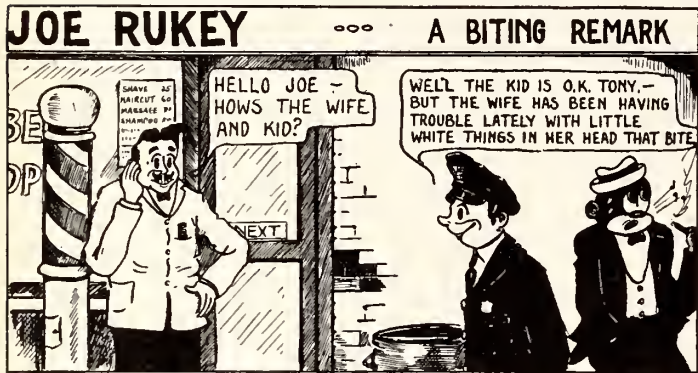
Chief of Police Frank McCue, of Glen Cove, L. I., comes first under the wire with his golf defy to any member of the Department. He is especially anxious for a chance at the scalp of Chief Inspector O'Brien, Deputy Commissioner Sinnott and Sergeant Shelley. How about it, boys?

The 94th Precinct baseball team, after a successful season on the diamond with a record of 32 wins and only one defeat, hereby issues a challenge to any and all precincts for the following sports: Hand ball, indoor tennis, football and basket ball. Their sports director is Bill Real, 94th Precinct. Get in touch with him, boys. He claims his outfit is rarin' to go.





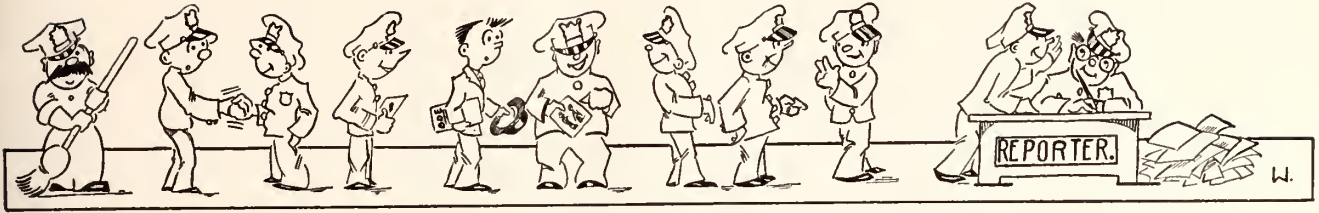
PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT





# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley  
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift  
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

## PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch  
6th Pct., Ptl. A. Buttacovolo

Patrolman Jim Fallon, the "Sultan" of Queens Village, is the busiest man to be found in that community during the warm weather. What Jim can do with a brush and a can of paint is nobody's business.

Patrolman Dick Maddeford, of the 8th Precinct, was visited at his residence recently by the stork, who left a bouncing baby girl. Here's wishing many happy returns for the youngster.

Patrolman Ebel, of the 1st Division, believes the present depression has no connection with the Einstein theory whatsoever.

What's the matter, Joseph Paganucci? Are the late tours too much for you or are you subject to mental lapses? I know it isn't love because you are married. But next time, don't forget to keep your appointments.

## 3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Louler  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

## PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.  
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

JUNIOR, did you ever have a DATE with a FIG? And talking about "insects," how is your "aunt"?

All the "hams" are not actors; we have a couple of beauts on the P. D. baseball team.

"Big Jim" O'Neil was warming up in the bull pen during the annual game with the Fire Department; if they only gave him a chance he would have grooved some nice ball—to be hit out of the lot. His cousin, Carberry, would make a nice mascot.

Carmody and McGirr, the heavy hitters of the 3d Division, are now back from their vitteration and in rare form. Watch their smoke!

Sergeant Arthur McMenomy, who claims to be a "Commodore" in a Rockaway Beach Yacht Club, was displaying his skill at navigating his so-called yacht to John Holtmeyer. They didn't get very far when John found himself in the water. Shortly after, the "Commodore" became very seasick and was hoping that the yacht would sink. Oh! for the life of a sailor.

We have with us again "Patrolmen's Enemy" Sergeant Hugh McGrade, who returned from a two months' trip to Ireland looking as though he could do another 25 years. The "Promotion League" got one look at Hughie and remarked, "What chance have we when bosses like Hughie refuse to get old?" Welcome home, Old Top.

Patrolmen Grundman, Fischer, O'Connell and Yolz are leaving on their vacation this month and are going to enjoy the balmy breezes of an ocean trip to Havana. Grundman and Fischer act like the Siamese twins; they refuse to become separated.

Tom Walsh, one of the most congenial and likable fellows one could meet, has been promoted to lieutenant. Tom attended the American Legion convention and said he enjoyed himself immensely, except for the fact that it was like bringing a ham sandwich to a banquet. What's the matter, Tom, the frau afraid of losing you?

"Little Phil" Ginty, the lone wolf, while attending the convention, missed a certain permit that was good in Windsor, Canada. Upon investigation, Phil found "Big Jim" Kelly and Chris Cheney in very convivial spirits. Phil is not quite sure whether Jim and Chris BORROWED the permit or not, but it set him to thinking.

Sergeant Otto Whitney, manager of the police baseball team, has lost his loquaciousness ever since that certain Sunday the Fire Department baseball team played the cops at the Polo Grounds. We have not received any report on that game from Otto yet.

Patrolman Michael J. Hiekey has officially announced that he will soon take the fatal step. No wonder he was in touch with "GIGGY" Madden. Looks like he wants a cut on the Level Club for running the affair.

Patrolman Horan has been seen buying meals for Abe Schwartz on more than one occasion. Abe must know the right man.

Why is it that every time Joe "Pipes" O'Connell is assigned to Riverside Drive and the park, "Joe Joe" Terreri wants to go sick?

Eddie Clark, our esteemed clerical patrolman, after completing his honeymoon, came home late from his first day at work. He said the train was late. His wife immediately asked him if he "got a slip from the conductor." WOW! Look out, Eddie!

Confidentially requested from the boys: Is it true or not true about Jack Elliot? All are interested. Even Mike Lasky.

Patrolman James Kiernan, of the 20th Precinct, is tickled when he hears his name called for Traffic C. He loves to direct the female sex to R. H. Maey's.

Patrolman Michael O'Hara has just returned from his vacation in Bermuda. Mike couldn't get used to the bicycles and the ponies. He was glad to get back to old New York and his Plymouth.

Patrolman O'Keefe left New York on the morning of September 27 for Washington, D. C., via Princeton, N. J. He stopped at Princeton to speak to a few of his former college chums. Then he went to see the President.

Patrolman Horan will surely go to heaven with a clean soul. Joe never misses a day without taking a shower.

**6TH DIVISION**

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

**LT. THOMAS A. RYAN**

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Lieutenant Thomas Gibney wants to know what to do when big mouth bass won't bite at pork rind. "So does the reporter."

Patrolman Wilfred Miller is getting married. After all these years, our Wilfred is going to put on a boiled shirt for the first and last time. Good luck, "Wil," you'll never be the same.

Patrolman William Fleming is glad the old summer is over. It's a wonder the poor fellow wasn't arrested for mopery or "sumpin'" before he was found stranded on New Lots station when he should have been in Rockaway. Patrolman Tolan came to his rescue and led him home. (Try a road map next summer, Bill.)

Patrolman John Rogers is going to make a "solo" flight on his next 32. We do not know whether he'll make it in a Ford or a Chevrolet.

Patrolman Frank Drake, the 23d Precinct's handy man, is a great help, when he's off. Every time something gets out of order, Frank "fixes" it, and then we send out to get a new one. He'll invent something yet. He's working on a movable relieving point now.

For some unexplained reason, up to the time this goes to press, the detention prison, pistol range, record room and morgue that were recently built in the rear of the 25th Precinct, were still not open for use officially. Poor Bill Goetz, that efficient attendant's patience is almost at the breaking point. It won't be long now, Willie.

Patrolman Ralph Wolk, alias "Eppess," was recently seen on post picking up corks from the street and sidewalk. The members of his squad think they know the reason. Why not let us all in on it?

The following members of this command took part in the national convention held by the American Legion at Detroit, Michigan: Sergeants Braveman and Lyons, who never miss any of the national ones, and Patrolmen Hardekopf, Finn, Janis, Brown and Paloney, who brought along his concrete mixer. Patrolman Doyle, who is not a veteran, was present on vacation. They were given a grand welcome upon their return for that fine resolution they helped to put over. Get it?

John Smith, that able clerical patrolman of the 25th Precinct, is getting plenty of experience as a banker by handling the money for these items: Collection for beds, laundry, excursions, unemployment, cemetery, Red Cross, Salvation Army, Christmas, G. O. 34, SPRING 3100, haeks, pistols and the various line organizations he belongs to.

Let me say a word in behalf of the reporters of SPRING 3100 to the editor: What has become of that promise made a long time ago about the time off that would be allowed to the heavily overworked reporters (?) that keep this column boiling with late news continually? [Editor's note: Be Brave-man, there is still hope.]

A few of the 25th Precinct boys have complained that their names never appeared in this magazine, so here goes: Patrolmen Thomas Duane, William Sullivan, Frederiek Koeh, Lawrence Lyons, Barth Soden, Nathan Goldstein, George Greene and Julius Isaacs. These are not the ones who complained, but their names were never used before. How does it look, O.K.?

**7TH DIVISION**

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

**LT. PATRICK CARMODY**

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan  
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green

48th Pct., Ptl. George Conway

Patrolman James S. Kelley, of the 44th Precinct, was observed passing out of the back room with a

bundle of bed clothes, and when last seen was walking into a grocery store on Ogden Avenue for his box of "Lux." Oh, for the life of a "bach."

Patrolman George Sperber has grown a large field of crooked cigars up at his country home at Monticello, N. Y. Now the gang in the Hack Bureau are all smoking heavy on old boy George. Patrolmen Higgins and Finegan, being great cigar smokers, swear by George's crop as being the best. Herbert Siefert plays wise and is still smoking "Luekies."

Mr. and Mrs. John Albert, of 760 Riverside Drive, at a large social gathering held in the Pennsylvania Hotel, on September 27th, had the pleasure of announcing the engagement of their daughter Dorothea to Patrolman Edward (Speedy) Frawley, the Beau Brummel of the 42d Precinct.

Patrolman George Geibel, of the 42d Precinct, and a number of his friends are now getting ready to so-journ to the Maine woods for a little hunting trip. The boys of this command sincerely hope the Maine woods are not closed to all Chinamen as they were last year, when he was barred.

The crack baseball team of the 42d Precinct, under the wonderful management of Hack Inspector Hugh Greene, won their seventeenth game of the season on October 5th when they trimmed the boys of the 1st Precinct under the management of Lieutenant Tom Lynch. The score was 17 to 2.

Larry Doyle has been trying for the longest time to find out what's wrong with his relief, Patrolman Al Tait. He finally learned that "Sleepy Al" flies pigeons from the roof of his residence.

Lieutenant Sylvester Hlavac, since moving to Great Neck, L. I., finds it kind of hard getting up at 4:30 every morning to be at the 42d Precinct at 7:30. Here's hoping the trains run on scheduled time.

Philip (Long Beach) Clark is now walking around the station house looking downhearted, due to the fact that the summer is over and he had to close up his bungalow at Long Beach. More luck next year, Phil, old boy.

The spectators at the ball game on October 5th were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Sergeant Ben Cowan, in left field for the 42d Precinct boys; for, believe it or not, Ben is some left fielder.

Lieutenant John F. Brady, of our Crime Prevention Bureau, has just been promoted to an Acting Captain, and the boys of this precinct wish him all the luck in the world. The only trouble is that when persons come to the station house asking for Lieutenant Brady, they are immediately reminded by him of said promotion.

The boys of the 48th Precinct who visited Detroit all claim they had a wonderful time. (Fine air.)

Jack Ryan, while in Detroit, was asked where he hailed from, and thinking fast, declared himself from The Bronx. The questioner, amazed, asked: "Where's that, in Texas?" Exit Jack.

Hunger, the "info clerk," still maintains his old password, "See Lewis."

Barney Reynolds and all the little Reynolds, when last seen were leaving the Police Camp for points north. Hope the "good second-hand" car holds up.

**8TH DIVISION**

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlett  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Maver

**LT. JAMES F. DONLON**

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flinnagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan

52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

The following conversation was overheard between Patrolman "Bundles" Solomon and Sergeant Fick, of the 43d Precinct:

Patrolman Bundles: "Hello, Sarge, what time is it? How is the wife, Sarge? Did you have a good



time on your vacation, Sarge? What time is it now, Sarge? Well, so long, Sarge, I got to give a rink up."

Sergeant Fick: ??? ???? ???? ???? ?

Patrolman Edwin (Nigger Nate) Pressfreund, of the 43d Precinct, while acting attendant on a late tour, dozed off for a few minutes as he was out the night before with Patrolmen Ted Diehl and Mazie, of City Island. When the lieutenant rang the bell for the attendant, Patrolman Pressfreund jumped up and hollered, "All out, last stop!"

Patrolman Phil "Horsey" Arms was driving his old Buick to Lake Carmel, and was surprised at the strength of the car on the hills. Upon arriving at the lake, he discovered a dead skunk under the driver's seat. Now Patrolman Arms rides alone in the car.

#### 9TH DIVISION

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

Patrolman Nick (Pups) Dieser, of the 120th Precinct, who has an aquarium in his rear yard, suspects that the reason his pet frogs and goldfish keep dying is due to the nude midnight bathing which, it is rumored, his next-door neighbor, Patrolman Carver, of the 120th Precinct, enjoys nightly. Nick states he is going to watch Carver after his next 4 to 12 tour.

Patrolman Baldy Ries, of the 120th Precinct, returned from a week's vacation at the Police Camp. What a sun tan that bald spot has.

The Edgeworth Baseball Club, of the 123d Precinct, wishes to offer its most sincere thanks to the Mrs. Martin, McKeon, McKeon, Jr., and Mrs. O'Gara for a most delightful demonstration of their expert ability in the culinary art, at the recent banquet tendered to the Perth Amboy baseball team when they played our team.

The uniqueness of food preparation, the manner of food distribution and the abundance of both food and hospitality were certainly a real credit to the wives of the members. No wonder the young fellows of the 123d Precinct are hurrying to get hooked up. Who wouldn't?

The anglers of the 123d Precinct chartered a sub-chaser and did some deep sea fishing 12 miles out. Six fishing prizes were awarded: First prize, a rubber fish hook outfit, to Frank (Chowder) Molloy; second prize, to John (Jester) Keaveny, an unbalanced fish scale; third prize, to Edward (Special Service) Smith, a fish stretcher; fourth prize, to William (Railroad Bill) White, a glass shrimp; fifth prize, to Daniel (Wee-Wee) Hayes, a fish detector; the sixth prize, which was the booby prize, went to Carl (Mockie) Essig, a fishy smell.

A good time was had by all, and a large haul of fish was brought home.

If you want to see a snappy sergeant, with a new gold shield and chevrons, doing his stuff, just go to Broadway, in the 4th Precinct, and see our old pal, Bernard Mensing, making his rounds. We're glad he got promoted, but sorry to lose him as a cop, for he was a regular fellow. We all wish him luck, for he was full of pep, vim and vigor, and a square shooter. (Ach, dot Barney!)

#### 10TH DIVISION

#### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp

62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan

66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

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he did the riveting act. It's funny how the mild and mellow moonlight nights out in Flatbush affect the boys. We take this medium to offer you and yours our heartiest congratulations.

It's too bad our song and dance team, namely, Raymond Quinn and Claude Furey, have been split up. Their talent is sadly missed by the merchants along Avenue J. There is a rumor that Tootsie Tyrell is to be teamed up at Claude Furey's partner.

Our famous scientist, James J. O'Brien, after extensive research found the cause for the hot and humid summer we have just completed. It was caused by the excessive hot air expelled into the atmosphere by the boys of the 66th Precinct in regard to issuing challenges to our boys. We accept every one of your challenges, including ping pong, if necessary. We concede defeat in one sport and that is throwing the bull, which in all fairness we admit you're quite proficient. Get your bowling team ready and we will continue giving you lessons as we did last year when you still were Parkville boys instead of the Borough Park boys, as you now call yourselves. You can also insert Red McGuire and his famous Glendale curve into your line-up and we'll pit Mother McCaddin against him bowling left-handed.

On September 22, while on a school crossing, Marty Tyrell observed a car with four men whom he considered to be of suspicious character. He lined said four men up against the building wall pending the arrival of Sergeant Martin and Patrolman Kerrigan. Sergeant Martin, after searching the car, found two revolvers fully loaded. Later the car was found to be stolen, as were the plates on same. Good work, Tootsie. Keep it up.

#### 11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox  
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. Charles Keenan

#### LT. PAUL LUSTBADER

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

#### "QUICK, THE FLIT!"

Houseman McSherry, of the 72d Precinct, proved himself wide awake when he recently swatted a strange bug measuring nine inches that had lighted outside the station window. He showed it to several bugologists at the house, and *although they were all very well acquainted with bugs*, none had ever seen a specimen of this kind. McSherry said he intends to stuff it, and is going to ask the captain for a glass show case to keep it in. "Are you listening?"

Well, our friend, Patrolman Charles Carey, the Bay Ridge express, was married October 3, so Sergeant Richardson (Kidney Feet) sends his best regards and many happy returns of a happy marriage. Well, Charlie, you put the lights out on the Sergeant, so we hope the wife doesn't put your lights out. Best of luck, Charlie, to you and Eleanor.

The members of the 78th Precinct welcome Captain Gassman to this command and wish him success.

The Prince Club of the 78th Precinct held their fourth annual outing and games at the Narragansett Inn, Lindenhurst, L. I.... The 13th Precinct carried away the honors in all the games except the baseball game, which the 78th won by the score of 11 to 7.... In the first game, the 78th was behind due to the fact that Bill Cadarr went three miles to get a haircut, and was late; but when he returned things took a change in favor of the 78th.

At about 4 A. M. one morning in September, Patrolman William O'Connor, going over his post, in the vicinity of 3d Avenue and Warren Street, discovered smoke coming from premises 159 3d Avenue.

a four-story brick building. Having notified a taxicab driver to pull the fire box, he proceeded to the apartment of Mrs. Johnson and guided the Johnson family to the roof of an adjoining apartment house. He returned to the building and carried a Mr. Parker to the street, where he was informed there were more tenants in the building. He made his third entrance, but found no one there. After going to the third floor and finding no one, he realized his own escape had been cut off. He climbed to a window ledge and swung himself to an adjoining building. Nice work, and he has never been a fireman.

Excitement is running high at Butler Street for the coming checker match between First Broom McCloud and Barney Oldfield McFadden, the only two Scotchmen in the house.

Al Morrison, the chief chauffeur of our patrol wagon, is now a detective. Congratulations.

Sergeant Bill Troeller is going to take the fatal step December 23, 1931. Will you go home then?

Patrolman John Griffin was married on October 11. Hope all your troubles will be little ones.

We mourn the loss of two of our members who died last month. Patrolman Charles Drayton and Jeremiah Moriarity.

Our clerical patrolman, George O'Brien, is aided by two deputy clerks, James Kenna and Robert Martin. Our clerical staff is now on a par with the best of them.

Sergeant Pasquale Damiano has purchased a home in Flatbush for his large family. Why not the Half Moon Hotel?

#### 12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy  
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Chericich  
69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

#### PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley  
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy  
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

#### OUR OWN LIMERICK CONTEST

The happiest kind of a life to be led  
Is always to court but never to wed,  
But the bachelor cop's life is one sweet song,  
Providing it does not last so long.

What was Sergeant Kennelly of the 75th Precinct doing on Flatbush Avenue Extension recently? He was all dressed up to kill. (Who is she, anyway?) Good luck, Sarge, and here's hoping to see you in back of the desk soon in the same good spirits.

#### 13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Goyner  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

#### LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner  
86th Pct., Ptl. George Muehlich

Patrolman (Morton Downey) O'Brien, 79th Precinct, ceremoniously gave his straw hat away on September 15th last, by reciting stories from "O'HEN-DRY."

We're all quite sure at the 79th Precinct that all the girls will fall for the new photographs of Patrolman (ANGEL) Calendrillo. GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN COP by himself.

Patrolmen Bentley and Byington, the B. and B. boys, have returned from the Island with a sun tan after a hot summer on the shores of Coney.

While passing through St. Albans, Patrolman Gus Herr paid a friendly visit to Patrolman Edward Watts, and there he was shaking the camphor off his gray spats. A sure sign that winter is near.

Slim Essig and his running mate, Stone, can be seen together in the back room exchanging funny sheets.

Patrolman John Gibel, of the 81st Precinct, has been losing weight lately. We are beginning to wonder if this is due to John not operating a motor patrol, thus making it impossible to eat at Trom-



mer's. John spent 60 cents for lunch recently, but said he couldn't keep that up very long, as payment on the second mortgage was due soon.

Patrolman Samuel Kohn still leads the precinct in the apprehension of stray dogs. Hardly a tour passes without Sam making a catch. He suggests the changing of the Rules and Regulations to include a leash in the equipment of the patrol force. He already has his and carries it on every tour.

Barto Von Preysing, who substitutes as an attendant occasionally at the Classon Avenue house, declares he has no way of knowing whether prisoners have increased in quantity in the last few years, but he is certain that they have progressed in quality. Only a few days ago a prisoner requested food, and Barto, drawing a prisoner's meal ticket (the said prisoner being financially embarrassed), asked the gent what he would like. The prisoner "ordered" a club sandwich, tea with lemon and TOAST. It so happens that this unfortunate was taken in for vagrancy and stated he had not worked for two years. Barto brought back soup and coffee.

Incidentally, this Barto is an excellent attendant. He gets at the bottom of things, including the "spit-toons," for which reason John Ormsby, Carman and Jim Malone, the first brooms, go on a 32 with grave misgivings. They are not so sure that Barto might not replace them, should his cuspidor manicuring come to the attention of higher authorities.

The boys of the Steuben Society have all taken notice that Ludwig Moller is back on the job pushing the pen again, after crying for a long time he'd rather pound the dust. The captain found many features of his hereditary mechanism to fluctuate the ballot boxes for registration week.

While looking for some vegetable crooks around the Wallabout Market, George Muehleck, much to his surprise, found out they had monkeys there as watchdogs. They began to chase him as though he belonged to the gang; but George was too wise for them and finally had them all caged.

#### 14TH DIVISION

#### LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn  
85th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Malone  
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

91st Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder  
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry S. von Hosset  
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Sergeant Schimpf, of the 83d Precinct, was seen recently looking over the quality of paving stones that a contractor left, as they were ready for the dumps. A friend of Gus gave him some good advice, telling him that if they were trimmed off he could have a fireproof garage.

Since Sergeant Barney Kelly resides in the Ridgewood Plateau he has been very busy getting prices on various grades of gravel for his walks and driveway.

Patrolman Harry Klein returned from the convention with a fine spread of POISON IVY. He hasn't been able to sit down since.

Charlie Bollier is in the market for a brindle pup. Every time he meets an agent from the animal society he reminds him to save one for him.

Kit Whalen and the guy with the big glasses enjoyed the night baseball games at Dexter Park.

Joseph Shepard, the chief patrol-wagon operator, has just returned from his vacation after a pleasant auto trip through the northern part of the state, where he met some of his old friends from Hollis.

When you see Johnny Merwede ask him what advice he gave Bob Wood before starting for Utica, N. Y.

The boys wish Captain Bowe a pleasant vacation, and hope the operator of his car will not ride him too much in one day.

Patrolman John Burns, of the 6th Squad, 90th Precinct (the grand old man), likes this country and thinks he will stay around for a while. He is one of the many who get up out of bed every morning, look in the mirror and say, "AMERICA, I love you."

Patrolman Bull Moose Steinblinck, of the 5th Squad, is thinking of buying a fishing boat when he retires next year, and will rent the boat to members of the 90th Precinct. He will supply everything, soup to nuts, free of charge. All he needs now is a pilot's license, so he can "pile" it here and there.

Patrolman Ettore Castellano (the "get it up" man) is studying to become a detective. He buys all the detective stories and reads them through about steen times. Lots of luck, Ettore.

Congratulations are in order for Patrolman Arthur Mahon, of the 94th Precinct. "Artie" took unto himself a wife recently and hurried off to Niagara Falls. He was surprised to find the Falls still running.

Robert Lind and Charles Lind, brothers, both declared intentions of joining the married circle this month. Robbie states that he, being the oldest, Charlie had to follow suit.

Patrolman Walsh has just returned from three weeks' vacation at Livingston Manor, N. Y. Funny, must be some attraction up there. Tony has been going to the same home for the past three years.

Patrolmen John Rasch and Felix Rasch, also brothers, spent their vacation at Eagle Bay, N. Y. Both were surprised when Frank Klein, on his way home from Inlet Horn Beach, N. Y., stopped at Rasch's son-in-law's gas station for five gallons.

Sergeant Richard Austin has returned to work after spending three weeks in the Catskill Mountains. Looks in good condition for the coming winter.

Patrolman Bill Mutz and Vinne Kuefner, after returning from the veterans' convention at Detroit. Mich., were anxious to obtain their days off for "marksmanship." Bill declares a few days off, with his 32, will whip him back into shape again. Both must have had a quiet and peaceful trip.

#### 16TH DIVISION

#### PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio  
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
114th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Schultz

The boys of the 108th Precinct are glad to welcome back to the fold Patrolman Joe "Speedy" Clark, who was detailed to Rockaway all summer. Joey says it was nice down in Rockaway, but the noise of the waves coming into the shore made him think of his former navy days out on the wild and woolly Pelham Bay Reservoir. Eh, Joey, old boy, old boy?

That back-room philosopher, Patrolman Dinny Gannon, is at it again. According to Dinny, all the laws and ordinances are not legal until he gives his O. K. Hey, Dinny, what did the man in the ice cream plant say?

Patrolman Golden says he is enjoying his vacation and wants to hear anyone say that he is not. There you are, Dinny, another chance for an argument.

Young Matty Herberich, of the "Standing Alone on the Highway," is also on vacation and is having himself all dandered and manicured. "Hello, Matty, ole boy, ole boy!"

Henry "Trader" Holm says that if he had known how, he would have caught that son of a gun that was prowling around on his post. Yes, Henry, "He told me."

So "Bill" Quinn wants to be a qualified operator?

Dan Noble by name and noble by nature is one of those qualified flivver pushers.



Here's wishing Joe "Shylock" Odze a Happy New Year.

Welcome home to Mike Generaltassio. How was the vacation?

How is your nervous eyebrow making out. Victoe Caligiuri? Did you go over to Kiley's yet to have it fixed?

Say, Ludwig, the 5th is lucky with that big estate, hey? Gate, hinges and all.

#### 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connelly

A—Plans for a reunion of Traffic A are being formed. The way this command gets scattered, it must just about run New York. Our slogan is, "Learn to fly and see New York." Join Traffic A.

Old Man Personnel has at last felt the depression. No. 2's door is closed at night. Get out the earmuffs, boys; it's going to be a cold winter.

When Patrolman Bunde gets tired of hearing wife sing he shuts off the radio. What a break, and him a newlywed.

Our songbird from across the bay, Sergeant Reynolds, an inhabitant of Staten Island, comes in handy on foggy mornings.

Patrolman Charles, the man of many pet titles (ask Lieutenant Hart), has gone to the 6th Division. Beware, girls, beware!

E—Patrolman William McCrea was recently struck by a flivver at the busy intersection of Broadway and 72d Street while regulating traffic. We are glad to report that he is convalescing rapidly at Knickerbocker Hospital and will be back at his old post in the near future.

Patrolman Jim Matthews, of Riverside Drive and Dyckman Street, has made his annual trip across the briny ocean to his native Emerald Isle. Jim writes he is enjoying the balmy breezes where the River Shannon flows.

Patrolman Johnny O'Connell has chalked a new score at the pistol range by puncturing the bull's eye nine times out of ten. Keep up the good work, John, and we will send you to Camp Perry next year.

Patrolman Pete McGuire was seen on his day off escorting a Chicago policeman around town. Guess Pete was getting the low-down on the use of pineapples.

Patrolman Georgie Fitzpatrick, who drives the bosses and manicures the flivver, has shined it so well that the sergeants can observe the boys coming from the dugout by the reflection on the windshield. His pals in E are hoping that some day "Fitz" will forget to clean the auto, so that the sergeant can see his picture on the glossy dais at 240 Center Street.

Lieutenant Higgins returned from his vacation recently all shined up like an Indian squaw, and has spent the past three weeks looking over the off-duty book. Lieutenant John says: "Them boids are likely to put one over on a fellow when he's out of town."

F—Patrolman Tom McFarlane, the ex-navy diver, says he can cook beans, Boston style, in one-half hour. Doctor, has he any chance to live?

Oh, for the days of the walrus mustaches and helmets. Oh, Wah!

Mickey Hayes is going to take Paddy Walsh out canoeing and use his legs for paddling.

Patrolman Mike Kinane, aiding a man who had fallen from a second-story window, was pouring a little cold water on his head when the man came to. "What are you holding over my head?" the man asked. Mike replied. "Why, that's ice water." "Well,"

said the man, "how far do I have to fall to get a good drink?"

Patrolman Mike Lyons had a close call up at the bridge when he was shot across the back and in the leg, in a shooting that was fatal to two brother officers. Speedy recovery, Mike.

Motorist, when stopped by traffic patrolman for going in the wrong direction on a one-way street, replied to the officer, "That's all right, I can make it."

Sergeant Michael O'Callaghan returned from his vacation at Ideal Beach, N. J., with a diploma for being an expert motor boat operator. He has received a few requests from some of the boys to show them how he does it.

Patrolman Bob McVeigh wishes to hold a debate on any subject that is in the current news. We will bet on Bob. (P. S.—You can't beat him.)

Patrolman Moody can prove this: He lost on five subjects, namely: Crime and Its Causes; Prohibition; Traffic Regulation; Shortest Routes to Any Part of the United States and Canada, and What the Average Man Should Wear the Year Around.

Patrolman Tom Rockett, pinch hitting for Jerry O'Connor, has applied for a patent on a noiseless soup spoon.

A double play: From Egan to Regan to Fagan.

Patrolman Newt Lacey came back from the country dressed up like "Lord Duke Cakeyak."

Hell Gate Sam Magarigal has gone on his vacation and has been seen on a tugboat in the East River. Be careful, Sam, that you don't skid into a hole.

Sergeant Jerry Daly has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant and went to Traffic K. Good luck, Lieutenant, you will be missed by the boys.

Patrolman George Cooledge, from Traffic E, was promoted and sent to this command in his place. Some of the boys remember Sergeant Cooledge as their side partner.

Patrolman Tom Tipping bought a safe in which to keep his service revolver, so his children won't fool with the GAT.

Our king fisherman, Jake Miller, is on the sick list, so we miss our fish.

Patrolman Dominick Bligh asked Patrolman Jerry O'Connor why they have policemen in the park at night when they have a big wall around it. O'Connor replied, "Why, to keep the trees from leaving."

Patrolman Thomas Rockett says he is going to HUNT'S PINT to get some ILE.

Did you see that Circular No. 32? Boy, oh, boy! What a lot of corned beef and cabbage you could buy for that money.

Now that the summer is over, Patrolman John Walter can get rid of his hay fever. Hab Past Zix.

If some of those auto experts don't keep away from the writer he may be bitten by the bug and learn a new language. Bendix, Doofickel, Hipperdipper and Finnigan Pin all smashed.

Patrolman Gus Gerstenkorn has a hobby for raising fan tail Japanese goldfish, and we don't mean maybe. Tom Bluett, his side partner, says that when Gus gets enough of them he is going to buy a pound from him—some Friday.

#### 2D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

G. Ptl. Walter Bishop

H. Pal. Narcisse Gervais

There's no doubt about our solution of the West Farms traffic tangle. Only last week Lieutenant O'Hara went over there, looked around, gave his "okay" and had his picture taken for the newspapers, and everybody went away happy and contented.



One of our traffic cops should be made a detective. Bill Rolston, Traffic "G," thought he would get married without letting the boys know it. However, one of our own sleuths caught him going into the church, and when Bill and the wife came out they were met by ten cops armed with a couple of tons of old shoes and rice.

**MORAL**—Don't run off and get married without telling your fellow cops about it.

Patrolman Dan Gleason, Traffic H, likes college men and enjoys little jokes; but swiping a poor, defenseless traffic cop's lunch period is a little too much for him. Dan is stationed at Fordham Road and Webster Avenue, near Fordham University. Last week the sophomores led a snake dance of 300 Freshmen in and out through traffic, and tied it up so well that Dan lost his meal period trying to untangle the mess.

The Bronx Traffic Squad may know traffic, but when 10,000 school children join the adults and all decide to enjoy the opening of a new bridge, especially when his Honor the Mayor was boss of the celebration, then what could they do but enjoy it themselves. This happened at the official opening of the new bridge on Eastern Boulevard, over the Bronx River, on October 1st.

### 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

I. Ptl. George Gallagher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell

J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

L. Ptl. John Behring

M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K—A large reward is offered for the person who goes around collecting photographs and then pins them on our bulletin board. Patrolman Milnerstadt has charge of this money.

Patrolman Aitken claims his young son has the largest collection of electric trains and accessories in the city. "Gil" is a great fellow—only for that one weakness of his, going around looking for new bathing beaches.

Patrolman Jim Blute is all smiles these days, waiting for the cold weather. He wants another crack at the Williamsburg Bridge.

Jack Gilbert will be having a fine time. Havana nights at the Elks.

George Cook is on the committee for the Havana nights down at 22 B. P. O. E. If any of the boys drop in, be sure to look George up.

Patrolmen McCarthy, Deutsch and Schmitt are back from Coney Island. Why do such fine fellows want to work in that "Foreign Country"? Can it be the bathing beauties?

We're going to have a great basketball team this year—and it will be a great pleasure when we trim Jack Reilly and his bunch of "Muggs" from the 79th.

Patrolman Mitchell has put his Stetson away in cold storage for the winter. This will be the nineteenth season for that skull piece.

Pete Owens, our red-hot fight fan, thinks Jimmy McLarnin is the greatest fighter that ever lived—past, present or future.

CORNELIUS Markowitz is now residing with the rich people on Linden Boulevard.

Patrolman Oldham is doing very nicely with that big car of his. Some class to Big Sam.

### BORO HDQTS. SQUAD, BROOKLYN AND RICHMOND

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

#### THE EARLY BIRD

Patrolman John Houston (Texas John) was seen around Police Headquarters, Brooklyn, about 5 A. M., September 27, 1931, with his watch in his hand, busily inquiring as to the correct time.

It seems that he was to report at 8 A. M., but, owing to the change from daylight saving to standard time, something went amiss in John's domicile. When questioned, John stated that while dining one night at home, a discussion arose about the clock. John insisted that it was to be put ahead and not retarded, with the result that when he arrived home Saturday night he advanced the clock the required one hour, ignorant of the fact that his brother, Adolph, had done likewise.

During the night, John's wife, not knowing about the others advancing the timepiece, arose and also set the clock one hour ahead, making a total advance of three hours.

John said, "Next year, I'll take that clock to a jeweler when it is to be changed, and I'll make sure that it is set right." Don't blame you, John.

### HOMICIDE SQUAD, BROOKLYN

DET. LOUIS RAMIREZ

Acting Lieutenant John J. McGowan is on his annual vacation at present. We miss him at our friendly reunions, but we wish him and his family a happy vacation.

Acting Lieutenant Honan has had his vacation, but, boys, if he had his own way, how he could enjoy a few days more. How any man can continue to work for three or four days, just sleeping coffee and asking questions from suspects, is beyond me. He says the homicides in Brooklyn are getting to be like the famous oil—"three in one."

It's a good thing our bosses have a good substitute for them in the person of the Hon. Major Charles Corbett, of Frankie Yale fame. By the way, if you want to know anything about Al Capone, just ask Charlie. He will give you an earful, and how!

We want also to congratulate Charlie. Did you read where he was made a first grader?

Our crack stenographer, John W. Muchow, Jr., has often been taken for the King of Siam, and sometimes we get a phone call asking for the Chinese detective. Of course, he's not a Chink nor any relation to the king.

Bruno A. Mondieka was also made a detective. Congratulations! Bruno was a well-known sleuth in Manila, Philippine Islands, where he was attached before joining our department. He is also known in Chicago, from whence he originated. He is quite a linguist, speaking seven languages.

Richard V. Cleary, attached to Deputy Chief Inspector Sweeney's office, invited all his friends to the Holy Rosary Church on October 12th, where he said, "I do," etc., to the girl of his dreams, Miss Margaret Ahearn, of 77 Chauncey Street, Brooklyn. Breakfast was served at the Leverich Towers, and then the happy couple left for a tour of the Caribbean Sea. Good luck to Dick and Margaret.

Here's a secret: Detective R. B., who is the son of a fire chief, and also known as the Beau Brummel of the squad, is going to imitate Cleary very soon. They asked me to tell who the girl is, but I will wait for a future edition. The invitations are being printed.

### 18TH DIVISION, BRONX DET. JOSEPH McCOURT

In the old 5th Branch, Detective (now Inspector) Bruckman, in his spare time could be found around the lots in the Mt. Hope section with the Book of Rules, which proves that the last line in the September issue of SPRING 3100 is right: "YOU CAN'T WIN WITH SLOW MOTION."



## OLD HOME WEEK

Acting Captain McIlhargy and two old side partners were talking of New York in other days. The old dog watch, the fixed post and how the tours were split up. One of them said: "Do you remember Murphy, who had 3d Avenue? How he was caught by a sergeant in a rock and rye store? He hid up on a shelf and was almost successful in eluding the boss, but he lost his balance and fell." What he told the Trial Commissioner I could not learn.

Looking through the old blotters I find some late items:

Detective Thomas Sullivan, of the old 5th Branch, found a cow on 138th Street. He removed her to Crotty's pound in Tremont. Tom, did you get the "L" with the cow?

Detective James Flynn was assigned to look for a set of harness; no TRACE of it was found.

Detective Fred Buddemeyer was assigned to find the owner of a flock of geese found wandering on 3d Avenue. Fred reported that the geese were wild, as they flew away.

Detective Dominick Caso went to Kingsbridge to investigate the loss of a bale of hay. Dominick still has hay fever.

You can imagine what transit facilities they had to City Island in the old days. Patrolman Wey had to get a two days' leave of absence to investigate the loss of a prize dog.

Detective John McLaughlin (now Acting Lieutenant) sent an alarm which read as follows: ARREST FOR HIGHWAY ROBBERY ONE MAN WHO ESCAPED IN A WAGON DRAWN BY A WHITE HORSE.

In the old 5th Branch each man had a mustache, and how they could grow them in those days. Just like the House of David baseball team.

## 8TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. WILLIAM S. SECOR

Captain Henry Duane, now that you are retired, the boys wonder how you feel, and they also wonder if you are enjoying yourself, because if you are they are tickled to death, and wish you the best of luck in whatever you do, because again they want you to enjoy yourself as a gentleman of your type should.

As the reporter for SPRING 3100, I talked with quite a few of the boys, and this is no kidding or giving you the old oil, and everyone of them speak of you with a feeling as though they'd lost something. They all say they've met many a gentleman, but you are the perfect gentleman.

The space is limited, and it is not sufficient in which to tell you that you and your brother John were real men, and if you ever feel you need somebody to converse with, you won't have to go very far, as all you need do is to come up to see the boys and say, "Hello, boys," and we will say, "Hello, Cap."

Lots of health, enjoyment and whatever you need. May it be within easy reach. Good luck.

We are informed by Tom Thompson, of Westchester, that after interviewing a very well dressed woman, relative to a complaint, Fritz Reicker came into the office and told Tom that the lady must be very fond of perfume, for when she passed him (Reicker) by, she sniffed and said, "Why don't you use some perfume?" As Marty Fitzpatrick would say, "Knock him out and win an Adams hat."

When Tom Williams, of Wakefield, was appointed to the force, he was told at the school of instruction to get two photographs, one mounted and one

unmounted. Tom went out and hired a horse for the mounted one.

Conny Mancini, in the September issue, gave the boys the slant on the reporter's traveling experience. Well, Conny is not the guy to let in on any of your secrets, because life to him is just a bowl of cherries, and won't he make capital of any fun.

The great personality guy of the district is Dinny Murphy, and if you happen to tail him while on patrol, you will see him shaking hands with about fifty thousand people—and fifty thousand can be wrong.

Freddy Regan is only and always talking about his operation and the care of the anatomy. He'll get the title of "The Family Nurse" if he doesn't lay off the medical end of life.

Jim Ennis, the guy who never has anything to say and is very quiet about anything he does, reminds you of "Dream Pictures," accompanied by an organ. You know, he just goes on and on.

James "Pansy" McCarthy, one of those fellows who is always smiling and willing to do anything, was called the "Happy Vagabond" by Joe Hoffman, after Joe heard of his experiences with Morton Downey. With "Jim" it's "Mort," and with "Mort" it's "Jim." Plain Jim and plain Mort.

Johnny Moffett, who is another one of those "Bowl of Cherry" guys, informed the boys that he has a new love, a Ziegfeldollian, whatever that is.

Bill "Georgiana" Hyland, who was down to Virginia Beach on his vacation, still sticks to the stock from The Bronx. When asked how the femmes of the South were, Bill remarked: "Just the drawl, and that don't get them by."

Tom "Benny Sent Me" Williams still is the guy for the funny remarks. While they are not new, they are witty.

Tom Thompson again remarked that Bob Reers wants his name in SPRING 3100, also that BOB CAN'T TAKE IT. If this is not right, I am sorry, but I have to put things in as I get them.

Johnny "Foot in the Bucket" Halk is forever telling the boys how many hits he always gets. Of course, none of them see him, so we let it go at that.

## 15TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN A. HURTON

Al Dillhoff, of the 102d Squad, uncovered the latest thing in heart protectors. After making an arrest recently the boys returned to the squad room where Al produced from under his coat a pie plate. The Emergency Squad from the 102d Precinct was called to revive Detectives Schain and McKeogh, who fainted dead away.

For Sale—An auto horn. Apply to Bob Woods, of the 102d Squad. Bob says that his car makes so much noise that the horn is unnecessary.

Paddy Brennan requested Herman (Arab) Boyman to cover for him as Paddy was making a retreat. The Arab, looking at the Irishman in amazement, replied: "Re-treat h—l, you have yet to treat the first time."

Which reminds us of the stranger who asked Captain Graham, "How the world was treating him?" The Captain replied: "Seldom, I usually pay for everything."

Al Wing, of Captain Graham's office, is back from his vacation after spending same in Queens Village.

Detective Harry Kraus met Lieutenant Flattery, of the 103d Squad, who was on vacation, around Jamaica. Harry, knowing the "Luke" had left on a motor tour with Mrs. Flattery and five other Flat-ter-ies, was much surprised, hence the following conversation:



Harry—"Hello, 'Luke,' thought you were touring the state; have any trouble with the car?"

"Luke"—"Oh, no! You know, tomorrow is the 1st of October, and I came back to collect the r—ts, er, I mean my check." Harry, being a good detective, just said: "Oh, I see," and left smiling.

Frank Heyner, of the 103d Squad, who was in charge of that squad while Lieutenant Flattery was away, will have no more headaches.

#### 16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

Vacation time being over, some of the stories seeping in to your humble scribe seem worthy of comment.

The first one told to me, Detective Zengen, of the Bayside Squad, relates to our much discussed (not disgust) Lightning Louis Cornibert, of the same squad.

Louis went out into Long Island Sound fishing, and fished and fished and fished, and after ten hours of patient baiting of the line, calling upon the gods to bless him with fishing luck, changing hooks, changing spots, he finally gave up in disgust with nary a fish. As he was rowing in toward a dock in White-stone, he observed a dozen fishermen there, and during the time he was in view of them he observed at least thirty fish being hauled in.

I forgot to mention that after he decided to quit, he had thrown the balance of his bait away, and although he conceived the idea he might still get some fish if he tried the dock, he realized it was near dusk, and he wouldn't have enough time to get a mess of them (that would satisfy his wife) and, besides, he had no bait, and the bait men had closed for the day, and as he speculated an idea struck him.

As he got close to the dock, he assumed a woe-begone tragic expression, and began to snivel and look miserable. One of the fishermen yelled out to him: "Any luck?" and Louis burst out crying and answered: "Yeher, a whole lot of hard luck." On the dock, pressed for an explanation, he said: "Not alone did I lose a whole line of fish (about forty-five), but as I leaned over the boat to retrieve them, my watch dropped out of my pocket and fell into the Sound."

Fishermen as a rule are instinctively a decent, sympathetic group, and there is a comradeship "I'll help you out" air about them, which apparently invited Louis to hang around bemoaning his hard (?) luck. "I wouldn't care so much about the watch," he kept repeating, "if I only had some fish to take home to the wife," and it wasn't long before one of the fishermen said to him, "Here, you can have mine," and in about five minutes eight or ten of them contributed about fifty fish. Louis then went home bragging about his prowess as a fisherman, calling in all the neighbors to look over the mess.

I repeated this story around the squad office (I'm not selfish or secretive), and when Tommy Layden heard it, he told me one about Zengen:

He said: "I went down to Jones Beach for a swim one day with my family, and engaged a beach umbrella and all the fixin's. My wife called my attention to a couple who were sitting nearby, who were disgustingly close to each other. They sat under a little Japanese parasol which just about shielded the fellow's feet, and they were mushing it up in broad daylight, without even the protection a large beach umbrella would afford. Well, I stood the murmuring and the gum-sucking as long as I could, and then I walked over to put a crimp in the party, and

when I looked at the guy—who was it but Zengen." Laugh that off if you can. (This story is corroborated by Little Dave Salter.)

There's another one about Johnnie Breen—but he was recently married—and I wouldn't for the world spoil love's sweet dream. Poor John! "Poor John, hell," says Layden, "how about the gal? She's the one to be commiserated." "Well, good luck to both of them," says Allan Currie.

Allan, by the way, who looks like Napoleon (but is a bum general), is always pulling off some wise cracks. The other day he went out to buy the lunches (with Sadlo's money) and then wanted to match Sadlo for the change, and when Sadlo wouldn't stand for it, he said, "Gee, you're getting as tight as I would be if I were as tight as you."

#### HACK BUREAU

#### PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Nothing like putting the young fellows in their place. Patrolmen James Greene and John Woods gave Patrolman William (Chuck) Casey and Walter Harkins a lesson in handball the other day. It sure takes the told-timers.

Patrolman John J. McIntyre is spending part of his vacation up with the Hill Billies, two other big shots. Let's hope the old banjo is in working order.

Our old sidekick, Patrolman Daniel Donoghue, is on his way to Boston to approve or disapprove some of the beans up there.

Pictures no artist can paint: Patrolman Bill O'Neill putting bands into the Model T; Patrolman John Horan repairing the old canoe; Patrolman Martin O'Connor posing for the enlargement of fish photos; Patrolman Thomas McAdam selecting cattle, cows and mostly young calves.

Patrolman John Mehrtens having some wonderful dreams these days always talking in his sleep about one Nanuet. Who is she, John, let us in on it.

One of the outstanding executives of the Hack Bureau for many years, Chief John J. Drennen, passed away after a long, painful illness. We respectfully extend our sympathy to the members of his family.

We had the pleasure of having Detective Sergeant Louis G. Maloney, of the Montreal Police Department, and his blushing bride (newlyweds) pay a visit to this city as the guests of Patrolman Joseph Wareham, of the Boiler Squad. They visited the police line-up, the Museum of the Police Academy, and Camp Mulrooney.

A pleasant rumor: Patrolman William O'Loane, of the Pistol Bureau, is going to take the fatal step. Well, Bill, the gang surely wish you and yours the best of everything in life, and heartiest congratulations.

In an eleven-inning baseball game, played Saturday afternoon at Recreation Oval in Long Island City, the Police Boiler Squad nine bested the Hack Squad team by the slim margin of 1 to 0. The game was replete with thrilling plays and sparkling pitching by Ruddy of the Hack Bureau and Flanagan for the "Boilermakers," the game only being terminated after Danaher clouted a tremendous homer over the left field fence with two out in the eleventh.

On several occasions the masterful playing and strategy of the former professional, Sergeant Dan Tierney, saved the day for the Hackmen. Harkins and O'Brien were the heavy hitters of the contest, registering with three hits each.

The fielding features were contributed by Wareham and King, each of whom made one-hand grabs



of terrific drives when the bases were populated, thereby shutting off at least one tally.

HACK BUREAU										BOILER SQUAD									
	ab	r	h	po	a	e				ab	r	h	po	a	e				
Murray, cf.	3	0	1	2	0	0				Palmer, ss.	4	0	1	2	4	0			
Flaherty, rf.	3	0	1	1	1	0				Wareham, lb.	4	0	1	9	2	0			
Downey, lf.	2	0	1	2	1	0				Cousins, 3b.	3	0	1	3	3	0			
Tierney, 1b.	3	0	2	7	3	0				Loughlin, 2b.	4	0	1	2	4	0			
Harkins, c.	3	0	3	8	2	0				D'Acevedo, cf.	3	0	2	2	1	0			
O'Brien, 2b.	3	0	3	3	4	0				Murphy, rf.	1	0	0	1	0	0			
Downey, ss.	2	0	1	1	4	0				Danaher, rf.	2	1	1	1	1	0			
King, 3b.	3	0	1	6	3	0				Moffett, lf.	1	0	1	0	1	0			
Ruddy, p.	2	0	1	2	1	0				Padian, lf.	3	0	2	2	1	1			
										Moran, c.	3	0	2	10	2	0			
										Flanagan, p.	3	0	0	1	3	0			
Totals	24	0	14	32	19	0				Totals	31	1	12	33	22	2			
Hack Bureau	0	0	0	0	0	0					0	0	0	0	0	0			0-0
Boiler Squad	0	0	0	0	0	0					0	0	0	0	0	0			1-1

Runs batter in—Danaher, 1. Double plays—Tierney, O'Brien and King, 2; Loughlin, Cousins and Wareham, 3. Bases on balls—By Ruddy, 1; by Flanagan, 8. Struck out—By Flanagan, 8; Ruddy, 6. Two-base hits—Padian and Harkins. Home run—Danaher.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 3 SGT. JOHN F. WARD

Charlie "Oh, Yeah!" Bondy spent his vacation and his money up in the Sahara Desert, commonly called "Somewhere in Canada." He returned with a wonderful TAN.

Frank Dineen, the same fellow who has his initials embroidered on his B. V. D.'s, is watchfully waiting at the dock for the party who did the fancy work. Did we let the cat out of the bag?

John "Sandy" Tormey relieved Bondy up in Canada. It was one of those reliefs that is not in the book. You see, Tormey went up alone, while Bondy made it a tandem affair.

We notice that Squad No. 5 had our old friend Moench nicknamed "Pumpnickel." We remember when he used to "DUNK" his sandwiches in coffee, and pick the raisins out of the raisin cake.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 7 SGT. JOHN E. COX

Sergeants Cox and Crowley are becoming proficient in the operation of the typewriter, and expect to compete in a contest of speed, skill and endurance. Recently, a trial test between the two resulted in a draw, each typing eleven words, one period and a question mark in one minute, using only the forefinger of each hand; all of the other fingers remaining dark horses for the official prize winning contest.

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 1

PTL. BERNARD CONNORS.

Willie "Dime-a-Dance" Mahoney, of Troop "C," has given up playing a violin and is now tampering with the clarinet, which he finds is hard to play. Little Willie is not discouraged, however, because he can find out what key to play in by going to one of the Eighth Avenue locksmiths.

A little birdie whispers that "AME" has been practicing swan diving in the bathroom tub, and even swam from the tub to his room, after flooding the corridor, during the recent convention of the P. B. A. at the Police Recreation Centre.

"Smiling Harry" Williams, of "A," has just discovered how "Sheik" Kenny lost his front teeth. Harry says that one of the "Sheik's" flames told him hubby was going to the convention at Detroit. Oh, yeah!

"Jockey" Chandler, of "B," seems to have a penchant for uniforms. He was seen during the Mardi Gras all dressed up in a "VAMP'S" uniform, red shirt, hip boots and firemen's hat, playing a fife in the "VAMP'S" band, proudly marching down Surf Avenue. Oh, Georgie, how romantic.

"Eddie" Aylward, the "Tom Noonan" of Troop "B," was assisting "Hen" Murphy in the gentle art of clipping horses last week. While attempting to put a twitch on one of the horses, said horse objected and broke away. Eddie promptly took it on the lam, and lo and behold, the horse followed him; well, sir, the spectacle of said horse chasing Eddie around the lower floor of the stable, Eddie all the

time crying, in a most gentlemanlike way, of course, "Bad, bad horse; bad, bad horsie," would make even Andy McGinley crack a smile.

#### OBSERVED IN THE SQUAD ROOM:

"Joe" Masterson, putting a combination lock on his locker, and upon returning from the tour, discovering that he had forgotten the combination.... Tom Crerend with a timetable in his hand, trying to figure out how he can catch the 3:59 for Laurelton on the 8-4 tour.... "Two-Gun" Parker vainly trying to impress the personnel with the fact that he really is not a two-gun man. Oh, Elmer, have you a spare "button" about you?... "Larry" Archer earnestly searching through his pockets for a dime to pay for SPRING 3100, when he knows in his heart that said dime is not there!... "Willie" Warnken with a booklet, "Italian in Six Easy Lessons," muttering incoherently to himself in a corner, with "Wolf" Ward telling a short story nearby.... Patrolman Groves using his best salesmanship to get rid of his chariot; best offer so far was that of "Ludie" Frank; "Ludie" offering to trade his place on the sergeants' list for the wagon.... John Thomas explaining the mysteries of the racing form to Jack Leahy; wise birds say that John hasn't made a bet since he left the Philippine Islands, in '99.

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON 2 PTL. JOSEPH P. HOYNES

Lieutenant William Lenihan is now becoming prominent as he is signing everything with his middle name, "Joseph."

Sergeant Edward Markey, of Prospect Park Barracks, is on his vacation, and was observed around the swan boats in Prospect Park. I hope he will remember us with the passes.

Patrolman Joseph Hoynes, the added starter in this squadron, is out on the hay floor with his special horse, taking lessons in the art of riding. The latest stunt he is trying is picking up handkerchiefs from the floor. His experience keeping horses on carousels at Coney Island aids him greatly in his stunts. He's trying for the horse show.

Troop "F" has a new marathon runner in the form of Patrolman Haig, who has just returned from sick leave. He is doing his training by running up and down Myrtle Avenue "L" stairs.

#### CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

PTL. WALTER BRUMMERHOP

Patrolman Timothy A. Ryan, of the office of the Chief of Staff, was seen by a member of the Department walking along the thoroughfares of the extreme end of Bay Ridge, known as Fort Hamilton, with a young beagle hound (very small) on a long string. Patrolman Ryan is getting bigger from the long walks, but the poor pup, alas, is getting much thinner.

#### WARRANT SQUAD No. 1

Patrolman Julius Stern, of Warrant Squad No. 1, attached to Deputy Chief Inspector Bolan's office, has returned from his vacation, which he spent traveling with his wife across the Great Lakes and visiting relatives in Grand Forks, N. D. Stopping off at Duluth, Minn., they met Sergeant Root of the Duluth Police Department, who insisted they visit the Chief of Police there, E. H. Barber. The Chief was very much interested in Patrolman Stern and asked him all about the New York Police Department, after which he instructed Sergeant Root to take them in the Chief's car for a tour of the city, and also the famous Rogers Boulevard, which is 49 miles long. Patrolman Stern was very high in his praise of both the Chief and the sergeant for their great courtesy and kindness, and it is his sincerest hope, he says, to be able some day to return the compliment.



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman John King, 32d Precinct, while on patrol at about 1:50 A. M., September 1, observed a Negro with a revolver in his hand running from a Chinese restaurant at 2717 Eighth Avenue. The officer pursued the man into an adjoining hallway, and after an exchange of shots, disarmed him and placed him under arrest. The prisoner had previously held up and robbed the proprietor of the Chinese restaurant, taking \$8 from him at revolver point.

Detectives Raihl and McGowan, 17th Squad, were assigned on September 18 to investigate a complaint by Miss Claire Shevlin, of 3 Mitchell Place, Manhattan, that while on her way home at about 1:30 A. M., she was forced into an automobile at 53d Street and First Avenue by four unknown men who drove with her to an isolated spot in Queens, where they criminally assaulted her. The detectives, with but a meagre description of the car, located it several hours later in a garage in East 71st Street. They next located the owner and from him obtained a confession in which he named the three other participants in the crime. They also were located, placed under arrest and likewise confessed.

## BRONX

Patrolman Charles Kleine, 46th Precinct, while on patrol at about 1:20 A. M., September 28, was informed that a participant in a card game in progress in a basement at 491 East 188th Street, was armed with a loaded revolver. Going to the premises, the officer found a Negro seated at a table holding a revolver in his hand. The man fled into the courtyard when accosted and, finding his escape barred, fired at the officer, wounding him in the left side. The officer then returned the fire, killing the man instantly.

Detectives James Foley, Joseph Wey and John Lowe, 41st Squad, together with Patrolman Horatio Caro, 41st Precinct, at about 11 P. M., September 28, responding to an alarm of a holdup in progress at 1378 Prospect Avenue, in the rooms of the Crotona Trading Corporation, encountered two armed bandits therein who immediately opened fire on the officers, wounding Detective Foley under the right eye. In the exchange of shots that followed, three of the victims of the holdup were wounded, one of them fatally. One of the bandits escaped. The other was captured and is now under indictment for first-degree murder.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman Edward McCarthy, 68th Precinct, while on patrol at about 12 noon, on September 27, was

informed there were two armed thugs in an automobile on 42d Street near Second Avenue, Brooklyn, awaiting a policy collector, whom they intended to rob. The officer summoned Patrolman Arthur Olson, also of the 68th Precinct, and together they approached the car with revolvers drawn, ordered the men into the street and disarmed them of two loaded revolvers. One of the prisoners is a notorious criminal with a long record.

Acting Lieutenant John McGowan and Detectives Dardis, Corbett, Bowe, Celano and Mondieka, Brooklyn Homicide Squad, together with members of Gun Crews 3 and 6, of the Main Office, Brooklyn, at about 4 A. M., August 26, arrested seven criminals whom they had traced to an apartment at 519 Bushwick Avenue. Four fully loaded revolvers and two boxes of extra cartridges were found in the apartment. Five of the men are charged with the killing of one Anthony Ferrara, on August 23, in a shooting affray at 330 Johnson Street, Brooklyn, in which two other men also were shot and wounded. Four of the men also have been identified as the perpetrators of a holdup on June 13. Two others are charged with a homicide committed on March 9, 1930, and four of the gang also are charged with a recent robbery on August 17.

## QUEENS

Patrolman William J. Lindner, 110th Precinct, while on patrol at about 9 A. M., September 26, was notified that three men in a Chevrolet coupe had just held up and robbed the manager of a store at 43d Street and Broadway, Astoria. Shortly thereafter, noticing three men driving west on Queens Boulevard in a car answering the above description, he pursued them in a commandeered auto to 58th Street near Roosevelt Avenue, where the men abandoned the car and ran. The officer gave chase on foot and with the assistance of Patrolmen John Howells, 110th Precinct, and William Reilly, Traffic Precinct O, captured the men and placed them under arrest. Two loaded revolvers were found in the car, together with a sum of money, the proceeds of the holdup.

Detectives Joseph Burke, David Salter and Thomas Layden, 108th Squad, while on patrol on the evening of October 12, observed a man named Richetti, recognized by them as a notorious criminal, acting in a suspicious manner. When accosted, Richetti attempted to draw a gun, but was overpowered and placed under arrest. Detective Edward Lamouree, also of the 108th Squad, examining the prisoner's gun later, found a piece of the gun stock missing. This piece the detective had in his possession, having found it at the scene of a recent loft burglary. When confronted with this evidence the prisoner confessed.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY STALLONE**  
alias "TOM THE PEERLESS"

DESCRIPTION—26 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes and hair; wore gray suit, brown check overcoat and soft brown hat. 114th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**HARRY SCHOTTENFELD**

DESCRIPTION—22 years; 5 feet 5 inches; 155 pounds; brown eyes; medium chestnut hair. Occupation, Chauffeur. 41st Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JACK ZAROFF**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 9 inches; 175 pounds; stocky build; full face; blue eyes; brown hair; thick lips; wears tortoise shell glasses. 28th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**LOUIS J. RENZULLO**

DESCRIPTION—23 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 150 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; dark complexion. Occupation, taxicab driver. 10th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**THOMAS BOHAN**

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 175 pounds; brown eyes; dark hair; medium complexion; taxicab driver by occupation. 10th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**ARTHUR LOFFREDO, alias  
EDWARD LOFFREDO**

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 194 pounds; brown eyes; black wavy hair; stocky build; dark complexion; clean shaven. 82d Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.**



# Spring 3100

NOVEMBER

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HARROLD

# Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

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VOLUME 2

NOVEMBER, 1931

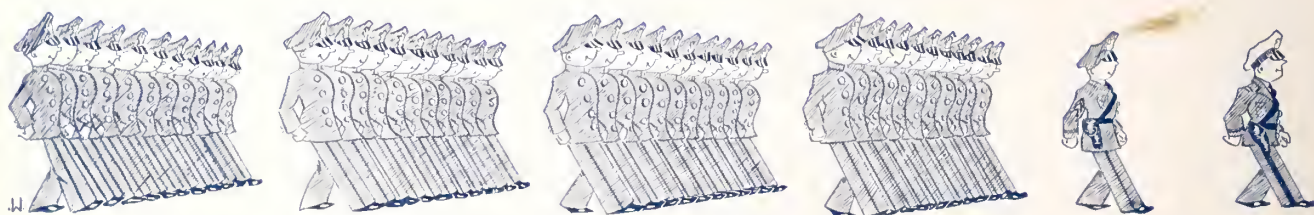
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

## STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

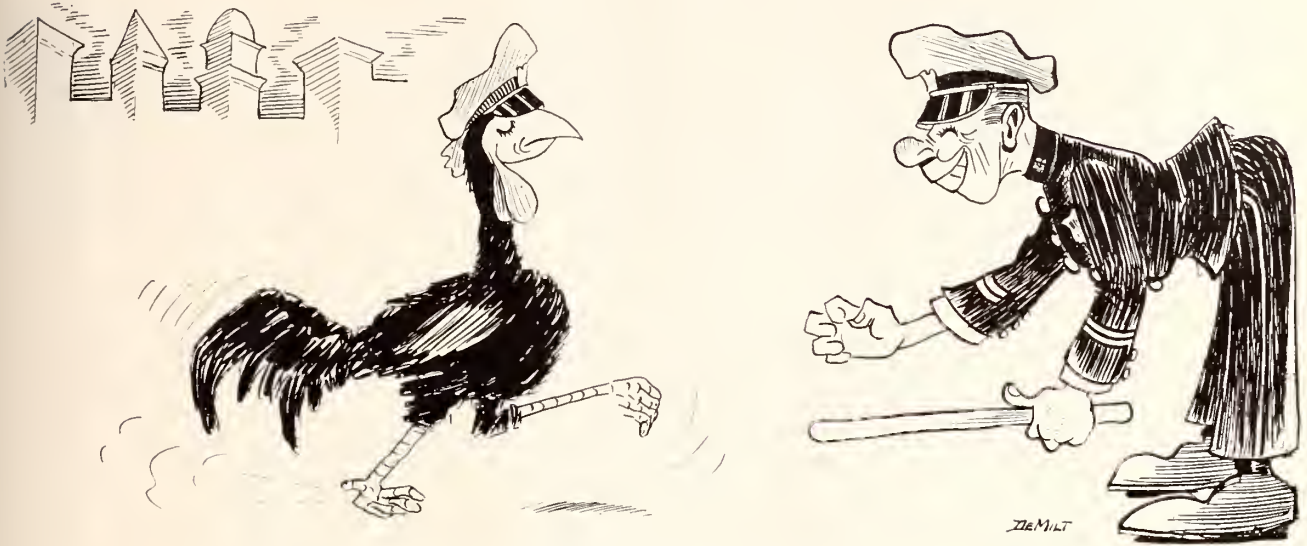
JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

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# editorial page, or what have you?



*welcome to our city*



Well, sir, if old man 1931 hasn't slipped around until there's almost nothing of him left, only one more mouth, in fact. now we have to think about our holiday issue and build up our sales talk for 1932 and hope old man depression goes out along with old man 1931. however, we can develop this topic at greater length in both the christmas and new year's issues, so we'll just let it rest until later.

the star news of this month is that the big boss slipped away with his family for a few days' vacation in hot springs, virginia, the first holiday he has had in a couple of years. we weren't going to say anything about it, but as long as the newspapers have published pictures of him on the golf course at that swanky resort—and slicing into the rough, too, oh, a most horrible slice plainly indicating lack of practice—why, we see no reason for our silence.

not that there is any connection between the two events, at least we hope not—but candor compels us

to admit that shortly before taking his holiday the commissioner presented the prizes to the winners of spring 3100's contests and gave them one of his nice speeches of congratulation. chief inspector o'brien was present also and suggested that some of the double winners should be handicapped.

our handball tournament is coming along great guns and the winners will probably receive their cups along with their other christmas presents. we have been hearing quite a lot recently from basketball enthusiasts who would like to see a precinct league established for this sport. one or two of our bravest men have even suggested the establishment of a precinct ice hockey league. all of this sounds most promising and spring 3100 will do its best to help along the great and good cause of general athletics.

we commend to the special attention of all members of the department the recently issued general order directing members of the force specially assigned to guard property against robbery to have their revolvers in position for instantaneous use. too many brave policemen, confident in their own courage and skill, have been killed because they were a split second late in getting into action.

it is with great sadness and regret that we close our editorial on a serious note. we refer to the death of "judge" james e. connelly, our superintendent of printing, which was followed by the passing away of thomas j. horgan, property clerk, just as this issue went to press. both of these officials will be mourned throughout the department.



# THE MILE-A-MINUTE MEN

By INSPECTOR ANTHONY L. HOWE, *Commanding Motorcycle Bureau*

**I**N the early years of the present century the automobile was rapidly becoming a factor of transportation. An amazing increase in registration was noted annually and with this accession came consequent traffic congestion. The bicycle cop of those days became a mere gesture. The speeding autoist passed by with a sense of assurance, conscious of the fact that a successful pursuit was well nigh impossible by the policeman with his primitive equipment.

Speed laws and traffic regulations of this period were archaic, inadequate, and required immediate revision. The Department, confronted with a new problem, realized that new methods were necessary to cope effectively with conditions attending the transition, which presaged the passing of the horse and the birth of the motor age.

The authorities sought a competent and effective means of meeting the challenge of gasoline and decided to "fight fire with fire." It was at this juncture that the motorcycle was introduced into police service. From the moment of its adoption its worth was apparent and the speeder became more tractable and law abiding, recognizing in this new agency a foeman worthy of his steel.

Sergeant Eugene C. Casey was assigned in 1905 to motorcycle duty by Police Commissioner Theodore A. Bingham. In the following year six additional men were assigned to this duty for patrol in the various boroughs of the city. This force constituted the nucleus of the present Motorcycle Bureau, which at this time has a total strength of three hundred and forty-one men, consisting of one inspector, three acting captains, eight lieutenants, sixteen sergeants, and three hundred and thirteen patrolmen.

When the reorganization of the motorcycle squads was contemplated, it was deemed expedient to establish a central control and decentralize individual



responsibility and administration. This was made possible by the creation of the Motorcycle Bureau, the office of which is located in Police Headquarters, Manhattan, where all summonses issued by members of this command are recorded and audited.

The patrol force is divided as follows: Motorcycle Squad No. 1, Sheepfold, Central Park, Manhattan, Acting Captain John L. Travers commanding; jurisdiction, Manhattan and The Bronx. Motorcycle Squad No. 2, 31st Street and First Avenue, Brooklyn, Acting Captain George Nearey, commanding; jurisdiction, Brooklyn and Richmond. Motorcycle Squad No. 3, Town Hall, 159th Street and Jamaica Avenue, Jamaica, Acting Captain Samuel W. Johnson, commanding; jurisdiction, Borough of Queens. The men so assigned are divided into three platoons and ten squads in order that a continuous service throughout each day may be maintained.

While the primary duty of the Bureau is to operate against speeders and traffic violators, its mobility and rapid means of communication have rendered it a valuable and efficient asset to the Detective Bureau



and precinct patrol forces and have made possible its conversion to all classes of police service. Motorcycle patrol is so regulated that a complete mobilization of its force throughout the city may be effected within the hour. When a few years ago an attempt was made to effect a jail deliverance from the Tombs prison, Manhattan, the entire Department was immediately notified and directed to send all their available men to the scene. At this time a squad of one sergeant and twenty-five patrolmen were assembled for 4 P. M. roll call, at the Sheepfold, 66th Street and Central Park West, Manhattan. These men were instantly dispatched to the scene of disorder, arriving there in seven minutes, after traveling a distance of about six miles.

On another occasion the local Board of Health received a hurry call from Dr. Murphy, of Trenton, N. J., requesting a supply of serum for use on a child stricken with poliomyelitis. The serum was obtained at Willard Parker Hospital, Manhattan, by Motorcycle Patrolman Edward Harmon of Motorcycle Squad No. 1, at 5:37 P. M., and delivered to Motorcycle Trooper Quinn at the New Jersey end of the Holland Tunnel at 5:44 P. M. It was a source of sincere gratification to Patrolman Harmon to learn that the life of the child was saved because of the prompt delivery of this serum.

The Motor Vehicle Inspection Squad is assigned to the important duty of inspecting automobiles and determining their fitness for operation on the streets of this city. All vehicles are examined, and their brakes, steering gears and other safety devices are checked. During the year 1930 more than ten thousand vehicles were inspected and more than one thousand summonses served upon persons who were found to have faulty equipment.

An armored motorcycle sidecar unit has been organized and is very much in evidence in the financial and business sections of the city. Recently this activity has been extended and co-operation with the Detective Bureau has been effected by a patrol in sections frequented by gangsters, racketeers and other classes of criminals. The men of this detail are armed with shotguns and protected by armor plate and bullet-proof glass. The moral effect thus obtained will have a deterring influence on the denizens of the underworld.

Motorcycle escorts have become an important and necessary duty of this Bureau. Scarcely a day passes without its detail of this nature. Kings, queens, princes and princesses, potentates and representatives of foreign governments, Federal, State and municipal executives, as well as notables in the world's affairs, are rendered this service, which insures them protection and uninterrupted transit throughout our city streets.

Many interesting and varied experiences are related by the men assigned to this work. When the royal Belgian party visited this country in 1919 a large force was assigned to accompany them in their various journeys. The men so detailed were decorated by King Albert prior to his departure from

our shores. We are justly proud of the fact that during many years no harm has befallen any person so attended.

When Chief Surgeon Daniel J. Donovan conceived the idea of organizing a blood transfusion unit he started by selecting members of this Bureau for this experiment. Excellent results were obtained and valuable and humane service was rendered to members of the Department and their families. This work has since been developed, its scope enlarged and extended in a comprehensive manner.

It is a strange fact that motorcycle duty, which is attended by personal risk or hazard, is a popular branch of the service. We have many applicants for this work and the nature of this assignment requires that great care be exercised in the selection of our men. The patrolman is subjected to a physical, moral, mechanical and temperamental test before he can be allowed to realize his ambition to become a motor cop.

This Bureau has been a source of consistent profit to the city since its inception. The fines imposed in connection with this activity have exceeded by more than one million dollars all expenses incident to operating costs. During the year 1930 members of this Bureau served 97,713 summonses, with more than 96,000 convictions resulting. The aggregate of fines amounted to close to one million dollars.

It might be a matter of interest to our readers to know just how and with what proportionate percentage we have directed our activity in the various classes of vehicles. During the year 1930 there were 759,495 motor vehicles registered from Greater New York. The following table of figures will serve to convey information on this subject.

Motor Vehicles	Registered	Sum- monses	Per- centage Activity
Pleasure and Dealers.	596,023	59,350	9.95
Commercial and Trail- ers .....	122,489	24,103	19.75
Taxis and Omnibuses.	34,743	13,495	38.84
Motorcycles .....	6,240	688	11.02

Since the organization of this unit in 1917, police duty has exacted a toll of sixteen lives from among its members. These men have made the supreme sacrifice and in their passing have rendered a full measure of unselfish devotion, personal courage and bravery to their city. We are proud of these men and shall ever cherish the memory of their valorous deeds.

The rank and file of this Bureau perform their various duties in an efficient and capable manner.

All credit is due to these men and it is my hope that they will at all times strive to preserve the splendid traditions of the Department which have made it the peer of police organizations throughout the world.

## Mounted Cops Thrill Crowds

A DETACHMENT of thirty members of the Mounted Division, comprising two platoons, added color to the closing events at the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden on the evening of Wednesday, November 11th.

The squadron, commanded by Acting Captain Thomas L. Byrnes, was entered as a special attraction. A series of maneuvers were executed to the delight of the thousands of spectators.

Permission was granted to the members of the squadron to compete as individuals in the "Mounted Police Saddle Class."

Upon completion of the mounted exhibition by the entire squadron, the troop was lined up for review, from the ring, by First Deputy Commissioner Hoyt, representing the Police Commissioner, and by Chief Inspector John O'Brien. Subsequently they were judged as to their individual qualifications by the representatives selected by the National Horse Show.

Department horse Richmond, proudly ridden by Patrolman Christopher McGee, of Troop D, was adjudged the winner and accordingly received the blue ribbon. Second prize was captured by horse Cartoon, ridden by Patrolman James B. Bell, Troop C. Horse Morgan, which has captured many first and second prizes heretofore, received third prize. Morgan was ridden by Patrolman Francis J. Murray. Honorable recognition was awarded to horse Webster, ridden by Patrolman Henry Gaines of Troop E.

The entire squadron participating in the exhibition included:

Acting Captain Thomas L. Byrnes, Lieutenant John J. McGowan, Acting Lieutenant William Meyn, Sergeants Edwin C. Johnson and Albert H. Harriott, Patrolmen Cecil Dunwoody, Harold Hahn, John J. O'Flaherty, Matthew P. Rais, John V. Sjöholm, Peter J. Enis, John A. Groves, Edward S. Kenna, James B.



Bell, Benjamin Barnes, John Duggan, George Feulner, Francis J. Murray, Harry E. O'Brien, Edgar S. Persky, Charles S. Scott, Olaf C. H. Weighorst, Edmund Burke, Christopher McGee, Edward Grout, Henry Gaines, Eugene C. Rooney, William J. Ryan, Hubert J. Scallan, Bernard McPartland.

## BLUE CLUB HAS INITIAL PARTY

More than 500 policemen and their guests attended the first bunco card party and dance of the Blue Social Club of St. Albans, held in the Triangle Ballroom, Myrtle and Jamaica Avenues, on November 5th.

The Blue Social Club limits its membership to active and retired policemen of the County of Queens.

Prizes were awarded to more than 100 players and non-players.

Officers of the club include: Charles McGovern, president; Robert Hetticher, first vice-president; Louis Price, second vice-president; Frank Haberman, third vice-president; William Robinson, financial secretary; Robert Martin, recording secretary; Eugene Thibadeau, corresponding secretary; Patrick Improte, treasurer, and August Reinert, sergeant-at-arms.

Directors: George Heitzman, chairman; Bernard Koenig, Michael King, and Frederick Hoffman.

Entertainment committee: August Reinert, chairman; Patrick Improte, Robert Martin, Patrick Daly, Kenneth Rice, Joseph Moses.

By-laws committee: Otto Erbar, Thomas Quinn, and George Sterrett.

## THANKSGIVING BRINGS

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	DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	21



# Deputy Commissioner Ruttenberg Honored



**N**ELSON RUTTENBERG, Deputy Police Commissioner, was unanimously elected President of the Jewish National Fund of America, the agency of the Zionist movement devoted to the acquisition and reclamation of the soil in the Holy Land as national Jewish property. Representatives of all Zionist groups and parties in the United States, including the delegates of the Zionist Organization of America, the Mizrahi, the Orthodox Zionist Organization and the Poale Zion, Zionist So-

cialist Labor Party, otherwise divided, joined hands in the election of Mr. Ruttenberg, who is succeeding Mr. Emanuel Neumann, the recently elected American member of the World Zionist Executive who is leaving soon to take up his duties in London and Jerusalem.

The choice was effected at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Jewish National Fund held at the Pennsylvania Hotel under the chairmanship of Mr. Neumann, who reported that during the past three years of his administration the Fund received contributions from American Jews exceeding \$1,000,000.

The Jewish National Fund, which will celebrate this December its thirtieth anniversary, maintains branches in more than 1,000 communities in the United States, propagating the ideals of Zionism and enlisting the co-operation of American Jews in the Jewish land reclamation program in Palestine.

Mr. Ruttenberg, who was appointed to the deputy commissionership in 1927, and elected to the New York legislature in 1924, is a member of many social and charitable organizations, including the Elks, the Improved Order of Red Men, Glen Oaks Golf and Country Club, the Grand Street Boys' Association, the Jewish Club, a member of the Administrative Committee of the American Jewish Congress and of the Board of Trustees of Congregation Mt. Sinai of Washington Heights and of the Executive Committee of the United Synagogues of America. In the Zionist movement, Mr. Ruttenberg has been playing a leading part during the past five years, having been a member of the Administrative Committee of the Zionist Organization of America. Recently he was chosen a member of the "Committee of Six" formed to compose the differences between the contending Brandeis-Mack group and the Lipsky group within the Zionist Organization of America.

## Cops Reward Citizen Aids

**F**IREMAN VINCENT J. HYDE, who fought bravely on the side of the police in the bandit chase through The Bronx last August which resulted in the death of two hold-up men, received a Police Department check for \$500 from Commissioner Mulrooney on October 27th in recognition of his gallantry. The presentation was made at Headquarters after the line-up, and Commissioner Mulrooney warmly praised Hyde for his valor.

The fireman, who was formerly a policeman, picked up the pistol of Patrolman Edward V. Churchill, who had been slain by the fleeing bandits,



and pursued the pair on the running board of a commandeered taxicab. Hyde was shot twice during the chase.

Commissioner Mulrooney on November 4th presented \$250 to Rubin Katz, taxi driver of 957 Hoe Avenue, Bronx, who also was shot during this same bandit chase in which police commandeered his cab.

Katz became so unnerved by his experience that he has been unable to continue driving. Commissioner Mulrooney, in presenting the check, said that he felt Katz deserved assistance and recognition for his services.

# Greater Love Hath No Man

By PATROLMAN PHILIP J. BURNS, JR., 18th Precinct  
*First Prize, Short Story Contest*



**I**T all began back in France during the stirring days of 1918. Privates Michael McGee and Tommy Hennessey were buddies. Their friendship had started while crossing the Atlantic on the U. S. S. Covington, and they had never been separated until that eventful day in September while in the front line trenches. It seems there had been a lull in the firing, and Hennessey, not thinking, had exposed his khaki-clad body a trifle too much when a sniper drilled him through the shoulder.

McGee, being close by, saw to it that his pal got to a dressing station as quickly as possible and returned to the trenches a wee bit lonesome, knowing Hennessey would be out of the fight for some time to come. They had been inseparable and passed through some mighty heavy fighting without a scratch, until Hennessey, in a careless moment, had been picked off.



Hennessey healed rapidly and returned to the trenches around the 5th of November. It did not take him long to find McGee and talk about what had happened during his absence. Less than a week later came the armistice and after that beaucoup merrymaking. Though both young men had many things in common, McGee was by far the heavier drinker. When on leave, it was always Hennessey who saw him safely back to his billet.

Several months later found them in Brest, being transferred to the U. S. S. Leviathan and then homeward bound. Back in New York they were soon mustered out of service. After a two weeks' vacation, Hennessey applied for his old job at the Telephone Company and was immediately put to work, while McGee figured that owing to his patriotic service to Old Glory he could rest on his laurels for at least a year. Being a gifted story teller that never failed to please, McGee would roll home in the early hours of the morning with regularity, successfully plastered.

Occasionally he would meet Hennessey and recount their experiences. Hennessey would never fail to inquire if McGee was working and always offered to help him find employment, pointing out to him the dangers of idleness. Finally McGee saw the light and found a job, changed his habits somewhat, and settled down. Shortly after he married and moved to The Bronx. After that, Hennessey would rarely meet his old pal except for the reunion of their former outfit, an annual affair.

Hennessey, who was about 23 years old, invariably spent an hour or so each evening talking to the patrolman on the post where he lived. One evening Joe Finnerty, a veteran of some twenty years on the Force, talked to him about the advantages of being a policeman, such as it being a steady job, regular hours, the pension, etc. Finnerty also informed him of an examination to be held in about two months and offered to help him prepare for it.



Assured that the old wound in his shoulder would not handicap him to any extent, Hennessey took the examination and patiently awaited the list. After nine months he received his card from the Civil Service Commission, stating he had passed and was 196 on the list for appointment. He had been a soldier in war and now he would be a soldier in peace.

Hennessey received his appointment in 1921. He was now Patrolman Thomas Hennessey and was just as proud of that title as he had been of Private Hennessey, formerly of the Fighting 69th. Patrolman Hennessey was assigned to the Black Belt in Harlem and many a busy late tour he put in in that territory. However, he lasted only a year at that precinct, when he was made a detective as a promotion for an excellent piece of police work, when he captured four stick-up men who, in attempting to escape from a drug store, had shot a brother patrolman.

As a detective he was assigned to the Greenwich Village district. Several prominent arrests advanced him in grade. Success was sweet, but he still managed to wear the same size hat. Occasionally he would meet the old-timer, Patrolman Finnerty, who was very much pleased with Hennessey's success and would use him as an illustration when talking to other young men about going into the Police Department. Patrolman Finnerty decided he would keep after Tommy Hennessey and urge him to study for sergeant. Detective Hennessey, although he figured his chances as slim, decided to take the old-timer's advice, and became a student, putting in many faithful hours with the books. Finally the day arrived and he competed with several thousands. He finished and on the way home wondered if one could be successful with only six years in the Department.

Again he received that white card from Civil Service, and lo and behold, he had passed and was in the first two hundred. Owing to the previous list having expired over a year before this list was promulgated, Detective Hennessey was now known as Sergeant Hennessey and transferred to patrol duty at the East 51st Street station. He soon became popular as a boss, especially to the younger element, who looked upon him as a genius, due to his seven years in the Department.

While supervising patrol one late tour in December, 1929, he observed a patrolman on Lexington Avenue who was apparently trying to keep a poor unfortunate drunk from freezing. Upon going to the officer's assistance, the drunk was finally seated in the doorway of a nearby store. The patrolman, fearing the drunk had been injured, flashed his light into his face.

Of all persons, Michael McGee of the A. E. F. Well, Tom would have to revert to his old role and see that McGee was taken care of in the approved A. E. F. fashion. He discovered where McGee lived, and decided to take a chance and take him to his home in The Bronx. Sergeant Hennessey directed the patrolman to tell Sergeant Donovan that he (Sergeant Hennessey) would be a little late in relieving him on the signal monitor at 4 A. M., but he had to fulfill a personal obligation and would expect Sergeant Donovan to make his excuses to the desk officer.

Michael McGee and Sergeant Hennessey boarded a passing taxicab and were quickly driven to McGee's

home in The Bronx. McGee was safely inside his door, and after a short talk with McGee's wife, to whom he revealed his identity, he was on his way downtown on the running board of the taxicab.

While the taxicab speeded down Fifth Avenue in an attempt to deposit the Sergeant at the station house as soon after four as possible, it was suddenly cut off by a westbound vehicle at 59th Street. The collision was inevitable and Sergeant Hennessey was thrown high into the air before striking the pavement on his head.

A passing vehicle rushed him to the nearest hospital, but to no avail. Sergeant Hennessey passed out an hour later. He never relieved Sergeant Donovan. His captain and brother officers could not understand why Sergeant Hennessey had so flagrantly violated the rules of the Department. Detectives assigned to the case discovered the truth after questioning the patrolman who found McGee, the taxicab driver, and finally McGee himself.

Michael McGee today is a sober and sorrowful man, and when he speaks of Sergeant Hennessey there are tears in his eyes as he says: "Greater love hath no man."

### THOMAS J. HORGAN



**T**HOMAS J. HORGAN, fifty-eight years old, of 160 West Eleventh Street, property clerk of the Police Department for the last seven years, died on November 13th in St. Vincent's Hospital, Eleventh Street and Seventh Avenue, after an operation. A widow and ten children survive.

Mr. Horgan in his official capacity as property clerk had in his custody property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. This included some of the most valuable jewels in the country. Mr. Horgan, who was a personal friend of Mayor Walker, was prominent in politics and a member of the Huron Democratic Club.

Funeral services were held on Tuesday morning, November 17th, in St. Joseph's Church, Washington Place and Sixth Avenue. Burial was in Calvary Cemetery.

# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

*Our Own Star-gazer*

*Knows All—Sees All—Tells All*



two you'd have to leave post and hustle home to the frau in order to become de-arrowed again.

Remember, also, when you park yourself before a luscious beef stew on your next meal period, that that's a recreational feature of which the old Night Watchers never even dreamed.



*Ye original New York cop*

**H**EAR ye, good people, the spirit of Thanksgiving again hovers over us.

And the succulent Turkey—noblest of birds—idolized, publicized and gormandized for generations—again takes his place properly on the front page.

His yearly advent is popularly acclaimed as the Season of Thanksgiving, though in Gobbler Land it is more commonly known as the *Season of Annihilation*.

In any event, he rates at least two columns in this issue which gladly we dedicate to his memory—or *whatever else is left of him on the day following*.

And if there is any doubt in your mind that we of the Department have considerable to be thankful for, we suggest you go back to the days of the old *Night Watch*, as the boys who first patrolled New York were called.

They were all dollar-a-year men if you recall, *and they didn't get even the dollar*.

They had no police surgeons in those days, and if some playful Indian decorated you with an arrow or

None of the posts boasted coffee pots in those days, and the regulations strictly forbade the carrying of dinner pails.

If you happened to be a vegetarian it wasn't so bad, because you could munch the bark off the trees to your heart's content.

*Providing, of course, your indigestion was in good working order.*

Be thankful, too, that you are doing your coppering here in town, and not, for example, up in Eskimo Land—where the late tours are six months long.

Can you imagine ducking out of some friendly igloo and walking smack into the sergeant—with his Ingersoll in one hand and a calendar in the other—and having him ask:

**"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN FOR THE PAST MONTH AND A HALF?"**

There'd be a nice one to explain before the trial commissioner, eh, what???

Even Max Steuer wouldn't undertake to handle it. *There'd be nothing left to do but hire a good mesmerist—with a magician or two to back him up.*



You've all heard of the great Mahatma Gandhi and his millions of followers. Suppose he were sent for and made Police Commissioner, and he inaugurated as the uniform of the Department his own breezy style of raiment.

Wouldn't that be just too thrilling for anything?

*You'd have to carry a bottle of glue with you in order to keep your shield securely pasted on your chest.*

These are all little things, we admit, but they serve as food for thought.

Here's something else just struck us:

Suppose the curriculum for promotion studies included the famous Einstein theory of relativity and its immediate relation to the book of rules.

Wouldn't that be the loveliest thing imaginable?

Probably we could chisel around it at that, because Professor Einstein now admits that by formulating an entirely new mathematical concept and a new calculus, easily you can reconcile the four-dimension space-time continuum with five vector-components, despite the fact that heretofore it had been foolishly believed that vector-components could not exceed the number of dimensions.

Which explains the matter quite clearly, we think.

Anyway, it reverts to that very popular axiom, *"Laugh and the wife laughs with you—weep and you sleep alone."*

THERE is probably no branch of the city government which receives the tremendous amount of mail that daily pours into the various offices of the Police Department.

Letters of every conceivable kind and makeup are received. Long letters, short letters, kind letters and letters not so hot.

They cover practically every subject under the sun, many written in a vein reflecting plainly the emotions and tension under which the writer labored.

As an example, here is a letter that was received in the office of the Brooklyn Borough Headquarters Squad some time ago, and for downright originality we claim it cannot be matched.

It was dug out of the archives for us by Patrolman Joe Reardon, our hustling young reporter out there, who in an accompanying note says:

*"You know that the Department receives many letters and complaints of this type, but I think this is the quaintest I have ever come in contact with; and I am of the opinion that it will strike many of our readers as it has me—especially the ranking officers who have to investigate these matters."*

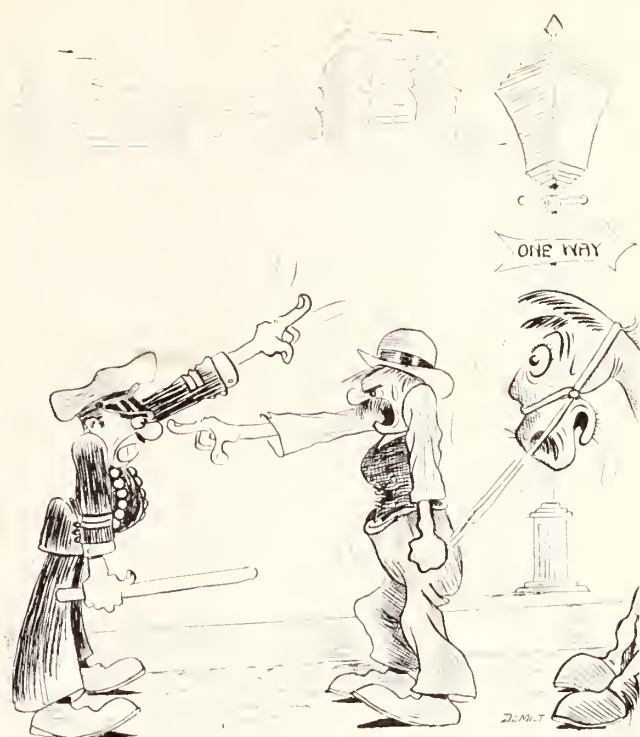
Joe further explains that the letter was precipitated by the actions of a patrolman endeavoring vainly to convince a recalcitrant driver that a certain ordinance frowns heavily on the practice of driving a horse and wagon wrongly on a one-way street.

And this was the result:

*"Dear Sir:*

*"I hereby enter to your consideration, a complaint: against a policeman on your service at Gates Avenue Precinct Station near Throop Ave.*

*"A recappituttational and retalliatlional recounter: charges—from having attacked me, ambushingly and burglary:—*



*"On Wednesday afternoon on Putnam Ave. near Marcy Avenue; when said policeman came up to me after I had crossed over Marcy Avenue:—and said to me:—do you know you are driving on the wrong side of the street:—I said to him in a sharp tone, for the very reason I was impressed with his and others continuous, troublesome, offensive, unnecessary annoyance:—in that the anger and wrath of the Almighty creator Jehovah is revealed from Heaven against all political men; who are holding the truth of law in unrighteousness.*

*"Therefore I said to him in a sharp tone, there is no one-way street in business, for business is before pleasure and further I said to him, the one-way on all streets is the right side, and the right side on all streets is the one-way, keep to your right and you are always in the one-way street:—keep to your right and avoid accidents—*

*"I then encirclingly turned and moved around from the right side of the street south east looking east:—to the right side north west looking in order to deliver two or three copies of pamphlets to customers in that block:—on its right side north west.*

*"The said policeman followed me on that side: I continued to say to him, you are obstructing American business in American streets of American People of American Republic Government and you are ignoring and disrespecting and preventing the American Flag and the Christian white flag of international peace, lawful goodwill and equal equity rights of all mankind from passing anywhere and everywhere on its own streets. He caught hold of the white flag sitting on my wagon with the stars and stripes flag; and said look this is fading and dirty: I said to him, never mind it stands for whiteness and purity internally. Your face is white but your heart is fading and dirty also that you are interfering and annoy-*

ing me in my business persuals. He then got fiercely angry, sent for a police wagon and pushed me in it, and took me towards Tompkins Ave. to Gates Ave. Precinct Station near Throop Avenue.

"The first thing as he opened his mouth where he told the Captain or Sergeant a lie; that I had told him to go to Hell, when I had not said such a thing on that event, but did say that there was no one-way street in business, etc., etc., etc., as I already said above.

"He then himself and another man with him, who helped him to use me rashly, pushed me forcefully in a small room with an iron door and locked the door and they kept me there all night in suspendendness without allowing me to go home for my hot supper and my warm bed.

"Sirs, I therefore on account of such disorderly mistreatment to me by this policeman, further charge him for unjust arrest, for continuous troublesome annoyances to this intent for unnecessary offensive assault, touching, handling and using me violently and forcefully maltreatment, for detention, loss of supper end loss of time in my business delivery and for ignoring and preventing the American and the pure white flag from passing its own streets softly, stilly, calmly and peacefully:—and for his further maltreatment in attempting or actually attempting confined enclosed locked imprisonment to my personificational bodily embodiment of freedom and liberty and thus violating the law of the perfect law of liberty.

"And for the area detrimental malicious maltreatment to my christian constituencies, life respectively. I charge him the summary fine for harm and damages of violation to the laws of my believing faith credentials creeds irrespectively; in the aggregational summationals of \$175,000 dollars good and lawful money of the United States of America and I also claim seizing injunctionals on both the Gates Avenue Stations in which I was locked up molestationally and deflamationally to my Characteristical reputational of christian consistencies, or constitutional consituencies; which money is to be placed in the street cleaning and street water washing department, and if thorough and perfect satisfaction is not given, the local order of Political Officials of also perfect justice whose will of law must be done equally on earth of mans diety footstool as it is also at the thrones head in his capital shoulder Government at Washington, D. C.

"Approvingly

"Signed and sealed by

"....."

**T**URNING from the ridiculous to the sublime, as the saying goes, we now let you in on a letter of an entirely different nature.

Upon reading it, you will undoubtedly be amused. Nevertheless, if you'll just read it over a second time you're bound to get that human something in it that mere words cannot describe.

It was mailed somewhere in the auld County Down, through whose shamrock-kissed soil the River Shannon wends its way majestically to the sea.

It was addressed to the Police Commissioner personally, and the broth of a lad who sent it was without doubt encouraged by the magic name of "Mul-rooney," which is as synonymous with Erin-go-Bragh as any name we can think of.

After you have read it we are sure you will join with us in the hope that the good fairies may take a sincere interest in his case—and that his dream of some day becoming one of The Finest may soon be realized.



The letter reads:

"I'm writing to you because you are Irish and know you can help me to become a New York policeman.

"I am a strapping young fellow of fine character and good figure which I can prove by the parish priest.

"Now if you will be good enough to send me my passage and traveling expenses I can leave here in short notice. You can make me a policeman and I will pay you back in easy installments.

"This is the only favor I will ever ask you in life.

"Yours truly, ....

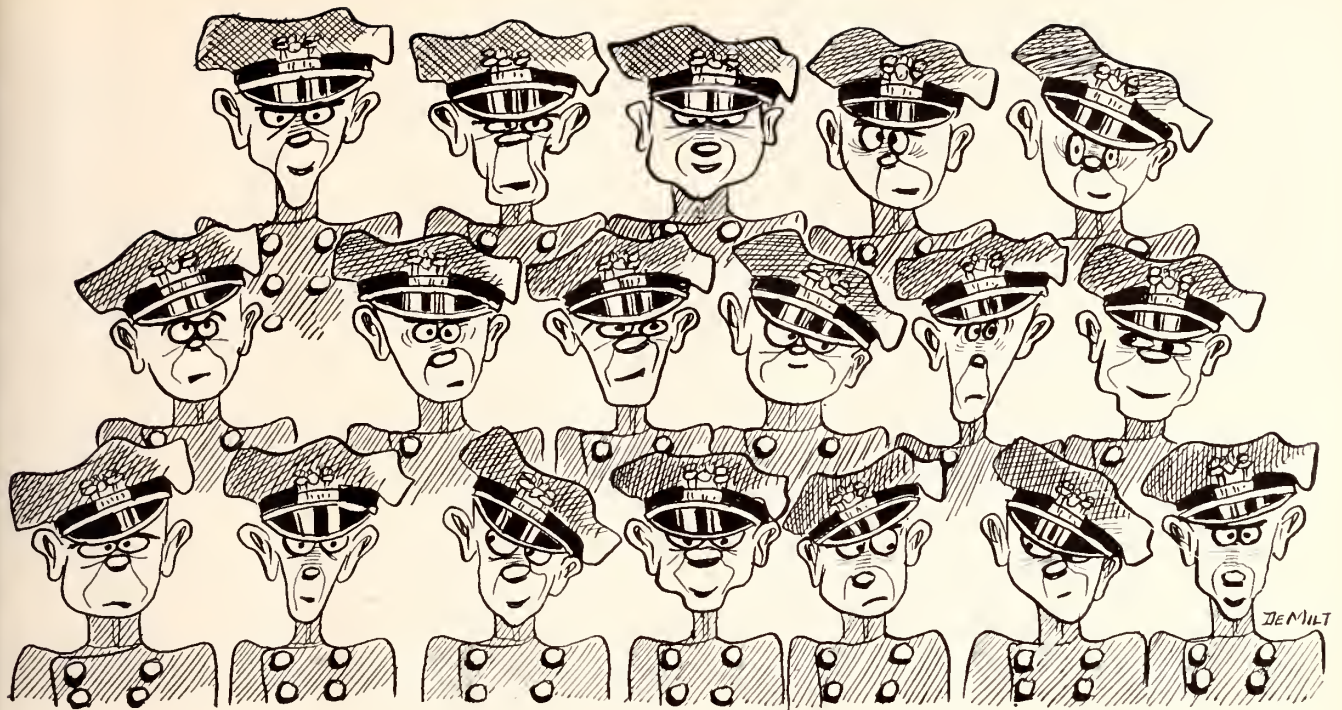
"....."

**A**RTHUR CHAMBERLIN, our handsome young managing editor, came to us in an awful sweat on the day the P. C. adorned with bounce-proof checks the 18 winners of our prize contests, and complained tearfully of having neglected to have the boys photographed for the edification of our readers.

So, just to console Arthur, we promised faithfully to make an elegant drawing of the boys and display it prominently in Old Man Sunshine's column, which we assured him is looked over meticulously each month by each and every one of our cheerful followers.

It was a tough contract for us, of course, as we had





nothing to work on but our own frail memory. Anyway, here they are as nearly perfect as we could remember them. You will find their names in the story appearing on page 15.

Purposely we omitted placing them in any particular order, figuring each of the gallant prize winners can pick out the fellow most resembling himself and let it go at that.



**D**ETECTIVE DICK MAHER, a very able youngster performing now with the 18th Squad in Manhattan, was at one time attached to the staff of SPRING 3100, which in itself speaks well for his talents and versatility.

While with us he developed so marked a passion for things poetic that immediately he was designated as *Poet Laureate* of the staff, in which capacity he performed brilliantly and with distinction.

We have just received from Dick his latest effusion. He claims the inspiration visited him while assigned one night last August to guard Harry Schlitten, the State's star witness in the late Vivian Gordon case, slumbering peacefully at the time in the Bretton Hall Hotel.

If you like it, we suggest you be kind enough to write or call up Dick and tell him so.

It will not only encourage him, but will stimulate and inspire him to even bigger and better things with which to regale us in the future.

Who knows!



#### LATE TOUR LAMENT

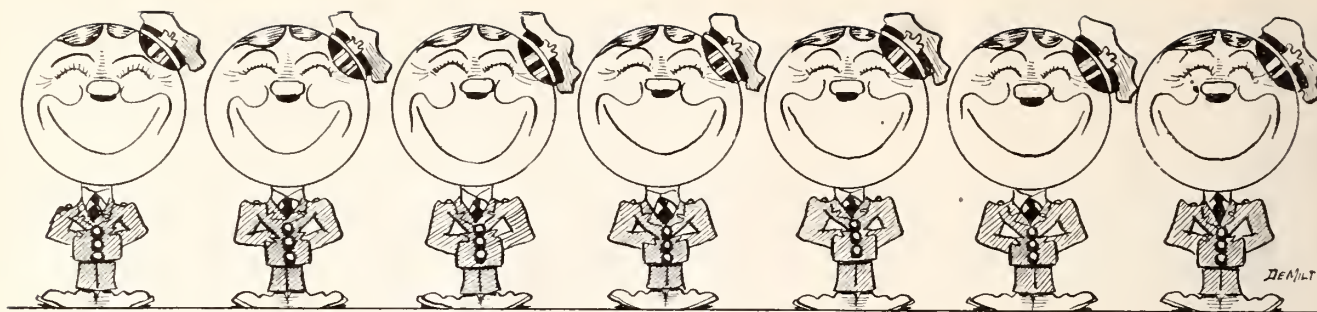
Abundant thrills to some may be  
The breath of life, but as for me  
I'm just a quiet, peaceful guy,  
But fated, so I guess that's why  
To live in danger till I die.

Despite hard times, I sometimes fear,  
It's not too much, three grand a year.  
And though I've often heard it said  
That from the neck up we are dead,  
My taste's averse to house hot lead.

I'd rather seek some quiet nook  
And find delight in some nice book;  
Or else perhaps to talkies go  
And feel my bated breath wheeze slow  
As booze kings shoot it out for dough.

So if perchance I heave a sigh  
Don't think that I'm in love—not I!  
I'm wondering if the morning sun  
Will find me dead with hand on gun  
And if my policy's outrun.

But heck! What can a fellow do?  
This copping business makes us stew  
At times. But listen, here's the rub—  
It grips us, creeps into our blood,  
For: "Once a cop, a cop for good!"



# The Prize Winners

## KOP KOMICS

### PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.  
 Patrolman T. Brennan, 92d Precinct.  
 Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."  
 Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

### THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for our monthly limerick.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komic page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

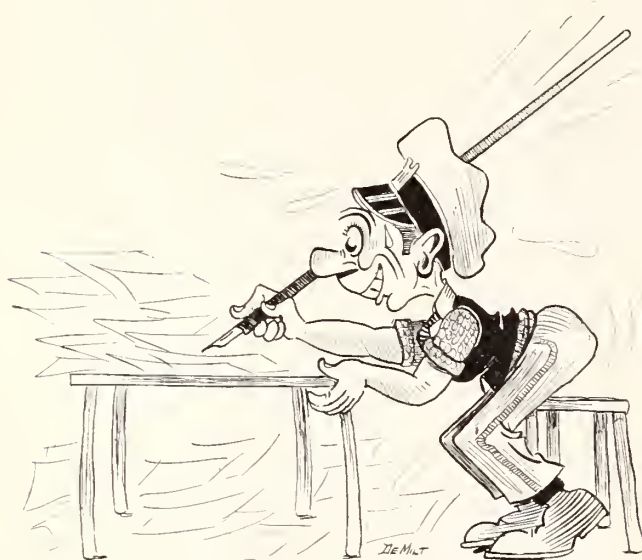
The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than December 8th.

### THIS MONTH'S LIMERICK

"McSweeney's advance hasn't halted.  
 To a Captaincy now he has vaulted;  
 His pace has been fast,  
 But he claims he will last,  
 ....."

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.



*If at first you don't succeed—*

### SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Philip J. Burns, Jr.,  
 18th Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Lieutenant James McElroy, Police  
 Academy

### LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Louis A. Frank,  
 43d Precinct

McSweeney is now a Lieutenant,  
 His new shield is much more resplendent;  
 He vows he won't stop,  
 Till he's hurdled the top,  
 "As 'Boss,' from Chief down to Attendant."

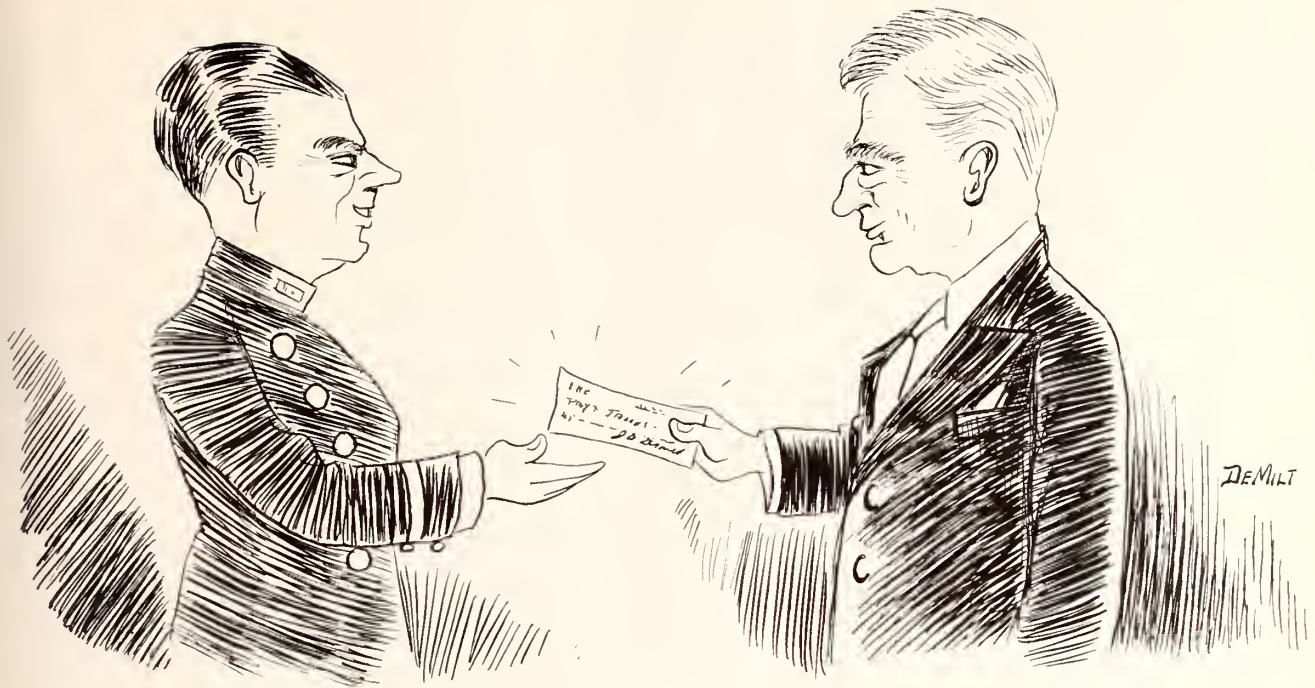
2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Thomas L. Kecnan,  
 15th Division

*"His star is sure in the ascendant."*

3d Prize, \$5—Sergeant William M. Carroll,  
 Mounted Squadron 1

*"But the Bughouse may get a new tenant."*





## Thank You, Commissioner

**T**HE eighteen winners of the various prize contests conducted by SPRING 3100 during the preceding three months received their prizes from the Police Commissioner in a brief ceremony held in the Board Room at Headquarters on Monday morning, November 2d. Chief Inspector John O'Brien was present with the Commissioner.

The value of the police magazine, SPRING 3100, was staunchly upheld by Commissioner Mulrooney in a short speech in which he said the publication had created a distinct place for itself in the Department. The Commissioner congratulated the winners and said that he was looking forward with pleasure to awarding future prizes in these contests. The Commissioner also praised the handball tournament which is now being conducted by SPRING 3100.

Chief Inspector O'Brien commented informally on the number of "repeaters" among the winners, and jokingly suggested that a handicap system should be arranged. The Chief Inspector also praised the work of the magazine.

Those who received prizes at this time were:

AUGUST, 1931

SHORT STORY CONTEST—PRIZE \$25

Sergeant Albert Joseph, 90th Precinct.

LIMERICK CONTEST

First prize, \$15—Patrolman George E. Marshal, Telephone Bureau, Manhattan.

Second prize, \$10—Patrolman Edward J. Nolan, Traffic Precinct "F."

Third prize, \$5—Patrolman W. A. McMahon, 14th Precinct.

KOP KOMIKS—PRIZE \$2

Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."

Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

Patrolman J. J. Lynch, 20th Precinct.

Patrolman George Watson, 69th Precinct.

SEPTEMBER, 1931

SHORT STORY CONTEST—PRIZE \$25

Patrolman George W. Lilienthal, 90th Precinct.

LIMERICK CONTEST

First prize, \$15—Patrolman Christian Sold, Emergency Squad 15.

Second prize, \$10—Patrolman Charles E. Schofield, Jr., Telegraph Bureau, Manhattan.

Third prize, \$5—Patrolman James A. Sparrow, Emergency Squad 8.

KOP KOMIKS—PRIZE \$2

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.

Patrolman J. J. Lynch, 20th Precinct.

Patrolman Paul Fox, 72d Precinct.

Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."

OCTOBER, 1931

SHORT STORY CONTEST—PRIZE \$25

Patrolman Florance J. Sullivan, 43d Precinct.

LIMERICK CONTEST

First prize, \$15—Patrolman John C. Peterson, 10th Precinct.

Second prize, \$10—Patrolman Henry Schachne, 43d Precinct.

Third prize, \$5—Patrolman Francis J. O'Neill, 15th Division.

KOP KOMIKS—PRIZE \$2

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.

Patrolman J. J. Lynch, 20th Precinct.

Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."

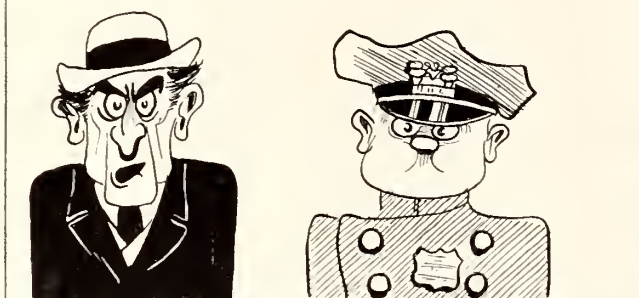
Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

# Barney on the Beat

By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT

## The Pill Who Sees Nothing But Ruin Ahead

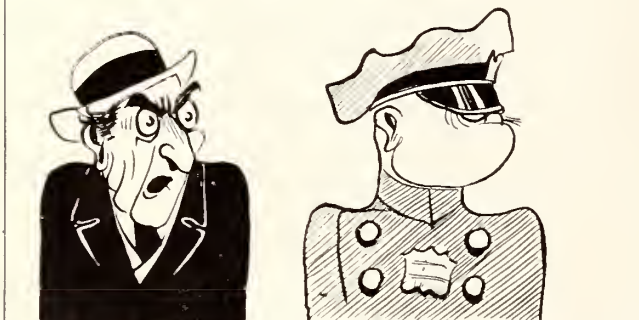
Too much regulation—that's what is wrong with the country. Too many Federal Laws—State Laws—County Laws—By-Laws—In-Laws—Outlaws and Mother-in-Laws.



Through these laws I am being held down—held up—walked on—sat on—flattened and squeezed until I do not know where I am—what I am—when, which or why!



I am compelled to pay a merchant's tax—capital tax—income tax—real estate tax—property tax—auto tax—water tax—funeral tax—syntax—brass tax and carpet tax!



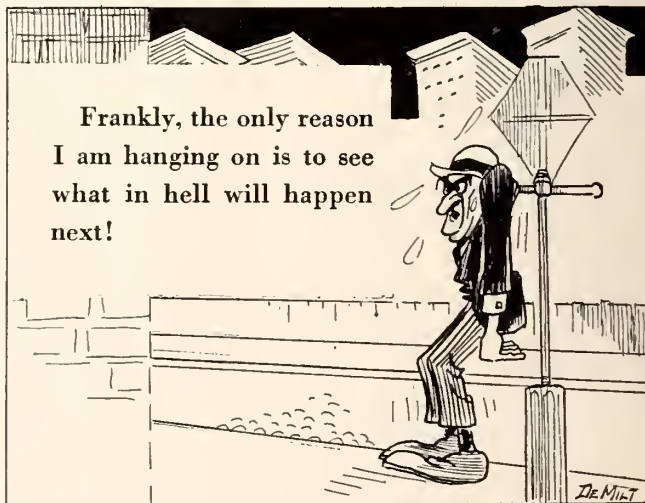
The government has so governed my business that I do not know who owns it. I am expected—inspected—suspected and disrespected!



I am supplicated for money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race. I am cussed and discussed, talked to, talked about, held up, held down, pilfered and plundered!



Frankly, the only reason I am hanging on is to see what in hell will happen next!





# Hell's Kitchen

By LIEUTENANT JAMES McELROY, *Police Academy*

*Second Prize, Short Story Contest*



Because of its close proximity and the general character of the neighborhood it was regarded as the "pantry" of "Hell's Kitchen."

My side partner was a powerful husky of fireman's proportions, familiarly known as "Scatter" McMahon, an appellation acquired because of his manner of addressing the corner loafers. As we traversed the prescribed route together he carefully coached me on the craftiness of the "Kitchen Cockroaches," and reliable methods for their extermination. "Always hit first, young fellow," he admonished. "If you don't, you are liable to be the makings for a good funeral." "But, in the school," I began. "You are going to a different school now," he interrupted, "where they make their impressions on your brain with a brick."

We were approaching 9th Avenue, the point of separation, and if my desperate efforts to conceal dreadful apprehensions for my initial encounter with the forces of evil were unsuccessful he was charitable enough not to notice. "I'll be over in the 'Kitchen,' on 10th, Mac," he advised me as I turned north on 9th Avenue, "and if the fun starts, rap your 'kippen' on the sidewalk and I'll be right over."

The tour was passing quietly enough. It was about 2:30 A. M. now, and scarcely a soul was on the Avenue. The doors were all tried—the shoe stores a couple of times—and as I wearily rested on the low sill of a bakery window, grave doubts arose in my mind as to the veracity of the old-timer regarding the hazards of law enforcement.

Suddenly a cry of "H-e-l-p, P-o-l-e-e-c-e!" brought me to my feet with a start, and I turned to see a short, squat man dash from the doorway of a tenement on the opposite side of the street, on the ground floor of which was located one of the dreaded shoe stores.

I started toward the runner and, as he approached, inquired what the trouble was. "Oh, Meesta Offisa, plase, quick, burgla, ina da cell, downa

IT was my first late tour in the West Thirtieth Street House. Captain Howard was on the bridge and even to an inexperienced rookie his expression foreboded trouble, as he intently surveyed the ranks of the first platoon. Glancing at the roll call, he addressed the platoon with impressive earnestness.

"They knocked over a shoe store in the 'Market' again last night," he began. "This is the third, and every time by cutting a hole from the cellar. McElroy, you are going up there tonight," he said, eyeing me with a withering stare that seemed to penetrate a course from cap to toecap and up again. "There are a couple of pairs of shoes left and I expect them to be there in the morning or somebody will be going barefooted. Do you understand?" With a palpitating heart, I meekly answered, "Yes, sir," although my understanding was very hazy, to say the least.

"Paddy's Market" was known as Post 39, extending from 38th Street to 42d Street on 9th Avenue.

stair, queeck, getta da shoot," he besought me, all the while gesticulating and clapping his hands together in utter terror.

Patting him on the shoulder, I reassured him and directed him towards 10th Avenue for help. "Tell 'Scatter'—I mean, tell the cop to come quick, Tony," I shouted as I ran towards the shoe store.

Superficial examination showed the front door to be secure, but upon entering the tenement hallway I found a door open to a wooden stairway that led to a small enclosed courtyard.

Drawing my revolver for the first time with malice aforethought, the act gave me a queer sensation as I realized the murderous intent that inspired it.

Carefully tiptoeing down the creaky stairs, I found myself in the pitch darkness of the courtyard. As my eyes became accustomed to the blackness, I was able to make out the form of an entrance to the cellar, directly under the shoe store.

As I gingerly approached the door my heart skipped a beat when I saw it was slightly ajar. "Sure enough, the burglars are here," I mused. I listened for the sound of a saw, but all was deathly silent. "No doubt they heard me coming down the stairs and are waiting for—what?" The thought brought the goose pimples all over my back.

Crouching low near the door I contemplated the best method of attack. To walk in would leave me a target for enemy bullets, I figured, whereas, if I dashed in low it would be safer and a sudden attack might surprise them.

Taking the position of a sprinter, I burst in and made violent contact with a wooden partition directly opposite the door. The visor of my uniform cap saved my nose and I was only slightly stunned. Recovering quickly, I addressed myself to the black dungeon. "Come out, ye dirty rats and grab the ceiling" I bellowed. Silence prevailed. "Come on, ye crawling cockroaches, come out." Not a sound. "Oh, ye won't; well, we'll see." Securing my flashlight, I pushed the button, but the battery was dead. To strike a match would be a fatal error. Gripping the nightstick at the center with my left hand and extending my arm in front of me to act as a shield against a possible attack, and with my revolver in my right hand at the "ready," I proceeded to examine the cellar.

I discovered the cellar was divided into coal bins or compartments, each separated by a wooden partition with a door leading to each from a hall that ran parallel with the building from the entrance. As the season was early Fall the bins were empty, and the doors unlocked. The process of searching each bin was tedious, and I was about convinced of its futility when a rumbling noise of articles falling in the next compartment riveted me to the floor. The suffocating atmosphere of the cellar grew intense. Perspiration was rolling from every pore. When I felt sufficient mastery over my voice, I decided to attempt a display of confidence entirely lacking. "I hope you didn't hurt yourself that time," I sneered. "Maybe the shoes are a size too big for you, but if I have to go in there for you, I'll take your measure," I taunted. Still no reply. Exasperated, I determined to make the supreme effort.

Returning to the hallway, I stealthily advanced

for the final effort, determined to do or die. Outside the door of the fatal bin I hesitated. I felt miserably alone. Where was McMahon? If I only could consult him now. What fate awaits me behind that door? Suppose they are armed? These and a thousand other thoughts raced madly through my mind. I could see McMahon bending over my prostrate form on the cellar floor, bitterly repeating his formula: "Always hit first—didn't I give you fair warning?"

Gentle reader—and some maybe not so gentle—if you are desirous of living your life over again, I discovered it can be done in the space of a few moments when confronted with a situation similar to the one I attempted to describe.

Every event, scene and situation of my boyhood life passed before my vision with lightning rapidity. The silvery moonlight on the peaceful hills of my native land seemed to linger with beckoning appeal. Suddenly the scene changed again, the mountain took a square desk shape and the moon appeared as a monstrous eye that grew familiar as it seemed to race towards me. Sure enough, I could recognize it now; it was Captain Howard leaning over the desk and the sound of his voice reverberated through my brain—"there are a couple of pairs left."

I sprang to my feet and rushed into the coal bin. In the opposite corner, I could make out the shadowy form of a powerful looking man. His eyes glittered in the gloom with frightful brilliancy. My nervous forefinger polished the trigger guard of my revolver. Recalling the advice of the old-timer to "hit first," I sprang from a crouching position and with all the fury of desperation lashed out with my nightstick.

Down came a pile of empty shoe boxes about my head as a heavy blow glanced off my left shoulder. I staggered, and stumbling on a shoe box went sprawling full length on the floor. Struggling to my feet, I swung the nightstick in despair, my hand struck the rough wall and a vile pain shot up my arm as the nightstick went clattering over the floor.

Seeing a shadowy object disappear through the door I rushed out to the hall lest the culprit should escape, in time to get a glimpse of the form disappear through the cellar door to the court yard. In the dull light of the doorway I could distinguish a long tail—it was a cat.

Wiping the perspiration from my face I wearily ascended the creaky stairs. Voices in the hallway told me help had arrived. As I entered the lighted hallway, McMahon stopped short and stared at me in bewilderment. "For God's sake, Mac, what happened? I think you got it in the head. Didn't I tell you to hit first?"

I now realized that my hand was bleeding and that in wiping away the perspiration, I had smeared my face with blood; the peak of my cap was broken; a large tear crossed one knee of my trousers, while the dust and cobwebs of half a century covered my uniform. After a first aid dusting by McMahon, I resumed patrol. "I think you can get a new uniform for this when you report it," suggested the old-timer as we left the building. "Report what," I exclaimed, "a battle in a cellar with a cat?" and I contemptuously turned in the direction of the signal box.



## JAMES J. CONNELLY

**T**HE sudden death of James J. Connelly, Superintendent of Printing, on the evening of November 2d, caused widespread sorrow throughout the Police Department. It seemed, indeed, the irony of fate, that "The Judge," for forty-odd years a turbulent figure in Democratic politics on the west side of Manhattan, Hell's Kitchen, if you please, should pass away on the night before Election day. Death was the only thing that could have stopped Jim Connelly from voting.

The Police Department has never known a more beloved and more picturesque figure than Jim Connelly. Some years ago Vincent Finn, Deputy Clerk, nicknamed him "Judge Swift," and it stuck. Jim grew to like the title of "Judge." He was judge, jury and Father Confessor, too, to members of this Department who were in trouble. He was never too busy to listen, and always willing to help the deserving.

His entire life was spent in the printing trade, and he was truly a master of that craft. He leaves behind him a print shop in the Department that is a model of its kind. This he built up from a one-man organization, operating a dilapidated old hand press, in the basement of 300 Mulberry Street, which he took charge of, when he was appointed on May 2, 1904.

Every man, they say, has at least one hobby. Jim Connelly had two. The sport he loved was racing, the so-called "sport of kings." For thirty-five years he was a familiar figure in the club house on Saturday afternoons and on holidays, at all the metropolitan tracks. He invariably took part of his annual vacation in August so that he could go to Saratoga.

His second hobby was politics. Perhaps it should not be said that this was a hobby. It was his life.

In his youth, politics as practiced in Hell's Kitchen was a rough and tumble game. Jim Connelly could be as rough as the occasion warranted, although by nature kindly. He was one of the best collar and elbow wrestlers in the amateur ranks when that sport was much in vogue. Up to the last year or so, when he began to fail in health, "The Judge," although in his early sixties, could handle himself with any man near his age.

Forty-odd years ago he began a friendship with the late Peter J. Dooling that was to last until death took them both. During the last year of their lives they lived next door to each other in West 43d Street.

Mrs. Mary E. Connelly, widow of "The Judge," is still the co-leader of that section of the 5th Assembly District, Manhattan, over which "Pete" Dooling ruled as Executive Member from Tammany Hall for more than twenty years. Strange to say, Mr. Connelly and Mr. Dooling died within two weeks of each other. "Pete" was the first to go and his death unquestionably hastened "Jim's" end.

Jim Connelly enjoyed the confidence of every Police Commissioner under whom he worked, from Commissioner McAdoo to Commissioner Mulrooney. He inaugurated the system of circularizing the Police Departments of other cities and foreign countries with photographs, fingerprints and other data concerning men wanted in New York City for the commission of serious crimes.

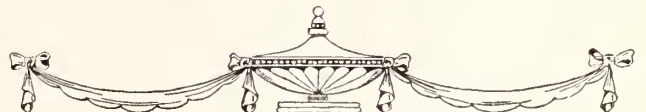
His was a long life, not so much in years—he was sixty-five—as in activity. It was a varied and colorful one, as befitted a son of the old Irish section of the West Side of Manhattan Island.

A sense of personal loss is felt throughout the Department at the passing of "The Judge." Truly, we shall not soon look upon his like again.



### In Memoriam

Ptl. Guido J. Pessagno	18th Div.	Oct. 22, 1931
Lt. Jeremiah McMahon	84th Pct.	Oct. 23, 1931
Ptl. Eric H. Lundquist	85th Pct.	Oct. 23, 1931
Sgt. James Dea	109th Pct.	Oct. 25, 1931
Ptl. Howard L. Peterson	66th Pct.	Nov. 1, 1931
Ptl. Philip G. Ammon	Tra. "L"	Nov. 2, 1931
Sgt. Thomas Madigan	30th Pct.	Nov. 3, 1931
Ptl. Wiley V. Cariker	Tra. "F"	Nov. 3, 1931
Ptl. Percy W. Clarke, Jr.	85th Pct.	Nov. 6, 1931
Ptl. Frank E. Spannhake	30th Pct.	Nov. 7, 1931
Ptl. Raymond F. Fennell	Em. Sqd. 8	Nov. 8, 1931
Ptl. Thomas DeMilio	Bo. Hdqts., Man.	Nov. 8, 1931
Ptl. Cornelius Mahon	34th Pct.	Nov. 10, 1931







By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

### HANDBALL

**TOURNAMENT IN FULL SWING!** By the time you read this it will be OVER.

**FORTY-FOUR COPPERS** took part in the first round and twenty-three are back pounding the pavements. A few more tried to get in at the last minute, but their entries were received too late. Then again, three or four had to withdraw on account of personal injuries. One of them, Sergeant Robert N. Ryan of the 68th Precinct, went "hors de combat" when he got his Irish "up" during a dance hall shindig and took a sock at some bad-acting shiek. He ruined a perfectly good handball mitt. (He couldn't even make out a pink slip.) Use the nightstick, Sarge, we can't afford to lose any of our players.

The 25th Precinct entered five bluecoats in the tourney and one of them is still in the running. Emergency Squad 14 comes next with four entries, but they have all been eliminated. One of them, Phil Silvey, aimed to win the tournament, but Charlie Stern of the 68th Precinct spoiled his aim. This was one HOT match. It was the second round. Silvey won the first game, 21 to 3. Everything looked roses; but Stern came back and showed lots of fight, winning 21 to 19. The third and final game was bitterly contested. Stern played like a champion and won out 21 to 18. These are the kind of games that make the spectators go wild and the perspiration flow freely.

This sorrel-topped Stern bears watching. In his first contest he disposed of Tom (What-a-Man) Cox, one of the biggest men in the tournament, physically and handballically speaking. This Gun Squad behemoth takes a mean swipe at the ball and if he hits you on the BEAN, it's CURTAINS.

John Lehner, 25th Precinct, is one of the popular choices to finish in the do-re-me. This blond terror is one sweet player. He beat Vincent Newman, 114th Precinct, in his first conflict, but had to travel three games to do it. Next he stacked up against Arthur Seiffert of the 48th Precinct, whom he defeated 21 to 20, 21 to 20. (Jack was so dizzy after these games that he looked around for a signal box. He thought he was still doing a late one and wanted to make a ring!)

James Hamill, 19th Precinct, is playing his head off, and it will take a good man to beat him.... Eddie McGovern, of the 22d Precinct, had the honor of taking the scalp of Charlie Baumgartner, that

popular gink who drives Deputy Chief Inspector Hennessey. (It's a good thing for Charlie that Eddie didn't play him for his chauffeur's job.)... Fred Luder, of Traffic "B," who is well known in handball circles, had the misfortune to play against a Rock-away Clam Digger named William McCarthy, of Emergency Squad 20. Mac won after three games.... Edward Hopke, a dark horse from the 2d Precinct, assaulted Detective Simond Ambraz, of the Brooklyn Homicide Squad, to the tune of 21 to 5, 21 to 19. Adolph Weiss, of the 88th Precinct, and Pete Seward, of the 32d Precinct, refuse to be beaten and will have to be considered for the prizes. Semi-finals and finals will be broadcast over the teletype. Meet the winners in the next issue. S'long.

The first round of the tournament ended as follows:

Philip Silvey, Emer. Sqd. 14, 21-21; Michael Courtney, Emer. Sqd. 7, 19-20; Charles Stern, 68th Pct., 18-21-21; Thomas Cox, Gun Sqd., 21-10-8; Andy Connolly, 25th Pct., 2-8; Charles Baumgartner, Auto Bureau, 21-21; Michael Hartling, Emer. Sqd. 8, 21-21; John Lena, 19th Div., 14-15; John Lehner, 25th Pct., 21-18-21; Vincent Newman, 114th Pct., 18-21-13; Arthur Seiffert, 48th Pct., 21-21; Alfred Bruhel, Acct's Off., forfeit; John Moroney, 25th Pct., 21-21; Harry Brower, Auto Bureau, forfeit; James Hammill, 19th Pct., 21-21; Clifford Wrenn, 42d Pct., 10-14; Simond Ambraz, Br. Hom. Sqd., 21-21; Edward Kowalski, 62d Pct., 19-19; Herman Blomquist, Chief Clerk's Off., 21-21; John Doyle, 25th Pct., 13-5; Richard Little, Acct's Off., 21-21; Michael Walski, 19th Pct., 19-13; Edward Siess, 2d Div., 12-7; Edward McGovern, 22d Pct., 21-21; Sebastian Alfonso, 18th Pct., 21-21; Patrick Woods, 25th Pct., 17-20; James Donohue, 19th Div., 21-21; James Wynne, 19th Div., 16-18; Edward Hopke, 2d Pct., 21-21; Louis Siff, Emer. 14, 14-15; James M. Hart, Emer. Sqd. 14, 21-21; Emidir Lombardi, 88th Pct., forfeit; Adolph Weiss, 88th Pct., 21-21; George Allen, Emer. Sqd. 14, 16-19; Anthony Forster, 19th Div., 21-21; David Zucker, 5th Pct., 7-11; Alfred Nicolosi, Emer. Sqd. 20, 21-21; John A. Irving, 62d Pct., 10-12; Peter Seward, 32d Pct., 21-21; Walter Moulder, Troop "E," 12-14; William McCarthy, Emer. Sqd. 20, 21-18-21; Fred Luder, Traffic "B," 18-21-15; Harold Camman, Br. Tel. Bur., 21-21; Thomas White, Br. Tel. Bur., 19-8.

### CHALLENGES

The 111th Precinct challenges any precinct, squad or division at bowling. They will bowl individual, three, five or ten-man teams. Address requests for games to Sergeant Charles Gorman, 111th Precinct. Team will play either at home or travel.... The 13th Precinct challenges any team in the Department to a bowling match, including Capt. Byrnes' famous 15th. (Get after them, 15th, don't let them get away with that crack.)... The 40th Precinct is also out with a challenge to any team in Manhattan or The Bronx. Home and home series. Get in touch with them, men; let's have some action.





# THE POLICE ACADEMY

## City of New York

*Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean*

### OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  

Monday	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Friday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  

Monday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	5.30 P. M.
3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  

Monday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	5.30 P. M.
4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.



### QUESTIONS FOR THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

1. How and to what extent are the police required to cooperate in behalf of poor, distressed and unemployed persons?  
Outline the duties of a Commanding Officer of a precinct in regard to this work.
2. (a) Briefly describe the origin of crime  
(b) The nature of crime from  
  1. Legal point of view
  2. Social point of view
3. "X" has a certificate of a warrant issued by the Family Court for the arrest of her husband. She approaches a patrolman on post, points out a man entering a house, states he is her husband and gives the patrolman a certificate of the warrant requesting the officer to arrest her husband. The man has entered the premises. The door is closed. What should the policeman do?
4. A woman complained to the officer on post that her boy was bitten some days ago by a dog, but because the injuries were slight she took no action in the matter.

- (a) State the full duties of the patrolman in this case.
- (b) What advice should the officer give to the complainant?
- (c) What is the police procedure in dog bite cases?
5. What does "Due Process of Law" in a criminal case require?
6. What is the difference between an exemplified and a certified copy of an indictment or complaint?
7. What is the law with regard to the disposition of prisoners upon arrest?
8. What do you understand a "short affidavit" to be? By what authority and why was it brought into use?
9. "Y" is arrested at 2 P. M. upon a charge of Petty Larceny. Bail is offered for his appearance in court the following morning. Would you accept it if you were the Desk Officer? Explain your answer.
10. What qualifications should a bondsman possess?
11. "X" is arrested at 2.30 A. M. charged with Unlawful Entry. As a Desk Officer would you accept bail?

### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1 IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"—Sgt. Haddock

1. U. F. 10—Force Record; U. F. 10a Foreign Language—Special Qualifications; U. F. 11 Time Record; U. F. 12 Residence Record; U. F. 73 Emergency Call Card.  
The U. F. 10 is a card kept for each member of the command. These cards are filed alphabetically according to rank and grade. In each grade the names of patrolmen will be filed alphabetically. The following information will be found on the card: Salary—Summons book number with serial numbers; calibre, make and number of revolver; foreign languages in which member can converse; special qualification, such as wireless operator, military service, note of reason for leaving department, change of residence. This card gives complete information of each member of the command.  
The U. F. 10a—This record will be for languages spoken or trade. Each language or trade is listed separately, and the names of all



the members who speak that language are listed on the card and all having the special trade qualification are listed on that particular trade card. These cards are used for the purpose of emergencies or in cases where a particular situation arises requiring the use of a person versed in a certain language, or having some particular skill.

The U. F. II—This card is used for the purpose of recording absences and fines.

The U. F. 12 is a card kept filed alphabetically for each member of the force residing in the precinct. The card may be used when the U. F. 73 may be absent from the files.

The U. F. 73 are cards kept for the members of the Force residing in a precinct. These cards are filed according to posts within the precinct and also according to precinct commands. The squad assignment of each member is entered in the card. The purpose of these cards is for the quick mobilization of the members of the Force or the members of any precinct.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2 IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

2. In cases of where an arrest is made for a felony and in the following misdemeanors or offenses.  
 Illegally possessing or carrying a pistol or other dangerous weapon;  
 Making or possessing burglars' tools;  
 Aiding escape from prison;  
 Disorderly conduct—Jostling;  
 Unlawful possession or distributing habit-forming narcotic drugs, except detained prisoners, paternity cases, federal cases, juvenile delinquency or crimes committed outside of New York.  
 The police are required to make out a form called Schedule III—History of the Case, which follows the prisoner through each step until he is received in prison.  
 The following information is required on these reports, which are made in duplicate:  
 Precinct No.....  
 Arrest No.....  
 County of.....  
 Crime.....  
 Place of Occurrence.....  
 Date of Arrest..... True Name of Prisoner.....  
 Officer, Name and Shield No..... Precinct.....  
 Assisting Officer..... Name and Shield No..... Pct.....  
 Name given on arrest..... Alias..... Residence.....  
 (Urban or Rural)  
 Age..... Sex..... Race..... Occupation..... Religion.....  
 Education..... Nativity..... Alien..... Marital.....  
 Physical..... Mental Examination..... Parents..... Liquor.....  
 Drugs..... Authority..... Previous Convictions.....  
 Name and address of complainant.....  
 In entering dates numerals shall be used.  
 If prisoner is held for other authorities same shall be stated.  
 Where liquor and drugs are mentioned in Schedule III it shall be ascertained as to the amount and kind used.  
 If bailed, entry of date of bail, the amount and the surety's name and address, and nature of bond. If bailed by a Magistrate—the name of the Magistrate and court.  
 Under particulars of case state the crime and specific offense.  
 The reason for this procedure is that a State Central Bureau of Identification Records and Statistics has been organized in the Department of Corrections at Albany. The purpose of this Bureau is to prepare statistics on crime as to:  
 (a) Classes of persons who commit crime  
 (b) Social factors as a cause of crime  
 (c) Human behaviour and habits as crime factors  
 (d) The percentage of accidental, professional and irresponsible groups involved in crime.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3 IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

3. A summons should be served in this case under the authority of the Inferior Courts Law and the Regulations of the Department. There is no necessity for bail.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4 IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "Spring 3100"

4. Notify Precinct Desk Officer, request assistance, if necessary, and medical aid; also Motor Vehicle Homicide Squad if injury to "A" was caused by a motor vehicle.  
 Divert traffic, if necessary.  
 Render first-aid to injured.  
 Forbid removal of motor vehicle, if such involved, unless traffic is obstructed.  
 Observe the exact location of accident, side of street; distance from intersection or other location; time, date; condition of street surface; weather and other conditions.  
 Investigate cause and responsibility for accident; note position of vehicles and their courses as shown by wheel or tire tracks. Secure evidence and names and addresses of witnesses, pedigrees of "A" and "B"; license numbers of vehicles; if licensed; names and addresses of owners. If "A" is removed to a hospital obtain name of doctor and hospital and diagnosis of case.  
 If motor vehicle involved assist members of Motor Vehicle Homicide Squad in examination and removal of vehicles and recording evidence, photographs of scene, etc. If court action is necessary obtain subpoena for members of Motor Vehicle Homicide Squad.  
 If vehicles are licensed, registrations to be verified.  
 If motor vehicles licensed to operate, to be checked.  
 Regulation No. 364 provides: In case a person is killed or injured by a railroad train, car, truck, automobile, or other vehicle or by accident in any way, members of the Force shall make thorough inquiry, examination and investigation into the circumstances of the accident.  
 (a) In cases where persons are killed and there is evidence of negligence, the officer will make a summary arrest.  
 (b) In cases where persons are injured and there is clear evidence of negligence, and the injured persons or witnesses to the accident so state, the officer will inform them of their right to make an arrest, and that he will accompany them to the station house. If the officer is a witness to the accident, and there is evidence of negligence, he will make the arrest.  
 (c) In cases where witnesses refuse to make an arrest, or the evidence of negligence is conflicting, or, if the person injured is

unable, by reason of age or otherwise, to make an arrest, the facts shall be presented to a magistrate and proper process requested.

In the event of the situation demanding application to a magistrate for court process, the officer must request the witness either to accompany him to court, or to appear in court at an agreed time for presentation of the facts.

Reports of such cases must be made to the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles by the Department. Also operators of motor vehicles involved in accidents resulting in injury to a person must be informed to report the facts in the case to the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles.

Enter all facts in memorandum book and comply with rules and procedure in making report to Desk Officer.

See also Article 5, Section 70, Sub-division 5, of the New York State Vehicle and Traffic Law.  
 See also Manual of Procedure, page 19.

Evidence necessary to establish that an offense or crime had been committed:

- It must be borne in mind that "A" violated the traffic regulations by driving his vehicle in the wrong direction on a one-way street, and for such violation summons should issue.
- (a) The authority by law of the Police Department to designate the one-way street.
  - (b) The proof of the fact that the street was designated as a one-way street by the Police Commissioner.
  - (c) That "A" violated a one-way traffic regulation on a certain date and time in the manner set forth.
  - (d) That "B" wilfully or recklessly drove his vehicle into a collision of "A", causing the accident and injury by driving in a culpably negligent manner, or that the brakes or mechanism of the vehicle were defective as to prevent proper control, thereby causing injury which would hold him liable to assault, a misdemeanor. This to be set forth in sequence by the testimony on the approach of the subjects involved; by the statements of witnesses, by documentary evidence, photographs, etc.; by testimony of member of Motor Vehicle Homicide Squad, and such other testimony as would be admissible as evidence.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5 IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

5. This question was based upon a decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, First Department, April, 1931, in the case of The People of the State of New York, respondent, v. William Hendricks, appellant. The decision is as follows:  
 O'Malley, J.—The judgment discloses that the defendant was convicted under the first count of the information only. We are, therefore, not necessarily concerned with the question of whether the evidence was sufficient to sustain a conviction under the second count, which charged the defendant with unlawfully keeping a room used for gambling. Assuming, however, that such question were before us, we are of opinion that the evidence was insufficient to sustain the charge under this count.  
 The first count charged the defendant with unlawfully possessing policy slips, committed as follows: "The said defendant, on the 26th day of September, 1930, at the City of New York, in the County of New York, not being a public officer, did unlawfully and knowingly possess a certain writing, paper, document, record and policy slip which represented and was a record of chance, share and interest in numbers sold, given away, drawn or selected, or to be drawn and selected in a game, drawing and device commonly called policy, and commonly used in carrying on, promoting and playing the game commonly called policy."  
 The district attorney concedes that the defendant was not in possession of policy slips, but seeks to sustain the conviction on the first count upon evidence which showed that the defendant possessed a paper, print or writing 'such as is commonly used in carrying on, promoting and playing the game called "policy" \* \* \*, in violation of Section 974 of the Penal Law.  
 The papers or writings in the defendant's possession were described by the arresting officer as 'collection sheets of policy numbers containing the names of different collectors.' The witness further described them as 'the collection sheets of the different collectors, with the amounts attached—with the amounts alongside their names.' Q. Amount of what? A. Amount of money collected.' Section 974, in so far as material, provides that one: " \* \* \* who shall have in his possession, knowingly, any writing, paper or document, representing or being a record of any chance, share or interest in numbers sold, drawn or selected, or to be drawn, or selected, or in what is commonly called "policy," or in the nature of a bet, wager or insurance, upon the drawing or selection, or the drawn or selected numbers or any public or private lottery; or any paper, print, writing, number, device, policy slip, or article of any kind such as is commonly used in carrying on, promoting or playing the game commonly called "policy" \* \* \* is a common gambler, and guilty of a misdemeanor."  
 An examination of the first count of the information as drawn clearly discloses that it is predicated upon the provision of the section first quoted and not upon the language of the latter portion of the section. Under the language first quoted and under the information as framed, whatever writing, paper, document or record the defendant might possess would have to represent or be a record of chance, share or interest in numbers sold, given away, drawn or selected, or to be drawn or selected, in the game known as policy, and commonly used in carrying on, promoting or playing such game.  
 The papers found in the possession of the defendant do not answer the definition contained in the information, nor in that portion of the statute upon which it is based, for the reason that the so-called collection sheets are not a record 'in numbers sold, given away, drawn or selected' in the game of policy itself. They were not shown to have any connection with numbers used in the drawing, but were apparently a record entirely separate and apart from any writing, paper or document used as a record of chance, share or interest in numbers sold, given away, drawn or selected, or to be drawn or selected.  
 True it is that the writings described by the officer may have been 'Such as is commonly used in carrying on, promoting or playing the game called policy,' and if the information was predicated



upon this provision in the statute, the evidence would have been sufficient to sustain a conviction. But the language last above quoted as contained in the information is clearly qualified by that which precedes it and it is therefore limited in the respects already indicated.

An information takes the place of an indictment (People ex rel. N. Y. Disposal Corporation v. Freschi, 173 App. Div., 189, 191), and a defendant must be charged with the particular offense which it is claimed he has committed (People v. Noblett, 244 N. Y., 355, 360; People v. Edelstein, 231 App. Div., 459).

It follows that the judgment appealed from must be reversed, the information dismissed and the defendant discharged.

Sherman and Townley, JJ., concur.

Finch, P. J. (dissenting)—I vote to affirm. The indictment is sufficiently broad to cover the paper writings, used in promoting the game of policy, which were found in the possession of the defendant.

Merrell, J., concurs."

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6 IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

##### 6. Kidnapping, in violation of Section 1250 of the Penal Law.

"It is not necessary in order to constitute the crime that actual force or violence be used. A threat to kill, coupled with the possession of a deadly weapon and apparent power to carry out the threat, is equivalent to the use of actual violence. The crime is frequently committed by the use of threats and intimidation which overcome the will of the victim and secure the control of his person without his consent and against his will." *Hope v. People*, New York, July, 1931.

"The confinement and detention in the automobile for a short time, coupled with the intent, brings the case within the purview of the statute of Kidnapping." (*State v. Leuth*, supra.)

In addition, there is a violation of Section 1897 of the Penal Law, a Misdemeanor, for possession of the revolver. If previously convicted of any crime the possession of the revolver would be a felony.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7 IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

##### 7. The Force is divided into two distinctive groups—Uniform and Detective, both under the command of the Chief Inspector.

Among the functions of the Uniform Force is crime prevention. Among the functions of the Detective Division are criminal detection and apprehension.

Matters coming to the attention of one branch which affect another are transmitted to the branch affected by contact, conferences and reports. To each are assigned territorial jurisdiction comprising specific units. The smallest unit in the Detective District or Division is a squad or bureau. Squads in the field have territorial jurisdiction similar to precincts. Specialized squads have borough and city-wide territory to cover. In the Uniform Force a number of precincts comprise a division, and a number of divisions comprise a borough. Likewise, in the Detective Division a number of squads comprise a district and a number of districts comprise a borough, the territorial lines being similar to that of the Uniform branch.

Each unit commander is held responsible for cooperation between his unit and others, as well as for the efficiency of the members of his command. The Detective Division has the following specialized squads and bureaus:

Main Office, Borough Homicide Squads, Automobile Squad, Broadway Squad, Fifth Avenue Squad, Forgery Squad, Jewelry Squad, Missing Persons Bureau, Motor Vehicle Homicide Squads, Narcotic Squad, Pickpocket Squad, Safe and Loft Squad.

##### Prevention Bureau:

Radical Squad, Wall Street and Maiden Lane Squads, Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation, Bomb Squad

##### Statistical and Criminal Identification Bureau:

Correspondence and Records Bureau, Criminal Identification Bureau, Information Bureau, Lost Property Bureau, Bureau of Ballistics

##### Bureau of Criminal Information

##### The Uniform Force has special branches, as follows:

Equipment Bureau, Health Squad, Tenement House Squad, Warrant Squad, Public Office Squad, Steam Boiler Squad, Bureau of Crime Prevention, Hack Bureau and Hack Drivers, Mounted Division, Emergency Service Division and Squads, Safety Bureau, Traffic Division, Motor Transport Maintenance Division, Air Service Division, Pistol License Bureau, Motorcycle Bureau, Property Clerk's Bureau, Legal Bureau, Engineering Bureau, Bureau of Policewomen, Telegraph Bureau, Mendicant Squad, Gunmen Squad, Raided Premises Squad, Police Academy and its eleven schools, Marine Division, Quartermaster's Division.

All members of the Force are required to cooperate in any condition or problem of police service coming to their notice, either by assisting other members of the Force or by bringing to the attention of other units of the Department (through Official Channels), the condition which requires police action. Properly functioning a coordination of police service is secured.

When an arrest is made by a member of the Uniform Force for a felony, a detective is assigned to assist the patrolman in the gathering and collating of evidence, as well as in the presenting it to the District Attorney for the prosecution of the prisoner.

The Crime Prevention Bureau, dealing with problems of Juvenile Delinquency, cooperates with other units of the Department in following up such cases as may be brought to its notice by members of the Force outside of its own personnel. In this way the Crime Prevention Bureau cooperates. Likewise, problems which have been brought to the attention of units of the Department by the Crime Prevention Bureau are to be given proper attention. Thusly, these other units cooperate with the Crime Prevention Bureau.

The Bureau of Policewomen which functions on protective and preventive work with the adolescent and the adult female handles matters along similar lines.

Conditions arising where the cooperation of extra-departmental units may be necessary are brought to the attention of these outside agencies officially. In this manner cooperation is secured. Likewise, matters brought to the attention of this Department by outside agencies receive the attention and action of the Police Department. So the cooperation of the Department is given to these outside agencies.

The Department maintains a Criminal Information Bureau through which coordination and cooperation of police service in matters of criminal detection and apprehension is secured.

The duties and responsibilities of various units and police procedure are set forth mainly in the Rules and Regulations, Manual of Procedure, General and Special Orders, Circulars and Telephone Type-writer Orders.

Courtesy enhances cooperation. It increases the "esprit de corps" of a police force.

Cooperation of the public is enhanced by the maintenance of respectful relations with the public. Civility in contact with the public increases the efficiency of a police force.

Cooperation is joint operation; concurrent effort or labor; collective action in the pursuit of common well-being in some business process. Coordination is the act of regulating and combining so as to give harmonious results.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8 IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

##### 8. This question was based on the case of *The People of the State of New York, Respondent, v. Robert Jennings, Appellant*.

Appeal, by permission of a judgment of the Westchester County Court, entered May 7, 1931, which affirmed a judgment of the Court of Special Sessions of the City of Mount Vernon, convicting the defendant of the crime of possessing a slot machine in violation of section 982 of the Penal Law.

The decision, "Court of Appeals," dated July 15, 1931, follows:

"Crane, J.—The defendant has been convicted of violating Section 982 of the Penal Law for having in his possession a slot machine. The evidence shows that the machine is not one of those covered by the section. It is conceded that in its operation there is no element of chance for the winning or losing of money or any check or memoranda calling for money. By the dropping of a coin in the slot and the pulling of a lever a candy mint falls out of the machine and a witty or funny saying appears in an upper panel. One or more metal rings of no intrinsic value may also fall out, according to combinations formed upon the turn of the lever. These rings or metals have no money value. By their insertion in the slot other bright or witty statements appear in the panel. The only chance connected with the operation of the machine is that wit or humor may momentarily brighten up the vacuous minds hunting amusement. In this machine age even humor is manufactured.

The product, however, is valueless from a monetary standpoint, perhaps, if not from any other. Section 982 of the Penal Law differs from section 970-a in certain particulars. The former section applies to the possession of slot machines, and makes it a misdemeanor to keep or maintain any machine into which may be inserted a piece of money, and from which as a result may issue 'any piece or pieces of money, or any check or memoranda calling for any money.' The latter section, 970-a, describes the contrivance as one from which 'may issue any piece or pieces of money, or any check or memoranda calling for any money.' The latter section, 970-a, applies to the sale or lease of a slot machine, and this describes the contrivance as one from which 'may issue any piece or pieces of money, or any check or memoranda calling for any money; or any machine or device of any kind or nature by the use or operation of which there is an element of chance for the winning or losing of money or other things of value.' The words 'other things of value' do not appear in section 982. Nothing of value, or at least of money value, came out of the machine in the control and possession of the defendant in this case. The judgment of conviction for the violation of section 982 is unsupported by the evidence and must be reversed.

The District Attorney introduced in evidence a circular issued by the manufacturer of this machine, the Mills Novelty Company, of Chicago, Illinois, showing how it can be altered and changed so as to be used as a gambling device, that is, one that will emit, with an element of chance, money or things of value by the insertion of a coin and the turn of a handle. The People also introduced expert testimony to show how the particular machine in the possession of the defendant might be thus played if the mechanism were different. Such evidence was entirely incompetent. No changes in the machine had been made while in the possession of the defendant. It discharged only candy mints and rings of no monetary value. The case against him cannot be upheld by evidence of what might have been done. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

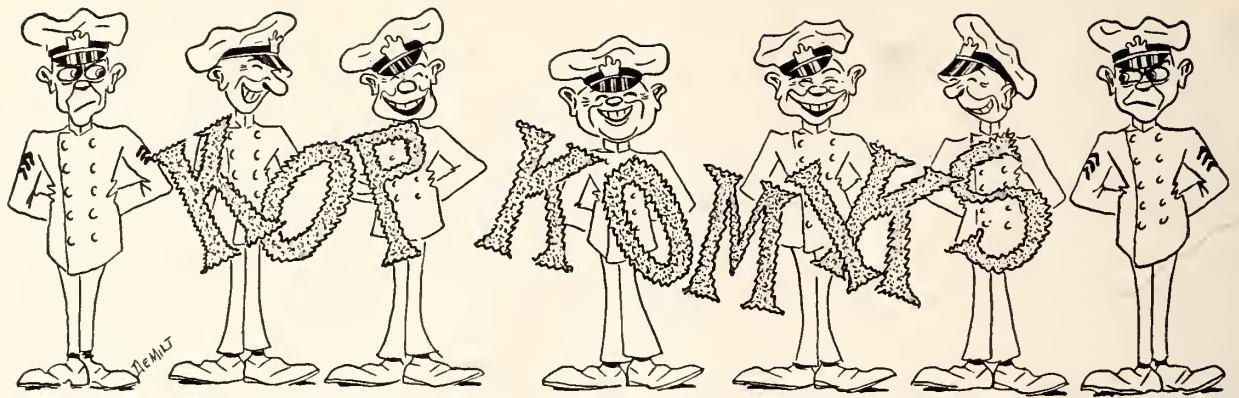
We have had other cases before us involving like machines and the propriety of a court of equity interfering by injunction with the police in seizing such machines as gambling implements. The discretion of the court in such a matter is to be wisely and deliberately exercised. The evidence above referred to, indicating the readiness with which an innocent contrivance may be turned into a gambling device, may be relevant and competent in moving the court not to interfere with the police. Not so in a criminal case charging the defendant with the possession of an instrument already equipped for the nefarious play. Our statutes apparently recognize that the gambler plays for money, not for literature.

The judgment of the County Court and that of the Court of Special Sessions should be reversed and the information dismissed.

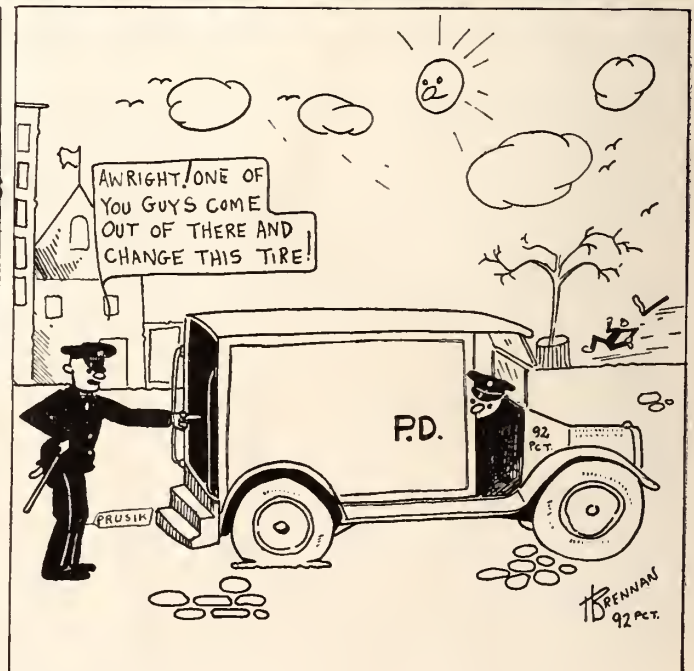
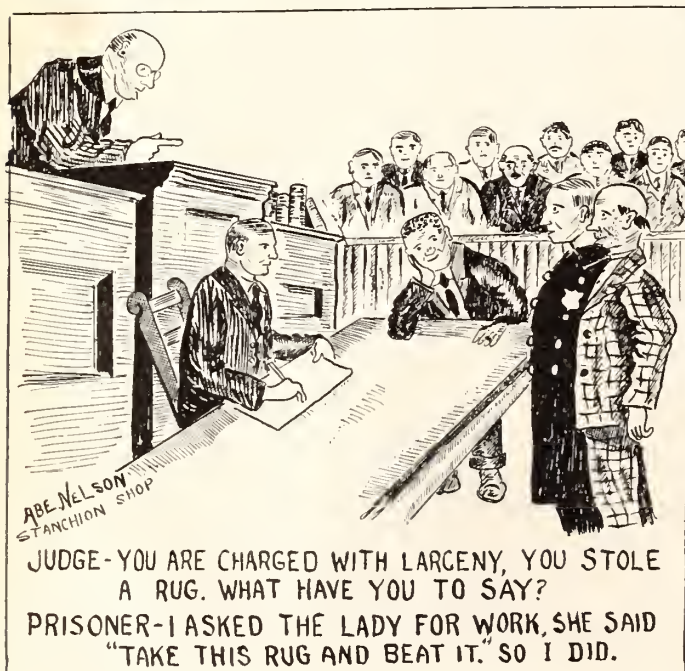
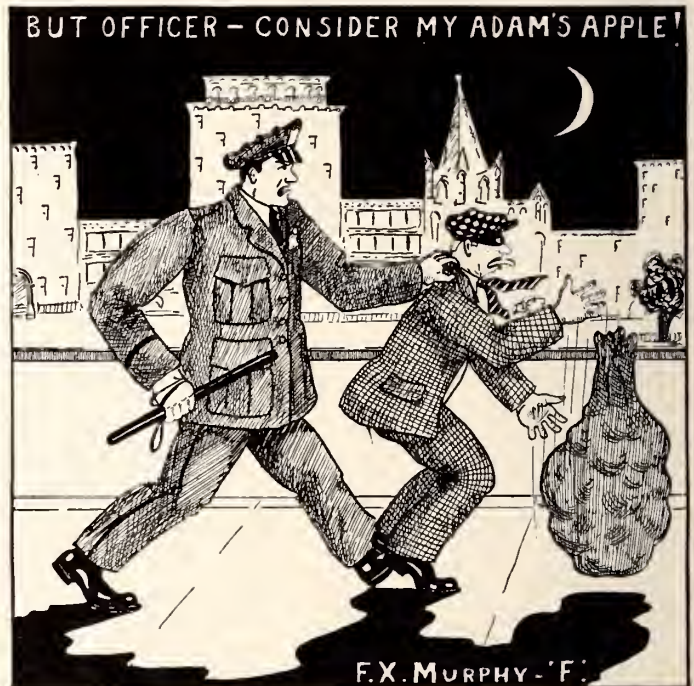
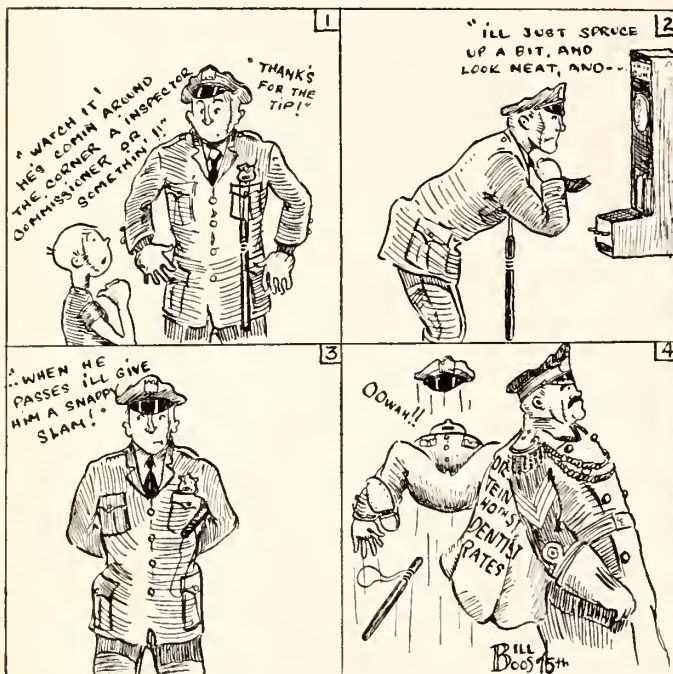
Pound, J. (dissenting).—I think the device was a 'slot machine' under Penal Law, section 982. It 'Might have issued' checks calling for money, as well as the so-called irredeemable disks. This would have been the case if the disks had been redeemable in money.

Cardozo, Ch. J., Lehman, Kellogg, O'Brien and Hubbs, JJ., concur with Crane, J.; Pound, J., dissents in memorandum. Judgments reversed, etc."





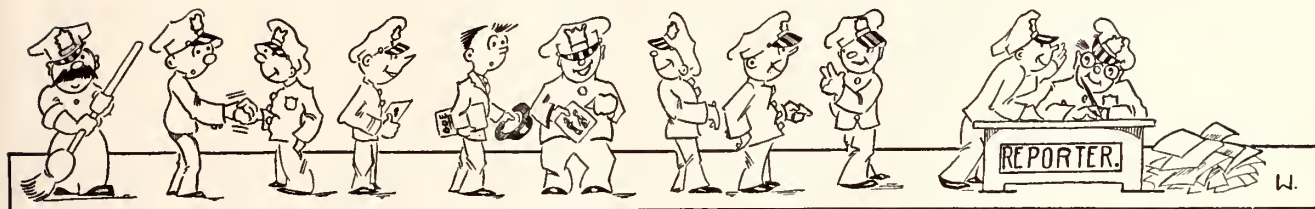
PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT





# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley  
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

## PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch  
6th Pct., Ptl. A. Buttacavola  
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

Here's a new one: Baseball played on October 27th! That is just about as seasonable as a Hallowe'en party on July 4th. B-r-r-r, nice weather, the players wearing raccoon coats and other padded clothing. (PADDED CELLS would have been in order.) This was on the occasion of the 1st Precinct "Bus-Boys" and the 42d Precinct "Bronx-Cheer Leaders" game played at Great Kills, S. I. The Bronx boys arrived loaded in a bus. (I mean the BUS was loaded.)

That Rookie of the 42d can pitch. Some speed! He threw a "slow ball" which connected with Walter La Forge's head, dislocating his ankle. The Bus-boys discarded their fur wraps early, for chasing the hits made by those heartless Bronx night-stick wielders kept them warm enough. The score, 19 to 6.

"Hot Coffee" was served on the "Q. T." for even "Grouchy" Lynch was seen smiling. Then came the feed. "Tony" Gatti brought one of his family along. My, how that kid can eat. I thought I was going on a furlough. Pointing to the sauerkraut, the kid said, "Gee, Pop, I wish Ma could cook spaghetti this way," the reward for which was a slap from the brute.

Captain McDonough rigged up a xylophone with the cleaned spare-rib bones and supplied music. Our "Boss," pressed by business, could not attend, but considering the trimming we received we're glad he missed the slaughter.

Jim Toney left with a bundle of bones, which he claimed were for his dog. It wasn't the wife's lunch, was it, Jim? So, after one hectic day like sailors on a pay-day shore leave, we bundled into the bus and other Staten Island contrivances and came back to America.

## 3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John Turley  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

## PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.  
26th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

If that scar on the side of Louie Razzetti's face doesn't heal pretty soon the boys will be calling him "Scar Face Lou."

Charley Clancy certainly does enjoy his swim regardless of the cold and chill in the water. He takes a daily plunge in the surf at Rockaway. He must be a member of the "Polar Bear Club."

It is with deep regret that we note the passing of "Bill" Taylor, of the 18th Precinct. Bill was one of those who organized the Police Band, which ultimately became famous throughout the world as one of the finest organizations of its kind. "Bill" Taylor

passes unsung and probably unheard of outside of this Department, but nevertheless, a success. He was endowed with a generous nature which prompted him on many occasions to dig down into his own pocket and feed some unfortunate prisoner who was detained in a cell at the station house. That big horn he used to blow is now silent. May his soul rest in peace.

It is presumed that owing to the numerous collections taken up, such as the Cemetery Fund, Firemen's award, tools for the band, Olympic athletes, etc., various members walk into the clerical office and blurt out, "Hey, my name's on the board, what do I owe for now?"

If they need any law teachers at the academy we can send them "Felony Jack" Kelly, the incomparable. Jack used to read cigarette "ads" until finally he saw that "Be nonchalant, light up a Murad." After two years of Murads he states he does not note any difference except that they are milder than Luckies or Camels and they cost more. When he reads this he'll start "brooding."

The Department has a glee club, band, ball team, shooting team, handball champ, etc. In the event that they take up theatricals, this precinct has oodles of talent. This list may be of some assistance.

Song writer and unknown tenor—John Melbourne. (He hates publicity.)

Wits—John J. Shea, Francis T. Riley, Albert W. Ryan.

Half-wits—Harry Jackson and Thomas Lennon. (They are in a class by themselves.)

For minstrel work—Two good end men—Harry McDonald and Daniel O'Sullivan.

Female impersonator—Francis Dolan (6 foot 2 inches, but what a voice).

Automobile racer—Boy Troy, master of anything on wheels.

Pugilists—Leo Gates, unknown as Arthur L. Barriere, and Matthew A. Mugg (Byrne), and how they can take it.

Yes men—Leo Doyle, Matty Ryan, Pete Donohue and George Swoboda.

Blackface work—Ned Catalanello.

Soldier type—Bradley (West Point) Bryant.

Alaskan scenes—Allan Lanigan and his team of huskies.

## 4TH DIVISION

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin  
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

## LT. JOHN J. FLYNN

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll  
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney  
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

The boys are all wondering how the "Babe" feels after all the horseback riding in the country. "CoCo" Haltigan ought to know.

If anyone wants to buy a good car, a 1912 Hudson, see "Earbender" Bravate, 13th Precinct. Bravate claims that the car can go 700 miles without putting oil in it. Well, we believe the sweet boy.

Some of the boys of the 13th Precinct wonder what Patrolman Field did with that leopard skin cap he wore when he first went into long trousers; also what happened to the long golf stockings that he wore underneath the trousers.

Patrolman John Simko is going around telling everyone that he looks like "Buddy" Rogers, the movie actor, and that he was mistaken for him the other day while "Buddy" was playing. He claims that a fellow came up to him and said: "Have you got a match, 'Buddy'?"

Fatso McGoff and Stuffy McCabe are just about getting their wind after competing in those fat men's races at the outing last summer.

One of the old-timers in the back room overheard a couple of the boys talking about "gigolos." The old-timer wanted to know what a "gigolo" was. One of the boys told him that it was a fellow who never worked, like to go to dances and liked good clothes. The old-timer then said: "That's enough, I have two of them bums home."

A bunch of the boys went bowling the other night and Patrolman Barney Kane went along. At the bowling alley Barney picked up a ball and said: "This ball has a lot of holes in it, but I'll use it just the same."

We hear that "Limchouse" Tommy Higgins is glad those summer outings are over. He won't have to go around sporting a mouse under his eye until next summer.

Someone told Patrolman Julius Weiss that he looked like Nick Lukas, R.-K.-O crooning troubadour, so he bought himself a guitar and all the neighbors in Astoria are sending him notes. (What kind?)

We challenge the entire Department to a strong-man contest. Patrolman Pagano, of the Eastern District Y. M. C. A. and the 13th Precinct, bends iron bars and nails, and can lift 500 pounds without twinkling an eyelash. Some man, eh?

All of the boys of the 13th Precinct have been wondering why Patrolmen Cavanagh and Agostinello have been walking around with their chests out lately. Well, we just learned that they both have become fathers of boys. It's a dandy reason.

#### 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Bravem

#### LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Patrolman Peter Gallagher, of the 23d Precinct, must be advocating another change in uniform. He was seen copying alarms in uniform—with a civilian hat. (Or maybe it was a disguise.)

And talk about ambition! Try and beat this. Patrolman Arthur Weiss came to work on his 32, and was all out of breath when he came in. (Thought he would be late.)

Patrolman Bill Fancher is always doing something. This time he got himself married. Good luck and congratulations. Bill. Kiss the bride for the boys.

Well, it happened. Patrolman William Drettler, whom we thought could not let the fish alone, has started to pick on the horses now. After looking the 400 over, on the bridal path, Bill decided that he belonged to this circle and immediately got himself boots, spurs, liniment, etc. After a few hours the poor nag was fit for the repair shop. We may have to shoot the horse, because whenever he sees a uniform he runs away. Bill isn't sitting down these days and

has been seen trying to sell the boots, etc., so maybe he'll return to fishing.

Patrolman Jack Sheps, of the 25th Precinct, has been covering the collections at the Keystone Taxicab Company so often lately that he wants to know if that makes him a "Keystone cop." No, no, Jack, we are afraid there must be some other reason.

Patrolman McCormack, of the 25th Precinct, recently heard the sirens blowing from the direction of the newly located Emergency Squad No. 6, while he was doing the late tour one night. A few days later he heard them going so fast that he ran over to his side partner (Patrolman Lee) nearby, and excitedly exclaimed that those Syringes are going again! We wonder what he meant by that? Just a little grammatical error, we hope, John.

Patrolman Herbert Stubenvoll (alias General Von Ludendorff) recently returned from a long sick leave that was caused by an injury in the performance of duty. The boys are glad to see you back, General. But what is the meaning of those suspicious pills that Bill Boudreau, your side partner, has been making you take internally? We were under the impression that you were fit for anything.

Wonders never cease! Lieutenant Bill Kelly, of the 25th Precinct, was heard speaking in broken English. When asked the reason he explained: "That's what I got for working with Sergeant Max Isaacson on the signal monitor."

Oh, yes, lest we forget! We have Sergeant Max Isaacson with us now, band notifications and everything. Welcome to the 25th Precinct, Max, and may your stay be a long and happy one. So far, "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor" has only been recited six times in the past week. Not so bad, either.

Note to the editor (regarding last month's article in this column relative to time off for reporters): We live in hope and die in despair.

(Note from editor: DIS-PAIR of what, Abe? You're not referring to that antiquated pair of trousers you sport on late tours, we hope!)

This month ye reporter of the 25th Precinct was out with the hammer, but he is going out to buy a horn for the next issue, so be governed accordingly. Order your copy of this magazine now.

Since Johnny Moroney returned from Havana all you can hear him say is "JAIALAI." A few of the boys are going to look this up and if it's what they think it is, he's in for a lot of trouble. Maybe John has turned PANSY?

#### 7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

#### LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan  
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green

48th Pct., Ptl. George Conway

The 40th Precinct has organized a bowling team of five men. We would like to arrange a series of games with other teams of Manhattan and Bronx. Would like to hear from 41st, 42d, 48th and all other Bronx precincts. Home and home series.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to arrange a few matches between the best revolver shots in the various precincts of The Bronx, say five-men teams. Come on, fellows, pick out the best you have; the 40th Precinct is ready to give you a match. Think arrangements can be made to hold these matches at the Franklin Avenue Armory.

Patrolman O'Hara, "The Junior Cop," is now in training for the coming amateur boxing bouts, under the tutorship of Wee Willie Griffiths.

Patrolman McNulty has his hooks in with the Captain and is now assigned to Booth No. 12, with auto No. 532 to boot. He will now be able to get his "see" from Sergeant ——— without any trouble.



much to the dissatisfaction of Patrolman Moe Mulqueen.

Patrolman Jack Ryan insists that he should still retain the title of BEAU BRUMMEL of Simpson Street, owing to the fact that before entering the Department he was an understudy for John Gilbert, the great lover.

The 41st Precinct now has a SOLOMON; not the KING—he's a DAVIS. At least Davis knows that the Captain doesn't think he is related to the ancient King.

Billy Hart's family is now increased, the addition being a new set of golf clubs and balls.

The 41st Precinct harmony boys: Joe Volk on the switchboard: "Kuntz, here is an accident case, take it." Walter Kuntz, on clerical duty, and in a nice LOW TONE: "Take it yourself; can't you see that I'm trying to make up this roll call."

When Germany reigned; Sergeant Groot on desk duty; Volk on telephone switchboard, and Kuntz on clerical duty. How those poor O'Haras, Flynns and Doughertys did sweat!

Our good pal Joe Ellis this damp, mean morning, betook his sweetheart, Catherine, over to the good fathers at St. Philip Neri's church, and they were married at the eight o'clock nuptial mass, from whence they left on the Bermuda boat, all so very quiet.(?)

Brother-in-Arms Flying Tommy Tully, on that same morning, betook his comrades upon a secret mission to the same scene, where to their utter horror and surprise, Joseph and Catherine, after said nuptials, were met with a barrage of rice, shoes and what-happened-handy, in greeting of Godspeed and good luck.

DARN THOSE REPORTERS—Oh, oh, Catherine—Oh me, oh my! Evidently Joe Green and Tom Tully, with several playmates of theirs, are not the only ones who cuss. However, be of good cheer, the strong law arm of Joe's shall ever be thy protection and guardian against these ruffians.

Comrade Rappaport has been elected one good cop. On the late tour Rappy is always on the alert and a good side partner; his only fault lies, however, in finding work washing floors, cleaning booth windows, and what not.

Comrade Noonan likewise has a penchant for finding plenty to do on late tours. "Pinches," "collars!" Oh, what a cop! Keep up the good work, kid; The Bronx has no place for miscreants, as big as it is. Congrats!

#### 8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Maver

#### LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan  
52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

The secret of Patrolman Morris Solomon, of the 43d Precinct, losing his bachelor button leaked out. He got married and spent his honeymoon touring Canada.

Sergeant Fick was observed at Bundle Solomon's wedding dancing with the bride and doing the "Gigglebuck."

Solomon met his bride overnight while serving a summons to an auto driver who had his sister with him. A case of love at first sight, or it may be "spite." We cannot tell. The place where the wedding was held was kept secret. Safety first. (No kidnapping the groom.)

From information received from Detectives Thompson and O'Connell, of the 43d Squad, we learned that Sergeant Fick acted as best man. Sergeant (Cupid) Delano led the funeral march—we

mean the flower girls. Patrolman Larry English was doorman.

When the solemn words, "Will you take this man for better or worse?" were spoken, a weak voice from the rear whispered, "Grab him, you can't get any worse." The fresh guy was identified as Patrolman Knapp. A sweet voice sang the wedding march, "She has an elephant on her hands," which was recognized at Patrolman Campbell's.

Patrolman Frank Nekola and his son, "Bots" Nekola, of the New York Yankees, are now playing indoor baseball together. They are both catching "balls," not off the bat but from the crib. Frank is all smiles since he became a grandpa and can be seen daily doing his "stuff" on White Plains Avenue.

Lieutenant McNamara had a great laugh when he said: "The only time I like corned beef and cabbage is when it is cooked by a GERMAN."

Patrolman Salvatore Mirabello, the former motorcycle patrolman of the 50th Precinct, had a very narrow escape the other day. He rushed into Captain Flattery's room and said, "Captain, I want a day off from 8 A. M. tomorrow; I didn't have time to make application, but, anyhow, the book says that you can let me off in a case like mine." "Why do you want the day off?" asked the Captain. "Well," said Mirabello, "it is my wedding day and I would like to attend!"

The three attendants of the 50th Precinct are having a "wait lifting" contest. The first two that report for duty wait, and let the third lift all the ashes out of the cellar.

Sergeant Licker, of the 50th Precinct, will bear witness that the "tin" isn't any good in Yonkers. He tried to use it while walking across South Broadway against the lights, and the "Law" was going to serve him with a summons for "jay" walking.

All the patrolmen assigned to the Van Cortlandt Park Squad are required to wear rubber heels while on patrol, so that they won't wake up any of the park squirrels.

Patrolman Klein states that "Believe it or Not" Ripley can tell the truth and make it seem like a lie; but Patrolman Brennan, the hack investigator, can tell a lie and convince anyone that he is telling the truth. He is the most plausible liar in the precinct.

Patrolman Meyer Maltz is all prepared for the frigidaire booth in Van Cortlandt Park. He is equipped with an electric heated vest and a pair of superheated hip boots. The doctor told him to keep warm, and Meyer said that it's a good man that does as he is told.

Patrolman Milton Kaufman is going to give up his apartment on Davidson Avenue, as this is a one-way street. Milton says that it's bad enough to be handicapped with one-way pockets without being compelled to reside on a one-way street.

For the past week the telephone switchboard at the 50th Precinct was being repaired, and Patrolman Joiner, who was ringing from a box in the park, had to wait quite a while for the sergeant to answer. At the expiration of his tour, he asked the captain for a night off to make up for the time he lost at the signal box.

#### 9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen  
122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

Ach, if you like dot pig's knuckles und krout mit frankfurters und Caduffel glaze and all those fine fixings that go to make up a real German feed, give our



old Chef Adolph (Gobel) Schiebler, of the 123d Precinct, a chance to do the honors, for he is a wizard at the art of cooking and knows his stuff. He should get a detail in the Police Academy Cafeteria.

Our three patrol wagon operators, Frank (Fleet Foot) Benedict, Leonard (Diggs, the Iron Man) Martin, and Arthur (Swiss Cheese) Huber have been evicted from the 123d Precinct, into the cold 122d Precinct. They were champion checker players and had plenty of time to practice. Next spring they can plant potatoes and golden bantam corn at the country gentlemen's home, the 122d Precinct. Good luck, boys, we hope to have a lot of runs for you at 4 A. M.

While Patrolman John (Lookout) Schron was passing some heavy under-brush next to the old Colonial Mansion, he saw a pair of eight-point antlers waving at him through the brush. He, being somewhat of a hunter, drew his Howitzer, thinking that he was about to obtain elk or moose meat for his table. He blazed away and out came two quivering yeggs who had broken into the old mansion and stolen the antlers and a gun. They both had long police records. Good work, Schron, old boy. Yeggmen can't work on your post.

Captain James McIvor, of the 123d Precinct, having gone on his vacation to Bermuda, left Lieutenant Henry (Old King Brady) Elfers in command as Acting Captain. The skipper knows that nothing will go wrong in the precinct while he is away, for the boys will do their share to detect and suppress crime. The Acting Captain is a square shooter and has a way of doing things that makes the men all pull for him.

#### 10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan  
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp  
62 Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

#### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Lauria  
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell  
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan  
70th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

Now that the cold weather is here, the members of the 64th Precinct are going in for bowling in a big way. Sergeant Burton Royce, who bowls a mean game, hopes to get a team together that will put the precinct on the map. 62d Precinct please take notice. Last year you started crying about a game, so here's your chance. If you want to play us, just say the word.

Patrolman Michael Santinello composed a team of some of the better Italian bowlers and challenges any other nationality in a series of games. Mike has the team on a strict training diet of GARLIC. He claims that whatever pins do not fall with the ball, they'll surely get bowled over with the odor. (Phooey.) Patrolmen Bonora, Muoio, Strangio and Santamaria are on the team, and a better bunch of macaroni benders couldn't be found. Incidentally, the name of the team is the "Spaghetti Eaters."

The 6th Squad of the 64th Precinct claims that the three best ways of broadcasting news is telephone, teletype and tell Touhey.

Patrolman John E. Murphy wants to know why Ed Dauphin doesn't part his hair in the middle. (Too late for herpicide, Ed.)...Francis Fitzpatrick would make a good high jumper. (Oops, my dear.)...Clerical Patrolman Jamison had his teeth cleaned the other day. (He put them out of the window during that heavy rainstorm.)...Speaking about storms, here's one for the books. During the recent hailstorm one of the rookies was caught off a school crossing. Asked to explain the reason for not being on the crossing, he replied: "Say, do you think I want to get my skull fractured?" (Talk about hair!)...The old-timers are going to put a barber

in the back room for those new rookies....The men in the back room presented Rookie Patrolman Goldstein with a basket the other night. It was filled with waste paper. I think he got it on the head....Members of the 64th Precinct send their congratulations to Sergeant John Leonard, of the 82d Precinct, and to his missus on the arrival of the stork.

John Cassidy's bid for a space in this column was the capture of a trio just about completing their fourth stick-up of gasoline stations. A peep at the arrest record shows the following charges: Assault and robbery, grand larceny (possession of a stolen car), and possession of concealed weapons.

Patrolman James Murphy, attached to the 60th Precinct, is having a tough time these days keeping his finger nails manicured. It seems that there is a secret attached to it all. The reason is some little girl in Bay Ridge. However, she is not doing right by our Jimmy asking him to have his nails manicured every day. But Jimmy deserves credit. He can be found polishing them on his meal period and in the back room whenever he has a few minutes to himself. Good luck, Jimmy.

Patrolman Eddie Fox knows that he has a weak stomach, but what a man won't do when he's in love. Ed is trying hard to learn to digest Italian cookings, and how to eat spaghetti with a fork and spoon. It must be due to the vestibule loving he is receiving from a certain dark-eyed girl. Rumors have it that she is of the Latin type. Careful, Eddie, did you ever hear of a military wedding?

Patrolman Charles Stone is back from his vacation. Now that he is finished hunting for "dear," we hope that a little girl in Saranac whom Charlie calls the girl of his dreams will write to him more often, as Charlie can't stand the ordeal of waiting a whole day for a letter. Charlie, the bear you promised to bring back from Saranac and name "Tim Downing" did not materialize. I guess they don't grow that big up there. (Oink-Oink.)

Patrolman Eddie Dooley is receiving the condolences of the boys, because all the restaurants have hired male help, and he can't find a waitress to fall for. Ed claims that if that waitress comes back it won't be very hard for him to catch her. She didn't do right by our Eddie. She loved him and left him, claiming that the next man must be able to row a boat in Prospect Park. Ed fell down on the job. Never mind, Eddie, Canadian Rose still loves you.

On October 21st Patrolman Daniel Griffen, attached to the 60th Precinct, while on post was called to the home of Anna Molandi, 2771 West 16th Street, age five, who had taken poison by mistake, thinking that it was cough medicine. Griffen called an ambulance and in the meantime administered milk and white of an egg. Ambulance Surgeon Finkelstein, of the Coney Island Hospital, reported that Griffen's prompt action saved the child's life. (Nice work, Dan, even if you are not used to mixing milk and eggs.)

You can believe it or not, but the notorious Nick Berry, who after eighteen years of pounding the beat, has become a qualified operator. We would like to meet the person who coined the phrase, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." Well, Nick, that's better than a wheel chair, says we.

Red hot news: George "Bla Bla" Deegan, the eminent statesman from Parkville, has finally made a catch. In mad pursuit of a suspicious character, George caught the seat of his pants on a nail while trying to scale a fence. No, gentle readers, George didn't need treatment for exposure even though the thermometer registered 42 degrees.



A sure sign of autumn is usually denoted by the falling of leaves, but it became official out here in Parkville when Bob Stanley discarded his mustache; but judging from the creation on Mike Fogarty's upper lip, which never before sported such an article, it seems as if Stanley must have lost same and it was promptly recovered by Mike. You'd better discard that mustache, Mike, as the sparrows might use the same for a lodging house this winter.

#### 11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox  
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. John Murray

#### LT. PAUL LUSTBADER

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82 Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

The 76th Precinct has its share of newlyweds, Patrolmen Herbert Elder, Jim Piraino, Sylvester Sutton and the Siamese Twins, Charley Carey and George Fehrenback. Fehrenback, who is a rival of Rudy Vallee, leaves a lot of broken hearts in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, while the boys are framing the invitations that Charley Carey sent them.

The two distinguished gentlemen, Cal McCarthy and John McTernan, of the 76th Squad Detectives, who are two of the outstanding comedians of the Police Department, continuing their joking with each other while John McTernan, Jr., sits on top of the radio and doesn't say a word.

The bowling team of the 10th Squad beat the team of the 2d Squad by a score of 473 and 413.

The Blue Club of Queens held a bunco and bridge party at Triangle Hall, Jamaica, on November 5th. Butler Street was well represented. Prizes were awarded. "Chowderhead" Daily received a pair of silk step-ins; "Honest" Dan Breen, a new arrival in St. Albans, was given a rose-colored lamp.

Our two dashing lieutenants, (Wait-a-While) Driscoll and (Whiskers) Nulty, are going to race on Ocean Parkway in their Chevrolets. Skid chains prohibited.

Dan Coyle, while responding to an emergency call on election night, was hit by an auto and seriously injured. Court Street will miss him.

Phil Malone, the Adonis of Butler Street, was reduced to second broom when Al Morrison was elevated to a detective. Arthur DeNyse is now chief chauffeur in charge of supplies.

Patrick O'Rourke is to be commended for the good arrest in capturing an armed desperado on Columbia Street.

Plans are being made to put a football team on the field to represent Butler Street. The line-up will be as follows: R. E., Nicholas; R. T., Lanzetta; R. G., Walker; C., DeLisa; L. G., Roach; L. T., Selig; L. E., Bob Richardson; Q. B., Bull O'Neill; R. H. B., Thomas; L. H. B., Captain Falconer; F. B., Slim McGuire; coach, McSweeney; manager, John McGovern.

Patrolman Daly, when he found out that he won a prize, gave an exhibition flat foot waltz so that the crowd could view the step-ins.

Patrolman Habeeb, of the 84th Precinct, swears by "Allah" that if he finds out who is putting cartoons about him on the blackboard, he will slip him a dose of "hasheesh."

Patrolman Paddy Lennon has become so plump from eating crab sandwiches at the Blue Lantern Inn that he has taken to the electric horse for exercise.

Jerry Sullivan, who was called to the Assistant Chief Inspector's office the other day, had fond hopes of being assigned to the Gun Squad; so, very typical

of Jerry, he made some preparation by securing a small sized baseball bat. "Watta man!"

Patrolman Hamil (Angelo), while on T. S. duty the other evening, threatened Lippy Connick with a one-way ticket to the trial room for giving him a fast one on his meal period ringing time.

Patrolman Tarantino, who returned from vacation last week, was strutting around like a peacock. Finally he let the gang in on his secret. He had just signed up a young lady to be his life manager; to keep him in good condition as first string catcher for our baseball team.

Patrolman Hanratty (Sergeant, Jim'sson) turned out some nifty work the other evening while on house duty, as well as being a nifty pitcher and fielder, he is some "Jim the Penman."

Patrolman Wallot has obtained the services and advice of Patrolman Shackne on how to keep in shape on the special posts in the "Jungle."

Patrolman (Ducky) Dunne thinks his lucky star has at last located him. He was elevated the other day from the "Hole" to the "Jungle."

#### 12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Diffy  
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gherich  
69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

#### PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley  
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy  
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

Edward Lahey, formerly of the original Emergency Division, now manicuring the Henry Ford of the 67th Precinct, should be considered for assignment to the "Midtown Squad" as he is always there for "ASK ME ANOTHER." He sees everything, knows everything and says everything.

Patrolman Sylvester McCabe, having just recently left Rookieville, marched down the aisle with a fair lady on his arm to the tune of the wedding march.

Wee Willie Collins, after meeting a certain fair damsel who resides in the town of Flatbush, took a great liking for chocolate layer cake. More power, Willie, but save the blush until after you are married.

Our gallant hack inspector, Jack Gough, left on a hunting trip seeking rabbits. Neighbors kindly keep your cats indoors for the next few days.

Johnnie Corrie, the distinguished looking man with the mixed gray hair, is going around with his chest inflated. Why? Well, a new baby girl was presented by the Mrs.

Poor old Jack Heckman, our first broom, is laid up with a bad leg. Rumor says that he received his injuries while making a mad dash for the sand-wiches and collided with Willie Hayes, the emergency man. Here's wishing you a speedy recovery.

Warry (Puffy) Smith has a new name for head expansion, namely, INDIGESTION.

#### 13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muehlich

#### LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner

Secrets will out: Patrolmen Teubner and Guthrie, of the 81st Precinct, while on their vacations disregarded the advice of their side partners and took unto themselves wives. Well, they still have their health.

The motor patrol operators of the 81st welcome Patrolman Starkins to their ranks. Al deserves a commendation for the valiant fight he made to become a member of this distinguished group.

It is cheerful news to hear that Patrolman Joe Depre is to be discharged from the hospital in the near future.



Five, three and one—these are the notes on the scale for the 1st and 15th of every month, but after all, in times like these not such “bad music,” and to know you’re doing your bit.

Shades of the Hollywood studios, Yanosek and that mob going to cash the tickets and those applying for them.

Be it advertised to the “Belles of Brooklyn” that our “Tip” O’Grady is single, and fully accomplished, and on the block.

Bunkolarry has slowed up to Fetscher gait, after only four months in double ignition.

The hard rock from under reports that Charlie Sirulnick is quite a wrestler, after having him under observation for various periods and would make a good man for Paine’s fireworks.

Lieutenant Walter Grow is a peculiar person. He absolutely refuses to accept two for one. Page furious Lambert.

Lieutenant Richard says he is here to stay and wouldn’t leave. He has compiled the best library of techniques appertaining to and touching on.

Patrolman Lotito, 79th Precinct, after his recent vacation in Canada, had to raise a mustache to get back over the border.

We are glad to have Patrolman Francis Ryan back with us and wish him a speedy recovery from his recent injuries.

Prince “ALI BENDO,” while gazing in the “Cristil,” sees a bright future for himself when the flivvers are replaced with aeroplanes.

The crime situation has been cleared up considerably these last few days in the 80th Precinct due to the work of Patrolmen Spellman, Hamill and Wafer. These patrolmen apprehended three burglars in the act, at three different premises. Two of the prisoners had long records and will not molest society again for quite a spell.

The 80th Squad “Brains” are becoming high-minded, having moved up one flight front to their new suite. Lieutenant Henry Reif is in command.

It’s an old story, mates. The O’Briens, O’Shays, O’Malleys and O’Flahertys—they were all of fighting blood. Well, this story begins in County Tipperary. The Indian wars were in full swing in the good old U. S. A., and the boys from home were well represented. The news came from across the “Pond” that Shamus O’Flaherty was scalped by Sitting Bull, and as his brother John read the sad news to the family, young Richard, then a fine Garsoon, God bless him, swore that the first Indian he laid hands on would feel the weight of them. All went well as Richard grew to manhood and emigrated to America.

As the years went by he had almost forgotten his vow. The other day he was in a Police Department auto performing his duty supervising patrol conditions in the 80th Precinct. It was then that he missed the patrolman on post, and looking at the roll call found that his name was Showers. Turning to Patrolman White, he asked him if Showers was an Irishman, and White smilingly told O’Flaherty he was an Indian. It was then and there O’Flaherty remembered his vow and went Indian hunting. Well, he found him after one hour and fifty-five minutes, and today O’Flaherty has a nice new scalp hanging from his belt and is again at peace with the world.

#### 14TH DIVISION LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn  
85th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Malone  
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

91st Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder  
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry S. von Hassel  
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

The Emergency Service Crew covering the 83d Precinct were saved a job, and can thank Bill Mur-

phy and Al Smith. During a tryout of Murphy’s flivver by Bill Seery, who got into the auto but found it a difficult task to alight to the sidewalk again, having been wedged between the body of car and door. He was surprised to learn the space was so much smaller than his car; but Bill and Al finally released him after some uncomfortable moments by Seery.

Joe Shepherd, the top operator of the Patrol-Wagon Drivers’ Association, in the near future will not be so generous when he requests the coffee sergeant to get him something to eat. Recently, when Joe was doing a late tour, he felt a little hungry and heard some of the boys giving an order for sandwiches and coffee, so Joe dug into his one-way pockets and found a little one-dollar greenback, and gave his order. Joe, being hungry, forgot to look for his change till about his relieving time, when he went looking for the messenger and was informed he left for court. Joe is still looking for his change.

A few more lessons from a certain desk officer and Charlie Knapp will take up housekeeping. They had him bowlegged one day searching for vacuum cleaners, scrubbing brushes and whatever else was handy in the art of cleaning. He finally wound up with an automobile pump and he made a very good job of the precinct.

Patrolman William Jacobs, who says he is the boss of his roost, has to ask his wife if he can go fishing and then she only allows him to go down to the creek, where she can keep an eye on him from the kitchen window.

Patrolman Charles Wichern is the proud father of a seven-pound baby boy, whose name will be “Charles Frederick William Wichern, Jr.” Greetings!

Patrolman Sam Hogan, of the 7th Squad, is patiently waiting for a donation from the boys so that he can get his semi-annual haircut.

The 90th Precinct men extend a hearty congratulation to our P. B. A. delegate, Herman Boschen, on his twenty-fifth year of service in the Police Department. We hope you don’t retire, “Herman,” as your shadow will be lost without you.

Since Department auto No. 831 is at the auto repair shop, Patrolman Norton has blisters on his feet. Charlie claims this is due to new shoes. Well, anyway, this will give the old back a rest for a while.

#### 16TH DIVISION

#### PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
112th Pct., Ptl. Laurence J. McQuade

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio  
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
114th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Schultz

Inspired by the marvelous bowling of Al Draghi, our “poor and needy” man, and “Second Broom” Schmidt, the 111th Precinct bowling season opened with a full turnout. If the pin boys could only have been bribed to put the pins up in the gutters, Draghi and Schmidt would have bowled 300.

However, the bowling of the boys showed Manager Charlie Gorman that his team would get plenty of wood this season, and he accordingly directed your reporter to broadcast a challenge to all comers. (See sports page.)

If the precincts of the 15th and 16th Divisions can get together on it, we think it would be a nice idea to have a set of matches to settle the Borough championship, and if all precincts could get together, the champions of each borough could meet to decide which precinct is top bowler in the Department. Let’s hear more about this.



## 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill

### PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connelly

A. Lost, strayed or stolen—One great big and glorious smile. Finder please return to Patrolman Shelley, the boy with the ruddy complexion at Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street.

That wasn't Mahatma Ghandi—that was Patrolman Knoblach, and, boy, what a rig-out he had on!

Patrolman Garvey is getting married. Outside of about 5,000 already in on it, it's supposed to be a secret.

Have you seen the Woolworth twins—Patrolman (Hamburger) Mack and Patrolman Shields (Horsey)? These delegates have their own racket.

When it comes to details (anywhere between South Albany, North Philly, east of the Rockies or ten miles west of London), Clerical Patrolman Charley Bauman spares no one. He starts from the Captain down.

Patrolman Larkin is getting a fishing club together. You'll hear some whoppers now. They'll have that life saver's story of Patrolman Mulry's beat.

P. S.—Press card for admission to fights and football games would be O. K. W. C. S.

(Editor's note: O. K., Walter, we'll take the matter up with our Hongkong office immediately.)

E. The C. O. of Traffic "E," Captain Ralph Micelli, needs no introduction in this department as an expert from a ballistic, handwriting or typewriting viewpoint. He has, however, distinguished himself during the past week as an expert in handling intricate traffic problems in the vicinity of the new George Washington Memorial Bridge, where a large volume of traffic runs as smooth as clockwork.

Lieutenant John Higgins was our Acting C. O. for a period of a week recently. Now the traffic signal lights have been repaired.

Lieutenant James G. Stephenson has just returned from a much needed vacation midst the pines in the State of Maine. Jim reports not a deer left. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Sergeant Mike Egan was taken suddenly ill recently with a severe attack of appendicitis which necessitated an immediate operation. Mike will soon be able to return to duty.

Sergeant Joseph Meade has moved to the exclusive section of Riverdale in The Bronx, and has taken it upon himself to pay taxes. It is rumored Joe is going to raise goats so that he may be able to entertain his friends with nice goat milk when they call.

Patrolman Cropper reports that Barney Huestis is going to retire from the cafeteria business. What's the matter, Barney, do the gang want cream in their coffee for five cents?

Patrolman George Fitzpatrick, the half pint of Traffic "E," made up his mind to attend for the first time the meeting of the Traffic Squad Association in order to cast his vote at the election of officers. It is reported that the sergeant-at-arms refused Fitz admission, thinking he was a Boy Scout. After much persuasion, however, George got in, and we learn that when the sandwiches and camel's milk were served, although he could not be seen, he was heard by all.

Recently Lieutenant Higgins sent a messenger to the home of Patrolman Roger Powers for extra duty on Election Day, and was astonished when the sergeant reported: "Nobody home but the gas stove and that was out."

Patrolman Stolworthy, rumor has it, is about to be married. This is a very serious step, George; be careful that you take the right one. After all, it's for better or worse—mostly the latter.

Members of this command deeply regret the loss of the late Patrolman John Toomey.

Patrolman Joe Jugerman was recently observed riding in a demonstration car, "Plymouth make." Be careful, Joe, free wheeling and long legs do not synchroize.

Patrolman Francyk spent a wonderful vacation at home. We hope next year the old teeth behave better.

Patrolman Omer Fonda seems a bit upset lately. He received a letter from folks upstate; must have missed the crops this year.

Bill Real, athletic coach, is still waiting to hear from other precincts, relative to basket-ball bookings.

Patrolman Frank Czenszak, after having been assigned to raided premises for the past year, states that it takes a little time to get back in stride again. By the way, why not use the old Model T?

Patrolmen Bill Mutz and Vinnie Kuefner are giving a party November 18th at Vinnie's home to some of the State Troopers they met in Pennsylvania on their way to the convention. There's nothing like good fellowship.

Patrolman James Ferrara, detective, 7th Squad, catches more off duty than in uniform. Be careful, Jim, you might catch cold this winter.

There is quite a difference between Peter Pan and Patrolman John McGee, new addition to the P. D. band. By the way, John, how does the little fife blow? Don't forget to exercise your lungs daily so your wind won't give out.

Patrolman Otto Renz, of the 87th Precinct, came near being a hero at a recent fire, when he saw smoke coming from a dwelling and immediately put a bur-lap bag over his head and crawled into said building in an effort to save lives, only to find out that the smoke was caused by potatoes burning on the stove, through lack of water. (Tough luck.)

## 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

### LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN

I. Ptl. George Gallagher  
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell  
L. Ptl. John Bering

M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K. Patrolmen Allen and Yuill are in the market for some good baby carriages.

Gil Aitken, our spare chauffeur, was one of the first to drive over the George Washington Bridge.

"Hot Water" Jack Donohue is going to rig up a shower in the cellar of Traffic "K" and invite all his friends down when he is acting attendant.

What is all the talk about when the Big Four get together—Glaseo, Becker, Stelmach and Nichols? Do these boys know things?

Tom Greene has just celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary in the Department. Good luck, Tom, and may you be with us another twenty-five years.

Jake Hoenighausen, our champ bowler, wants to get a team together. We have some crack rollers in Teeman, Travis and Cahill. Why don't you boys get together?

Mike Maher and Larry Doherty are doing fine over at the Metropolitan Avenue Bridge, but an old schoolmate of theirs, Roy Keating, says to keep an eye on them.

Has Rube Fishbein completed that growth on his upper lip yet?

Louis Laut threw his sport shoes in Peconic Bay while on his vacation, which ruined the fishing in that vicinity for the rest of the season.



McGuire and Markowitz will meet in a ten-round bout any day now—if the efforts of Charlie Glasco are successful.

M. Patrolman Allan (Cowboy) Huston, Traffic "M," is still trying to determine why that horse passing over his post on the Williamsburg Bridge took such a sudden dislike to him, resulting in injuries which have confined him to his home for over a month. Members of Traffic "M" are hoping for his speedy recovery.

#### BORO HDQTS. SQUAD, BROOKLYN AND RICHMOND

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

Patrolman Adam Shultz, the Prospect Park equestrian, was preparing for the inspection of his summer uniform; in other words, getting ready for the "double O."

Various remarks were passed about his garment by his pals in the office.

"Looks as though the mice were nibbling on the front of it." (Patrolman Devine.)

"Addie, you had better scrape the soup from the front." (Patrolman Meehan.)

"Hey, Addie! you'll never pass those oilskins." (Sergeant Nidds.)

"The uniform 'e wore

'Twas nothing much before

An 'alf as less behind."

(Patrolman Vreeland, quoting Kipling's "Gungha Din.")

"I threw away a better looking summer uniform than that." (Patrolman Tom Sullivan.)

#### 5TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. GEORGE LYNCH

Here's news that will thrill the entire Department. Detective Bill May, 24th Squad, is about to send in his resignation and hereafter will earn an honest living with a paint brush. He has already signed contracts with Harry Wildfeuer, renowned painter and decorator to the elite. They will specialize and concentrate on Park and Fifth Avenue mansions only, or other such types of abode wherein only the highest in artistry is countenanced. Good luck to the new firm of Wildfeuer & May.

#### 7TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. JOSEPH MCCOURT

Donald Carey, the renowned "Salute" of the 42d Squad, is now a tomato juice addict. Since this happened he became partly bald, and now Detective Happy recommends mange cure.

Information wanted with a liberal reward for the member of the 7th Detective Division who can tell us why Detective Joe McAllister is known as BATH-TUB.

Detective Charles Kleber has the wisdom of a Solomon when it comes to settling disputes. How did you make out with that last mother and daughter fight?

Lieutenant Conrad Rothengast has been seen looking at jewelry store windows. By the way, Lieutenant, are you in the market for diamonds? The lieutenant is single, you know, and one never can tell WHEN, WHERE and WHY. You can guess WHAT!

Detective Ed. Miller, when at the N. Y. U. games at the stadium, can be heard advising the players how it can be done. Just another example of back seat driving.

Pete Crotty was seen to emerge from a telephone booth the other day with a very sad look, just one of those looks that seems to say: "EVERYTHING IS OVER AND I'M FEELING SAD AND BLUE."

Now that the boss got the Crowley arrest settled, the big ? is "Who captured Coll?" How those boys can I—I—I—I—I.

Fleming and McCarthy must be good catchers. They were seen with Vaughn recently, and when that baby starts pitching, all you can do is catch. What a crooner; he's got Floyd Gibbons tied to a mast. He "gets it up" once in a while, also.

#### 10TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. FRANCIS X. GROTANO

Since the birth of SPRING 3100 no mention has been made of the 62d Squad Detectives, the custodians of the shooting gallery known as Bath Beach.

This squad is one of the few in the borough commanded by a full lieutenant, in the personage of Frank C. Bals, known to Mrs. Bals as "Francis."

Detective Louis White, the corpulent member of the squad, can be found any afternoon at one of the local dance palaces where he is taking a course in adagio dancing in anticipation of the coming spring festivals.

Fitzsimmons and Black, the most congenial pair in the office, are like a young married couple, always holding hands, especially when Fitz decides to hit Black.

In the past three months the squad has had two new additions in Detective Wallace, imported from the wilds of Centre Street, where he warmed a chair in the office of the Auto Squad, and Detective Boyle, who recently laid away the well-known willow for the gold potsie. We also suffered a loss when the new 66th Precinct opened and Detectives Osnato and Hannon were transferred thereto. Detective Osnato, or rather, Acting Lieutenant Osnato, was an old standby in Bath Beach and has the happy faculty of making friends, and his many friends in Bath Beach wish him lots of luck in his new office. Detective Hannon was also well liked here, and the members of the 62d Squad wish them both all the luck in the world.

Detective Farrell has made out a U. F. 57 to be transferred to the School of Recruits as a physical instructor.

Chowderhead Buckley recently became a proud father.

Detective Doyle is still looking for Detective "Can."

Detective Murphy, the squad bachelor, has notified the Ladies' Home Journal that next year being leap year he will receive proposals only by mail. The Post Office Department has already assigned two new letter carriers to carry same to the office.

You never know when Jimmy McNally will turn up at the office in some new disguise. McNally, the squad mystery man, recently came in disguised as Micky the Mouse.

Acting Captain Ryan's birthday is December 15th, and members of this district are invited to his home on Avenue R, where a large party will be held. Mrs. Ryan wants all the proud mothers to bring their children, including Mrs. Baker.

Mrs. Allen, the wife of Detective Jack Allen, certainly has her troubles. They tell me that she has to rub Jack's right arm every night with Sloan's liniment as same is always sore from lifting the well-known knife and fork.

Detective Rikeman, God's gift to long suffering American womanhood, recently returned from a trip to Germany.

Search of the baggage of Acting Lieutenant Tom Reilly, who recently left on a trip to Florida, dis-



closed a pair of purple silk pajamas. P. S.—Bet Mrs. Reilly didn't know about that.

These remarks are all in fun with the exception of the Reilly incident, which is the gospel truth.

So Mrs. Grottano's bad boy Francis signs off while the orchestra plays that plaintive melody entitled "Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries."

16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

Tony ("The Pipe Artist") Sadlo, of the 108th Squad, who is able to kid those in charge of the pistol range by showing a target with a ninety or better on it, is going to try his hand at hunting. Having received three days off in the last cycle, he is going to spend them in the fastnesses of the Adirondacks. (Anyone knowing any hunters who SELL game may advise them that a prospective customer is available.)

Handsome Dave Daly, in command of the 109th Detectives, is given honorable mention at this point, for he can also interpret language not fit for a dictionary of any dialect. He has a couple of new members on his squad who turned in a nice piece of work (while patrolmen) in the apprehension of a mob of hoodlums who kidnaped a girl who was having a tryst with her beau in a car, after tying up the dazed swain in a box car. Their names are Herbert Graham and Fred Trumpf, and they have been turned over to Dave to make detectives out of them.

Herbie is a nephew of "Old Reliable" in command of the 15th Detective District, and if he has any of the ability of the "Grand Old Man" (he may resent being called old, but must admit he's grand), he is going to make quite a hit. While I'm on the subject of that "kidnaping" case, it must not be forgotten that Jim Kiernan, of the 109th, who used his head to good advantage by getting everybody on the job quick, and broadcasting COMPLETE details pronto, and doing some tall hustling himself, was entitled to much of the credit for the round-up of the whole mob quickly. Not forgetting Jim Shaughnessy, who helps to round out the good reputation of that squad by hustling when work is to be done. (Give these boys a hand!)

Since the Honor Legion affair, Joe Burke and Lieutenant John Dale (the old veterans) have been rehearsing a little skit to be put on next year. John Breen (the former bachelor) wanted to chisel in on it, but he was persona non grata and is now out in the cold, hoping the skit is a flop.

Lieutenant Charlie (?) Dorchel is now number two. All that's required now is for two or more captains or inspectors to get tired of their job; and since depression has hit even the undertakers, and the cops are doing their best to lighten the burden of the unemployed, this suggestion is offered for what it is worth. It will be a pleasure to call him Captain Dorchel, for everyone likes to see a young man get on.

(Mr. Editor, kindly note:) Our genial reporter from the 15th District is on the job, I see. Kindly give ME credit for arousing him in one of the past issues. He and I always got on well together—even as partners. He never hesitated to let me pay for everything, everywhere, every time; and now—well, Jack Hurton don't look so good; he looks rather anemic since he's working out there.

HACK BUREAU PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Cupid's working overtime again. Patrolman Francis Kelly, of the Drivers' Bureau, while taking his vacation also took unto himself a wife. Well, Frank,

best wishes to you and yours for a long and happy union. Congratulations from the inmates of the office.

The old moth balls certainly were disturbed this week. No more white flannels and checkered knickers. Regulation trousers are in order.

The pistol license bureau, Lieutenant Charles Cleveland in charge, is certainly getting a great kick out of the new office these days, and why not? Running water and everything. More power, Lieutenant.

Never knew that the Drivers' Bureau contained so many former buttonhole makers and tailors. To watch Bill Kellerman and a few others working on their blouses, you'd think that they were former members of the old firm known as the "Six Little Tailors." From my observations, five of them surely must have been wacky.

AIR SERVICE DIVISION PTL. OTTO A. KAFKA, JR.

Bronislau Krzminski has been given a major's title by the Air Kadets. He expects an appropriate uniform as soon as Omar, the Tent Maker, gets enough cloth. Omar expects to use the new blimp, "Akron," as a model.

Johnnie Miller, our stockroom gigolo, had a forced landing in his 1906 Metz convertible ice wagon. His instruments must have gone hay-wire.

Noble Englebrecht, our bald-headed office boy, has become a benedict at last. Good luck, Noble; you sure will need it.

Van Hagen was seen recently at a dinner given by Jake Friedman's birdies in a local beanery. Has the hatchet been buried at last?

Bugs Moran and John Sullivan have taken up pigeons in a big way. Those white spots on the tops of our cars are not snow.

Chris Wackerly bought himself a new rubber band insulated Plymouth, and tried a little blind flying into a pole. The old can ain't what it used to be.

Larry Murray recently came in with a sour brown taste and a fairly large head, and then blamed it on a bowling match the night before. Must have been in the mire.

After nineteen years or so of married life, Tom Mulligan's wife presented him with a three-and-a-quarter-pound baby girl. Maybe it was a little bit heavier. Tom has since been dubbed "The man who came back."

TELEGRAPH BUREAU By THE "PHANTOM"

Well! Well! Well! "Bubbles" Carl is back working with us again after a successful operation in which he lost his appendix. "Oh, my operation!" Say, Bill, if they cut out much more of you I won't know what's keeping you together. Four operations in a year. Tsk, Tsk, Tsk!

Little is known about our high-flying embryo aviator, Tom (Big Moments) Lawlor. Patrolman Hildenbrand (our wartime aviator and an honest-to-goodness one), invited Big Tom for a ride in the sky. Tom covered up well, and when several thousand feet up in the air Hildenbrand turned around and noticed Tom acting very nervous-like, and asked, "What's the matter, Tom, nervous?" "No," said Tom, pointing to the whirling propeller. "Isn't it cold enough up here without having that damn fan going like that?"

Look out, Joe Brown, the Auto Squad is after you. You know, the big red-headed boy, "H'qrs. 11."

Jack Gardiner, our strutting teletype operator, was struck by an automobile recently and has been laid up with a broken leg. Jack won't be able to strut his stuff for a long time.



We are anxiously waiting for the new radio equipment to go into effect, and we're drawing straws now for the announcing jobs. Wonder who'll get them? May I suggest "Whispering Tenors" Kealty and Beer-man? I know the public will be very well pleased with their voices, and as they are near the retiring age they may take McNamce's or Husing's place. Who can tell? Oh, boy!

"Pull the Box" Tom Storey, our lightning operator, is so nervous and jumpy lately that no one can talk to him. He can be heard from time to time saying, "Squads right!" "Take your posts!" I wonder what he means. Joe Cronin, our white-haired boy, says, "I wish that darned list would come out so some of these sergeant-crazed kids can come back to earth."

If there are any golf players looking for good competition they will easily get a match by calling the Telegraph Bureau and asking for Ellison or Carl, the knicker boys.

Now that Martin has gone back on the walk (at his request?) I wonder who will carry Captain Cooper's squad?

Now that Ed. McDonnell is married (only two months), he is beginning to get that round-shouldered shape. I wonder what causes this in us young men?

#### BUREAU OF CRIME PREVENTION

PTLW. IRENE A. COMEAU

"Oh Min" Gilbert of Unit No. 1 is confined to bed, seriously ill. We hope that she soon will be well enough to return to her work.

Did you hear that Lieutenant John Roche is training cats and dogs for the animal show? S'true.

The tailors are kept busy these days sewing buttons on Dick Dimler's vest. A nine-pound baby girl is the cause of it all. Strange how these events will cause extensive inflation of the thorax in the male.

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 1

PTL. BERNARD CONNORS

Our esteemed skipper, Tommy Byrnes, is enjoying himself immensely at the Armory trying to knock the horse show platoon into shape for their exhibition in the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. When this issue of the magazine comes out the horse show will be history, but we all know that the exhibition of the mounted troop will be, without a doubt, par excellence.

Mike Richter, the Bernarr Macfadden of Mounted Squadron No. 1, has been presented with a long-handled woodsman's axe by the members of Troop "D." Mike, that ardent exponent of physical culture, is planning to spend his spare time splitting ties in the lot on 10th Avenue. Looks like Mike is endeavoring to emulate Abe Lincoln. Woodman, spare that tree!

Jigger Brady and Poker Face Distler are now up in the North woods annoying the poor animals therein, although we all feel that the animals are in absolutely no danger.

The sincere sympathy and good wishes of the entire command go forth to the unfortunate Johnny McKeever, who has been on sick report for the past six months as the result of an injury received in the performance of duty. Johnny has just returned to the hospital for further treatment, and we are all hoping that his illness will soon leave him.

Johnny Meade, from The Bronx, is again in our midst, pinch hitting for our skipper. Johnny is always welcome down here, and as a rule usually runs into a lot of work, but his well-known coolness and unexcitability enables him to master any and all

problems that arise. During his absence from his own troop, Arty Butler, Beau Brummel of The Bronx, is having troubles of his own. Don't worry, Arty, Johnny will straighten out everything when he returns.

Paul H. Smith (second lieutenant) of Troop "C," arrested a peddler in 51st Street on October 28th, with utter disregard for his own safety. He is talking of asking the Captain to excuse him a tour of patrol for his good work. (Try and get it.) This matter should be brought to the attention of the Honor Board.

#### SEEN AND HEARD IN THE SQUAD ROOMS

1. John Thomas rushing madly for the door when Willie Mott (Caruso) starts warbling "Love Letters in the Sand."

2. Dave Levy sitting in his gorgeous orchid silk undies, reading the latest copy of Snappy Stories.

3. Eddie Aylward making a fire to dry out his clothes on a rainy night. Result: Stable full of smoke. Reason: Eddie did not notice that the chimney on the stove was incompleated.

4. Williams: "If you plead for a whole uniform, do you have to stand inspection?" (No, Willie, dear, you sit down.)

5. McElliott: "Sergeant (Thomas), I'm entitled to a day off for shooting and I haven't got it yet. You see, I, etc."

Sergeant Thomas: "Put it on paper. You're not going to put it up to me; I've got a nervous headache now."

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2

PTL. JOSEPH P. HOYNES

Lieutenant John McGowan, Troop "E" commander, has been selected as a Brooklyn representative of the Mounted Force. His years of experience giving that pretty smile on police parades has been a big asset toward his selection.

Patrolman McEneny, of Troop "E," Coney Island Barracks, proved himself a hero, and his early years devoted to reading Buffalo Bill stories greatly aided him in apprehending five bandits who were casually complimenting each other in an auto which was standing at Neck and Village Roads about their experiences on previous hold-up jobs. One of the men had on a wrist watch which was readily identified as part of the loot taken in a recent hold-up in a store on Neck Road.

Patrolman Claffey, our light duty jumper, is secretly rehearsing every day. When he is alone he may be observed standing alongside the radio matching his vocal ability with the voice of the tenor coming over the radio. He is trying to become a member of the Glee Club or a peddler when he retires.

Patrolman George Lindsey, Jr., is a very hard worker since he has been assigned to Flushing Avenue. On account of the heavy volume of vehicular traffic using said roadway he is devising a plan, and when completed will submit it to the Commissioner for his approval. His plan is to fill the East River and make it a one-way thoroughfare in the opposite direction. I notice that he is getting headaches lately.

A Celtic football team is being formed in Troop "F" and its members are busily practicing on their time off for matches in the future. The team is composed of the following: Sondericker, Sisserson, Stump, Heingartner, Gommeringer, Seidentopf, Schultes, Hoppenstedt and Herrschart. Those desiring to make matches with the said team may communicate with Otto Klicpera, lieutenant and manager of team. Oh! I forgot to mention the substitute, Patrick Keane.



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman Thomas J. Lynch, 14th Precinct, while on patrol at about 3:30 A. M., October 3, located in a garage at 401 Ninth Avenue an automobile for which an alarm had been issued by detectives of the 42d Squad less than an hour before.

The prompt discovery of this automobile made possible the subsequent arrest of the notorious Coll gang. Patrolman Lynch has since been transferred to the Detective Division. He has also been recommended for Departmental recognition.

Lieutenant Valentine Correl and Detectives Rudolph McLaughlin and Elmer Mason, of the 17th Squad, were assigned on April 15, 1931, to investigate the complaint of Mrs. Margorie Ardell, of 419 East 57th Street, who stated that two men had entered her home by subterfuge and at revolver point robbed her of jewelry valued at \$18,000. Patient and painstaking investigation led last month to the arrest and identification of the men responsible for the crime. They also were identified as the perpetrators of four other robberies committed under similar circumstances, the aggregate value of the loot amounting to \$294,500. A third man, also indicted for complicity in several of the crimes, is still at large.

## BRONX

At about 2:57 A. M., October 3, detectives of the 42d Squad sent out an alarm for a Buick automobile observed in the vicinity of a homicide committed earlier in the evening at 152d Street and Park Avenue. A short time later this automobile was located in a garage at 401 Ninth Avenue by a patrolman of the 14th Precinct. A plant was established and when one James De Lucia later called for the car he was taken into custody. His questioning by Bronx detectives resulted in the arrest next day of three men who have since been indicted for the crime. Also arrested that day were Vincent Coll and Frank Giordano, who are now under indictment for the murder on July 28th of five-year-old Michael Vengalli, in East 107th Street.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman Harry Noll, 35th Precinct, while on patrol at about 9:30 P. M., October 23, heard calls for help coming from a dental office at 101 Graham Avenue. Entering the premises the officer was informed that two men had just held up and robbed at revolver point the father of the proprietor. Obtaining a quick description of the men the officer searched the neighborhood and soon apprehended one Albert Silberman, whom he found with a loaded revolver. The robber was later identified by the victim.

Patrolmen John J. Kelly and Thomas Kilfoyle, temporarily assigned to duty in the 18th Division, Brooklyn, while patrolling in a Department car at about 9 A. M., September 2, observed a man running east on Bergen Street near Fifth Avenue. The officers jumped from the car and, heading the man off, overpowered and disarmed him of a loaded revolver. He was identified as the perpetrator of a holdup in a store at 37 Fifth Avenue a short time previous. The prisoner was indicted and on October 19 sentenced to serve five years in Sing Sing.

## QUEENS

Sergeant Jacob Best and Patrolman Harry Crowson, 104th Precinct, while on patrol early on the morning of October 8th, received an alarm that a loaded truck had been stolen at revolver point by stickup men at Dry Harbor Road and Steuben Street, Middle Village, L. I. They later observed a truck answering the description given, and upon questioning the driver he admitted being one of the participants in the holdup.

Detective Franklyn Williams, 112th Squad, working on information furnished by Detective Herbert, Narcotic Squad, and with Herbert's co-operation, arrested one George Elbe, wanted for a holdup on August 24 at Furman and Flushing Avenues. His partner in the crime was arrested at the time of its commission.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**WALTER COOKE**

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap. 10th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JOSEPH MARINO**

DESCRIPTION—53 years; 5 feet 3 inches; 135 pounds; brown eyes; gray hair; top of right finger amputated; round shouldered; slightly pug nosed. 81st Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JAMES GARCIA, alias "BENITO"**

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair; wore a blue suit and light fedora hat. Porto Rican by birth. 10th Pct.

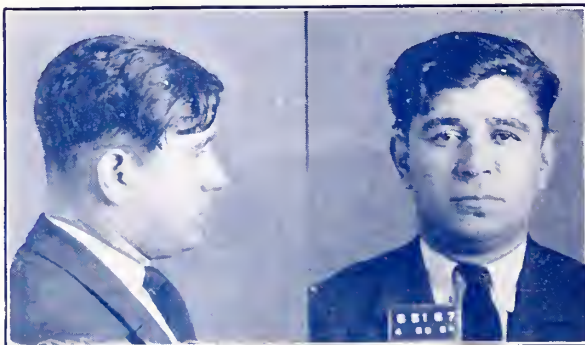
## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA**

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches; 130 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**LAWRENCE DE MASSI, alias "LARRY"**

DESCRIPTION—27 years; 5 feet 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches; 177 pounds; brown eyes; dark chestnut hair; medium build. 40th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JOSEPH FRANCO**

DESCRIPTION—19 years; 5 feet 3 inches; 130 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; newsboy by occupation. 23rd Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.**



# Spring 3100

DECEMBER

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CHARLES  
HARROLD

# Spring 3100

*"AT YOUR SERVICE"*

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

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VOLUME 2

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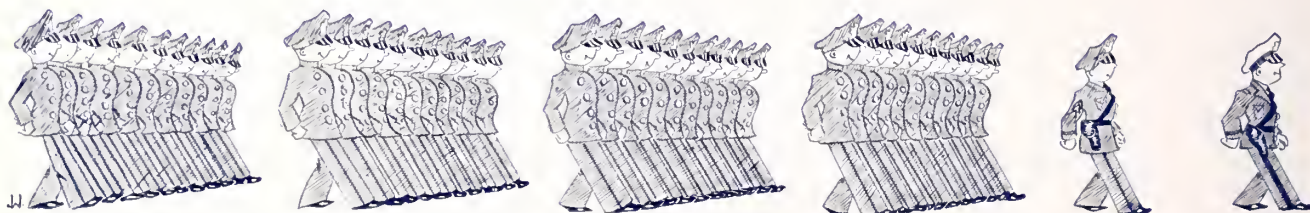
NO. 10

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

## STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

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# Editorial Page, or What Have You?



*"Hoofing it this year, eh, Kris?"*



**W**ELL, first of all, dear fellow members of this club, we are going to give you a change of type for a Christmas present. The idea of using upper and lower case type for this editorial has been mooted a number of times during the very nearly two years' existence of this magazine. Now the Big Boss says that too many policemen's children have been getting into trouble at school from studying this page—not because the ideas contained therein hurt the youngsters, but because after reading it they forgot there were any capital letters. So from now on this will be remedied and we hope the children's report cards show the benefit.

Next we must tell you that ever mindful of the welfare of our readers, all twenty thousand of them, we have added four pages to our magazine, so that you may get even better value for your dime or tenth part of a dollar. (Adv.) Don't you ever dare to say that SPRING 3100's office boys aren't doing their best to help lick Old Man Depression. We don't want to promise too much for those extra four pages, but—

John J. Hennessy, our Associate Editor, who is also Deputy Chief Inspector, commanding the Bor-

ough of The Bronx, and Chief of Staff, believes that he can find time on his daily run between The Bronx and Headquarters to do a snappy page or so of comment on what other police forces are doing. We know the page should prove interesting and we are so enthusiastic about it that we have even offered to send our beautiful blonde secretary along with him on these jaunts so that he may dictate the page as he travels.

Finally, Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell, dean of the Police Academy, a most esteemed contributor, will publish the answers to his questions in the same issue in which the questions appear. Personally, we always opposed this new method, feeling that a fellow should have at least a month to think up the answers to the questions Dean O'Connell asks, but we are always ready to bow to the will of the majority.

Further on in these pages (adv.) is a brief article by the Police Commissioner and a Christmas message from him to the members of the Department. The Commissioner discusses with deep feeling and understanding the magnificent work which has been done by the men in blue to assist those less fortunate than themselves.

This theme has been frequently chosen by speakers and writers, but it can never be dwelt upon too long nor too strongly. The firm proof now being offered daily that the policeman is the friend of the poor and the suffering is probably the brightest spot on the present horizon.

So saying, SPRING 3100 wishes the Police Commissioner and all members of the Department a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



# Merry Christmas

By EDWARD P. MULROONEY, *Police Commissioner*

**T**HIS season of the year in happier times would be the occasion of much rejoicing. We can all recall the manner in which during the years of plenty the traffic policemen would guide across the streets the cheerful parents and their merry children returning home flushed and excited after doing their Christmas shopping. Or perhaps the patrolman on post would be called upon countless times each day to direct to the correct address the delivery men carrying interesting looking parcels or baskets brimming over with good things to eat.

As I said, these symbols marked the years of plenty. This year is a lean year. But nevertheless I think the Police Department, largely through its contact man, the patrolman on post, has been brought closer to the hearts of New York's citizens than it was during the glad years. For every member of the Department is doing his bit, and not a small bit, either, for his less fortunate neighbor, and I thrill with pride when I think of the manner in which he is doing this noble work.

Each month all members of the Department contribute from 50 cents to \$5 for the relief of the needy and unemployed residents of the City of New York, the contribution depending upon the salary of the donor. This money is donated cheerfully and willingly.

But that is only a small part of what the Police Department is doing to relieve the present economic distress. Each Friday and Saturday, cooperating with the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment Relief, the policemen distribute through the precinct houses, food tickets calling for \$2, \$3 or \$4 worth of food. The total distribution amounts to between \$70,000 and \$75,000 a month.

Between November 1st and December 14th of this year the Police Department distributed \$36,028 in cash to needy families. During this period clothing was given to 11,232 men, 1,261 women and 3,070 children. Assistance of various kinds was rendered in this brief time for which I am citing figures, in 20,731 cases. The total number of persons aided was 96,484.

The police, particularly again our contact men, the patrolmen on post, are always alert to obtain jobs for the worthy man who is unemployed through circumstances over which he had no control. Perhaps

my readers will better understand how difficult it is to obtain a job in these times when I say that during this period when we aided 96,484 persons, we could find employment for only 76 men and 36 women. But we are not discouraged and we will continue to put forth our best efforts to relieve the human suffering resulting from the economic crisis.

The Police Department has not only contributed regularly to the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment Relief, but has also donated generous sums to the Red Cross and to the New York American's Christmas Fund. And very properly so in my opinion, for this is a time for deeds and not merely for sentimentalizing.

A wee bit of sentiment may not be amiss, however. So I will close with the hope that the Christmas dinner of each one of us may taste better and the entire Christmas Day be a trifle brighter for all of us because of what we have done for the unemployed. I repeat Tiny Tim's Christmas toast, "God bless us all," and I add my own fervent wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all members of the New York Police Department.

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

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# Honor Legion Memorial Service

**T**HE Annual Memorial Service of the Honor Legion of the Police Department of the City of New York was held in the Shubert Theatre, 233 West 44th Street, New York City, Sunday, December 6th.

The comrades of the Honor Legion, including active and retired men and associate and honorary members, assembled at the Arsenal in Central Park, and led by Lieut. Charles C. Steinert, the president, the Rev. Dr. G. Caleb Moor, chaplain, and the Police Band, marched down Fifth Avenue to 43d Street, west to Eighth Avenue, north to 44th Street, then east to the theatre, which was already crowded with guests. The marchers passed a company of fifty Legionnaires massed behind the colors of Fidelity Post of the American Legion and stationed in front of the New York Lodge No. 1, B. P. O. E. The Legionnaires were headed by Commander Duffy and were stationed there by Inspector Daniel Kerr, Exalted Ruler of the lodge, as a tribute to the memory of those for whom the service was held.

The service itself was a most impressive one. Lieut. Charles C. Steinert, president of the Honor Legion,

who was master of ceremonies, was the first speaker. The clergymen who participated were the Rev. G. Caleb Moor, the Rev. William G. Ivie, the Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, the Rev. John A. Wade, the Rev. Edward Hughes, O. P., and the Rev. Isidor Frank.

The Roll Call of the Honored Dead was conducted by the ritualists of the Honor Legion, Comrades William J. Gallagher and Charles Mannkopf, and Honorary Comrade H. Rogers Travis, with Comrades Edwin J. Leahy extinguishing a candle after the word "Absent" was spoken following the calling of each name. Comrade John Link stood at attention during the ritual.

The Police Commissioner pinned a star on the Honor Legion gold star flag for each of the men killed in the performance of duty since the last memorial service. The Commissioner then spoke briefly, saying, among other things, that he never had heard a complaint from a dying police officer and that the last thoughts of these heroic men always concerned the welfare of their families.





The other speakers were District Attorney Thomas C. T. Crain of New York County; Deputy Police Commissioner Nelson Ruttenberg, Judge Joseph E. Corrigan, Judge Charles J. Dodd, and the Honorable John MacCrate. The Police Band and the Glee Club rendered selections, as did Miss Helen Austin, Miss Perqueta Courtney, Mr. Terry Horne and Mr. Milford Jackson. Mr. C. M. Curei accompanied the artists at the piano. This program was arranged by Honorary Comrade H. Rogers Travis.

Two beautiful wreaths given by Associate Comrades Charles J. MacPartland and Nat Wolfe were taken after the service to Police Headquarters, where they were placed on the Honor Roll tablets in the corridor. Many telegrams and letters were received by the President of the Honor Legion expressing confidence in the police and great sympathy for the families of the men who lost their lives in line of duty.

## In Memoriam

Capt. Ira A. Ferris	63d Pct.	Nov. 18, 1931
Ptl. Thomas Gulhane	30th Pct.	Nov. 21, 1931
Ptl. William P. O'Keefe	66th Pct.	Nov. 29, 1931
Ptl. Thomas R. Ford	19th Div.	Nov. 30, 1931
Ptl. Thomas U. Sutherland	82d Pct.	Dec. 10, 1931



## HIGH PRAISE FOR TRAFFIC MEN

HOTEL LE MARQUIS

12-14-16 East 31st Street

New York

October 21, 1931.

Inspector WM. COLEMAN,  
New York Police Department.

Dear Sir:

Undoubtedly you get hundreds of kicks and howls from disgruntled, unreasonable drivers in your city, and I want to be one, at least, who can express a real sentiment of appreciation, instead of complaint, of all the boys on the Traffic Squad in New York City. I drove in here 10 days ago from California, a total stranger as to rules, and want to say that I've found the traffic officers of New York uniformly and individually the most courteous and obliging of any large city in these United States, and I've driven in most of them.

Also allow me to compliment you and all of the men on the sane, sensible, reasonable judgment used in handling congestion, left turns, etc. Most other cities can well pattern after you and them.

Many thanks for courtesies.

Sincerely yours,

M. E. HICKOX,

General Manager,

Cratex Manufacturing Co.,

83 Natoma Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

Police Department,  
City of New York.

Gentlemen:

Last week I had occasion to motor through New York City from the terminus of the Holland Tunnel up into Westchester County. Having been told tales of terrifying traffic conditions, I entered your city in some fear. Happily, as I drove about the city my fears vanished, for I found the driving conditions far less trying than in many other places, including Washington. The New York City traffic police made my motor path a very simple one, for the efficiency and courtesy with which they attended to my many inquiries made the long trip through heavy traffic from Canal Street to Scarsdale in Westchester County both easy and delightful.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE A. WARDLAW,

Bureau of Standards,

Department of Commerce,

Washington, D. C.



# The Woman Police Officer

By FIRST GRADE DETECTIVE MARY A. SULLIVAN,  
*Officer in Charge, Bureau of Policewomen*



officers in our Department, it was not generally known until conditions necessitated an increase in their activities, thereby resulting in a larger quota of women police officers, that they existed. And all of this, despite the fact that for 35 years or more there have been women police officers attached to the Department.

Policewomen are appointed by successfully passing a physical and mental Civil Service examination. When appointed, they enter the Police Academy for a course of training and instruction from expert scientists and criminologists, together with the experienced officials of the police and other city departments. When they finish their course, they are well equipped and have full police power and high hopes of a great career. The function of the woman police officer is not in an experimental stage, but is wide in scope, including not only law enforcement but crime prevention and the protection of the young and maladjusted girl.

**T**HE New York City Police Department has the largest women's division of any city in the world. As head of the Bureau of Policewomen, it might not be becoming for me to praise our women police officers too highly, but I think I am justified in stating that representatives come to us from every civilized country to study the methods of our police-women with a view to establishing similar bureaus in the country which the visitors represent.

Much has been written of the thrilling experiences of women detectives. There is nothing I have ever read, however, which quite measures up to the actual facts as we face them in our daily round of duty. The woman police officer must be constantly alert, for her calling is one in which quick thinking and often the outwitting of a criminal means success or failure in a case. There must also be no thought of personal danger in the mind of the woman police officer.

Although there are two women's divisions, comprising a force of 150 carefully trained women police

Women police officers are assigned to duty with the men detectives in nearly all of the detective branches of the Police Department. It has been my privilege to travel across this continent, as well as in many countries of Europe, and nowhere, not even in Scotland Yard, did I find the cooperation, harmony and team work which exists between the men and women officers of our Police Department. This not only adds to the happiness of the woman police officer, but also increases highly her efficiency and success.

Among the various specialized branches in which the woman police officer excels is that of assisting the Missing Persons Bureau in locating and restoring to their families hundreds of girls who yearly disappear in New York.

The Shoplifting Squad requires the services of seven women officers especially trained for that duty. The Police Commissioner believes that women officers are better suited for this work than men detec-



tives, since 95 per cent of shoplifters in this city are women. Female professional shoplifters are so well known in New York that they avoid entering a large department store during the busy season. It is a distressing problem in New York to find that a great number of school girls are stealing finery and cheap but ornamental jewelry.

Most of the girls arrested for these thefts are of foreign extraction; frequently they are children who have been kept down too much by parents who demand their weekly salary and leave them little for amusements and new clothes. In these instances, the merchants rarely cause their arrest and they are sent home to their parents for correction. In the case of a school girl caught shoplifting, we look into her home condition very carefully and supervise her for some time. It is with regret that I state that our figures for the arrest of women shoplifters for 1931 number about 1,100.

The investigation of misleading and fictitious advertisements in the daily newspapers is also considered one of our most important functions. Young girls seeking employment are frequently insulted and obliged to submit to improper advances on the part of their prospective employer. Women officers in such instances take the place of the young girls who have had such experiences, for the girls naturally hesitate about going through with the case because of the humiliation which must be undergone while she repeats her story in a crowded court room. Great danger is often encountered by the woman police officer in bringing culprits of this kind to justice.

Fortune telling is another source of great trouble to the Police Department, and a number of arrests and convictions are obtained by women police officers. It would seem as though the foreign-born residents of this city, particularly in the poorer sections, are an easy prey for fortune tellers.

It is a known fact that families have been separated by the advice given to husband or wife by the fortune tellers that one or the other was unfaithful. In order to bring back the lost love, large sums of money are extracted by these fortune tellers, and in return they may give a charm or lucky piece to be worn on the body. On many occasions, pulverized powder is given to be placed in the food of the person whose love has waned.

Fortune telling does not always end up as innocently as it may sound, and large sums of money are taken from victims who refuse to press a complaint.

Gypsy fortune tellers are responsible for thousands of dollars in larceny, and it is amazing to find gullible victims of these vicious people among our most intelligent members of society.

Fake doctors, that is, unlicensed medical practitioners and voo-doo doctors who operate like the old-fashioned medicine showman, are also a source of trouble. It is the function of the woman police officer to carry on these investigations.

New York City has always been the Mecca for girls who think they have some talent, artistic or otherwise, for which they must have an outlet. These girls, as a rule, come to New York with very little money, and shortly after their arrival become an economic problem, although they may have no criminal tendencies. The safest thing for a girl to do who is penniless in New York is to apply to a uniformed policeman, who will refer her to the Women's Division at Headquarters. There she will be advised and assisted so that no danger may come to her.

Every season of the year brings a problem peculiarly its own. In the summer months the hitchhiking young girls from other states arrive here, and before long they visit Coney Island. There in the side shows we find them penniless and gather them up, place them in some shelter and notify their parents to come for them.

The Homicide Bureau, the Narcotic Bureau and the Pickpocket Squad are a few of the many branches requiring the services of women officers to assist the detectives. Complaints of every kind involving an offense against a woman or a girl are investigated by a woman officer, and where a female prisoner is arrested in another state and wanted in this city, a woman officer is assigned to return her to this jurisdiction. All women prisoners while in temporary custody of the Police Department are supervised by a woman officer. She aids in securing custodial care and treatment for the mentally diseased and defective persons.

I hope that I have succeeded in this brief article in telling you something of the work of the woman police officer. May I say in closing that the value of women officers is fully appreciated by our Police Commissioner. Mr. Mulrooney has a sympathetic and a human understanding of their work and has been and will continue to be an inspiration to the women officers of the Department as well as to the men.

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## POLICE ANCHOR CLUB ENTERTAINMENT

**M**AYOR WALKER and the Police Commissioner are both expected to attend the annual entertainment and reception of the Police Anchor Club, which will be held at the Hotel Astor on Friday evening, January 15th. Mayor Edward Buckingham, of Bridgeport, is also expected to be present, with 150 members of the Bridgeport Police Anchor Club. The proceeds of this affair will be devoted to aiding the orphans of deceased members of the club.

## DUNN HEADS VETERAN POLICE

**F**RANK W. DUNN was elected president of the New York Veteran Police Association at its annual election of officers held this month in the trial room at Police Headquarters. Dunn succeeds former Captain Bernard Kelleher, who retired from the presidency after thirteen years because of ill health.

Other officers elected were: Harry Adriance, first vice-president; David A. Gross, second vice-president; John J. Churchill, secretary and treasurer; and John Lyle, sergeant-at-arms. John J. McKeon was elected to the board of trustees.



# Self-Defense

By Patrolman FLORANCE J. SULLIVAN, 43d Precinct

*First Prize, Short Story Contest*



**S**ILENT DAN MOORE snapped the metal door of the police telephone box, turned the key in it and glanced again at the memorandum in the black-leathered notebook in his hand. "Humph, 4 Third Avenue! Pretty tame down there since we pulled Buck Martin and his arsenal last year," he mused. He shoved the book into a capacious hip pocket and pulled his coattail over it neatly.

Twelve years ago the order to investigate trouble had given him quite a thrill. But that was when he was new to the "job"—a rook. How was he to know, except by experience, that most of these assignments were the settling of petty family squabbles, playing nurse-maid to lost children and chap-eroning helpless drunks? Subsequent years had left their mark—had seasoned him.

He took the assignment nonchalantly, almost with an air of ennui, and made his way with that long,

tireless swing of his to the reported scene of domestic strife which some interested, peace-loving neighbor had telephoned headquarters about.

The evening was a sultry one. As he approached the address he took in the sweltering human beings the cheap tenement had spewed out upon the sidewalk in a heterogeneous mass.

"Whoever tagged this the House of All Nations tagged it right," he thought to himself, wending his way through a maze of playing children, baby carriages and their elders, who jabbered in tongues unintelligible to him. Those that had the foresight had provided themselves with a nondescript assortment of seats in the form of discarded packing boxes and furniture. A few curious eyes watched him navigate through these as he made for the entrance.

Moore knew his post, knew the type, asked no questions, but made his way into and along a none too sanitary hallway in no exceptional haste, then up three flights of stairs in a similar disreputable state.

"This is the floor; now where's the rumpus?" he asked himself.

Peace had been restored and evidently prevailed. He listened a moment to make sure. He heard the slight sound of a child's restrained sob come from behind one of the doors. Curiosity made him put his ear to it. The fruit of his eavesdropping made him grow suddenly tense. A cold, hard voice dominated the interior of the apartment.

"So, YOU think you can turn down the guys I bring up here and get away with it, don't you? You've got another guess coming if you do," the voice sneered. "Say, who in hell do YOU think you are, anyway? Why, you ought to be glad you've got a roof over your head, you——"

Moore's lips puckered into a silent whistle. This WAS a hot tip, and no doubt. He heard the other party, the woman. "Tony, please, don't ask me to do that. I'll go to work, scrub floors, wash, anything but that. Believe me, I can't lower myself to that.

I'd rather die." Something in the texture of the voice stirred old memories within Dan. The snarling voice within cut her off.

"Aw, drop the high hat. You ain't got nothing to be proud of. And what's more, you want to remember that I'm the guy that's paying the rent for you and those brats of yours; been doing it long enough. You're going to forget that good sister stuff and get wise to yourself; get me? And you're taking orders from me; get that, too."

"No—no, I—I—can't." She suddenly burst into defiance. "I—I WON'T do it; I WON'T! and you can't make me; you CAN'T!" her voice quivered. Moore was sure he knew the owner of that voice now. Its recognition stunned him for the moment. But in that moment things happened in rapid succession. A bestial viciousness snapped into the man's voice.

"Oh, you won't, eh? Well, maybe this'll show you who's running the show." There was a crunching blow and the thud of a fallen body. "Maybe that'll knock some sense into you, you——"

Dan cursed himself for having waited as long as he had. He grasped the doorknob firmly and turned. But the door was locked from the inside. A bitter grimness creased his weather-beaten face, as something within him broke loose. He backed up and lunged for the resisting door, shoulder foremost. His one hundred and eighty pounds of bone and sinew crashed into it; the sound of a shot and an agonized scream smote his ears. The lock gave with a rending protest and he found himself catapulted into the kitchen of the small apartment. It was empty.

He saw a door leading to another room, but the deathlike silence that had suddenly fallen over the place stopped him from rushing in. It was not lack of courage, but a caution bred of experience that made him hesitate long enough to grasp the situation.

As he did, the pungent odor of burnt gunpowder drifted to him. Then a sudden fear gripped at his heart, a fear that he had waited too long before crashing the door. As silently as possible, he slipped his gun out and sidled up to the doorway and peered into the room cautiously.

He caught sight of the youngsters first. They were huddled together in a far corner, wide-eyed with fear and staring at a sprawling mass at the feet of a woman who held the center of a tragic tableau. Moore slipped the gun back into its holster with a sudden feeling of relief. She was unaware of his presence. Hate emanated from her frail quivering body.

"You beast, you beast!" she hissed. "You wouldn't let me alone, wouldn't let me lead a clean life with the only man I ever loved. God alone knows I never wanted to do this—didn't want to leave the side of Dan—but you—you snake, you vulture—you'll not strip any more lives of their respectability, you, you——" she trailed off.

Gradually, she grew aware of the gun in her hand, shuddered at the sight of it, let it clatter to the floor, then tried to shut out the horror of the sight before her with her hands. Sobs then shook her.

The next thing she was conscious of was that two powerful but gentle hands were removing hers from her hidden face. Through her tears she saw the brass and blue of the uniform. Dumbly she realized

what it meant. It was but the beginning of the end—she would be tried—the law wouldn't understand—she had killed—she must pay—and the poor kids, the innocents, would suffer far more than she had ever suffered. Her eyes traveled slowly upward to meet those of the arresting officer.

A gasp escaped her. "It—it—it can't be Dan! I must be going mad!" She tried to dash the flood of tears from her eyes.

Dan's voice was husky. "It is, Nan, it IS me—still your Dan if you want me." With a supreme effort, he partly subdued his emotions. He had to, to think clearly. "This is a terrible mess you're in—a terrible mess. I've got to get you out of this—you and the kids, Nan. You mustn't be here when the medical examiner comes—the reporters—they mustn't drag you into it—I've got to fix it somehow."

She looked at him, not seeming to understand. He met her eyes, read the questioning in them. "I understand, Nan—it's not your fault." He thought fast. "Here, take this. Come, come, Nan, snap out of it. I've got a plan, our only chance." He thrust some money into her limp hand, for she was still too dazed to move. He shook her by the shoulder to bring her to. "Come on, wake up, for the boy's sake, for my sake. Hurry, get their street clothes on, and yours too." He pushed her toward the bedroom, where he supposed the wardrobe to be. "I'll see that the way is clear for you to get over the rooftops to one of the end houses; it's your only chance of getting clear of busybodies."

Dazedly she comprehended the fact that he was aiding her. Still a-tremble from the reaction of her experience, she mutely obeyed.

He slipped outside the apartment door. The landing was clear. He signaled them to come out and herded them to the stairway that led to the roof. "Go to my mother's house, Nan; she still lives in Newark; you know where. Tell her I sent you, and she'll understand, and keep shady until you hear from me, dear. Goodbye and good luck."

Having dispatched them so far safely, he returned to the scene of the tragedy. Up until now, he had not troubled himself with the identity of the sprawled figure whose face was to the floor. Walking over to it he turned the head over with his toe contemptuously. A sardonic smile spread over his face as he recognized the features of the dead man, then turned away to survey the room. Something on the window sill caught his eye. He had wondered how Nan had come into possession of the weapon. The answer was plain.

"So, cleaning up the old rod, eh, Tony? Wanted it to be in good shape when it barked, eh?" he grimaced. "Well, it barked, and bit too, didn't it? Looks like what some folks would call irony of fate, or something like that, I think." He picked up the discharged weapon and contemplated it with interest, but not for long. Taking out his handkerchief, he wiped it off carefully so that there would be no sign of fingerprints, stooped and placed it into the outstretched right hand of the dead man.

"That's the way you managed to get away with it, eh, Tony Perrilli?" He addressed the prone figure. "You gave us a good run-around with that little stunt; a good little trick. And, a poor one if it can't be put to good use sometime."



Dan straightened out and listened intently for a few minutes to make sure there was no one on the landing, slipped his gun out of its holster and waited. When he heard the crashing rumble of the elevated train outside, he leveled at the door jamb to about the level of a man's head and pulled the trigger. The roar that followed was deafening, but he knew almost to a certainty that there was little likelihood of it being heard on the outside. Sheathing his gun, that sardonic twist again came to his face.

"Well, that ought to satisfy the M. E. and the papers, eh, Tony? Sorry I have to pad the reports—make it look like self-defense. But, it's really too bad you were rubbed out like this—too bad. I would rather have had the pleasure of meeting you alive. honestly I would," he ended with rather grimly.

But a new realization suddenly sobered him. The heat of emotion having subsided, he was confronted with the fact that he had violated one of the most sacred ethics of his profession. A man had been killed and he was aiding the killer to escape the process of law. In obeying a paternal instinct he had unwittingly become a lawbreaker. And, having turned lawbreaker, he had broken faith with a society that had trusted him. He spat a curse at the Gods of Chance for having created this pungent, nauseating mess they called life. He realized, also, that there was only one thing to do. He swung into action, heading for the street. If there was any hesitancy in his heart, he steelled himself against

showing it. He was outside of the apartment in a moment. About to descend to the street that he might intercept his escaping wife he was suddenly halted by a voice. It was his wife descending the stairs.

"Wait a moment. Dan, don't turn in that report; it isn't right, is it?" she asked. "It's your duty to arrest me, isn't it?"

Dan avoided her eyes, nodded. He understood why she had come back. It made things easier; nevertheless, still the bitter pill to swallow. "Yes, Nan, that's just what I was heading to do. I was out to head you off. I'm sorry, but——"

"I understand, Dan, it's the law. It doesn't exempt any of us, does it?"

"No, Nan, and I hope you realize how much it hurts."

"Juries are human beings, aren't they?" there was hope in her voice. "Perhaps they'll understand; I'm sure they will, won't they?" She wanted his assurance.

A gleam came into Dan's eyes. They flashed fight. "They've got to and they will when I dig up that snake's police record. I've saved up quite a bit, Nan, and it's going to be OUR fight." He admired her pluck. "Gee, but you got the guts to take a chance on a rap; and I don't mean maybe, either. Ready?"

Nan smiled up at him bravely. "Any time as long as I know you're standing by me, Danny."

## P. B. A. Ball To Aid Unemployed



**"BROTHERS ALL"**

**P**OLICE COMMISSIONER MULROONEY having given his approval, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association has determined to make the coming entertainment and reception under the auspices of the organization at Madison Square Garden on the evening of Saturday, January 30, the greatest of all its successes. His Honor the Mayor already has given verbal assurance to the P. B. A. President, Joseph P. Moran, that he will be present, even before the official invitations have been sent out, and it is likely that all ranks of the Department from the Police Commissioner down to the newest recruit will be represented at this big police affair.

The Police Band and the Glee Club, under order of the Commissioner, have been excused for the purpose of attending and of taking part in the musical program that evening. This musical program and addresses will be broadcast over a network which will include radio station WOR and the stations of

Schenectady, Syracuse and Buffalo for one hour between 8:30 and 9:30 P. M.

During the evening President Moran will hand to Mayor Walker a check for \$10,000 from the proceeds of the ball as the P. B. A. donation to the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment Relief. At the ball a year ago a similar donation was made for the relief of the unemployed, and His Honor took occasion to publicly commend the generosity of the police in responding generously at all times to appeals for relief.

The coming affair will be the eighteenth annual effort of the P. B. A., numbering more than eighteen thousand members, to entertain its friends. On previous occasions Madison Square Garden was taxed to the limit to hold the crowd, and, according to President Moran, the next one will go over the top bigger and better than ever.

# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



**H**ATS off, everybody, while once again we introduce the world's most beloved racketeer—the one man in history who can wreck our bank rolls and make us like it. Kris Kringle is the name and he hails from the far-off land of ice and snow.

He's with us again, plus that ingratiating smile, jovial disposition, radiant white whiskers and all.

The fellow who visits but once a year, handing out sunshine with one hand and good cheer with the other.

If you will travel down Memory Lane to our Christmas issue of last year you will recall that Old Man Sunshine perpetrated last Yuletide the most remarkable *coup d'état* in all the annals of acute journalism. You will recall that your bewhiskered old chronicler made contact with Kris via radio, and obtained from him much advance information as to what was in the spacious minds of the boys and girls of our Department.

We managed this year to get in touch with him again, and frankly, we found him worried—seriously

worried—in the thought that the era of depression in which the entire civilized world now is floundering will make his job of spreading sunshine most difficult to handle.

He claims he will do his best, however, and expressed the hope that those of us secure in steady, remunerative jobs, will not forget our less fortunate brothers, those hapless fellows who through no fault of their own find themselves trapped without work, without heart, and with very little faith.

Proudly we explained to Kris that The Finest are doing their bit gladly, and will continue doing so until the proverbial cows come home. Right?

Surreptitiously we got down to the business of getting a line on what Kris has in store for our boys and girls on Christmas morning.

At first he turned us down flat. Too many other things on his mind, he said, and besides, too busy to look up his files.

But we didn't let him get away with it, don't worry. With tears in our eyes we explained that our reputation as a gatherer of unusual news virtually hung in the balance.



Commissioner Mulrooney as he appeared in the Police Parade last May

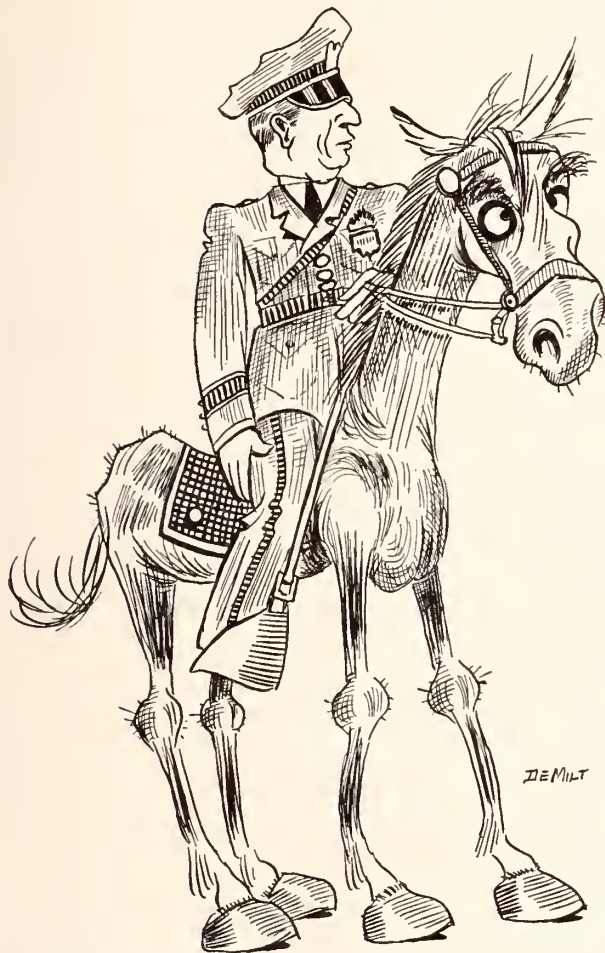
So energetically did we plead our cause that eventually he relented, and opened up with the statement



that he was far from thrilled with the old second-hand topper the Big Boss sported in our last police parade.

"I appreciate that it was a borrowed job," said Kris, "and that he had to return it immediately after the parade. I am therefore staking him to a brand new skimmer—a nifty 1932 model, whose elegant lines and gorgeous contour will delight the eye of all.

"It will come in very handy next parade day," continued Kris, "and will add considerably to the dignity of the exalted office the Commissioner so ably commands."



*Chief Inspector O'Brien as he appeared leading the Police Parade last May*

We then asked him about our Chief Inspector, and immediately Kris ascended skyward. Wrathfully he inquired who was responsible for the animal upon which the Chief in the aforementioned parade of last Spring cavorted so heroically. "He should have been exported in the general direction of Siberia," said Kris, "and assigned to patrol in a salt mine."

"There is but one gift I shall bestow upon the Chief Inspector," he continued, "a horse guaranteed to remain awake during the entire route of your next parade, and one who will reflect appropriately the grace and the elegance of so gifted a hossman as your good Chief."

This met with our unqualified approval, of course, and we are sure this bit of advance information will thrill our Chief as he has never been thrilled before.



*Assistant Chief Inspector Sullivan as he expects to blossom forth on Christmas morning*

Next we started hinting about the Assistant Chief and the handsome young Bronxite assigned as Chief of Staff, but it was plainly evident that Kris already had had enough of us. "I've told you plenty as it is," he stormed. "I'll just tip you off, however, that both



*Deputy Chief Inspector Hennessy as the Bronx will see him during the festive season*

these birds have sartorial ideas all of their own, particularly after the furore created by the Big Boss on last parade day. And don't be the least bit surprised," he continued, "if on Christmas morning both these boys are found promenading the highways and hallways in identically the same makeup."

Can you imagine THAT? Gosh!



"Open up, Rod, we know you"

EVERY once in a while something happens in this great world of ours that changes a man's entire outlook on life. Only recently we became struck with the startling change that almost overnight transformed our old pal, Rodman Wanamaker, Aviation Aide to the Police Commissioner, from the most unassuming of individuals into one of the profoundest importance.

It was as shocking a metamorphosis as any we have ever metamorphosized.

For the past several weeks he has been strutting around with his chest protruding absolutely out of proportion, and an expression on his otherwise cherubic countenance that bespeaks: "Out of the way, mex, here cometh a person of considerable consequence."

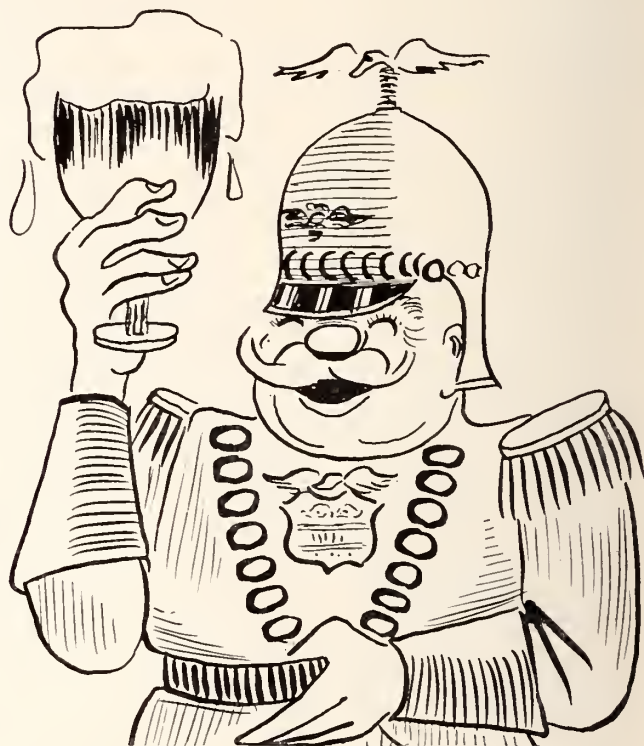
Why this change, you ask? Well, in the first place he did not fly the ocean; nor did he even attempt to swim the Channel; neither did he take a fall out of the mighty Primo Carnera. No, dear friends, nothing so plebianistic has entered into Rod's busy young life; but just question him about that million-dollar smile he sports these days and he will confide gleefully that he recently became the proud papa of a

bouncingly beautiful baby girl. Her name is Mary Lou, and she is called Minnie for short.

And if that isn't the swellest Christmas present imaginable, please write and tell us what is.

Congratulations, Rod, on this most auspicious beginning.

And by all means keep up the good work.



"Hoch! Der Finest"

HERE'S what we call a bit of news that is different.

Did you catch that press report from Germany the other day stating that "policemen must eat as much asparagus as they can"?

It was an order issued by the Prussian Minister of the Interior—and right there we have something to ponder over.

Our own Department is blessed with sergeants and supervisors galore; too many, some of the boys think. But as far as we know there has never been anyone assigned to minister to our interiors, except, of course, where such interiors might conflict with "Good Order and Discipline."

Anyhow, we think this is carrying discipline entirely too far. Our German brethren probably know their business, of course, and they have no doubt discovered that hassenseffier mit gadufel glace does not harmonize with their system of patrol. Chances are it has made their interiors a bit ulterior, or something like that.

Can't you visualize those German coppers turning out and after the usual instructions, having the skipper ask, "Have you had your asparagus today?"

We figure the only way they can check up on the boys is to see if they carry fresh asparagus gravy on their vests each day.



**H**ERE'S a nice little memory test for the Police Commissioner:

Recognize this shield, Commissioner? Of course you do. It's the shield with which you proudly walked out of Headquarters 36 years ago—on December 3, 1895, to be exact, on the day The Finest first welcomed you to the fold.

And you wore it with distinction, Commissioner, until September 27, 1925, on which day you were again called to Headquarters to have it taken from you—in exchange for sergeant's shield No. 519. Remember, Commissioner?

What we originally had in mind was that surely the present holders of those two shields might well be proud of them. So we took the matter up with Grant Crabtree, our Chief Clerk, and Grant tells us that patrolman's shield No. 2704 was assigned on October 16, 1905, to Patrolman Abram F. Ackerman, who carried it until January 30, 1925, on which date he swapped it for a detective's shield which still adorns him in the 122d Squad.

*And since that date the luckiest shield in the Department lies safely tucked away in the Chief Clerk's office.*

Sergeant's shield No. 519 was turned in by the Commissioner on April 3, 1913, upon his promotion to lieutenant, and was issued on October 15, 1913, to Sergeant Thomas F. J. O'Grady, who died on April 24, 1916.

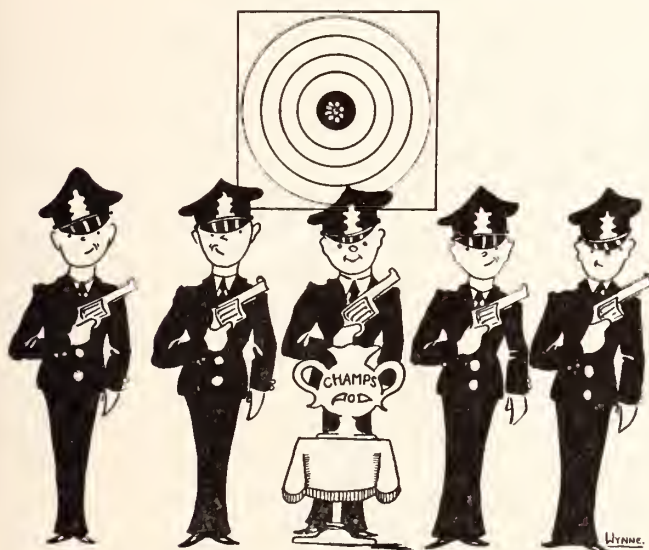
On September 14, 1916, it was assigned to Sergeant James F. Neary, who wore it until his promotion to lieutenant on June 5, 1925, which rank he still graces in the 88th Precinct.



*And for some reason or other sergeant's shield No. 519 never was reissued, and likewise reposes comfortably in the office of the Chief Clerk.*

Surely, there could be no luckier or more distinguished shields than those first two worn by the Police Commissioner, and can you imagine them both lying in cold storage today?

Frankly, we believe they should be resurrected and placed in circulation again. Don't you?



#### POLICE PISTOL TEAM WINS

**T**HE pistol team of the Police Department defeated the crack team of the Camp Fire Club of Briarcliff, N. Y., on December 5, 1931. The match was fired on the club's range and the score was 1,383 to 1,352.

The Campfire Club team is one of the best clubs in the East and is composed of nationally known marksmen, including Mr. Karl Frederiek, the Olympic champion, and Col. McNabb, of the United States

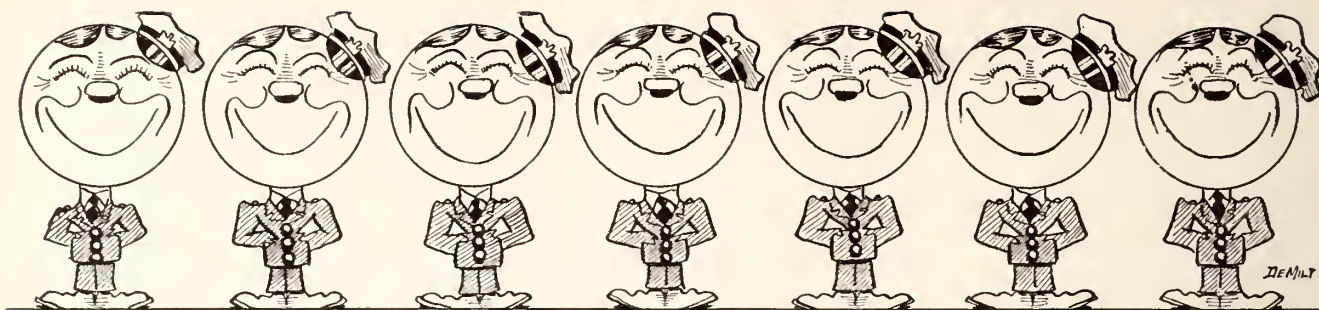
Army, now assigned as instructor of marksmanship to the New York State Militia.

The police scores were: John L. Wendell, slow—94, time—94, rapid—89, score—277; Charles Migliorini, S.—96, T.—92, R.—86, score—273; Herbert Koehler, S.—93, T.—93, R.—86, score—273; Arthur Sackett, S.—97, T.—93, R.—91, score—281. Adolf Schuber, S.—96, T.—91, R.—86, score—273. Team score—1,383.

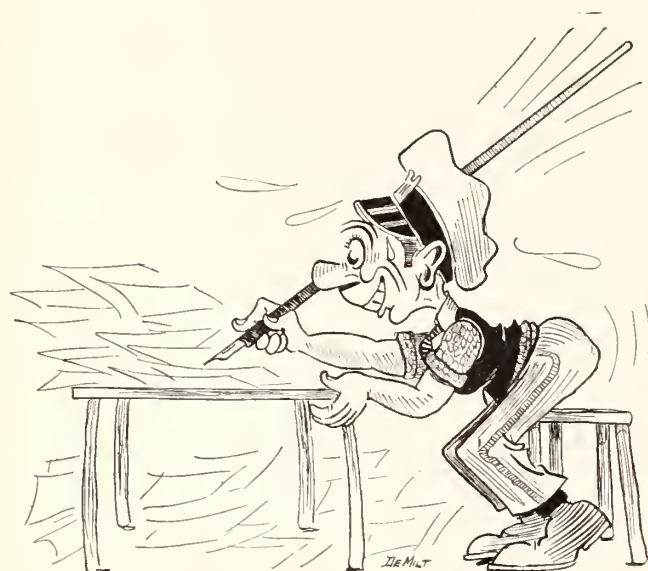
Camp Fire Club: Karl Frederiek, S.—98, T.—90, R.—77, score—265; Buchanan, S.—91, T.—90, R.—84, score—265; Raymond, S.—96, T.—90, R.—92, score—278; Col. McNabb, S.—95, T.—88, R.—85, score—268; Moller, S.—98, T.—91, R.—87, score—276. Team score—1,352.

This splendid showing of our marksmen is something to be proud of, and Chief Inspector John O'Brien, one of their staunchest supporters, has issued an order to all range instructors to be on the lookout for promising material. The new men recommended will receive thorough pistol competition instruction under the members of the pistol team. The most promising will be put on a second team and will engage in outside competition. The idea in mind is to have capable replacements before the present champions show any signs of slipping, sort of applying the Notre Dame system to marksmanship.

Fifty-eight members of the Department with less than ten years' service have been already chosen for instruction.



# The Prize Winners



*If at first you don't succeed—*

## SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Florance J. Sullivan,  
43d Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman James A. Sparrow,  
Emergency Squad 8

## LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Frank J. Pipolo,  
Emergency Squad 7

McSweeney's advance hasn't halted,  
To a Captaincy now he has vaulted;  
His pace has been fast,  
But he claims he will last,  
"So long as in 'rhyme' he's exalted."

2d Prize, \$10—Captain Michael Flattery,  
50th Precinct

*"Till his rank can no longer be altered."*

3d Prize, \$5—Patrolman Bernard N. Covell,  
120th Precinct

*"Till each rank in the job he's assaulted."*

## KOP KOMIKS

### PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.  
Patrolman J. J. Lynch, 20th Precinct.  
Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."  
Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

### THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for our monthly limerick.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than January 8th.

### THIS MONTH'S LIMERICK

"All records McSweeney is breaking,  
For 'Deputy' he's now in the making;  
His attention to work,  
Was his only real 'jerk,'  
....."

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

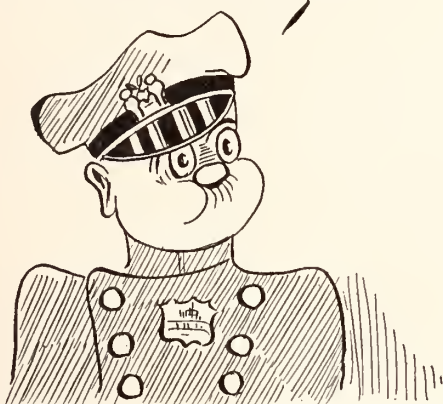


# Barney on the Beat

By LIEUTENANT JAMES A. DE MILT

## YULETIDE THOUGHTS

WELL, FOLKS, 1931 HAS BEEN MIGHTY ROUGH SAILING - I'VE BEEN SHOT AT AND SOCKED AT - RESPECTED AND DIS-RESPECTED - PRAISED AND MALIGNED - BOUQUETS ONE DAY AND BRICKBATS THE NEXT!



I HAVE BEEN ASKED A MILLION FOOLISH QUESTIONS, AND HAVE PROBABLY ASKED AS MANY MYSELF. BUT IT'S NOT A BAD OLD WORLD - IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU GO THROUGH IT -

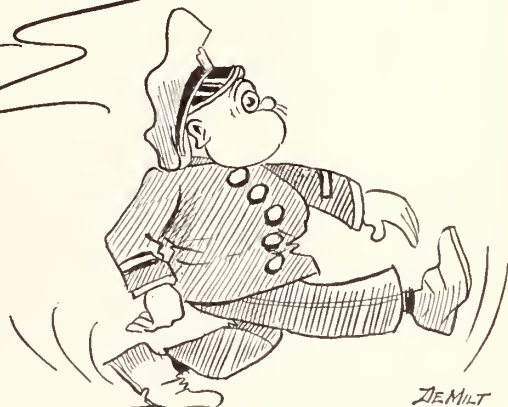


WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF WE ALL LIVED UP TO THAT MOST HUMAN OF AXIOMS -

"THERE IS SO MUCH GOOD IN THE *WORST* OF US - AND SO MUCH BAD IN THE *BEST* OF US - THAT IT HARDLY BEHOOVES *ANY* OF US TO TALK ABOUT THE *BEST* OF US"



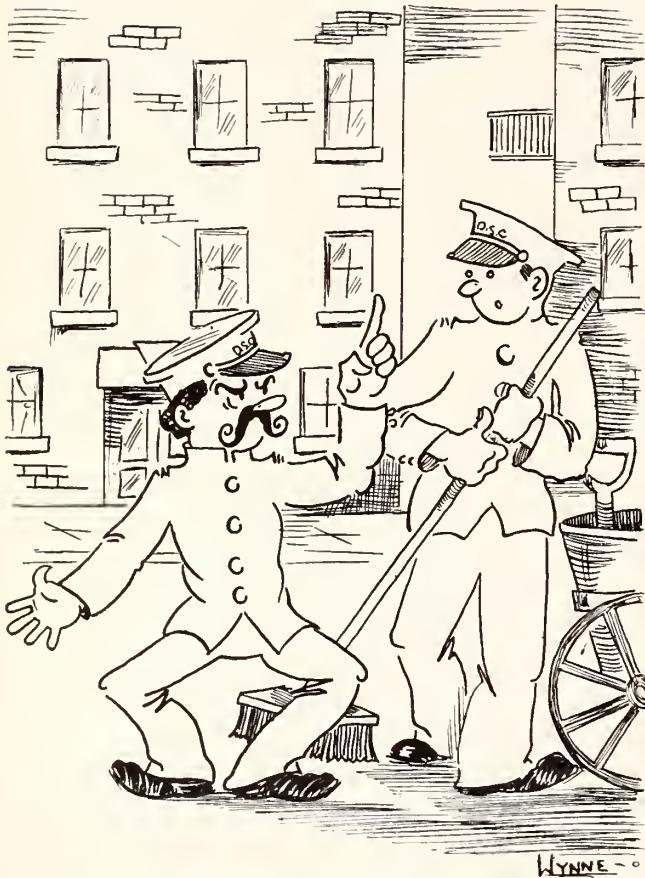
ANYWAY, WHAT I MEANT TO SAY IN THE BEGINNING WAS, THAT I WISH YOU ALL A REAL MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND LOTS OF GOOD LUCK FOR THE COMING YEAR.



# "BROOMS" CASSIDY

By Patrolman JAMES A. SPARROW, Emergency Squad No. 8

Second Prize, Short Story Contest



"Spaghet. huh, come on you big Irisher"

**I** TELL you, Captain, they're too scared up there. We can't get anywhere near that tenement house to put a 'plant' on it. Those 'Wops' are in deadly fear of that mob. They tell us that they will close their stores if we continue to hang out in there. I can't see how we can stay near that flat without being 'made' by someone who surely will tip off Ferroni, and if he gets wise that we are this close to him it's curtains.

"We have to know exactly what time he and his mob go in there; it has to be a clean sweep; we just have to find some way; that's all there is to it."

This conversation was being carried on between Detective Captain Morris and one of his sleuths down in the 31st Detective Squad room, in Harlem. They had information that "Red" Ferroni and his gang were to meet in a flat in 106th Street near First Avenue to plan a big robbery supposedly the largest of the gang's career. They were already wanted for numerous crimes in this and other cities.



Captain Morris was pacing up and down his office. Several other detectives entered the room. Morris stopped his walking.

"I've got it, Cassidy, can you push a broom?"

Cassidy started and looked at him. He thought his chief had suddenly gone mad.

"Sure I can, Cap'n, but I don't—."

"Never mind that. Come here and get these orders straight."

They pulled their chairs closer.

Then started a low monotone conversation interrupted now and then by Cassidy stopping to hit the cuspidor in the corner with a squirt of tobacco juice and eyeing his chief in a dubious manner.

"And we'll be in that garage two blocks up waiting for your phone call," concluded the Captain.

An hour later a white-clad man was seen slowly approaching the intersection of 106th Street and First Avenue. The man was pushing a two-wheeled wagon ahead of him and every now and then paused to hit some object in the street with a large squirt of amber juice. Finally reaching the intersection, he took the big broom out of the little wagon, made a few sweeps with the broom and then glanced towards a dirty, unkempt looking tenement house situated two doors up from the avenue.

This procedure went on until finally another figure in brown, a new assistant foreman, came strutting down the street. The foreman stopped suddenly. This was unbelievable; look at the condition of this street—filthy—look at that lazy sweeper resting on his broom. Carramba, he'd show him.

"Hey Irish, whatsamat, whadaya think, come on, pooshumup."

Cassidy jumped as if he was shot; he didn't expect this. The boss gave explicit orders not to reveal his identity to a soul.

"Come on, poosha, poosh, what you think you get paid for?"

"Listen to me, you big spaghetti bender, don't you—"



"Spaghet, huh, come on you big Irisher." The foreman squared off.

Cassidy realized he made a mistake, as a few loungers in the doorways came forward expecting to see a free-for-all. He then grasped the broom and with a desperate look on his countenance started pushing.

Then began an endurance contest between Cassidy and the foreman. The latter following, hollering and pointing to different piles of dirt and refuse that only a section of a city, a market section that employs horse-drawn and big vegetable trucks in its daily use could accumulate. The big Irishman getting redder and redder as if about to explode, swung his broom viciously, the perspiration flowing off his face in large rivulets. This was the answer. He had had a hunch that something like this would result from such a detail.

Suddenly Cassidy stopped dead in his tracks and his eyes narrowed as he spotted a large dark sedan

rolling silently up to the tenement. The car slowly came to a halt outside of the door and six men with hats drawn down over their foreheads alighted and with furtive glances walked in through the doorway.

Cassidy recognized one as Ferroni, and dropping his broom he grasped the foreman by the collar and pushed him ahead of him into a nearby stationery store where he revealed his identity as a policeman to the bewildered Italian. Then the detective grabbed the telephone and in an excited voice called the number of the garage where the Captain and his men were stationed.

Three minutes later the street was teeming with police, who ran into the tenement. Simultaneously other police, equipped with smoke and tear-gas bombs ran into the adjoining building and threw their bombs across the narrow areaway into the bandits' windows. The gang surrendered in a short time.

So that's how "Brooms" Cassidy got his nickname.

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## THAT'S GOOD POLICE WORK

**T**HE New York newspapers from time to time heave bricks at our head, which leave us bloody but unbowed. It is therefore a pleasure to record a few items from the newspapers of the current month which permit us to hold high that head at

which, as before mentioned, the press sometimes hurls bricks. The first item is an editorial from the Evening Journal entitled "A Good Policeman, the Force Has Many Like Him," which reads as follows:

"Patrolman John Sloan, of the Bergen Street station, is the kind of a policeman Brooklyn is proud to salute.

"When a policeman acts as a life saver twice within two hours, he deserves special mention, even though it was all in the day's work to him.

"When smoke billowed into the auditorium of a Fifth Avenue movie theatre, crowded with children, Patrolman Sloan rushed in and took charge. He shouted to the audience to keep cool, told the children to clasp hands and march out quietly two by two, and thus effected an orderly withdrawal which might have turned into a disastrous panic but for the confidence he inspired.

"Less than two hours later Patrolman Sloan was summoned to a home in which a young schoolgirl had attempted suicide by locking herself in the bathroom and turning on the gas. He broke in, rescued

her, and heard her pitiful story about being ashamed of her ragged clothing since her father lost his job.

"Patrolman Sloan not only saved her life, but he and brother policemen bought the child a new dress and new shoes and took them to the hospital."

The other items are:

**D**ETECTIVE HARRY H. ROTH, of the Pick-pocket Squad, is to receive one of the 1930 medals of valor awarded by the Harlem Board of Commerce. Detective Roth receives the medal for capturing three bandits when he was on duty as a patrolman attached to the East 104th Street Station. On June 30, 1930, he saw three men fleeing from a shop at 1607 Park Avenue which they had just held up. Despite their threats, Roth shot and killed one of the bandits and arrested the others.

And just to make this complete, we must tell you how Detectives Maguire, Kane, Crowley and Kennedy saved a number of people from burning to death in a six-story tenement house fire at 525 East 13th Street. After sounding an alarm, the detectives entered the smoke-filled hallways and carried out two unconscious small children and later guided dozens of women and children to safety.

THAT'S WHAT WE CALL GOOD POLICE WORK.





Referee Arthur Moraldi and Patrolmen Edward McGovern, Edward Hopke and John Lehner photographed with Commissioner Mulrooney at finals of handball tournament sponsored by SPRING 3100

## HAIL McGOVERN, HANDBALL CHAMPION!

**T**HE Police Commissioner on the afternoon of December 3d led an enthusiastic audience in applauding the sterling play which marked the finals of SPRING 3100's one-wall singles handball tournament. These matches, from which Patrolman Edward McGovern, of the 22d Precinct, emerged as winner and champion, with Patrolman Edward Hopke, of the 2d Precinct, in second place, and Patrolman John Lehner, of the 25th Precinct, as third high man, were played on the championship courts of the Level Club at 253 West 73d Street. Mr. Arthur Moraldi, physical director of the Sky High Country Club, who is himself a former Metropolitan handball champion, was a highly efficient and successful referee.

Patrolman John Lena, the sports writer of SPRING 3100's staff, to whom the major portion of the credit for the success of the tournament is due, will follow this article with a technical description of the play. Perhaps the quality of the contest can be best summarized by saying that the Commissioner arrived at 3:30, intending to leave at 4, and departed reluc-

tantly at 4:45 with the final match not quite completed.

Before play started, the finalists were presented to the Commissioner, who wished each one of them the best of luck. The Commissioner, as you may see by the above photograph, held the prizes for the boys, although the actual presentation of the cups was made by Arthur N. Chamberlin, Managing Editor of SPRING 3100, whose modesty kept him out of the photograph.

The enthusiasm, good will and cooperation, combined with the splendid sportsmanship shown by all the contestants in this tournament, augurs well for the future tournaments to be conducted by SPRING 3100. One of these tournaments, a one-wall doubles, is now being played. As the Police Commissioner said in his informal talk to the players:

"All policemen should be athletes, and I am always glad to encourage such fine competitive athletics as this handball tournament which has been so well conducted under the auspices of SPRING 3100."



## HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

**M**cGOVERN-HOPKE-LEHNER won their way to the finals by defeating three first-class players. In the first match McGOVERN defeated ADOLPH WEIS. The scores were 21-17, 15-21, 21-14. Weis was the only player to extend Mac to three games.

In the next match HOPKE drew Peter SEWARD as his opponent. Pete is a corking player and has about 20 years' experience behind him. He had just trimmed Charlie Stern, and was expected to go great guns, when HOPKE took him over 21-15, 21-16. It's the old story—youth must be served (even with a handball).

The third set of the semi-finals brought together JOHN LEHNER and JAMES HAMILL. Hamill is a very good two-handed player, but was a little bit too nervous against his more experienced opponent, who nosed him out 21-19, 21-17.

You can readily see that each game was keenly contested and that the players were evenly matched.

NOW FOR THE FINALS: HOPKE drew a bye, so LEHNER and McGOVERN played for the right to meet him for the championship.

Ed. made short work of LEHNER, whom he defeated 21-6 and 21-4. LEHNER started in all right when he killed the first four balls that were served to him, but Mac got wise to John's kill shot and ballooned the ball for the rest of the game, out-foxing him all the way.

After a ten minutes' rest McGOVERN proved to be a real champion, when, by a wonderful exhibition of stamina and courage, he was able to come from behind and win from HOPKE by 21 to 20 and 21 to 17. Mac's two-handed attack, plus a good, level head and a pair of legs that carried him across the court very nimbly, never leaving him out of position for a shot, was too much for HOPKE, whose main asset was a wonderful right hand. After all, you need two good hands to be a champion, and HOPKE'S rather weak left put him out of the picture.

At the start of the game HOPKE, with a vicious right-hand service, almost swept McGOVERN off his feet. Before Mac knew what it was all about HOPKE had five aces. This serve of HOPKE'S was a very fast ball that just barely got over the short line. McGOVERN got up and hit one to HOPKE'S left. Sort of a test shot.

HOPKE'S return was rather weak and Mac dropped it in the corner for an ace. From the onset the game see-sawed back and forth, with McGOVERN handling HOPKE'S serve very well. The score was knotted at 12 all when both boys put on a five-minute rally which brought the spectators to their feet. They made almost every conceivable shot seen on a court. Some of their "gets" were almost impossible.

At one time HOPKE threw himself half-way across the floor and returned the ball while in a sitting position, but McGOVERN came right back with a miraculous shot that made Commissioner Mulrooney lead the applause of the spectators.

Towards the end of the game, with the score 20 to 16 in favor of HOPKE, he lost control of his serve, and had nine hand-outs chalked against him. While

this was going on, McGOVERN crept up and tied the score. Well, as Jimmy Durante would say, "You could of knocked me over with a filet mignon." Everyone was excited and they cheered wildly, but this ice-veined copper from the wilds of Central Park kept as cool as a Frigidaire. He stepped right out, hit one to HOPKE'S left, and the game was over.

The second game was all McGOVERN. He took the lead and held it throughout. HOPKE shot his bolt in the first game, and looked very tired now. With the score 20 to 10 against him, he made a wonderful rally, running off seven straight points, but McGOVERN pulled himself together, and after a hair-raising exchange, won the precious point and the CHAMPIONSHIP.

It would not be amiss at this time to congratulate Referee Arthur Moraldi, former Metropolitan one-wall champion, and also Patrolmen Tom Cox and Tony Forster for the way they handled the lines. Everyone was satisfied. Thank you.

NOTICE—The doubles tournament has already started.

### BOWLING

The Brooklyn Repair Shop team defeated the Central Repair Shop of Manhattan by a score of 666 to 625. Patrolman Cerney, of the New York team, rolled the high score with 197.

On December 7th, at the Little Neck Recreation Alleys the 111th Precinct Pin Topplers out-lumbered the 13th Precinct Woodmen. The scores were: 111th Precinct, 797-912-818; 13th Precinct, 676-759-677. Sergeant John Martini and Patrolman John Werderman, of the 111th Precinct, were tied for high score. They both rolled 216. That's a lot of lumber on any alley. What's more, the 111th Precinct lays claim to the championship of the Department and hold it against all comers. Address all communications to Sergeant Charles J. Gorman, 111th Precinct.

### CHALLENGES

The 111th Precinct is still out with a chip on its shoulder, and is willing to travel away from home to show what it can do. What about it?

Sergeant William G. Murray, in behalf of the Motor Transport Maintenance Division team, is willing to take on all comers.

How about you two teams getting together and sending us the scores?

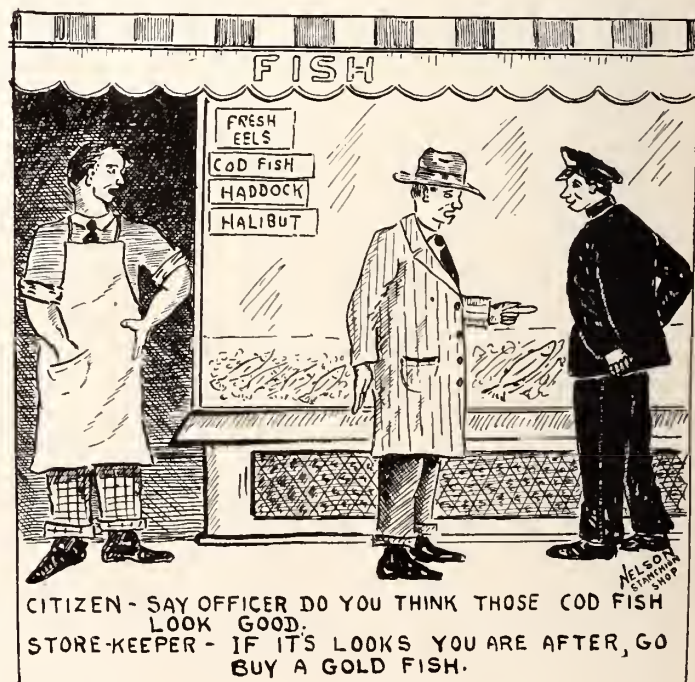
## POLICE BAND PAYS TRIBUTE TO DEAD

**T**HE Police Band in its broadcast over the city radio station, WNYC, on the first Saturday of each month between 6 and 7 P. M., announces as part of its program the names of those members of the Police Department who have died during the previous month. The list of names is taken from the "IN MEMORIAM" column published in SPRING 3100. Immediately following the reading, a requiem selection is rendered by the band in memory of their departed brother officers. Thomas F. Lonergan, secretary of the Police Band, has received many letters commending this feature of the band's program.

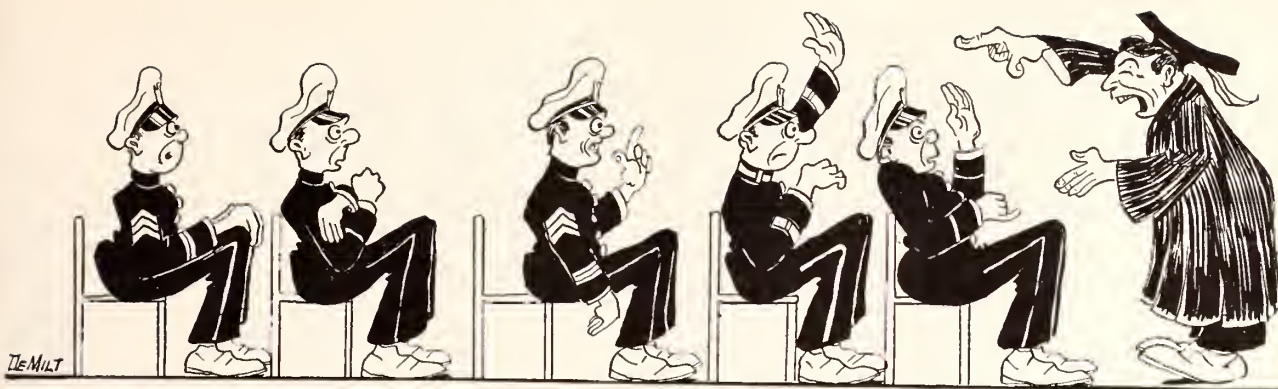




PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT







# THE POLICE ACADEMY

## City of New York

*Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean*

### OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

#### 1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Friday	-	-	10.30 A. M.

#### 2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	5.30 P. M.

#### 3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	7.30 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	5.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

### SPECIAL LAW LECTURES

In addition to the facilities now afforded to the members of the Force attending the Promotion Courses at the Officers' Training School of the Police Academy, the Police Commissioner is pleased to announce that a series of special lectures is being given at 5:30 P. M. every Thursday evening on Criminal Law, Evidence and Court Procedure by Mr. Hyman Barshay, Assistant District Attorney, Kings County, through the cooperation and courtesy of the Honorable William F. X. Geoghau, District Attorney of Kings County.

Members of the Force of all ranks may attend these lectures on their time off duty. Do not forget the time and day—5:30 P. M. every Thursday.

### CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

- How and to what extent are the police required to cooperate in behalf of poor, distressed and unemployed persons?  
Outline the duties of a Commanding Officer of a precinct in regard to this work.
- (a) Briefly describe the origin of crime  
(b) The nature of crime from
  - Legal point of view
  - Social point of view
- "X" has a certificate of a warrant issued by the Family Court for the arrest of her husband. She approaches a patrolman on post, points out a man entering a house, states he is her husband and gives the patrolman a certificate of the warrant requesting the officer to arrest her husband. The man has entered the premises. The door is closed. What should the policeman do?
- A woman complained to the officer on post that her boy was bitten some days ago by a dog, but because the injuries were slight she took no action in the matter.
  - State the full duties of the patrolman in this case.
  - What advice should the officer give to the complainant?
  - What is the police procedure in dog bite cases?
- What does "Due Process of Law" in a criminal case require?
- What is the difference between an exemplified and a certified copy of an indictment or complaint?
- What is the law with regard to the disposition of prisoners upon arrest?
- What do you understand a "short affidavit" to be? By what authority and why was it brought into use?
- "Y" is arrested at 2 P. M. upon a charge of Petty Larceny. Bail is offered for his appearance in court the following morning. Would you accept it if you were the Desk Officer? Explain your answer.
- What qualifications should a bondsman possess?
- "X" is arrested at 2.30 A. M. charged with Unlawful Entry. As a Desk Officer would you accept bail?

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL  
BE FOUND ON PAGE FOLLOWING.



# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. The Police Department cooperates individually and collectively in every reasonable way in the relief of the poor, distressed and unemployed. This cooperation includes:
  - (a) Contributions to the general relief fund of the Mayor's Official Committee.
  - (b) Reporting and investigating cases.
  - (c) Collecting and distributing clothing, fuel, monetary relief and food tickets.
  - (d) Procuring employment where possible.
  - (e) Securing medical and surgical services for the sick poor.
  - (f) Directing destitute for immediate relief including those stranded from other cities.

That the work of relief may be methodically and uniformly performed, the following duties are prescribed for precinct commanders.

  - (1) Monthly donations in proportion to salary, a sum of money from one to five dollars according to prepared schedules, except where a member is unable to contribute because of prolonged sickness.
  - (2) Commanding officers of patrol precincts investigate applications for relief of needy families in their respective commands. Each case is given a serial number.
  - (3) A patrolman may be assigned to this work, and his name, rank and shield number reported to the Unemployment Relief Bureau Headquarters.
  - (4) Commanding Officer of the Crime Prevention Bureau assigns Lieutenants and Sergeants of that Bureau to precincts to aid in this work.
  - (5) An Unemployment Relief Bureau under command of the Chief Inspector acts as a clearing house between the Mayor's Official Committee, the Social Service Exchange and the Police Department in relief work.
  - (6) When application is made for relief, the commanding officer of the precinct prepares and forwards the Social Service Exchange slip so that checkup may be made to determine if the family has been connected with any other relief agency. These slips give a history and pedigree of the family and are forwarded through Headquarters.
  - (7) The Social Service Exchange notes on the back of these slips a record of any agency to whom the family has been known.
  - (8) Commanding officers consult agency on the best plan for relief.
  - (9) Family is notified to get in touch with such Agency. No monetary relief will be given except:
    - (a) In emergency cases, food, clothing or fuel may be given before report on a slip, or
    - (b) Inquiry made by telephone in emergency cases but if contact is found with a charitable agency no further relief will be extended.
    - (c) In dispossession cases if eviction is imminent, inquiry is made by telephone. In addition the applicant will be referred to the Chief City Marshal.
    - (d) Cases of illness requiring nursing are referred to Visiting Nurse Associations.
  - (10) Report made in duplicate of cases showing amount and kind of relief desired, and whether applicant has had contact with any other charitable agency.
  - (11) When Relief Ticket is received, it shall be made out in type-written form to adult member of family, or to two members of a family if the adult cannot write to obviate necessity of witness to "x" marks.
  - (12) Tickets are signed by the Captain. If Captain is off duty then by Captain of adjoining precinct assigned in charge. If Captain is on leave or on sick report, the Acting Captain applies to the Unemployment Relief Bureau for permission to sign tickets.
  - (13) Duplicate copies of tickets are filed in the command for reference.
  - (14) Ticket is delivered by member of the command. Person receiving receipts therefor; officer delivering countersigns it.
  - (15) Donations of fuel and clothing will be received and disbursed to those in need not affiliated with any other charitable organization. Proper records are to be maintained therefor.
  - (16) Daily reports are made as to:
    - (a) Amount of fuel on hand at beginning of day.
    - (b) Received during day.
    - (c) Disbursed.
    - (d) Balance at end of day.
    - (e) Number of families aided.
  - (17) Relief will consist of:
    - (a) Monetary relief.
    - (b) Food relief.
    - (c) Fuel relief.
    - (d) Clothing relief.
    - (e) Securing employment.
  - (18) A record with serial number will be kept on proper form showing the pedigree and history of each case aided; in what respect and the number of times aided.
  - (19) Records are also kept of employment secured, donations of fuel, clothing received. Monetary donations will be referred to the Mayor's Official Committee, 50 Lafayette Street, N. Y. C.
  - (20) Food tickets are in amounts of \$2.00 to \$4.00 per week. They are to be presented by applicant to an authorized grocery store, good for food only.
  - (21) Grocery stores will be advised to make application for such authorization. If approved, notice of authority and a copy of the rules governing will be delivered through the precinct wherein located.
  - (22) Official blank forms will be forwarded for application and record purposes.
  - (23) Commanding officers of precincts are to see that this work is properly performed.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. (a) From the beginning of the world until the present day we have had crime. During the early existence of the human race people lived only in family groups and the head of the family was the ruler. He set out the rules by which all the members could live in harmony and any breach of these rules would be punished by the head. These rules were very much like our laws and their violation was the same as our crime today. A wrongful act committed by a member of one family upon a

member of another family was punished by the latter. Soon it became necessary for families to band together in tribes in order to better exist. A chief was chosen who made the regulations for all. Even amongst the tribe or group the individual families were only concerned with wrongs committed upon themselves.

When tribes became communities and the heads saw that not only was the immediate family of a victim concerned but the whole community they decided to take a hand and punish the offender. Then laws were made and regular procedure introduced to punish those who violated the laws.

- (b) (1) Crime is a violation of law whereby the people demand that the perpetrator be punished. It is classified into serious offenses and minor offenses, that is, violations which are wicked and violations which are wrong only because a law makes them wrong. The legal view requires that a person who commits an act which is prohibited by law be punished for that act. The punishment is graded according to the offense.
- (2) Crime from a social point of view is considered as a lack of adjustment and takes into account the situation which led up to its commission. It considers sociological treatment rather than punishment of the offender. This procedure is followed in cases of juvenile offenders and in children's courts where the causes of delinquency have been found in lack of proper home or parental example and training, or bad associations and environment. It seeks to prevent crime and to rehabilitate delinquents and offenders by social methods of probation, parole, supervision, assistance, employment, education and inculcating in such persons habits of right living and behavior.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

3. The policeman should examine the certificate of the warrant to see if it is valid. Question the woman with a view of satisfying himself that she is the person to whom the certificate has been issued and also to see that she is certain that the man she pointed out is her husband and the person named on the warrant. If satisfied in this respect, he should approach the door and make known his intention and authority to those within. If no one answers or if he is refused admittance he should break in and make the arrest.

Section 74 of the Inferior Criminal Courts Act states that whenever a warrant is issued for the arrest of a defendant, and the whereabouts of the defendant is unknown the clerk of said court may issue a certificate evidencing the issuance thereof to the complainant upon which any police officer shall arrest the person named in said certificate as under a warrant.

Section 175 of the Code of Criminal Procedure provides: The officer may break open an outer or inner door or window of any building to execute the warrant, if, after notice of his authority and purpose, he be refused admittance.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. (a) (1) Obtain—
  - (A) Name and address of woman.
  - (B) Name, address and age of boy.
  - (C) Part of body where bitten.
  - (D) Exact location of occurrence (public or private).
  - (E) Description of dog.
  - (F) Name and address of owner of dog.
- (2) Interview owner of dog and advise him:
  - (A) Of complaint made.
  - (B) Of his responsibility to keep dog secured, and upon arrival of Health Officer, deliver dog for examination.
  - (C) His liability for having a dog in a public place unmuzzled, and
  - (D) If in a park have leash on him in addition.
- (3) Verify correct address of owner.
- (4) Enter facts in memo book.
- (5) Report facts over signal box.
- (6) Submit book for inspection at end of tour.
- (7) Sign aided card.
- (b) Advise woman complainant:
  - (1) Such cases should be promptly reported to police.
  - (2) Such wounds however slight should have medical attention for cauterization.
  - (3) That he would report case to Health Department.
  - (4) If she witnessed occurrence and dog was unmuzzled in public place, procure summons for owner.
  - (5) That Health Department would notify her later if child required Pasteur treatment.
- (c) Department procedure in such cases:
  - (1) Police functions—Chapter 315, Greater New York Charter.
    - (A) Protect life, health and safety of citizens.
    - (B) Cooperate with Department of Health in enforcing Sanitary Code.
    - (C) Abate nuisances and diseases.
    - (D) Enforce laws and ordinances (including muzzling of dogs).
    - (E) Report to S. P. C. A. if unlicensed.
  - (2) Rules and Procedure:
    - (A) Render first aid and call ambulance, if necessary.
    - (B) Advise and warn owners and injured in dog bite cases.
    - (C) Make proper record of such cases.
    - (D) Notify Health Department.
    - (E) Secure and safeguard rabid or vicious animals from contact with other persons and animals.
    - (F) If such animal is at large—catch and secure him.
    - (G) If unable to catch him—destroy him.
    - (H) If secured—destroy with written consent of owner.
    - (I) If destroyed—bring body to station house.
    - (J) If large body—safeguard until removed by Health Department.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. Due process of law in a criminal case requires a law creating or defining the offense, a court of competent jurisdiction, accusation in due form, notice and opportunity to answer the charge, trial according to the settled course of judicial proceedings, and a right to be discharged unless found guilty.



#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. A certified copy of an indictment or information is a facsimile of the original and acknowledged as a true copy by the officer in whose custody is the original.

An exemplified copy of an indictment or information is a true copy of the indictment or information, together with a certificate bearing the exemplification of the signatures of the judge of the court and the chief clerk of the court, and the seal of the court.

Apart from the differences manifested by the definition, another difference is in the evidence value of each. For example, both copies are admissible in evidence if the original has been found any place within the state. A copy received from out of the state will not be admissible unless exemplified.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. As to disposition of prisoners upon arrest, Section 338 of the Greater New York Charter requires that the police officer making the arrest is at once to notify the desk officer on duty in the precinct in which the arrest is made. The prisoner is usually brought direct to the station house where the desk officer records the charge and the prisoner's pedigree unless he concludes the arrest was ill-founded or the matter of such a trivial nature when he may sometimes direct that the accused be set at liberty. In certain specified cases summonses are issued.

A report of an arrest is made within twenty-four hours to Police Headquarters. (U. F. 4 and 5).

Subject to station disposition as cited, "Each member of the police force shall immediately upon an arrest convey the defendant before the nearest sitting magistrate." (Code of Criminal Procedure, Section 165; Greater New York Charter, Section 338). If no magistrate be sitting the prisoner may be detained in the precinct station house until the next regular public sitting of the magistrate.

After leaving the station house the prisoner is conveyed to the magistrate's court appropriate to the time of day or character of the offense unless he or she has been admitted to bail.

If bailed, the defendant is instructed when and where to present himself or herself for arraignment. If still a prisoner whether conveyed in a patrol wagon or directly by the arresting officer, he or she is entered on the record book of the attendant in charge of the detention "pen" at the court.

For offenses other than felonies in Manhattan and Bronx only persons actually detained are sent to Night Court. Persons hailed out in the station house before the time arrives to be conveyed to Night Court are directed to appear in the jurisdictional district or special court at the next session thereof and not at the Night Court.

Another class of arrests for less than felonies that do not go to the Night Court are those made on warrants. According to Section 148 of the Code of Criminal Procedure relating to warrants, the defendant shall whenever reasonably possible be brought before the magistrate who issues the warrant, or to the court out of which the warrant was issued.

In all cases where summary arrests are made for violation of law triable in the Municipal Term Court, when that court is not in session the defendant is to be arraigned in the appropriate district court unless too late therefor; then in the Night Court if in Manhattan or the Bronx.

Cases coming under jurisdiction of Traffic Court are to be taken to said court whether instituted by summons or arrest, except that in the Boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx a person arrested after closing of Traffic Court will be taken to Night Court if in session. In either borough if no Traffic Court is held on the day of arrest, prisoner will be taken to nearest Magistrate's Court. In Manhattan and the Bronx women prisoners are taken to the Separate Court for Women for violations of the Multiple Dwelling Law; Subdivisions 3 and 4 of Section 887, Code of Criminal Procedure; Subdivision 2 of Section 1458 of Consolidation Act; Section 1466 of Consolidation Act, as amended, and known as Chapter 436 of the Laws of 1903, relating to wayward and incorrigible girls and intemperate women; Section 1146 of the Parole Law; offenses of prostitutional nature, except a felony; and in Manhattan only, shoplifting.

Also in Brooklyn the Women's Court has exclusive jurisdiction in Brooklyn over and must have delivered to it women prisoners charged with offenses of a prostitutional nature under Section 89 of the Inferior Criminal Courts Act and Section 887 of the Code of Criminal Procedure; Wayward Minors, Title VII-a of the Code of Criminal Procedure; Section 1146 of the Penal Law (disorderly house); shoplifting.

In Manhattan disposition of prisoners charged with Homicide is made at the Homicide Court. When this court is not in session, the prisoner is to be arraigned in the District Magistrate's Court. Likewise a similar court operates in Brooklyn for persons arrested for homicide; violations of eight foot law; leaving scene of an accident; reckless driving and driving while intoxicated.

Separate accommodations in designated station houses are provided for women. A policewoman is assigned to matron duty for search, care and supervision. (Greater New York Charter, Sections 362 and 364).

The Chief City Magistrate has designated the Florence Crittenden League and the Waverly House as institutions of detention for young and less hardened female offenders arrested in Manhattan and the Bronx when the Separate Court for Women is not in session (Chapter 623 of the Laws of 1921).

Any child under 16 years of age is taken to the Children's Society of the county wherein the arrest is made if not bailed or released on recognizance when the Children's Court is not in session. If Children's Court is in session must be taken forthwith thereto. Minors are not to be confined with older prisoners; nor are they to be transported in the same vehicle.

A prisoner charged with being a deserter from the United States Naval or Military Service is delivered to the naval or military authority, and is not sent to a magistrate's court. (Section 1578, United States Code.)

Under Section 283 of the Parole Law a parole violator arrested under a warrant is returned to the prison designated by the Parole Commissioner.

Section 590 of the Code of Criminal Procedure permits the surrender of a defendant by the surety. The defendant is delivered to the City Prison. The certified endorsed copy of the undertaking acts as a commitment.

A private person arrested by another must be taken immediately to a magistrate or delivered to a peace officer. (Section 185, Code of Criminal Procedure). The officer takes prisoner to station house and thence to court.

The sick or injured prisoner as and when necessary is sent to a hospital. Court arraignment follows discharge from the hospital. An insane person is taken to the Bellevue and Allied Hospitals if in Manhattan or the Bronx, and if in Brooklyn, Queens or Richmond shall be placed in the custody of Commissioner of Public Welfare. (Section 886, Code of Criminal Procedure).

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8

8. It is an affidavit made in a magistrate's court in a case of a prisoner charged with a felony by an officer to the effect that he is unable at the time of arraignment to produce the complainant either by reason of physical injury or disability, or owing to temporary absence, or that the evidence is not complete, and requesting that the defendant be held for a period not to exceed 48 hours from the time of arraignment or for a longer period by the consent of the defendant.

The affidavit states jurisdictional facts. It is brief and states that the evidence is not complete. It is always made by the police officer in the case and on information and belief stating whenever possible the name of the informant or the sources of the affiant's belief that a felony has been committed.

Its authority is Section 75a of the Inferior Criminal Courts Act.

It was brought into use to prevent the defeat of public justice where a complainant or material witness cannot or does not appear when the defendant is first arraigned. If a complainant or material witness is injured or at a distant point or not yet located continuous and serious miscarriage of justice would result if there was not such a provision. The action of magistrates in adjourning more than forty-eight hours even in cases where there has been no physical injury to complainant has been repeatedly sustained on habeas corpus, though usually without opinion. The usual construction given is that if there is a reasonable prospect that the prosecution may complete its evidence, the magistrate may grant repeated adjournments of not over forty-eight hours each unless the defendant or his counsel consent to a longer time.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 9

9. If court was in session would refuse bail and send prisoner to magistrate's court.

If court was not in session would accept bail for his appearance at 9.00 A. M. the following day at the jurisdictional magistrate's court after investigation under Rule 381 and found not wanted for another crime or crimes.

Section 338 of the Greater New York Charter provides that a person arrested must be immediately arraigned before the nearest sitting magistrate having jurisdiction.

For authority to bail see Section 554 of the Code of Criminal Procedure.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 10

10. A bondsman should possess the following qualifications:

- Must be 21 years of age.
- Must be a resident, householder or freeholder within the State, or, unless the magistrate otherwise directs, within the county.
- Must be worth property more than the amount required as bail, exclusive of property exempt from execution.
- Must not be a member of the police department, warden, prison keeper, turnkey of any prison or place of detention for persons charged with criminal offenses.
- Must not be an attorney at law or counsellor at law practicing in court of sessions.
- Professional bondsmen may not go bail unless licensed as provided (Section 554b, Code of Criminal Procedure) by the State Insurance Department. A professional bondsman is one who within a period of one month shall have charged a fee in connection with two or more cases.
- A corporation known as a fidelity or surety company may go bail. It usually acts by one designated as its attorney, though at times by an executive officer. Section 142 of the Insurance Law requires the agent or attorney to have a broker's license. Power of attorney accompanies proposed undertakings, together with last published financial statement of company.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 11

11. The acceptance of bail in this case would depend upon the results of an investigation.

If after the prisoner's fingerprints were forwarded and the report of previous criminal record did not show any of the following:

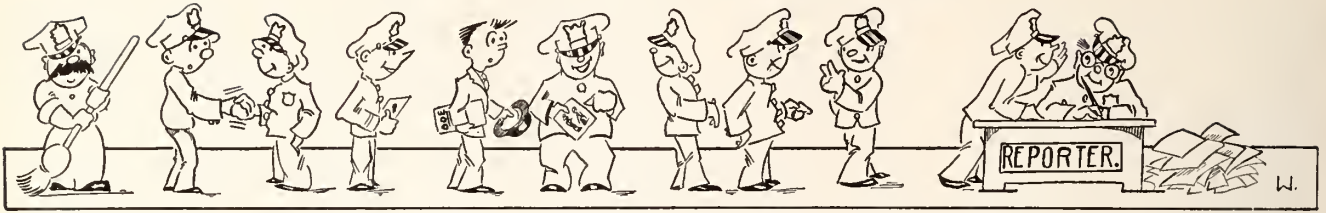
- Previous conviction for felony or attempted felony in this state, or
- Conviction for a crime elsewhere that would be a felony or attempted felony if committed here, or
- Conviction for any two or twice of any one of the following misdemeanors or offenses:
  - Carrying or possessing burglar's tools.
  - Unlawful entry.
  - Aiding escape from prison.
  - Carrying or possessing dangerous weapons.
  - Possessing habit forming drugs.
  - Disorderly conduct, known as jostling.

then the desk officer would be justified in accepting bail, if the bondsman was properly qualified and offered proper security. However, if the prisoner's record showed previous conviction as outlined the desk officer would be without authority to accept bail.



# Looking 'em Over

## WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



### 1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley  
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

### PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch  
6th Pct., Ptl. A. Buttacavola  
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

Crash! Bang! Tinkle, tinkle. Ha ha!

Maher and McMahon, two of our huskies, were conversing in Maiden Lane when these sounds reached their ears.

"Sounds like glass, eh, John?"

"It is. I guess it's that new couple who took over the super's job on John Street; she crowns him now and then with a bottle or two. They're always battling," Johnny answered.

Crash! Bang! Tinkle, tinkle. Ha ha!

"Gosh, she's sore tonight, all right. Such a noise at 2 A. M.," said McMahon.

"Why does he laugh, though?"

"He doesn't mind that. He laughs right out when he realizes how much worse it would be if they ordered milk in forty-quart cans."

Crash! Bang! Ha ha!

"Say, Mac, something's wrong. They use Borden's milk and I'm sure these are Sheffield bottles breaking. I'll investigate and see you later," Maher said, starting away.

Now, when Johnny investigates anything, nothing escapes uninvestigated. Reaching Broadway just as the din of several more crashes reached him, he saw the cause. A gentleman from the docks, of Polish extraction, filled to the gills with VODKA (a beverage of slightly more than one-half of one per cent), loaded down with stones, and for some reason a great yearning to smash plate glass. He had demolished the sixth store window when our hero, single handed, fearlessly nabbed him and called a bus from Bellevue.

Patrolmen Schick, Schenck, Schultz and Klumpe, the German quartette, will entertain their many friends this coming winter with old-time German songs over station G. W. W. (Greenwich, Washington, West), the broadcasting station of the 2d Precinct. Annonceer, Fred Bauer.

### 2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. John Stafford  
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon  
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

### LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan  
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.  
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

After trying automobiling, golfing, etc., Patrolman Shallow, of the 3d Precinct, was observed near Jamaica, L. I., horseback riding upon a steed from one of the local riding academies. Whoa, boy! What next?

The best seller of SPRING 3100, Lieut. (Broadway Johnnie) Collins, is about to start on his vacation, which he always takes in the late Fall, to enjoy one of his best sports, hunting. He contemplates going to the Great South Bay on Long Island for ducks. He expects to have the same luck as last year, when he

returned from the Adirondacks with four bucks (not currency).

### 3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawler  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

### PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.  
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

John McLees, the "Sheik" of the 3d Division, celebrated Thanksgiving Day by getting married to the "sweetest little girl in all the world." Lots of good luck, John, because you are a "swell feller." We had a grand time at the reception, and the refreshments were enjoyed by all.

The two "Poles" celebrated their wooden anniversary on the same day.

Inspector George McGirr was unable to attend, due to stress of business.

Wishing a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all. The reporter of the 10th Precinct is just getting over the "bawling out" he received from the wife of a certain lieutenant after the October issue was circulated.

Tom Grady and Ed Flood change their addresses so often we are beginning to think they like "living in a moving van."

When Bob Evans works the late tour his nose looks like one of the street lamps. It shines so much.

John Peterson, our good looking clerical man, received a prize in the limerick contest and his picture appeared on page 13 of the November issue on right end of front row. You will now agree with us as to his looks.

Ben "Pop" Heuss says a sure cure for the economic depression is to try a little inflation. Frank Heusel claims he ought to try inflating the tires on the patrol wagon once in a while.

Anthony Vecchione, 253 pounds net, and the owner of the largest pair of feet in the Department, was recently seen riding a horse in Central Park. We suspect he wants to be assigned to the Mounted Squad.

Bill Vogt was married a short time ago on the Q. T. Good luck, Bill, but the fair lady has our sympathy.

Tom Clark was recently seen dressed like a head waiter. Would not notice anyone.

At a recent party, Frank Devlin and Tom Tiernan were acting like a couple of pansies. Say it's not true, boys.

Jimmie Sherlock is getting so fat he is looking like one of those Russian wrestlers appearing at Madison Square Garden.

Bob Trimel is quite a linguist. Bob speaks Norwegian, German and English.

Ed. Jimison, our sylph-like wagon driver, has become quite an exhibition dancer, when he gets out alone.

Frank Riecker, not to be outdone, tried out his vocal chords, much to our discomfit.



Charlie Kuhn was walking lame for several days, and when questioned about it, Charlie claimed he fell down the stairs at home. His pal, George Rose, confided to your reporter that Charlie, not wanting to spoil the beauty of his arms, was vaccinated on the thigh. He is NOT a pansy.

Jimmy DeMilt, the contortionist, beg pardon, cartoonist, of this magazine, was among those present at a dinner, showing his permanent wave.

Nothing heard from that report of time off for the reporters as yet. It seems like the old song, "But You Forgot to Remember."

"Ignatz" Ippolito, of the 18th Precinct, after visiting one of those Gipsy fortune tellers, has reached the conclusion that the only stripes he'll wear will be at the bottom of his sleeve.

#### 4TH DIVISION

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin  
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

#### LT. JOHN J. FLYNN

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll  
19th Pct., Ptl. James Moloney  
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

On Thanksgiving Day, Patrolman Joseph Masteron, of the 13th Precinct, joined the Loyal Order of Benedicts, and on the evening of the slaughter he blew a big party, but the boys of the 10th Squad were not invited. Well, we found out why; he was afraid that if any member of that squad kissed the bride she would throw rocks at poor Joe. (And believe us, he will be poor from now on.)

Undertaker Dave Dunnigan, Yorkville's favorite son, pulled a sneaky one on the boys by also getting spliced. (We mean that he got hitched.) Well, we pity the poor girl if she has to put up with Dave's eloquent tongue.

We wonder how those chickens tasted Thanksgiving Day. You know the "schiekens mit the yalla lecks," the kind that make the best soup. Anyone can ask Rudie Strunk; he is an authority on them.

If anyone would like to meet Paulino Uezudin, "the bounding Basque," just come around to this precinct. His cousin, Patrolman Dinnie Eturaspe, works here and is known as "the pounding Basque."

Since Patrolman John Capmazzi left the east side of the precinct he has stopped singing those popular songs. John now works around Gramercy Park and has to put on "the dog," so he sings nothing but opera.

Patrolman Donohue, better known as "Uncle Don," can tell some swell stories while waiting for a "C." That's the only time he can get anyone to listen to him. That one about Colorado, when it was about fifty below and he slept in the tent, is a corker. He claims that he used to take the firewood to bed with him to keep it from freezing, so that he would be able to make a fire in the morning. What a man!

The young school boys on First Avenue have been talking of Patrolman Field. They say he has a swell build, and some chest. Well, we watched him get undressed and we noticed a bullet-proof vest on him. What an athlete!

We don't understand why Patrolman Peterson, the Second Avenue Whirlwind, is not playing with the regular Department baseball team. Pete claims that he used to get \$25 a game for his ball playing before he became a policeman. Well, we hate to doubt him, BUT?

The 13th Precinct lost a bowling match with Captain Byrnes' famous 15th Precinct, but look out towards the end of the season when we get in shape. We'll trim them like we did in baseball.

We notice that Patrolman Thomas Lawlor is getting awful stout of late. Wonder what the cause is.

You know, Tommy, if you get too stout you will lose your girlish figure, and that won't make a hit with the girls. That "address" book that he carries in his inside coat pocket is worth its weight in gold.

#### 5TH DIVISION

24th Pct., Ptl. Henry Thieboud

#### LT. WILLIAM TURK

30th Pct., Ptl. James Woll  
34th Pct., Ptl. Leo Illoy

The honor of depositing the first inmates in the new detention prison at the 24th Precinct goes to Patrolmen Dan Sheehy and Jimmy Walsh, erstwhile plainclothes men. Five minutes after the official opening of the cells, these two stalwarts apprehended four desperate vagrants and received the plaudits of department officials present at the dedication ceremonies.

Incidentally, Patrolman John Judycki later brought in two burglars, and on the following day three more burglars, making five felons in two days. This score may be tied, but we doubt if it will ever be beaten, unless by Johnny himself.

Patrolman Anthony Grieco, 24th Precinct, is manifesting keen interest in the release of Tom Mooney from prison. Tony's efforts have surpassed even those of Mayor Walker, and if you don't believe it, ask the boys who contributed to the fund Tony TRIED to raise.

Strange doings in the clerical office at the 24th Precinct. Johnny Sadlier, Reg. 106, has recently been receiving numerous jewelry catalogues and evinces a special interest in diamond engagement rings. Of course, Johnny has a sister who might like a diamond ring for Christmas, but it ain't being done these days.

#### 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Broveman

#### LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

The boys of the 8th Squad, 23d Precinct, want to know why Patrolman Andrew Unverzagt has all of his pockets filled with pills. However, we did find out that a very nice young lady has been canvassing pills in the vicinity of Andy's post. We wonder!

Good times are here again. Patrolman John Kennelly is laid up with a possible fractured ankle due to stepping in a DEPRESSION in the sidewalk. Now that we know where it is, everything will be easy.

Patrolman Iver Carlson has been walking around with his chest elevated. He is the proud papa of a baby girl. Pull in the chest, Iver, that's nothing new. Just read the next item on Patrolman Tolan.

Patrolman James Tolan hasn't a button left on his vest. His wife presented him with another "cop." This makes five boys for Jim. You'll have a baseball team soon.

They can't hide anything on Patrolman Fitzpatrick, of the 23d Precinct. Mike got a prisoner for stealing a 9 x 12 rug from an apartment at 4:15 A. M. They couldn't get away with a piano on Mike.

Patrolman Martin Prendergast told the reporter he had a good "Kop Komik," and when asked for it he wanted to know who would draw it for him. The condition has been corrected. Martin has been directed to a school of art.

After a prolonged illness of more than a year, Patrolman Henry Levy, of the 25th Precinct, reported back to work the other day. Glad to see you back, Henry. The boys missed your smile when you were away.

Patrolmen Francis X. Blackmore and John A. Lee, of the 25th Precinct, returned from an extensive hunting trip at Ulster County, New York, where they had gone to hunt deer. "Blackie" was lost in the



woods for three days, and when Lee found him he had two black eyes, three ribs missing, together with his shoes, and the flivver was spread around an oak tree. "Blackie" was eating his memo book and Lee was using his shoe laces for a necktie. What kind of a hunting party was this? You'd think that they came back from a war.

A conversation overheard in the back room of the 25th Precinct:

Patrolman Kevil: "What time do you eat, Gene?"

Patrolman Donahue: "I got posts 19 and 20."

Patrolman Kevil: "Yeh, I thought you bought that coat last winter."

Patrolman Donahue: "No. I told him to get a muzzle for his dog."

Patrolman Kevil: "Is that so? I do sixty to the hour."

Patrolman Donahue: "You do like heck; mine is a Buick roadster."

Patrolman Kevil: "Hey! Can't you hear me, Gene?"

Patrolman Donahue: "Sure, I got all the alarms in my book. Have you?"

Ye reporter of the 25th Precinct wishes the readers and their loved ones of SPRING 3100 a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Bright and Prosperous New Year. Amen.

Boys, what a command this is getting to be! We mean the 25th Precinct. We can boast of a champion basket ball team, bowling team, pinochle team, base ball team, football team, handball team, and what not.

Don't be surprised if every member of this command will qualify for two extra days' vacation in the next shooting tournament, since the new shooting range has opened and the boys are diligently practicing, even though some of them (no names mentioned) haven't located the target in three hundred tries.

The officers and members of the 32d Precinct desire to offer their deepest sympathy to Sergeant L. Chisholm and Patrolmen J. Brown, S. Matthews, P. Seward, and A. Williams, who have recently suffered afflictions in their families.

The patrolmen of the 32d Precinct are contemplating the organizing of a fast and furious basket ball team, which will be composed of the following: Lieut. (Er—Philosophy) Dewitt, manager; Sergeant E. (Sagacious) Kline, coach; Patrolman Sam (Loquacious) Gashun, right guard; Patrolman James (Phyco) Slone, left guard; Patrolman (Basket Foot) Wallace, center; Patrolman Rufus (Good Old Days) Hurst, right guard; Patrolman George (Good Looking) Richardson, left forward.

They expect to issue a challenge to every precinct in the Department, winding up with a game with the "Celts."

It certainly must be boring to be a clerical man in the 32d Precinct since the Police Department started to handle the dance hall licenses. Most every day Patrolman McMahon's office is deluged with beautiful socially inclined young damsels, seeking to obtain a license to give a dance, and it is rumored that Mac gets an invitation from every one. Ah! to attend the dance, of course.

#### 7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

#### LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGonnan  
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green  
48th Pct., Ptl. George Conway

Johnny Berger, navigator of the 7th Division, has just returned to work with "bigger and better smiles"

and all tanned up after spending his vacation in Mexico. We have it from reliable information that he said "Yes" before the vacation and he and the wife honeymooned. Luck to both.

#### 8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Mavor

#### LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan  
52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

Now that Boo-Boo McCarthy and Arthur "Snoop" Reilly are mad at each other, the boys of the 43d Precinct do not need a Sherlock Holmes to discover who stole "Snoops" baby suckling pig that he was saving for his Christmas dinner.

Patrolman Charles "Koko" Koehler, while reading the Ladies' Home Companion, discovered an "ad" which read something like this, "Lost, Strayed or Stolen—One baby suckling pig, about 11 pounds, in the 43d Precinct. Liberal reward. Patrolman A. 'Snoop' Reilly."

Patrolman Jack "Moe Levy" Manning, of the Unemployment Bureau, is getting so good at fitting clothes that he cannot wait until his one quarter of a century is up, so that he can open up a tailor shop.

Members of the 43d Precinct are raising a fund to be applied towards the cultivating of Sergeant Fick's wonderful basso voice. It is hoped that when the fund is raised and the proper instructor found who can cultivate such a voice (and such a voice it is), Sergeant Fick will accept the offer graciously and attend instructions faithfully so that his voice can be CULTIVATED, CURBED or STRANGLED, we don't care which.

Note to Editor: Please don't forget that picture, as we are receiving lots of fan mail.

John Cahill, the head attendant of the 50th Precinct, said that there should be trees on the roof of the station house instead of poles. John can climb a tree.

Patrolman Dillon, of the day and evening squad, was watching two golf players playing golf in the rain. One was holding an umbrella over the other, who was trying to make a shot. Dillon was thinking of sending for the Bellevue bus.

"TWENTY WORDS—NO MORE—NO LESS." When seen said patrolman was sitting at table in restaurant, failed to obtain permission, failed to enter in memo book.

Mr. Frank Wetloffler, of Omaha, Italy, is the winner. Congratulations, Mr. Wetloffler. He is a watchman in a day nursery. Here is the winning slogan: "I thought I heard a whistle!" This is Station BPOE and until tomorrow night we bid you all good-night.

Sergeant Dan O'Neill is on the road to recovery since he tried to push that stalled auto. Next time he'll call a tow wagon.

Lieut. Fred Kessler is another good man who has returned from sick report. He spent a month up at Sliding Billie Watson's health farm in Rockland County. He said that the setting-up exercise is a great thing, but it differs from the "getting it up" exercise and is a lot harder on the hands.

Patrolman Henry Treubert slipped away on his 32 hours off and took unto himself a wife. These rookies are just as courageous as ever.

If you want to know why Patrolman Cruise is all smiles lately, here's the reason. John just sold his house in what he called the heart of Queens. He said that it was a nice piece of property, 25-foot front, 105 feet deep and a foot and a half of water in the cellar.

Now that the garage of the 50th Precinct is



equipped with an electric motor driven air compressor, it looks as if "Gas Bag" Willie Koop, the attendant will get a much needed rest.

#### 9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

Patrolman Joseph Irving is all swelled up with pride since Tom Noonan sang his favorite song, "I Will Take You Home, Kathleen," over the radio. Although it is still a secret, it is believed that his next request to "Tom" will be "Home, Sweet Home," as it is rumored they will be Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Irving by that time.

The station house isn't what it used to be since the big butter and egg men, Bischoff and Irving, started the relief work. These boys are supposed to be hard, but when some little girl comes in for relief, with tears in her eyes, they just can't help crying. A private supply of crying towels has been ordered for their own exclusive use.

Patrolman Harry J. Flanagan, our new matrimonial member, has just returned from his honeymoon trip in Florida. We all had a good time at the wedding reception, even the Precinct Glee Club rendered a few first-class selections. The evening was spoiled, though, when Duke Barnes tried to eat himself to death and later tried to kiss the bride. We all wish Harry and the missus the best of luck.

This precinct has a 97 per cent membership in the P. B. A. and the delegate is out to make it 100 per cent. What do you say, fellers?

The Wonderbugs of the 123d Precinct wonder:

Who grows the most luscious tomatoes and brings them to the station house?

Who can't be convinced at 3 A. M. that the sound of a fog horn on a bridge is not a serenading cat and persists in hunting for the poor pussy?

Who, in a hurry for inspection lost his head and damaged both private cars to the tune of a new winter blouse?

Who is going to have a new 1932 Lincoln coupe after he gets all the old parts of other cars assembled to his liking?

Who is so anxious to act as Sergeant's chauffeur?

Who likes the detail as custodian for the next three months and was polishing things up to hold the detail, but lost out?

Who thinks he is never wrong, but is never right?

Who has a bald spot on his dome, but is very careful not to let it be seen in the day time, and wears a night cap? Three guesses.

Who thinks he is the most perfect clerical man?

Who has entered the chicken enterprise and can get gratis stock of the finest strain? Oh, yes; they are White Rocks.

Who lives and is going to live in the honeymoon flats? Mr. Post will post them on how to feed them from crib to college.

Who lent his car to another fellow to get caught speeding at 54 miles per hour by a speed cop?

Who loves to bring coal to the booths in the patrol wagon on late tours to keep the boys warm?

Who dashes to the teletype machine to turn it off, so as to show he is on the job?

Who is the best hat knocker in the sitting room?

The entire personnel of the 123d Precinct wishes a Merry Christmas and Happy New York to the entire Department, both active and retired.

#### 10TH DIVISION

61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp  
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long  
60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan  
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

#### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie  
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan  
70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

**OVERHEARD BY ONE OF OUR 64TH PRECINCT PATROLMEN:** Young Bobby Nolan, who is the son of Patrolman Frank Nolan, our P. B. A. delegate, was blowing off his horn to one of the other kids in the school yard the other day. (Just like his "old man.") He asserted that his father was the best patrolman in the 64th Precinct, and that he could cover two posts at one time. When the youngster inquired, "How come?" Young Nolan answered that his father was cross-eyed.

Lieut. Peter Dondero is in back of the desk again looking hale and hearty after a restful vacation. Welcome back, Lieutenant... Sergeant John Holland returned from the South, where he spent 22 days hunting crocodiles. His many tales of his skill at crocodile hunting have brought his bosom side-kick, Sergeant John Dawson, many worries... We wonder if our eminent Italian linguist, Sergeant John Murphy, will receive a New Year's card from his adopted countryman, Mussolini... Sergeant Royce's good bowling brought home the bacon in the recent bowling tournament held by the members of this precinct. His score was 2,012. Patrolman Fred Gloss was a close second with 2,006... Patrolman Ed. Dauphin is keeping company with a fair lass from The Bronx... Patrolman Joe Gallasse is getting to look more like the aquarium every day.

#### WHAT WOULD BE ODD SIGHTS ANYWHERE:

Sergeant John Reardon with a new pipe... Sergeant Royce frowning... Patrolman Ed. Dauphin removing loose hairs from a comb... Henry Camperlingo, trying on a pair of size seven shoes... Mike Maloney, without a broom. (He may fall down.)... John Murphy appearing at the C. I. O.... Frank Nolan refusing dues... Mike Mullane giving away fruit... James Brierton passing up a traffic violator.... Tim Sullivan saying "No; let me wash your auto."... George Munday calling the alarms out... Dan Spellman on a Monday morning... Jack Flanagan doing a toe dance.

As one of our popular columnists would say: "A blessed event has entered the homes of three of our brother officers. Patrolmen Pat Powers, Bill Morrow and Bill Hoffer are the proud papas. All boys. Congratulations to the wives and papas."

**MEMBERS OF THE 64TH PRECINCT WISH THE EDITOR AND HIS STAFF OF SPRING 3100 HEARTIEST NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.**

A citizen one day approached Tiny Tineo and asked him where Coney Island Avenue was. Tiny, ever obliging and trying to be humorous, retorted, "Why, young man, I'm standing on the very street you're looking for." The citizen, looking Tiny over from top to bottom, remarked, "Thank you, sir. No wonder I couldn't find it."

John Pierano is having a tough time trying to convince Willie Lavin, the Yorkville Sheik, that a "see" is not the letter following B.

Talk about tough assignments, Jack Healy is talking himself blue in the face trying to convince Happy Tice that he'd make an ideal burglar for Nogy to practice with for the next dog show. Happy seems to be evading the issue by recommending "Skull" Kirkley for the job.

And speaking of Willie Lavin, why did John Lynskey endow him with the sobriquet, "Bowl of Cher-

ries" Lavin? Will some kind soul supply him with the said information?

Pop Kabelka, Bob Lentino and Henry Jankowsky went fishing recently, and fellows, that was some trip. We're still hearing about it, and from the way the boys spoke, you'd imagine there wasn't a fish left in the ocean. To make a long story short, all the boys caught was a cold, and their stories were cheesy. Lightning Tomford, our capable attendant, chirped in and said: "Why didn't them fellows wait till the 2d Squad was working and they'd be able to get some 'Trauerts' and be ahead of the game?"

We are glad to see that Sergeant Finkelstein has had his title changed to Licut. Finkelstein. Well, the 11th Division's gain is our loss, and we boys out here wish him all the luck possible.

The entire dog squad, consisting of Daniel Donovan, Mike Fogarty, Jack Dorer, Jack Healy, and Ralph Keeke, are squawking about not seeing their names in print. Why don't you fellows get mad some time and bite the dogs you lead around, and that, gentlemen, will be news.

The members of the 66th Precinct regret the loss of Lieut. Edward Whiteman, transferred to the 14th District. Our loss is their gain. We also welcome the arrival of Lieut. Thomas Boland in our midst.

Speaking of the war in China, there are two good soldiers, brave and true, who marched down the center aisle to the strains of martial music. There is no hope of an armistice for the rest of their lives. Good luck to Alfred Rick and Charles D'Amato as from now on they are on a percentage basis. One per cent of the check will go to them.

Patrolman Van Cott is entered in a coffee drinking contest, where all entries start from scratch, rush to the kitchen and grab a cup of coffee. Go to it, Van, I'm placing a bet that you win.

It is noticed that Patrolman Workman and his man Sweeney walk around with long faces. When questioned by the Inquiring Reporter, they stated that with so many good men out of work, it makes a whole lot of work for other good men taking care of them and their families. Keep up the good work, boys.

A report from a Bronx precinct stated that a large rainbow was seen entering the gate to the Yankee Stadium for the Army-Notre Dame football game. Their minds were at ease when informed that the rainbow was our good friend, Moose McCormick, and his Sugar. Moose was wearing a new Christmas tie with the colors of both teams on same. Well, Moose, you worked hard to obtain the tickets, so I am glad you enjoyed the game.

#### 11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox  
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. Charles Keenan

#### PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

Sergeant Moore, of the 72d Precinct, submitted the following:

#### OUR JOB

Out in the rain, the snow, the hail and the sleet;  
Out in the frost, the ice, and the sun-baked street.  
In on the cares, the worries, the troubles and strife;  
Guarding the people, the home, the property and the life.

After turning in one score and five,  
Lucky; yes, lucky, to be alive.  
Excused from every beck and call,  
But "God be with him!" leaves us all.

Well, the 76th Precinct finally has a pugilist. The original "Baby Face" McLaren, better known as "Gong Gong," for the simple reason that every time he hears a bell ring he runs to a corner and wipes his nose.

We also have a commander, Frank Shied, the delegate for the American Legion. We understand he is going to carry a banner in the parade next year. Well, if he can carry a banner the way he carries a package, he will be pretty good.

While patrolling his post in the vicinity of Atlantic Avenue and Ft. Greene Place on November 10, Patrolman Gus Naurod, of the 78th Precinct, observed a man crouching in a doorway. Upon investigation the man proved to be an ex-convict ready to pull another job. Gus disarmed him of a 45-calibre automatic and sent him away for the holidays. Good work for an old-timer.

Bill Glennie, of the 78th Precinct, is the champion of the "Aspirin Gang." He takes more Aspirin than Bayer can make.

Jack Persico has the oldest pipe in the Department.

C. Bailey, the sheik of 6th Avenue, smokes more Italian cigars than anyone in the city.

Charlie McCullough has gone in for golf. He'll soon be muscle bound from swinging sticks.

Rudy Vallee has a rival in Frank Sample. Some crooner! Our Frank spends most of his time practicing with the radio.

Jim Lombardi, of 3d Avenue, is the champion smiler of them all, always a good word and smile for everyone.

Joe Heney, of the 78th Precinct, at one time carried the honor of being the champion handball player of the world.

The members of this command are glad to hear that Patrolman Judge has recovered from his recent illness.

The members of the 78th Precinct extend the season's greetings to their old pal, Sergeant Frank Reiff, who is ill, and hope that God will grant him a speedy recovery.

Patrolman Fehrenback, the Marconi of 76th, was married seven hours before Carey, the moth charmer. Wait until we see who has the first future cop.

Detective Cal McCarthy, of the 76th Squad, lost his billy, which he prized very highly. Cal had every man available looking through the precinct for it, as it was a gift he received from the distinguished John McTernan, whose father used to beat him with it when he was a boy (1880-1891).

Tom Russell, the cackling delegate of the P. B. A., has been patting himself on the back since he put up a successful battle against covering chicken markets. Just like Tom to pick on the poor little chicks.

The men of the 76th are happy to see Joe O'Brien back at work after an illness of fourteen months. Welcome back, Joe, and good luck.

The poor and needy cases are well taken care of at the 82d Precinct by the two handsome Kenna brothers.

It has been rumored in the vicinity of Bond and Butler Streets that the wedding bells will soon ring for "Syl" McGuire. Who is the lucky girl? Will Louis Balzano and Dinny Donovan be ushers at the wedding?

Does Johnny Leonard's new baby keep him awake nights?

Who is the superior disguised as a "chestnut stabber" along Fulton Street?



The members of Butler Street wish a speedy recovery for Tom Sutherland.

A word of praise should be given to Patrolman Bruno for apprehending two 75-year-old bandits on Fulton Street.

"Schnozzola" Lanzetta is investigating needy cases among his countrymen.

Patrolman Buck Buccettus, known as the muscle man of the 84th Precinct, has been seen throwing a double armlock and a flying mare on a plate of spaghetti in a certain a la carte place on Hudson Avenue. You better take it easy, Buck, or you may hang yourself.

Patrolman George (Pale Face) Stocker, who has a claim in as being the only full-blooded Indian in the Police Department, has been seen buying a full feathered turkey, so if you happen to see George parading around with a feather in his hat, don't think him queer, as it's an old Indian custom.

We have a rumor that the restaurants on Fulton Street have made a contract with Patrolman Al Mul-lane to give him a dollar a day to stay out and eat elsewhere. So Al is now spending his meal period in dopping out if he is a winner or a loser on the deal. Remember, Al, three steaks are a buck and a half.

Patrolman Jimmy (Soup) Jones has been seen filling out a transfer slip, and we are wondering if he is looking for a mounted detail. Remember, Jimmie, there are no more brewery horses in the Department.

Patrolman Harry O'Neil, known as "Physical Culture Harry," still insists it was he instead of Patrolman Charlie Murphy who asked Col. Theodore Roosevelt during that famous San Juan Hill drive "to unhook those mules" and he would pull the cannons up the hill. Great team of soldiers, these boys.

Patrolman Bob (Beau Brummel) Wallot, the 175-pound champion face-lifting artist of the 84th Precinct, has been seen ducking in and out of beauty parlors, for what reason nobody knows. But what the boys do know is that Darwin was right. Take a tip, Bob, stay away.

Patrolman Jack Shiel, our congenial clerical man, has been observed collecting a bundle of last week's newspapers. We still insist the call, "Shiel, have you got a paper," rings in his ears.

Patrolman Jack Cochaw, the demon chauffeur, has just lost his rank as first whip of the baby Lincolns. Cheer up, Jack, the depression will soon be over.

Patrolman Habceb was seen leaving the station house the other evening in his soup and fish. When asked what was the big idea, he said he was going to a dinner at the Hotel St. George to act as interpreter for his best friend and countryman, Mahatma Gandhi.

We still have old Benny (Yeah, Yeah) Oswald with us. Benny is known as the best first broom the 84th ever had. Foreign papers please copy.

#### 12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy  
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Ghericich  
69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

#### PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley  
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy  
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

The boys of the 63d Precinct have reached the conclusion that it is about time there was some news from their precinct, so they have made a resolution that they will be interested and attentive to the magazine for the New Year.

Philip Asher: Here's a real scoop. He has a father and grandfather living who carry the same name. So he's Asher the third. They were all born in Glasgow, Scotland, and descended from the old

Scotch kings. If you value your life, don't kid him about it.

Abondondola: His "schnozzle" is as big as his name.

John (Happy) Burns and Sergeant Delaney: Two perfect tenors. Glee club take notice.

John Duffy: "If it's in my black book it must be right."

Father Caulfall: "What, another boy, that makes four! You'll turn out a squad yet. Put them on the force, big boy."

Gray: Pollack's private chauffeur.

Joe King: "Why did your wife hit you with an umbrella, Joey? Couldn't she find a rock?"

Lannigan: "Take a tip, fella, don't let the boys know the date of your wedding. They're planning a kidnaping act."

Lyons: "Everybody's equal, big boy. Don't be a crying Lyon."

Perfido: What a sheik. Mama—such teeth—such a nose, and a bachelor.

Mulverhill: "Look out, fella, Mr. ——— has spotted your Auburn."

V. Vitali: "Your orange and white sweater is only surpassed by your chin."

Sergeant Pollack: A tough hombre, with a darn good heart.

Sergeant Tish: Just an ace.

We all mourn the death of Captain Ira Ferris, our "skipper." We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

Welcome, Captain McManus, to our "country club." We'll pull for you.

A new amendment to the book of rules is suggested for Patrolman Izzy Margolias, 67th Precinct, the cop of a few words. "Twenty words, no more, no less."

Patrolman Willy Hayes still can't understand why all the boys are inquiring about friend wife. Laff this off, Bill.

Patrolmen Spitz and Furcht come to work together and go home together; always talking business. Looks like a new clothing store is going to open in Flatbush.

Patrolman Artie McGrade on a recent trip to Bermuda forgot himself and tried to work the shield. "How is Hilda, Artie?"

Eddie Lahey, the original emergency man, struts around with his chest out. Why? Well, mama presented papa with a young lady who will now hedge in on the family table. Congratulations, Eddie.

Our silver haired house postman, Walter (Tox-mixer) Askund, took Lieutenant Pat. Concanon into his confidence recently and told him that he was not feeling so good. After a consultation, the "Medico Lieutenant" decided it was LOVE, and that our Walter should join the Benedicts and give the poor girl a chance. Another bit of advice: Don't forget Rule 196, or you may become acquainted with the long blue ones.

Sergeants Tommie (Give Me Four Bucks) Cavanagh and Charlie (Going There) Queen have been seen buzzing quite a bit lately. Wonder if the Irish Free State is going to start an uprising against a certain sergeant who was excused apparently on request of the Italian Consul on the day Grandi arrived in town. Rumors are that the said sergeant was seen around Pier "A" when the Italian envoy arrived. No wise cracks. He didn't have a black shirt on and he wasn't beating a drum.

The field men of the unemployed, Willie O'Con-



nor and Bitsey Byrnes, should be addressed in the future as the "Reverend Fathers." You ought to get a load of them with the Buster Keaton look on their faces listening to the troubles of the unemployed. When they deliver the food checks they are thanked with a "God bless you." Well, if those count as points, St. Peter will have a hard time keeping those birds out of heaven.

Solly Goldstein, while standing at Church and Flatbush Avenues inhaling the aroma of the chop suey and dreaming of his Lena, woke up to find a large bird strutting down the avenue. Solly captured it and conveyed same to the station house. Lieutenant Dave (How Is the Wife) Zimms said it was an eagle; Sergeant Pat (Hello, Boys) Cudmore said it was a chicken hawk; Sergeant Louie (Don't Tell Me) Tagliani said it was a mountain specie of the Italian hen, which all added to the gloom of Goldstein, who was under the impression that it was kosher, due to the size and shape of the beak. Well, it was decided by the Prospect Park curator that it was a "Spooffe Tiff" and a relative of Eddie (Beau Brummel) Beckman, in other words, a pigeon thief.

#### 13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

#### LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muehtlich

Trader Holmes and Sardine Nelson left for the Berkshire Hills, where they expect to stake their claims on some acreage.

Jimmie Reilly, while assigned to the hospital, got all tangled up with something, whether it was the prisoner or the pet cat he refuses to divulge, but anyhow, he couldn't deny that she clawed his nose.

We don't know what all these calls are about, but we continuously hear that "Sergeant May is not here any more." What is it that you want, or HAVE?

The various relief funds were coming so fast and furious and so hard to get them up that we turned the matter over to the "ole war dog" Marine, "holt cats," he gets 'em together.

Lippy Fink has bought a Frigidaire to keep Jake Margolies and himself in cubes; the corners wear off so fast.

I'd like to see an aut-opsy performed on Abie's vocal system.

Patrolman Quaid, 79th Precinct, is spending a lot of time in the second-hand book stores along Fulton Street, buying books on HOW TO DIAPER A BABY.

Bill Stoutenburgh, of the 79th, was seen several times on the food line. Bill claims the depression has caught him.

Patrolman John O'Kane was out on Thanksgiving Day dressed as a ragamuffin, with a sock full of flour in one hand and a leg of turkey in the other.

#### ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Remember last month's story about Sergeant Richard O'Flaherty and Schowers, the Indian? Well, here is the aftermath. It seems that when an Indian is sent to the Happy Hunting Grounds, the same must be verified by the tribe. Well, one was sent to to the 80th Precinct to get the facts, but the Chief made the mistake of sending a Sioux, and Schowers is a Chippewa. They don't talk the same language. Patrolman Fitzgerald, who pushes the broom in the 80th Precinct, states that after many signs and dialects between Schowers and the Sioux, he heard the Sioux ask Schowers for \$3, but he could not say if it was for the purpose of keeping him silent or defraying expenses back to the reservation.

There was quite a controversy the other day between the three very clever doormen of the 80th Precinct.

Patrolman Wegge claims that he knew a man with so much influence that he could have the Schorim Society, K. of C., and the Square Club, to the tune of the same music.

Bill Casey, our first-grade detective, bet him a new hat that it was impossible, and demanded the man's name. Wise Mr. Wegge said, the Police Commissioner; he was talking of the annual parade. (When seen, he was headed for New York.)

Patrolman Fitzgerald, our amiable doorman, is very good natured. The other day one of our lieutenants ordered a ham and egg sandwich for lunch, which was taken in the rear room with instructions that it was for the "Looney." A few minutes later Fitz came out and said, "What will you have, some buttered rolls and coffee?" Fitz likes ham.

Patrolman George Buck received his first complaint last week, and being inexperienced in the art of making alibis, asked the efficient Patrolman William Garvey what to say when he got before the Commissioner. Bill, always ready to help his fellow men, advised him to tell the Commissioner he didn't mean it. Good luck to you, George.

Congratulations are in order for Patrolman Edward Guthrie, who recently took unto himself a bride and hurried off to Niagara Falls for a quiet honeymoon away from the noise of the city.

Patrolman James Scott, the clerical man of the 81st Precinct, will soon be a qualified banker because of the fact that he handles so many items efficiently.

Patrolman Abe Cohen is a qualified operator now, and has been assigned to a flivver. Hope he stops complaining about the callous on his feet.

Patrolman Rudolph Cimborsky still wants to know if anyone saw the boss. He says it isn't windy on Broadway and Gates Avenue, but just a little restless.

Our anglers recently chartered a boat down in Canarsie, and attached thereon an outboard motor. No fish were caught, but we were told that Patrolmen Modenschardt and Starkins were rescued from the bay when the boat capsized and they became deep sea divers.

If any member of the Force has any old awning that has outlived its usefulness, kindly send same to Patrolman Maurice Greenwald, the Arab of the 81st Precinct. His present tent leaks and is badly in need of repairs.

#### 14TH DIVISION

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn  
85th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Molone  
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schuebel

#### LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

90th Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder  
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry S. von Hasset  
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Patrolman John O'Brien, of the 85th Precinct, while on a school crossing, had a fast one pulled on him by a motorist who had passed the red light.

Officer: "Hey, you, don't you see the red light?"

Motorist: "Yes, Officer, but I thought the green light was for the Irish, the red light for the Russians, and every man for himself."

Officer: "Don't be wisecracking; tell that one to the Judge."

Patrolmen John Flanagan, Percy Harfst and Mortimer Glickhouse made a very good arrest the other day when they caught three stick-up men in the act of holding up one of the chain stores at Marcy Avenue and Hooper Street.

Patrolman Julius Zsdi, of the 6th Squad, was telling Patrolman Walter Brady about the elephant and



the monkey the other day and Walter took about a week to get the meaning. Walter and Paddy Gough are what you can call the Siamese twins; they are always together, but not bad guys at that.

Patrolman James Hasson (the D. A.'s man) puts it over on Uhl and Hoelderlin ever so often when he gets a tour off on that assault case from Myrtle Avenue. They seem to think that Jim is putting one over on them, because they were at the scene of the crime before him; but Jim is the smartest of the three—he made the arrest.

Patrolman Bill Mutz, the Food Administrator of the 94th Precinct, after finally convincing a Greenpoint property owner that the Mayor's Relief Committee could not pay the arrears on taxes, and that no matter how many children they reported in the family, the limit was \$5, was heard remarking to George Bender, "Oh, well, Hoover started as Food Administrator and see where he is today." The slogan for 1932 is "Mutz for President."

Patrolman Joe Marino, recently married, found that Greenpoint air doesn't agree with Mrs. Marino. Joe and Arsenic Johnny Rasch went into a huddle; result, Marino and John are natives of that far land, Maspeth, Long Island.

November has been a drastic month on marriages in this precinct: George Stolworthy, Bobbie Lind, Anthony Esposito and Al Bittner all yielded to LOVE. Rumor has it that Al Bittner fell so hard he was on sick report for a day and a half. Hope the rest got a better break.

George Morano booked passage for a sweet little trip on December 4th. George takes a late vacation and leaves for the West Indies; must be kind of lonesome for a single fellow like George taking a trip alone.

Patrolman John Tweitman (formerly a farmer of Calicoon, N. Y.), has recently purchased a new home in Queens. John has become jealous of some of his neighbors, Arthur Mahon, Benjamin Waldeck and Big Joe Jungerman, all of whom had a very successful season with the crops during the past year. Bill Bischoff states Tweitman would have better luck if he would only listen to Omer Fonda.

#### 16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

#### PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didia  
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
114th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Schultz

Well, well, well! So little Joey (Ole Boy) Clark finally took the veil for life. Well, well, well! Lots of luck, Joe, but remember that you're in the army now.

Henry "Trader" Hohn says: "Well, you see, Sergeant, it was all right when we were there, but what could I do?"

Since Smiling Dan Noble turned operator all the parents in his vicinity are calling in their children with the warning: "Here comes that cowboy in his flivver again!" How is the carbureter and king-pin, Dan?

Patrolman Quinn says that operating flivvers makes him think of his former chauffeur days pushing taxicabs. The only difference is the fares.

Victor, the great "Impressario," has not improved the looks of his popular and prominent eyebrow. He says the girls like it as is.

Searchlight Roy Quinn will now sing, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are."

Emil Verbouns and Georges Willenlocher, the Weber and Fields of the precinct, are now on vaca-

tion, shooting some wild limburger cheese and crackers.

Ludwig the 5th says, "I wish you had my tax bills"; but, boy, oh boy, what a nice, big, great and handsome estate he has.

Scalywag, our first broom, is back again in fine fettle after being laid up on sick leave. Even the cats in the cellar are proudly wagging their tails at him. "Moeuw!"

Ole Boy Dinny Lahey says that if they ever start a war with Japan he will side with the Chinamen. He doesn't forget the Chinaman on Jackson Avenue with whom he had an argument.

Patrolman John F. McShea, 112th Precinct, has performed excellent police duty on two occasions within a week. About 2 A. M., November 5th, two men stole a red truck loaded with \$4,000 worth of meat from a slaughter house in Brooklyn. An alarm was sent to all precincts, and 45 minutes later McShea saw the truck on his post and after a chase arrested the two men on same.

About 9:45 P. M., November 13th, two young men held up a drug store on McShea's post. Upon learning about the stick-up, McShea hailed Sergeant Lisa, of the 112th Precinct, who was passing in a Police Department auto, and they gave chase to a street car on which Sergeant Lisa had noticed two suspicious looking men. They overtook the car, boarded it with revolvers drawn, and placed the two men under arrest. One of the men was armed with a loaded 38-calibre revolver. They later confessed that they held up the drug store.

Congratulations and lots of luck to Johnnie Graham, our new sergeant.

Come one, come all, seems to be the motto of the 112th Precinct lately. Every day seems to bring one or two new faces. Well! the more the merrier. Let 'em come.

Well, here's another month gone by, Christmas coming, but it's just another day of the year out here in the 111th Precinct.

Sergeant John J. McCoy is sticking his chest out like a pouter pigeon. His wife has just presented him with a bouncing baby girl.

One of our rookies, McGowan, joined the ranks of the Benedicts. Some nerve they have on \$2,000 per.

We didn't get any action on our challenge yet. The precincts in Queens won't have anything to do with us on bowling. Let's hear from the other boroughs.

On November 30th a very dastardly crime was reported to Lieutenant Stroh. It seems that during the previous night some culprit broke into a barn and cut off the ends of the tails of two cows and a bull. Consulting the Qualification Record, he picked out Louis Barmonde as the best qualified to run the miscreant to earth. The Lieutenant's confidence was not misplaced, for within a short time Louie had a prisoner in the station house with evidence pointing to him as the amputator of the tails.

Expert assistance was required, so Detective Vincent Treanor was assigned to help Louie out. "Vince" should be remembered as the detective who handled the "Cat and Canary" case, or who let the cat in. "Vince" went out and dug up more corroborative evidence and clinched the case, but the tails are still missing.

This case sounds like a "kid," but it is legitimate, and everyone hopes the courts will give the "mug" the limit.

MERRY XMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL FROM THE STIX.



## 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

A. *Ptl. Walter C. Schad*  
B. *Ptl. Stephen Jurica*  
C. *Ptl. Joseph McGill*

### PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

D. *Ptl. Francis Maxwell*  
E. *Sgt. John Wallace*  
F. *Ptl. Michael Connelley*

A—A hearty welcome to Captain Phelan, formerly of the Rockaways, our new commander, and CAN HE WALK!

Get this: Detective Charles, who used to be one of those guys the horses liked, makes a collar, goes to court and then loses his overcoat. (Ha, ha!)

Those strange faces you see each Monday morning are not new men. Nay, nay, just some of the boys back from a sightseeing expedition.

Those two salty deep sea (L. I. Sound) fishermen, Patrolmen Brooks and Larkin, and their former yacht (12-footer), the S. S. Sooner, are open for fishing parties. Admiral Brooks, commander, uniform and all. Lieutenant Larkin, chief engineer, of two oars (donated by the French Line), and a two-mule power motor with clipped ears. (Extra police will now guard the aquarium.)

The sergeants once more can fit in the car. With Patrolman (Bossy Gillis) Edwards driving, they looked like some celebrity coming up Broadway sitting on top of the seat.

Patrolman Bunde has an addition to the family. No, no, just a little puppy dog. Eddie's doing fine, thank you.

Lieutenant Hart, and not to forget Lieutenant O'Connor's pal, Patrolman Burbridge. That man with the silent voice.

We nominate for the Glee Club the boy with the sweet baby tenor voice—Patrolman Kasa-Hausa-Kuslus—Kasahookska, or something like that.

P. S.—Thanks for the passes.

E—The boys of Traffic Precinct E were quite surprised as well as amused recently upon hearing Patrolman John J. McLoughlin uttering with imperfect articulation to himself: "Yes, dear; I will, dear; I won't forget, dear," etc. The cause is no longer a secret, however, as Mac was observed sneaking up to Eddie Hartman seeking a copy of good old U. F. 14. Sorry we missed the wedding and especially the feast, but, nevertheless, all join in wishing John and Mrs. McLoughlin heartiest congratulations.

Lieutenant John T. Higgins reports that Patrolman Charlie Fox suffered recently from a severe toothache, and was advised by "Father John" in his fatherly way to go for relief to his dentist. Charlie went and upon learning that the price of each extraction was two "bucks," asked the dentist what he would charge to "loosen" his tooth.

Patrolman Ed. Tipping recently tiptoed into the Inspector's office for inspection, with his summer uniform all shined up—we mean sun-shined up. One look and Deputy Inspector McGrath asked if summer was back again. It is reported that Ed. Tipping went skipping to order a new regalia. Sorry, Ed., hope you will have better luck next time.

Sergeant James Mohan was recently transferred to Traffic E. It was reported that he has received the low-down on traffic regulation from Sergeant Joe Meade at his goat farm in the sunny glens of Riverdale.

Sergeant Mike Egan just returned to labor after an extended period on sick report. Mike, the boys of E are delighted to see you back with them again.

Recently saw a picture of Sergeant Dan Doyle enjoying goat's milk. Pardon, I mean great hospitality at a newly established goat farm in Riverdale.

Believing that when this reaches the press, 1931

will fast be fading, and Christmas nigh, the boys of Traffic Precinct E extend their heartfelt thanks to the editor, managing editor and entire staff for the many laughs, news items, and valuable information received through the medium of SPRING 3100 during the past year. All join with me in wishing all concerned a most joyful Yuletide and a banner year for good old SPRING 3100 in 1932.

## 2D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

### LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

G. *Ptl. Walter Bishop*

H. *Ptl. Narcisse Gervais*

H—At 8:25 A. M., November 14, 1931, Patrolman Francis J. Clynes, Traffic Precinct H, observed a runaway horse attached to a wagon northbound on Webster Avenue. The driver, one Frank Gleason, was hanging between the shaft of the wagon and the horse's hind legs. The patrolman pursued the horse and caught him by the bridle, bringing him to a stop at 193d Street and Webster Avenue. The driver was removed to Fordham Hospital with a fractured ankle. Patrolman Clynes, after receiving medical attention, remained on duty.

At 9:10 A. M., November 10, Patrolman Abraham Bloom saw an automobile rolling down a hill backwards. No one was in the car when it started to roll. Public School 64 is located on Walton Avenue, just north of 170th Street, and many children on their way to school were crossing at this time. Patrolman Bloom ran in front of said car blowing his whistle and motioning the children out of its path. He then jumped on the running board, opened the door of the car and applied the emergency brake just as the rear of the car rolled into the plate glass window of a store, shattering same.

Mike Holly has qualified and is now a full-fledged member of the Order of Benedicts. At present he is honeymooning somewhere in America. Good luck, Mike, remember from now on you have to place your Report Card on the mantel-piece daily.

Little Harry Saul, on return from his vacation, gave us all a surprise. Harry is now the proud papa of a 10-pound boy. PROSIT, so say we all.

Frankie Wiacek wishes to announce to the whole cockeyed world that he has no need for tombstones. Some kindly soul sent him a tombstone catalogue last week.

## 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

### LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

I. *Ptl. George Gallagher*  
J. *Ptl. Francis J. Keliher*

K. *Ptl. Harry Shortell*  
L. *Ptl. John Behring*

M. *Ptl. Thomas Thompson*

On December 9th, Patrolman Edward Meyers, of this district, traveled all the way to the Bronx and took unto himself a bride. Yes, sir, the wedding bells are still ringing and we all chime in and say GOOD LUCK.

K—Reports are coming in that John E. (Red) O'Neill is a regular customer in a certain Pitkin Avenue beauty parlor. He gets a manicure, facial and also has his brilliant hair curled on each visit.

Frank Seaman again proved himself a hero. This time by stopping a runaway horse. Keep up the good work, Frank; you deserve a big hand.

Dougherty was snowbound in that storm after Thanksgiving. It required four hours' digging by Meyers and Collins to get him out.

Tuman's reputation as a poker player will be ruined, says Jim O'Leary, if Eddie (the German Fifth) ever catches him dealing from the bottom.

Louie Laut is wearing a scarf. The first time this scarf was seen was on a pushcart at Fleet Street and Myrtle Avenue. Don't you deal at Wanamaker's any more, Louie?



5TH DET. DIST.                      DETS. LYNCH AND HICKEY

Detective Bill May, of the 24th Squad, has turned collegiate. No more Paris garters for Bill.

The English atmosphere is no longer with the 34th Squad since Bill "Cutie" Phillips has left us. It ought to go a long way down there, Bill, in pent-house row.

Detective George B. Colby was mistaken the other day for Jack Holt, the actor. It must have been the mustache.

Bill Garrett, of the 24th Squad, still has the "gimmes." "Gimme a butt, will ya, Charlie?"

Tony McAvoy is studying opera. Last week he was observed perusing a booklet from the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Detective Fred Schmidt is the bearer of good cheer. He was heard to say to a downhearted complainant, "Now, brighten up and let the sunshine radiate your countenance." That's the spirit, Freddie.

Tom Farrell, known as "Father Tom," still likes his ice cream sundaes.

Bill Smith was heard trying to satisfy a tough complainant the other day. "Well, Madam, you know I can't perform miracles; I can't change water into wine!"

Bill Graham and Whitey Nylin are still picking them and case closed "No result."

8TH DET. DIST.                      DET. WILLIAM S. SECOR

Johnny Moffett has a derby, and Mancini wants to know where he left the oars.

Rudy Schnitzer, the sleuth from Westchester, informed the boys how they named Staten Island. One of his ancestors, coming over from the old country, observed a speck of land at the entrance of New York harbor. He shouted: "Lookit dat island." His friend answered, "Is datan island?" That's how they named STATEN ISLAND.

Matty Burns, just arrived at the 46th Squad, after doing his bit down at West 47th Street, and when he hit the office, Conny Mancini shouted: "ATTENTION!" Matty is a dead ringer for the Assistant Chief Inspector. Well, you're here now, Matty, so make yourself at home.

Al Dittmar keeps hoping and praying that when Dear Old Santa stops at his house he will leave a new memorandum book. Bobby Reers wants a rubber reducing belt for that big front porch of his. Tom Williams needs or wants a pair of mittens, because his big "lunch grabbers" get cold when he drives the squad car. Johnny Halk a season's pass to Merk's. Frankie Lenihan a permanent wave. Jimmy Partington a good Italian dinner. Tom Thompson a red suit of underwear, because he always liked firemen. Al Laurino wants a pass to all the theatres where they show Mickey Mouse. Mike Foley wants a case of Coco-Cola. Paul Bufano something for his neck, such as a red tie or something. Mike Carroll a bottle of hair perfume.

Joe Lamb went hunting for pheasant and came back with a can of tuna fish.

Bobby Reers, the man with the sharp tongue a la Walter Winchell, is always remarking that he gets the worst of everything. Well, we all think he gets treated pretty well. He now looks like the model for the Goodyear blimp. Merry Christmas, anyway.

The district as a whole wishes "Sitting Bull" Gunsett and his family a real good and Merry Christmas. The bunch hasn't forgotten him.

Lieutenant Charley (Spirit of Notre Dame) Armstrong is all broken up because Notre Dame lost to

the Army. Charley's son goes to South Bend to acquire the three R's. Better luck next time. Also a Merry Christmas.

Freddy Regan wants to know if Santa brings golf sticks to cute little kids like himself.

Conny Mancini pulled a fast one on Thompson about all the noise Tom was making, and then remarked, "Well, anyway you have drums in your ears." Then said, "Aw nertz."

Mike Foley, of Kingsbridge, had his teeth taken out and we hope Santa brings him some from the store.

STATION BENSONHURST BROADCASTING

CAPT. BATHBEACH, Announcing.

It is with great interest that I note that a very bright detective has been appointed as reporter in the 10th Detective District by Acting Captain Ryan of said Detective District.

Captain Ryan is to be congratulated upon his great FIND. BUT it is with great distress that I note a very serious violation of the regulations in the November issue of SPRING 3100.

You will note that the reporter of the 10th Detective District is recorded as Detective Francis X. Grottano. Well, something is wrong. In Special Order No. 322 of this year you will find an order from the City Court that Lucas F. Grottano is given permission to use the name of Francis Grottano.

Here are a few questions which we believe the new reporter can answer. We hope so. Where does the "X" come from and what does it mean? What right did the reporter have in using the name of "Francis" instead of "Lucas" in the official magazine of this Department until he was given the permission by the Police Commissioner? Why did he drop the "F" in the name of Lucas F. Grottano when he changed his name to Francis. What does the "F" stand for?

At this time we wish to thank Captain Ryan for his kind invite to his birthday party. Not being married, I am going to take several of the unemployed's children with me. Hope the Captain will not object.

Also note that Detective White is wearing last year's SPATS again; didn't know that the depression hit the department. Why not help the depression, big boy (240 pounds), and get a new pair. I dare not sign this because, if I do you will hear plenty about me. Good reason, eh?

Did you know that Detective Murphy, of the 62d Squad, who stands 6 feet 5 inches, was seen with a sweet mama about 4 feet 1 inch the other day. Why don't you get someone your own size? Want to have it all your own way in case of a fight, eh, Murph? But I bet you say "YES, DEAR," every time.

Little Maxie Black, the only Jewish boy on the squad, has a tough time with the bunch from Erin, such as Boyle, Wallace, Fitzsimmons, Farrell, Buckley and White, when he wants to tune in on the Jewish hour on the radio. Eh, Maxie?

16TH DET. DISTRICT                      DET. JOHN P. WERLE

"Father" Joe Burke, Beau Brummel detective of the 108th Squad, merits the title of "Father," although he has never been married (although many angled for him), because of the fact that he takes care of so many little boys. Any night that Joe is working there is always a flock of shavers coming and going at the squad office. One, especially, can be seen almost daily hanging around the office. He is readily identified by the fact that his eyes cross, each looking in an opposite direction, and the fact that his nose very often functions for his feet (continually running).



One of the boys unkindly remarked that "anybody who could display an interest in such an unsightly lad must necessarily be motivated by some greater interest than kindness." Now, Joe, confess. WHO IS THAT BOY?

In my last contribution I submitted an item that Pop Sadlo was going hunting, etc. Well, he went and he came back, and he is still eating ham sandwiches. The nearest he came to a deer was when he went to Bronx Park. He fired one shot at what he thought was a rabbit, but the darn thing was black and had a white stripe running vertically along its back, and when Pop went over to look it over, he held his nose. His experience on autopsies came into good stead, however, and he was soon able to determine that the animal didn't die from a gun shot wound, BUT OF FRIGHT. Now he has a new suit of clothes and refuses to answer questions about his old one.

Tom Devery suggests that Sadlo is so accustomed to the odor of his old pipe that the odor from a skunk doesn't make any particular impression on his senses. FIE, TOM!

Gene Fallon is getting an owlish look. He has been working nights with the Gun Squad for the past four weeks, and the sunlight is beginning to blind him. However, you can be sure that if there is anything to be seen when he is out working, that he'll see it.

Paul Montgomery, clerical man assigned to 16th Detective District, is surely a lad of merit. He clericals for the 16th D. D., for the Borough Office, and then does the 108th Squad work, too. He also finds time to delegate for the D. E. A., to study the job intensively, and it's a safe bet that he is going to be within the first two hundred and fifty on the next sergeants' list, and in the lingo of Broadway, he should be given a "hand."

In the November issue, included in my contribution was a paragraph calling attention to the fact that Lieutenant Charley Dorschel, in charge of the 108th Squad, was number two on the list for Captain, and that all it required to make a captain out of him was for some of the captains or inspectors to get tired of their jobs.

Do you know that the day the November issue of SPRING 3100 was issued to the various precincts, Captain "Jerry" Butler, another very good friend of mine, heard my appeal, and very promptly retired, and before this reaches the editor's desk everybody will actually be calling the Lieutenant—Captain Dorschel.

There must be something in the power of suggestion, and here's hoping that Captain Jeremiah Butler will live many, many years until he reaches a good old age. Gosh, how those pinochle hounds in the Jamaica district will enjoy learning that "Jerry" will have time to indulge.

I hope, Jerry, that every time you bid four-fifty you'll make it—in spades. Good-bye, good luck, and God bless you.

(Note—Captain Dorschel, you are going to fill the shoes of a darn good man and everybody is rooting for you in your new capacity.)

#### BOROUGH HEADQUARTERS SQUAD, BROOKLYN

Words by PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

Music by PTL. JAMES E. DEVINE

Patrolman Harold Joseph Blaney, the champion Spencerian manipulator of the 14th Division, sauntered into a restaurant in the vicinity of Nostrand Avenue and Fulton Street, where Harold was in the

habit of replenishing his bunkers daily. He had no sooner been seated, after ordering the best in the house, when a marshal entered and started removing the fixtures, etc., from the premises. Harold explained to the marshal who he was, and the good-hearted evictor allowed him to finish his repast. We understand the boss of the place was very liberal towards Harold, and certain rumors place Harold as responsible for the downfall of the eating emporium. Harold is one of those long, lanky fellows with wavy hair and a ravenous appetite, and endowed with the gift of gab. More power to you, Harold; hope you do not eat your wife out of house and home.

#### HOMICIDE SQUAD, BROOKLYN

DET. LOUIS RAMIREZ

Detective Robert J. Bowe, one of our associates, and, in fact, Beau Brummel of the Homicide Squad, will promise to obey, take for his wife, etc., at 10 A. M., on January 5, 1932, beautiful Frances Weber, of 1162 New York Avenue, Brooklyn.

After the ceremony, which will be held at Holy Cross Church, a breakfast will be served at the Hotel St. George roof. The happily married couple will start on a honeymoon cruise to "Lovers' Paradise"—Bermuda. Bob and Frances want all their friends present to wish them good luck.

Well, the Homicide Squad of Brooklyn wish the newlyweds many years of wedded bliss.

We were very much surprised to receive at our office a few days ago a crate of oranges and grape fruit direct from Florida. The crate was accompanied by a postal card from our comrade, Detective Henry Senff, the German baron, who inherited the Castle on the Rhine last year, and it stated, "Well, boys, I am giving the moths a chance to fly away from my pocketbook."

Henry is spending his vacation in Florida, among other dignitaries, in order to keep up with his title. Thanks for the fruit, Henry.

#### AIR SERVICE DIVISION PTL. OTTO A. KAFKA, JR.

Some of the pilots took up three of Moran's homing pigeons recently and released them somewhere over Coney Island. Two spied a horse on Surf Avenue and dove right down. The other one must have been well fed, or maybe it saw a stable. All three are still missing.

Krzminski, the Polish ace, looked swell as he walked up Manhattan Avenue in his Kadet uniform; spurs polished, too.

We have just heard that Gigolo Miller has taken up female impersonating. Now we know why he has such a school girl complexion.

Bill Slater spent a few weeks in the Maine woods hunting for deer. After listening to some of his thrilling "tales," he has been voted a charter member of the Lowell Thomas Tall Story Club.

We wonder if Schmidt is wise to "Dutch" Hellebrand's method of splitting time with Harkins. Don't let him put it over, Smitty, bring bigger apples.

Cousin Lou Davenport has been having trouble with his empyima again. We told him to put a "No dogs allowed" sign on his Austin, or keep his wind-dogs closed. Dampness is bad, Lou.

#### HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Some crowd at the old handball court at Degraw and Court Streets, Brooklyn, the other night when Patrolman John McCotter gave some of the Brooklyn Champs a severe trimming. The winnings and wagers ran well up into three figures. Am informed by "Lefty" and his manager that after defeating the



professionals they will (just to keep in trim) dispose of Patrolmen Casey and Walter Harkins and a few more of the AMATEURS, providing they will make it worth while.

Patrolman George Hammond, of the Physical Bureau, surely looks the goods since receiving the upper half. O. K., George, use Pepsodent twice a day and see your dentist twice a year.

Happy days are here again for our own Teddy Schreiber, of the Owners' Bureau. What a big difference a little letter will make. Ted, they all fall sooner or later.

Members of the Drivers' Bureau extend their best wishes to Patrolman Thomas McAdam, who is now a veteran of the Department. Tom, we certainly hope you'll retain the honor for many years to come, and get the best of everything in life. O. K., Pal.

Sorry to say that Patrolman George Green, of the Boiler Squad, is confined at Bellevue Hospital. Here's hoping that you will soon be with us again, George, and as well as ever. Regards from the gang.

Our side kick, Patrolman Edward Moran, of the Boiler Squad, put over a fast one on the boys by taking unto himself a wife on the Q. T. Thomas McGrath, I am told, had the honor of being the best man. Well, Ed., the best of wishes to you and yours for a long and happy union. A word to the wise: use a safety razor when peeling potatoes.

#### MOTOR TRANSPORT AND MAINTENANCE DIVISION

SGT. WILLIAM G. MURRAY

The bowling team of the Brooklyn Repair Shop defeated the Central Repair Shop of Manhattan, December 10th, by a score of 666 to 625. Competition was close, with Patrolman Cerny, of the New York team, rolling high score of 197. Patrolman Ackerly, of Brooklyn, was second with 179 pins.

The second team of the Manhattan Repair Shop came back with a win over the Brooklyn second team by a score of 703 to 634. In the last game Brooklyn again carried off the honors, 710 to 699.

TELEGRAPH BUREAU

By THE "PHANTOM"

#### A HAPPY NEW YEAR

At this salutation we are actually facing a brand new year of promise and achievement. The close of 1931 sounds the death knell of the fiscal year just passed. January 1st ushers in another year in which to keep moving forward—headed for greater goals and bigger objectives. To those whose footsteps may have lagged in the past, now is the time to turn over a new leaf!

Through the medium of SPRING 3100 the Telegraph Bureau wishes to all our comrades in blue and their families a new year of good health and prosperity.

Charlie Lloyd, our deputy inside clerical man, says when he left France he could talk French like a native. Oh, yes, Charlie, the Phantom knows, you spoke French just like a native Czechoslovakian!

Recently someone was heard to ask Acting Lieutenant Sager what his boy was taking up at college, and he replied, "It sounds like military science. He writes he can get a general education by majoring in nothing in particular."

Our big, strong operator, Rock (that's a hard name if there ever was one) says, "The pen might be mightier than the sword, but you never heard of a sword leakin' ink all over your best vest."

Many people, yes, even the press, say that prosperity is just around the corner. Louie Melloh has worn many pairs of heels down to their bottoms try-

ing to find the corner. Keep it up, Louie, you'll find it if you live that long.

Recently three different motion picture companies took "movies" of our new silent Tel-Type machines which replaced the old cement mixers. Our big boy, Joe Brown, hung around the typewriter room all day long, until 6 P. M., to be exact, trying to get in the pictures. I wonder why? For a man with your time in the "job," I am surprised, Joe.

"When I Was in the Navy" John Morrissey was seen a few days ago fast asleep in a nice cozy chair in a large furniture store. Very shortly a salesman rushed over and asked him to sit in the waiting room, as the chair was for sale! Was it embarrassing? John, did the new arrival at your home keep you awake all night?

Our Gigolo operator, Schwartz, has been receiving plenty of mail of late from the city of Milwaukee. Look out, Dave, next year is leap year and you're too old now to be taught new tricks. Cronin took my advice and that's why he is enjoying single blessedness at the age of fifty.

Minister Grandi, of Italy, was tendered a dinner at one of the leading hotels, and on the reception committee could be found four native sons of Italy who are also members of the Telegraph Bureau. How Mussolini must miss such stalwart men as Ciaffa, Dellecave, Cassella, and Montouri. Well, his loss is our gain.

It has been noticed that our radio operator, Wolff, has been carrying a little tin box such as laborers carry their lunch in when going to work. He has been carrying this for some years now and no one could find out what was in the box. Well, Phantom got on the job, and here's the mystery solved. He carries his lunch, one buttered piece of bread, one-half an apple, a small bottle of Staten Island water, his fire, life, auto, and other insurance papers, and his bank books. Too bad you can't carry your house in it, George.

#### CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

PTL. WALTER BRUMMERHOP

Patrolman Thomas Murphy, who is attached to Joseph Naughton's staff of the Chief Inspector's Office, is enjoying a well-earned rest. But let it not be said that Murphy's place is not being taken care of during his absence.

Patrolman Joseph Smith, MESSENGER, is filling his shoes during this past week, and it has been noticed that Smith has lost considerable weight, but on the other hand, gained considerable prestige.

It has been proven, Joe, that WALKING is one of the best forms of exercise. Glad to see you around so often!

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2

PTL. JOSEPH P. HOYNES

Sergeant Joseph Henry, father of Flushing, is busy telling the junior members of his command of his dare-devil exploits when he was young.

Sergeant Edward Markey, our piano player and music master, is very busy getting his "Glee Club," composed of Patrolmen S. O'Neill, J. McDonough, Garcia and Watson, ready for his Christmas holiday tour around Prospect Park. They are spending much time rehearsing their favorite number, "It must be nice to be a squirrel so as to hang around all the NUTS."

Patrolman Joe Breinger has purchased a new set of ivories for himself. He has been seen smiling a lot lately. I wonder what the reason is!



Patrolman James Maloney, when engaged clipping the hair of horses or putting on loose shoes, can be heard reciting "The Village Blacksmith," or "The Blacksmith's Village," or "The Blacksmith." James learned all about the blacksmith business in Ireland, from his brother Dan, who is an expert.

Di Lorenzo has become quite prominent since his assignment to the New York detail furnished for the reception to Dino Grandi, the distinguished visitor from Italy. Since then everything must be shining. He is so particular that he perfumes his steed "Roman." I wonder why? I will have to ask Dr. Maloney, and give the answer in a future publication.

Patrolman Claffey is now elected to be superior of the Light Duty Squad, and may be seen daily calling his brigade together and giving them their orders.

I nearly forgot; Sergeant Dan McArdle has again been blessed with a visit from the stork. This time a girl. Hope that she is a good night singer. He'll now have to learn that "walking my baby" ditty.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 4 PTL. CARL L. REU

Since Cream Puff Reedy went on his vacation, Tony Batto has had some rest. He is not getting the usual abuse due him for his faulty handball playing. Don't worry, Tony, Reedy will soon be back and he sure will start in where he left off.

Sh! It's a secret, E. S. 4 is blossoming out with an all-star basket ball team, namely: Shoes Barrett, Butcher Loss, Dynamite Lyons, Noisy Gardella and Nigger Nate Huber as our center. The team is being coached by the well-known basket ball flash and fastest human seen on any court, our own Sergeant Con. Seebach.

Some of our boys have learned so much in regards to cooking, washing floors, cleaning windows and sewing that we honestly believe they would make good brides. No fooling.

Here's a list of monickers (never known outside of our quarters) and to whom they apply. They are for future reference only: Pat. Lyons, "Mahatma Gandhi"; Moe Barrett, "Hot Dogs (Snow Shoes)"; Pat. Clancy, "Nature's Gift to Women"; Ed. Pfligging, "Gigolo Eddie"; Bill Brandon, "Perfect Model 36"; Bill Curtin, "Hereules"; Ann Gardella, "Noisy Ann"; Tony Batto, "Crying Champ"; Emery Jones, "Cunning Silver Fox"; John Dannell, "Hotel Romeo"; Ed. Hoffman, "Shadow"; William Fleig, "Breakfast Willie"; Carl Ren, "The Lone Wolf"; N. Traficenti, "Always Crying Nick"; Al Loss, "Scotty McTavish"; F. Mahon, "Communist Frank"; Ed. Reedy, "Our Cream Puff"; M. Murphy, "Working Girl's Friend"; Ed. Nolan, "Jumbo Kewpie"; L. Mullins, "Prince of Whales"; P. Laibach, "The Junkman"; C. Huber, "Rigger Nate"; J. Schleimer, "Cowboy Josie"; Sergeant Seery, "Counsellor"; Sergeant Seebach, "Louis Cardonse"; Sergeant Zwerling, "The Keed"; Sergeant Daly, "The Judge."

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 14 SGT. JOHN A. HANOLD

Patrolman Cosgrove, of the 2d Squad, having partaken of a Thanksgiving dinner at the home of his father-in-law, came into quarters with a half bottle of milk to do the first watch on the late tour, telling the boys that he had a pleasant time, and that he made his wife happy by giving her 95 cents with which to go to Atlantic City to enjoy herself. One of the boys asked Jimmy Cosgrove why he brought the half bottle of milk into the quarters, and Jimmy informed the boys that since he is on watch duty he brought the milk for his coffee in the morning.

Patriek Casey, Chief Clerk of the 2d Squad, and Jimmy's side partner, had captured a frog on his estate in Middle Village, where Casey has his domicile. Casey came into quarters after Cosgrove, and not knowing what to do with the frog, spied the half bottle of milk on the window sill. Casey thought that it would be a good idea to put the frog into the milk bottle until morning, which he did. The frog, finding himself in the milk bottle, started to swim and kick in an effort to get out, without result. The frog kept on kicking and swimming in such a manner that it churned the milk into a piece of butter, after which the frog made its escape. When Jimmy got his milk in the morning he found that it had turned into butter, and could not understand what had become of the milk, and Casey requested the entire crew to be on the lookout for the frog, as he intended to take it home as a playmate for his parrot.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 8 SGT. EDWIN F. ENGLAND

Dear Santa Claus:

Send these articles to the following men:

Dudley, a brassiere. Lynch, a new "Shadow." Hartling, a "Big Blonde." Weiss, an alarm clock. Petrenchuck, a cheese knife. Carlson, a new set of pegs. Light, a new argument. Land, a new alibi. Kreisler, a new collar (a la Andy Gump). Egan, a book on matrimony. Ryan, a soap box. Mills, a new position. Meyer, a new mother-in-law. Maddock, a bigger and better five-cent cigar. Mullins, a new ragman. Sparrow, a new perch. Brooks, a toupee (a la Widow Zander). McGuire, a set of sergeant's chevrons. Sheppard, a crying towel. Fitzgerald, boxing gloves. Parker, another co-maker. Sergeant Kennelly, a pair of O'Sullivan's heels. Sergeant England, a ringing cuspidor. Sergeant O'Connor, a checkerboard and a corn-cob pipe.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 19 SGT. FRANK BYRNE

##### OUR TOREADOR

Brooklyn has its Franklyn,  
Young and strong and fine;  
Bayside Squad has its Fergus,  
Who is just as good in that line.

##### TO-WIT

Everything is miniature these days, but it took the 19th Emergency Squad to put on a miniature bull fight. Last week a large rat entered the quarters and started to partake of the commissary supplies, when he was discovered by Patrolman Pat. Fergus, who started after him with a large carving knife. After some dodging and ducking the rodent was cornered in the supply closet. Then Fergie did his stuff. He thrust forward several times, once taking off the rat's tail, and after several wounds the rodent succumbed "a la arena."

It was afterwards learned that Fergie acquired the rudiments of the Spanish pastime while working for the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Spanish Honduras.

We therefore take this opportunity of challenging the esteemed Franklyn in the name of Fergus to an endurance contest in "bull" fighting, or what have you.

Our big brother, "Chiz" Pierce, recently went forth into the wilds of Vermont upon a "deer" hunt. He promised the boys, upon leaving, a feast of venison upon his return to Bayside. His best efforts failed to produce anything but a squash, which was enjoyed by all at our Election Day dinner at the squad quarters. When our little "Herbie" Milligan was asked if he liked squash, his reply was, "I never ate 'deer.'"



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman Francis X. Mulrean, 20th Precinct, while on patrol at about 2:30 A. M., November 19, was informed by Mary Williams, 2270 Broadway, that she had just been held up by two armed men in her apartment and robbed. She pointed out as one of the robbers a man walking down the street. The officer overtook the man and after a brief struggle disarmed him of a .38-calibre revolver and placed him under arrest. Patrolman Americk Terreri, also of the 20th Precinct, having come to Mulrean's assistance, was informed that another holdup man was still in the building. Terreri arrested the second bandit as he was about to escape.

Acting Lieutenant Daniel Leonard and Detectives John R. Gallagher, Eugene F. Smith and Gilbert F. Hagan, 27th Squad, arrested on November 11 five men charged with having set fire on October 18 to a barge moored in the East River at the foot of East 99th Street; also with having exploded a bomb on November 4 in the hold of another barge moored at Pier 11, East River. A considerable amount of explosives was found on a third barge in charge of one of the prisoners. Investigation showed that these explosives had been secreted for several days in the public lockers of the B. M. T. subway station at Union Square prior to their removal to the barge where they were found. The five prisoners, one of whom was identified as the secretary of the Independent Tidewater Boatsman Union, a Communistic organization, confessed to the above charges and were held in bail of \$100,000 each to await trial.

## BRONX

Patrolman Harry Baum, 40th Precinct, while on patrol at about 9:45 A. M., November 26, observed a man carrying a pistol in his hand running west on 145th Street with another man in close pursuit. The officer gave chase in a commandeered automobile and at 144th Street and Third Avenue overtook the pursued man and after a short struggle disarmed him and placed him under arrest. The prisoner had previously entered a delicatessen store at 413 Willis Avenue, where at pistol point he had taken \$10.38 from the cash drawer of the shop.

Detective Milton Dunwoody, 47th Squad, while making a minor repair on his automobile at Putnam Place and 211th Street, at about 6:25 P. M., November 4, was accosted by two men who, at point of revolvers, ordered him to throw up his hands. Pre-

tending to obey, the officer stepped from the car, drew his own revolver and in an exchange of shots mortally wounded one of the bandits. The second bandit escaped, but was captured later in the evening at Fordham Hospital, where he had applied for treatment for gunshot wounds in the hip and foot. After being identified by Dunwoody, the prisoner confessed.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman John E. Murphy, 64th Precinct, while on patrol at about 1:30 A. M., November 30, was informed that a holdup was in progress in a licensed pool parlor at 449 86th Street. Hastening to the premises, the officer encountered a man who at revolver point had just robbed the proprietor of money and valuables amounting to \$263. The officer disarmed the bandit after a sharp tussle and placed him under arrest. The property was recovered.

Detectives Prospero Petrosino and Walter Skelly, together with Patrolman Robert Laws, all of the Main Office, Brooklyn, upon information obtained through diligent investigation on the part of Detective Petrosino, located and arrested on October 6 a man wanted for a \$2,422.25 payroll robbery on March 8, 1931. The prisoner later confessed that he had prevailed upon his brother, who was in charge of the payroll, to hand it over to him and then report it as having been stolen by an unknown bandit. This confession was corroborated by the brother.

## QUEENS

Patrolman Joseph H. Lang, 111th Precinct, while on patrol at about 5:30 P. M., November 22, was called to Crocheron Park, where he found a fourteen-year-old girl blinded by a quantity of lime carelessly thrown into the air by an unidentified boy. The officer promptly applied first aid and succeeded in removing the lime, which was already beginning to burn into the girl's eyeball. A physician later declared that but for the prompt action of the officer the girl would have lost her eyesight.

Detectives Edward J. Masterson and James Mangin, 103d Squad, and Detective Irving Higgins, Queens Homicide Squad, were assigned on November 24 to investigate the murder of a woman in an apartment at 87 Beaver Street, Jamaica. The officers experienced great difficulty in obtaining information concerning the case. Nevertheless, through diligent inquiry and investigation, they succeeded in locating and arresting the perpetrator of the crime within four hours after its commission.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**WALTER COOKE**

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap. 10th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JOSEPH MARINO**

DESCRIPTION—53 years; 5 feet 3 inches; 135 pounds; brown eyes; gray hair; top of right finger amputated; round shouldered; slightly pug nosed. 81st Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JAMES GARCIA, alias "BENITO"**

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair; wore a blue suit and light fedora hat. Porto Rican by birth. 10th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA**

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**LAWRENCE DE MASSI, alias "LARRY"**

DESCRIPTION—27 years; 5 feet 6½ inches; 177 pounds; brown eyes; dark chestnut hair; medium build. 40th Pct.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JOSEPH FRANCO**

DESCRIPTION—19 years; 5 feet 3 inches; 130 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; newsboy by occupation. 23rd Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.**



# Spring 3100



CHARLES  
HARROLD

1932

JANUARY

1932

# Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

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VOLUME 2

JANUARY, 1932

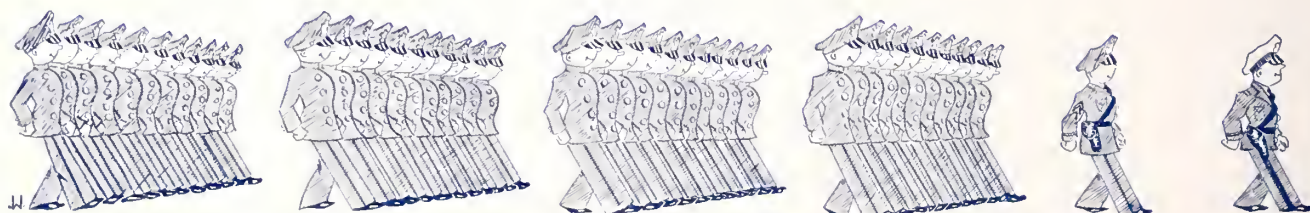
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

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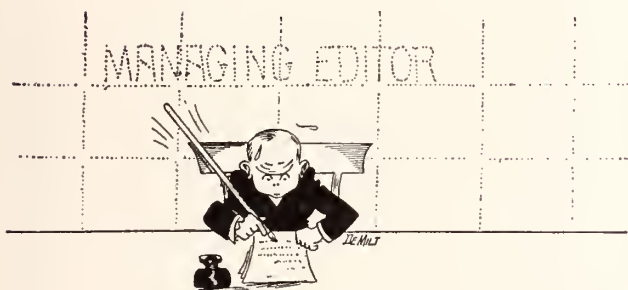
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# Editorial Page, or What Have You?



*Looks as Though Things Might Pick Up Soon*



**W**ELL, here we are, merrily launched into the New Year of 1932, which should be at least an even choice to finish as a big improvement over 1931. Last year, if memory serves, or at any rate in some other years we have had at this season, snow, sleet and ice, with plenty of gales.

But not this year; no, sir. The New Year started right in to k. o. Old Man Depression, by handing us a big saving in our coal bills. Why, the boys all began hunting for their summer uniforms the other day, while the civilian populace went about overcoatless and looking for the bock beer signs. Neither Florida nor California can beat the old home town's weather.

The chief event this month will be the big P. B. A. ball at Madison Square Garden and the big moment of the big ball will be when Mayor Walker receives a check for \$10,000 as the association's contribution to His Honor's Unemployment Relief Fund. We regret that we cannot give our readers a full account of the affair until next month, as it does not take place until January 30th

We are, however, offering a choice collection of stories telling of the Social Service Work being done by members of the Department. Patrolman Christopher J. Mitchell, of the Crime Prevention Bureau, reformed a self-confessed "cop hater" by purchasing a Christmas dinner for his (the cop-hater's) needy family. Inspector Louis Costuma, executive officer of that Bureau, led a band of policemen into a Boys' Club in Flatbush and gave 2,000 youngsters a night's entertainment they will never forget, and probably recruited some promising material for "The Finest". And, finally, there was a Crime Prevention Bureau Christmas party at Brooklyn Police Headquarters, which brought a lot of sunshine into many little lives which would otherwise have been drab. All good, sound police work, is our comment.

Hoping that the transition is not too abrupt, we next beg leave to repeat the Police Commissioner's announcement, that beginning on February 1st, a series of courses in street safety and traffic regulation to make the highways safer and less subject to traffic jams will be conducted in the traffic and street safety school of the Police Academy. Traffic managers, safety directors and directors of fleets of all sorts of vehicles, will be enrolled in these classes.

This is another splendid forward step in the Commissioner's program to reduce street accidents, particularly through the means of safety education. The Commissioner will deliver the opening lecture on "Safety Work". Other lecturers in the first course will be Philip D. Hoyt, First Deputy Commissioner, who will speak on "Traffic Regulations", and Chief Inspector John O'Brien, who will discuss "Co-operation in Accident Repression".

And so, until February.

# Fit for "The Finest"

By MATTHEW J. McGRATH, Deputy Inspector,  
1st Traffic District

*The author of this article is regarded as the world's greatest weight thrower. He holds the singular distinction of having competed in four Olympic games, London—1908, Stockholm—1912, Antwerp—1920 and Paris—1924. Back in 1911, he set a world's record by throwing the 16-lb. hammer a distance of 187 feet 4 inches. He holds the Olympic record for the 16-lb. hammer with a throw of 180 feet 2 inches, and also holds the Canadian record for the 16-lb. hammer throw, the distance being 182 feet 5 inches.*

*Besides these records, Deputy Inspector McGrath holds three world's records for throwing the 56-lb. weight. His world's record for throwing this weight from a seven-foot circle is 40 feet 6 $\frac{3}{8}$  inches, from without the circle, 43 feet 2 inches, and from a stand, 33 feet 1 inch. The author has also won 17 American National Championships.*

ONE of the best resolutions for 1932 for each member of the "Finest" is to resolve to keep physically and mentally fit. Such fitness increases the policeman's value to himself, enables him to give better service to the public and also extends his years of service. My intention in this article is to deal with the parts of the body most neglected by policemen as well as other athletes and to give a few simple exercises and some recommendations for diet. I have myself tried for years everything which I recommend to others, and I can only hope that these suggestions may prove as beneficial to my comrades in the Department as they have been to me.

First let us talk about the spine. The spine is the prop for the upper part of the body and holds up all the vital organs. There is a great strain on it from the constant standing and walking and this strain produces certain physical effects. If the spine is not developed, the structure is inclined to weaken with the result that the abdomen protrudes, sags and droops; the shoulders move forward in a stooped posture which flattens out the chest, crowds the internal organs and causes them to function improperly.

Surely the feet deserve attention as they are the means of locomotion. They carry the policeman along the roughest and stormiest paths of life in all seasons, and should be kept in shape just as an automobile or any other machine would be. The habit of careless walking, toeing out, and badly built shoes are chiefly responsible for foot trouble, such as pain in the arches.

Walking perfectly is a rare accomplishment. When standing the feet should be in a straight line from heel to toe. If the big toe bends towards the center of the foot, it indicates that you have mistreated your feet with poor shoes. You should see that your shoes are long enough and wide enough, with plenty of room at the toes and fitting snugly at the heel and instep.

When walking, the weight of the body should be carried along on the outside of the foot and on the ball of the feet. Do not toe out. Keep your feet pointed straight ahead and use all your toes to give



"Matt" in action

a push forward as you step. Hold your chest high, your head back, your chin and stomach in and you will feel zest and a rhythmic action in your movements.

A good exercise to practice is that of coming up on the toes, lifting on the inside of the feet, and pressing on the outside. This helps the circulation and strengthens the joints.

Before one can become fit a proper balance must be achieved between one's diet and one's exercise. So many members of the Force have a tendency to become overweight, that it is well to speak briefly about the value of the healthful diet. Do not worry too much about your weight but find out at what poundage you feel strongest and best and then try to remain at that limit. The proper way of reducing is by careful exercise and a properly reduced diet, so do not undertake to reduce too quickly or you may cause yourself serious injury.

When discussing eating we must not forget that nature has given man certain sensations to indicate when the body needs food. He has his eyes to tell





*Here's "Matt" as he looks today. Can you picture him marching in the next Police Parade with all those medals pinned to his spacious chest?*

him that the food looks appetizing, a nose to inform him whether it smells wholesome and the power of taste which not only gives pleasure but is important in the process of digestion. If a person eats for the purpose of tickling the palate, his taste ceases to be his servant and becomes his master. Rich food, skillfully prepared, fats, sauces and dressings are temptations to trap man into eating what otherwise he ordinarily would not eat. Animals cannot be made to eat or to drink when they are neither hungry nor thirsty.

As I previously stated, most policemen are inclined to become overweight. They have little mus-

cular exercise and their appetites are stimulated by outdoor air, so that the tendency is to overeat. It is well to cut down on pork, veal, fat, fish, cream, cheese, sugar, pastry, puddings, hot biscuits, and to eat more abundantly of green vegetables, carrot, spinach, lettuce, cabbage, celery, string beans, tomatoes, cauliflower and fresh fruit.

A very bad habit indulged in by most policemen is that of eating too many badly chosen sandwiches. The tendency is to take a quarter of the sandwich in one bite and to wash it down with a drink of stale coffee. This habit results in a good deal of stomach trouble. A good method to adopt in the making up



of a sandwich is to have some lettuce or ground carrots or celery placed in it. Then try to see that you drink only fresh coffee.

Any outdoor exercise which interests you helps to keep you fit, even if it is only pitching horseshoes. Swimming, baseball, handball and tennis are all wonderful forms of athletics, but be careful that you do not overdo them. Remember that your aim is not to build up muscles like a prizefighter's but to take sufficient exercise so that your body will be in good working order. The following exercises will keep you fit, will keep your spine straight and strengthen the regions of your waist:

No. 1. To get started right for the day when you jump out of bed, go at an imaginary punching bag, at the same time correcting any bad faults of the day before of discourtesy, by visualizing some traffic violator with whom you were inclined to lose your patience. Chastise him by tearing into him with right and left. Keep moving, dancing in and out, hitting out straight from the hips; then hit side arm; then overhand. This will give a sawing motion; will reduce the stomach and harden the muscles. The next morning get to work on your mother-in-law. In a little while you will find those you have ill-feeling towards will appear to you in a better light. You will learn how to keep your thoughts and feelings from registering in your expressions or actions. This will help you for the day to wear a kindly look, a smile. People judge you by your inflections as by your words. In addition, your physique will be developed unconsciously.

No. 2. Stand straight with legs apart; hands apart raised over the head, holding a stick; bend sideways, bringing the hands and stick down on the outside of the left foot, without moving the feet; then back to starting position, bend down to right outside of right foot.

No. 3. Stand in upright position; place stick behind the neck or shoulder blades with the hands on

top; legs far apart. Then bend forward at right angles, bringing the right hand down over the right toe. Repeat on the left side, bringing left hand down; gradually increase movements done without strain.

No. 4. Stoop down on all fours; legs extended to rear; arms straight; jump, bringing both knees up under the chest; return to extended position, and continue. This will bring into action abdomen and back stimulation.

No. 5. Lie flat on back with hands palm down on floor, raise legs stiffly to a perpendicular position; then swing both in wide circle to the left without touching the floor, making a complete circle pivoting at the waist. Repeat from original position, except this time make complete circle with the legs to the right. This will strengthen the muscles and walls of the abdomen that hold the organs of the body together.

No. 6. Lie flat on back; clasp the hands behind the head, and raise the head and shoulders; draw up both knees, trying to touch your chin with the knees. Repeat ten times. Those last two exercises massage the intestines and other organs.

No. 8. Wind up by jogging or running in place at open window and in a successive upward and downward leg and foot movement go through motion in running style with a corresponding action, left leg up, right arm out and vice versa, and breathe through the nose. This will force the oxygen down deep into your lungs and will reduce the waist line, setting up a perspiration. That will carry acids from the body, increasing the stimulation and flow of blood through the arteries. Then take a warm bath, ending with a cold dash. Dress and relax for 20 minutes before eating at night.

By reasonable care and attention most of us can enjoy good health and keep fit.





# A Page to Please the Big Boss

*Courtesy, intelligence and efficiency have been stressed above all other qualifications by Police Commissioner Mulrooney in his public and private talks since taking office. The Commissioner's attitude is that New York is the most generous of all municipalities and that her citizens rightly demand intelligent, efficient, courteous service.*

*It is therefore a pleasure for SPRING 3100 to print the following letters from citizens commending police officers who have shown the qualifications sought by the Commissioner. May the other members of the Department all follow these good examples.*

## A REAL POLICEMAN

1339 University Ave.,  
New York City.

Hon. Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Police Commissioner,  
Police Headquarters,  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

On Thanksgiving Day evening my son, Walter E. Martin, was taken to Morrisania Hospital from my home suffering from acute spinal meningitis. He was in a violent state, and subsequently died at the hospital.

The patrolman on post on University Ave. that night was James Knott of the High Bridge Station, and it is of his wonderful behavior that I am writing you. Knowing, as he must have done, of the serious danger of contagion of this dreadful disease, he disregarded all thought of himself, and devoted himself to doing all he could for my son. He wrapped him in blankets and carried him downstairs on his shoulder, doing all he could to quiet the boy, and, after his arrival at the hospital remained with him until my boy was operated on. When I endeavored to thank him, he said it was only his duty, and when I offered him a gratuity, he firmly, but politely, told me that while he did not want to hurt my feelings, he could not accept anything.

His actions were those of a real man, and he is a credit to himself and the police force, and I am happy to voice the sentiment of my whole family in thus writing you.

Very truly yours,  
(Sgd.) E. A. MARTIN.

## PRAISE FOR OUR TRAFFIC MEN

Institute for Government Research  
of  
The Brookings Institution  
Washington, D. C.  
722 Jackson Place.

Hon. Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Commissioner of Police,  
New York City, New York.

Dear Sir:

After recently vacationing for several weeks in

New York, I cannot refrain from expressing my appreciation of the excellent police and traffic service of your city. My wife and I have visited most of the large cities of this country and in Western Europe, but nowhere have we found such efficient control of traffic, and such considerate attention to pedestrians. We spent most of our time sight-seeing on foot in the busiest sections of New York and we never observed a single instance of inefficient traffic control or of discourtesy on the part of a police officer.

We very often had to make inquiries of police officers concerning streets, buildings, etc., and in every case we met with a courteous, intelligent response.

Mrs. Weber joins me in extending hearty congratulations.

Very truly yours,  
GUSTAVUS A. WEBER.

## LT. JAMES McNAMARA

The Park Central,  
Seventh Avenue—55th to 56th Streets,  
New York City.

December 26, 1931.

Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney.

Dear Mr. Commissioner:

I called up the Elizabeth Street Station to make my yearly report to Lt. McNamara and I was deeply shocked and very sorry that he is dead.

Some years ago, Commissioner, I made a slight mistake and Lt. McNamara gave me a good scolding, wrote my name in the big Police book and let me go. Next day he sent for me, and there was a man at the Station House who gave me a job, where I am still employed.

I am writing this to you, Sir, to express my gratitude to you and the fine men in the Police Department. My old friend Lt. McNamara is gone. I can no longer greet him on Christmas morning like I used to. May God rest his soul in peace.

Very respectfully yours,  
WILLIAM NELSON.

Editorial Note: The above tribute refers to Lt. James McNamara of the Fifth Precinct, who died on April 30, 1931.

# Ebony

By Patrolman GEORGE W. LILIENTHAL, 1st Precinct

*First Prize, Short Story Contest*



**A**T one time I was the proud possessor of a very fine night stick, as thin and heavy as a gas pipe in proportion to its length and just as hard, but even that broke in use. Suppose I start at the beginning and relate its short-lived history.

Badly in need of a new stick I went to the owner of a lumber yard on my post and selected a rare piece of ebony, because of its high rating among the hardest of lumber and its beautiful black appearance. The wood turner across the street finished the new "persuader" from the raw material in two days. Just after receiving the completed product I was transferred to Coney Island for the summer season, where I was assigned to patrol the newly constructed boardwalk which, during the early hours, is about as lively as Calvary Cemetery. How I managed to keep awake there still remains an unsolved mystery to me, though I suppose I never will get accustomed to sleeping while standing erect. I've known people to walk a mile for a Camel. That's *nothing*. I had to walk two miles for a drink of Aqua Pura, and when I walk that far for *water*, I'm DRY.

Still, that post had its advantages. There I was, with a new nightstick, a very sharp pocketknife and a keen idea. Hour after hour, and tour after tour, I stood leaning against the iron railing under the arc lamp, marking and cutting, carving and cussing, lost to the rest of the world. Sergeants and Supervisors agreed I was the steadiest cop in that precinct; *always* on the job. There it was that the most beautiful "baton" in the entire department was origi-

nated. (That is rather a broad statement, since we never held a contest to determine who possessed the prettiest, but public admiration for mine justifies the assertion.) Instead of merely cutting my initials and shield number into the wood at the handle, I outlined the figures, then cut out between, leaving them raised, with the appearance of pieces having been glued to the stick. After sandpapering to a glass finish, I varnished and polished it.

In constant fear of someone winning this prize from me, I carried it home after each tour. Then my children (bless 'em), how they love playing with axes and saws. They were another source of danger. My troubles and worries. There was just one thing left to do and that was to take it to bed with me. Even that measure of safety did not last long, for friend wife strenuously objected, claiming all my devotion and affection were wasted on a piece of wood. On post I refrained from calling for assistance by pounding the stick on the sidewalk, fearing it would become marred.

The Mardi Gras ended the season and my detail. Nightstick and I were shifted to Greenwich Village. The residents and their mode of living, in that section, were surprising to me, especially after spending four months on arid Coney among wild cannibals. My new post on Greenwich Avenue was right in the heart of the village which is famous for the "short-haired women" and "long-haired men" who never work and seldom sleep. "Artists" they call themselves. Well, I suppose there is a certain art in getting away with high class professional panhandling. Artists, why the genuine artist has too much personal regard for his profession to associate with these vagrants. Greenwich Village, whether it liked me or not, there I was.

One morning while standing near the Jefferson Market Women's Prison busily engaged in simonizing my nightstick, my thoughts wandering back to the good old days when I defended Pelham Bay from the "U" boats, I was accosted by one of the



female species of artists who was dressed in male attire, consisting of fedora, shirt and tie, top coat, knickers and low-heel shoes. The ever present short hair and a cigarette completed her "make-up". Possibly thirty-six years old, she looked not a day over sixty.



"Good morning, officer," she started. "Do you mind if I talk a while?" Then while looking me over from head to feet, continued: "You are SO handsome in uniform. Is that the 'whoopie hat'?"

"Now Miss—er—" I said, inquiringly.

"Margaret Wilson Tylish, is the name. Margaret to you," she answered, smiling her very nicest smile.

"Well, Marge, I'm afraid you can't stay long. I'd get into trouble for keeping a child like you out so late," I joked.

"Oh, you are joshing," she laughed, emphasizing by poking her elbow in my ribs. "Do I really look so young?"

"Margie, you're a dream," I replied, thinking "yes, a nightmare".

"I never saw such a beautiful—er—night club. You have a massive physique. What is your name?" she queried.

"I'm forbidden to divulge my name. You may take my number, though," I said, thinking that a huge joke.

"This is positively thrilling. Both extremes, convicts and policemen answer to a number," she responded gleefully, and glancing at the precinct numeral on my collar added: "Number fourteen, that's easy to remember."

"Are you an artist?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I just completed a masterpiece. Now, all I have to do is get someone to buy it. Are you interested in art?"

"Now, now, Margie, I must be going," I said, starting away.

She promptly seized my arm, drawing me back and said: "You misconstrued, I am not the sales agent."

I remained, held against my will, but perfectly willing to continue this pleasant pass-time. "What is your motive for staying out so late?" I resumed.

"What else, but an appointment with an adorable young fiance?" she answered. "He has been working late all this week and I've been so lonely without him I just had to arrange this rendezvous, on this corner. He lives in the neighborhood, so my intention is to meet him on his way home. Oh! he's grand. Would you like to hear all about him?"

Before answering her question I ran an experienced eye through the shadows of the nearby doorways hoping there were no superiors watching (and enjoying from a different viewpoint) my diversion. Satisfied we were alone, I pleaded, "Yes, please tell me."

"He's tall, handsome, straightforward, in fact, everything about him is wonderful. And he has the most beautiful auburn hair. We met at the Beaux Arts Ball three weeks ago. Although I am three years his senior, we have agreed to keep steady company. If you know football, you surely have heard of him, he was quarterback on Columbia and— Ah! here he comes now, judge for yourself."

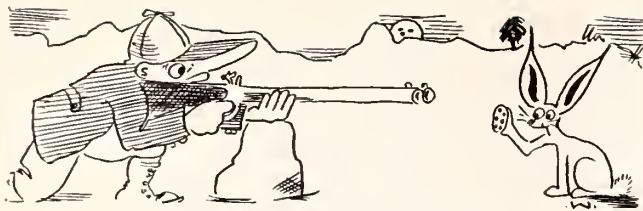
I knew nothing whatever about football, even though I did attend the Police College, but after being introduced, I was certain I knew something about this "star". She presented him as "Red" Crimmens. The last time we met, I was masked and he was standing, greatly embarrassed, on a platform under powerful lights, answering a barrage of very searching questions concerning his past life and how he subsisted. That was at the line-up in headquarters; his name at that time was George Dewey Crimmens, charged with football *throwing*. I wondered why, and his reason for now selecting Miss Tylish as his next victim. What was his new "racket"?

Three or four days later, I was trying the doors near Bank Street, at about midnight. Two men ran from a doorway across the street toward Jane Street. Seemingly trouble, I followed, ordering them to stop. They increased their speed, but I overtook them within the block. One was my new acquaintance, "Red"; the other, a well-known bad-man. I brought them back to the hall and there, lying unconscious in a pool of blood, was Miss Tylish. (Later, in the station house, she charged "Red" with luring her there, ostensibly to meet his mother. Upon entering the hallway, she was black-jacked and relieved of three hundred dollars, her profit from the sale of her masterpiece.) While questioning them at the scene, "Red," with the accuracy and agility of a prize fighter, punched me over the right eye causing a very ugly decoration on my otherwise pleasing countenance, and both made a futile break for freedom.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I reported for work the next night, I was once again the proud possessor of a nice new nightstick. Not made to order of Ebony. Not carved. Just plain, unpolished Hickory.

Alas and alack! no human head but "Red's" could have endured the opposition of EBONY TO BONE.



## HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED

Inspector Dan Kerr, our **BIG EMERGENCY MAN**, returned disgruntled last week from a mighty hunting expedition on an island in Chesapeake Bay owned by former Congressman George W. Loft. There were four in the party, and though they spent two whole days roaming the island, the only "game" they bagged was a game called "Ring Around Rosie", which they started themselves, Dan confessed, to keep from freezing to death. And don't, please, ask who was Rosie. It's none of our business, anyway.

The outcome was the following lament entitled "FOILED", written personally by Dan in one of his sorrowful moments. Frankly, we feel that when a cop becomes addicted to *reading* poetry it's serious enough, but when he starts *WRITING* it—ah, well, who are we to start criticizing?

### "FOILED"

As I arose at early dawn  
And then and there looking o'er the morn,  
I glanced across the lake and bay  
And saw two boats just leave the lea.  
Ah! Hunters will be here to-day  
Right then I sent my clarion call  
Called all the Bucks, the Does and Fawns.

To Everyone of my own race  
I told just where to take his place.  
Leon's coming with his gun  
Along with Henry Carrington.  
Robertson of Caruso fame  
Is also joining in the game.  
He's prowling through the brush and briar  
Hell! He never had a chance to fire.

Two other apes whose one desire  
Is just to put us on the fire  
Have crossed the lake and landed here  
Let's see if they get any deer.  
Leon with his mighty gun,  
I showed him how a stag could run.  
Robertson made enough of noise  
To wake up all the stuffed decoys.

Then Oklahoma took a bang  
The trees all shook, the woods all rang.  
I then assembled all my band  
And everyone was right on hand.  
Inspector Kerr was just in time  
To draw a bead on a friend of mine.  
He meant well; I will grant you that,  
But that Buck, he beat a pitapat.  
Daniel was not all at fault,  
The guns were given and not bought.  
If sights were left alone that day  
We could not give our loud hurray.

Carrington with glasses on,  
Went in the woods;  
The hunt was on.  
He stole out softly to a tree  
Waiting patiently for me.  
I watched him as he sat and stood,  
The exercise for him was good.  
I watched you all as you left this Isle,  
As you shipped water you made me smile.  
I wished you all, what you'd wish me,  
A smaller boat and a higher sea.

## THE DOPE PEDDLERS' NEMESIS

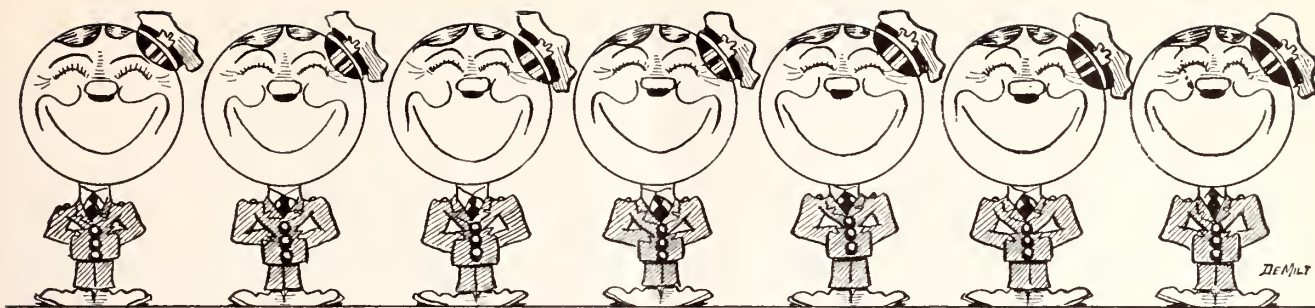
**D**ETECTIVE WILLIAM G. HERBERT, of the Narcotic Bureau, again demonstrated his detective skill by uncovering a gang of criminals who were smuggling narcotic drugs into Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y. A letter from Warden Thomas H. Murphy, to the Police Commissioner, telling about intercepting drugs through the U. S. Mails to an inmate of that penal institution was handed to Detective Herbert on Saturday, January 9, for investigation. On the following Monday, Herbert, accompanied by Detectives Condon and Connell, of the Narcotic Bureau, arrested one George A. Greiner, who admitted sending the narcotics through the mails. He has a long criminal record, as also have the four men arrested with him.

A similar case was also solved in like quick fashion by Detective Herbert on September 19, 1931, when he arrested one Joseph Berger for sending drugs through the mails to Dannemora. At that time Detective Herbert had to peg five shots at Berger to let him know he meant business. Berger was returned to Dannemora to serve seven years of an unexpired sentence on a previous conviction. When that time is up Herbert has three further charges to press against him, sending contraband through the U. S. Mails, violation of the Sullivan Law and the illegal possession of narcotics.

## WE START THE NEW YEAR WITH

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# The Prize Winners

## KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Dennis Sullivan, 74th Precinct.  
Patrolman Anton Svoboda, 23rd Precinct.  
Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."  
Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

## THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for our monthly limerick.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

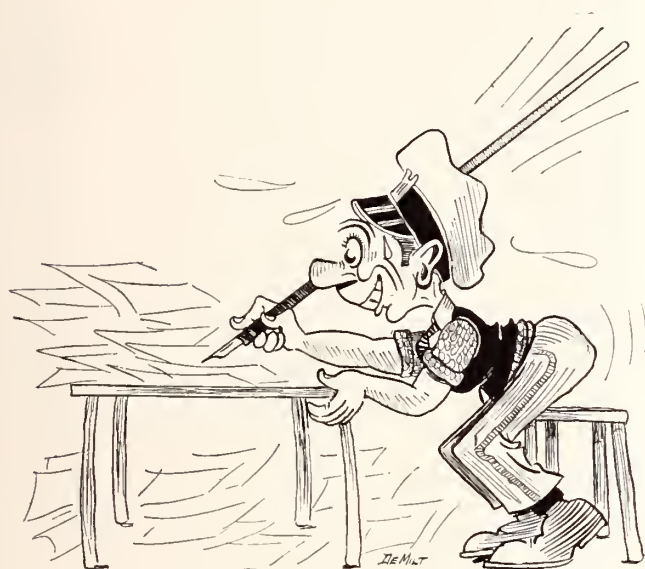
The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than February 8th.

## THIS MONTH'S LIMERICK

"A Deputy Inspector by rank,  
And who has McSweeney to thank:  
The old Penal Code,  
And the straight, narrow road.  
....."

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.



*If at first you don't succeed---*

## SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman George W. Lilienthal,  
1st Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Joseph G. Reardon,  
B. H. Squad, Brooklyn

## LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Sergeant James P. Dermody,  
47th Precinct

All records McSweeney is breaking,  
For 'Deputy' he's now in the making;  
His attention to work,  
Was his only real 'jerk,'  
"And a leaf from his book is worth taking."

2nd Prize, \$10—Patrolman Maurice F. Savage,  
Emergency Squad 5

*"Plus Police College courses worth taking."*

3rd Prize, \$5—Patrolman Frank J. Pipolo,  
Emergency Squad 7

*"Not waiting nor resting nor faking."*

# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



To Commissioner Mulrooney we suggest that he slow down a bit this year and take life easier. He has already reduced the much touted crime wave to a ripple—*working tirelessly night and day to prove it could be done. Take a night off once in a while, Commissioner, if only to get acquainted with the Missus again.*



To Chief Inspector O'Brien we say sincerely that the Department wants no more scares like the one he gave us last winter while he was confined for nearly a month in St. Luke's Hospital. Palm Beach is a lovely place to recuperate, we admit, but we know the Chief likes our own town better—and *here's where we'd rather have him.*

To Assistant Chief Inspector Sullivan we extend congratulations upon the many "guests" he so ably entertained on the lineup platform last year. *But why the unnecessary strain on the arches each morning?* A good comfortable rocker, we think, would make the job much pleasanter to handle.



To Deputy Commissioner Ruttenberg we suggest a radical change in the present procedure governing departmental trials. In the first place, the atmosphere that pervades the Trial Room on court days is entirely too morbid—too oppressive. Wouldn't it be much nicer, Commissioner, if you arranged with the boys who have been ordered to call and "show cause" to join you at luncheon in some nice place—*like the Gold Room at the Astor*, and there, seated together comfortably, go into the little differences which have beset them? You could even add to the sociability of such occasions by inviting the boys to bring their wives along. A most constructive thought, and worthy of real, serious consideration.

**H**APPY landings, folks, how are all the good resolutions coming along?

You've all contributed your share, of course. It's one of the season's loveliest pastimes.

Bravely we turn our backs on evil habits and influences—and firmly we resolve to start the new year with a fresh coat of whitewash.

*Yes, indeed, there's nothing quite like those good old resolutions with which we yearly kid ourselves.*

Far be it from us even to attempt to influence our courageous readers in their newest resolves; but we are always on the job, nevertheless, to help out with good, expert advice. And you can't choke a fellow these days merely for offering suggestions.

Some may prove most helpful—but *mostly they'll prove just helpless.*

The fact remains, however, that we all get a kick out of telling the other fellow what is good for him and what is not. For instance:



And to Deputy Commissioner Leach we'll simply add, "ditto."



Deputy Commissioner Hoyt installed probably more new traffic signal lights last year than Heinz sold pickles, and we are wondering if he could spare a couple to install at the entrance to our office in the Police Academy. They will not only add distinction to the premises, but will aid materially in keeping our morale at a proper balance.

Here's a nice suggestion for Deputy Commissioner Muldoon, the man who controls all of the thousands of taxicabs that daily prowl the city streets: **HOW ABOUT ISSUING PASSES TO MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT GOOD ON ALL TAXICABS?** It would not only save us considerable in taxi hire each year, but would make of Commissioner Muldoon the most popular idol the Department has ever known.



There really isn't much we can say to Deputy Commissioner Sinnott because for a young fellow he's doing very nicely, indeed. However, a friendly suggestion that he *keep an eye on that waist line* might not be amiss.

To Deputy Commissioner Additon we offer congratulations upon the splendid results obtained by the Crime Prevention Bureau during the past year. The inescapable thought remains, however, that while "crime does not pay" it *helps considerable toward keeping some 19,000 of us on the payroll.*



To Dr. Donovan, our Chief Surgeon, we offer a suggestion that should prove highly beneficial. Floyd Gibbons is considered a good man in his line, but we know a lot of sergeants who think they're better. *If their tonsils were ordered removed don't you think it would save a lot of wear and tear on the ears—of the men on patrol?*



To the sergeants, lieutenants and supervisors in general we suggest that whenever the job isn't done exactly to your liking, tell the boys about it in a nice way—*with a smile, we mean.* They'll appreciate it, never fear.

And you, too, Captain, if it's your *digestion* that makes you act that way sometimes, why not have it attended to? Of course, if it's the *wife's* digestion that is responsible, we can only remind you, feelingly, that that's **YOUR** hard luck.

The deputy inspectors are responsible for the neat and presentable appearance of the boys when on patrol, but we respectfully suggest that they keep in mind, when the boys next present themselves for uniform inspection, that they are just cops working for a living—and not *West Point Cadets on parade.*

And listen, Inspector, why not spend more nights at home listening to the radio? The programs are getting better all the time, and, besides, the night air isn't so good for a fellow that's getting along in years.

And to the cop on patrol we suggest that he keep a sharp eye unrelentingly on the fellow who prefers to walk on the wrong side of the law. And while you're doing that, keep another eye out for the poor unfortunates on your post who are in dire need of food, shelter and clothing. *Just now it's a duty as important as any provided for in the Regulations.* During 1931 you did yourselves proud. Keep up the good work.

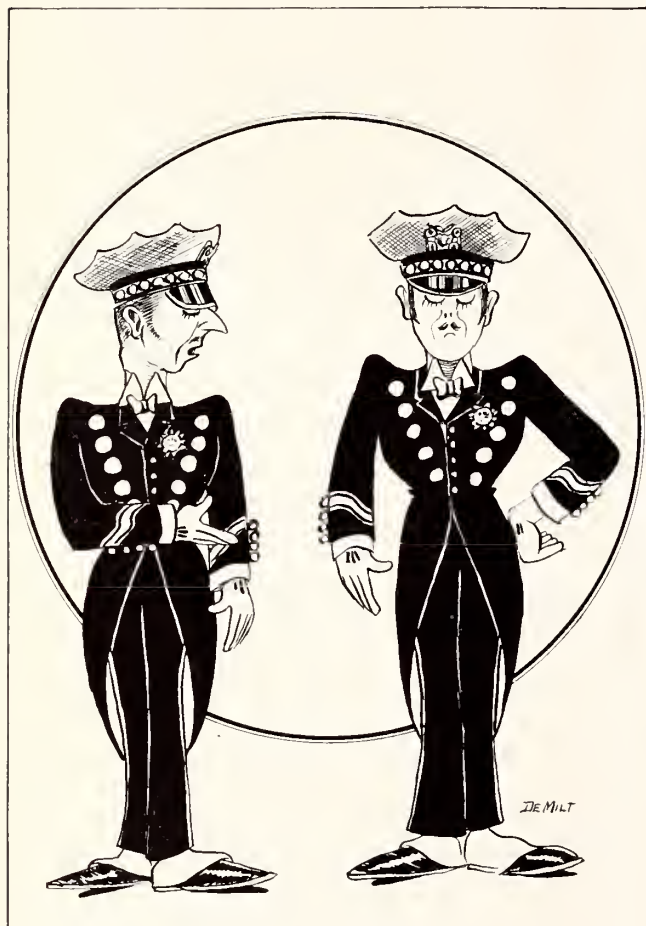
We could probably go on for hours with these priceless thoughts and suggestions, but space will not permit. And should anyone tell you we've been giving Mr. John J. Patrolman a little the best of it—bet him he's right. Old Man Sunshine has always felt that a word of encouragement to the boys (those seriously inclined, we mean), who are trying hard to make the grade, is of more value to the Department than a whole carload of speeches and lectures commencing with "Don't."

There is one thing all superior officers should bear in mind: Always give the subordinate the benefit of a reasonable doubt, and if you do this, we promise that when the time comes for you to go blithely on to your Heavenly Reward, you, too, will receive the benefit of the doubt—*no doubt.*

SOME seven or eight years ago there appeared in the columns of various newspapers, articles pertaining to the advisability of making it incumbent upon superior officers in the Police Department to pass Regent tests in order to become eligible for appointment to the higher ranks.

The matter was called to our attention by Patrolman Joe Reardon, our energetic young reporter in the B. B. H. Squad in Brooklyn, who in a neat little note suggested the other day that we "assume this procedure had been adopted", and that we "stretch our imagination to the year 1950".

In the lobby of Police Headquarters, continues Joe, visualize the meeting of two dashing lieutenants, both aspirants for the coming examination for promotion to Captaincy. Something like this, avers Joe, would be the gist of the conversation:



"Pardon, Lieutenant Montmorency, you, too, are not suffering from hypertrophied ego, I trust?"

"Not to my personal knowledge, Lieutenant Van Ritz. But why, pray, do you solicit me on so unconventional a theme?"

"Dear Lieutenant, I am actuated solely by the desire to ascertain your personal opinion upon the approaching competition for elevation to Captaincy. Undoubtedly you are competing?"

"Without question, dear Lieutenant; but Law to me has become a fetid area from which an odious miasma exudes, and at divers times I possess a predilection for metempsychosis, and would choose that

my somatic form ruminant in bovine desuetude, not unlike a maverick alone upon the desolate plains. So pertinacious is my belief, so abradant my heart, that I am a nonconformist as far as the present method of selecting superiors is concerned. Are you familiar, Lieutenant Montmorency, with the multifarious pandects that are being promulgated?"

"Yes, dear Lieutenant, I am indeed cognizant. However, to those who shall succeed, all that seemed transcendental will have become, through their orientation, as diaphanous and as lucid as the purest crystal. As to our examiners, you are aware that no persuasive ascendancy can lure them, no smiling wheedler can coax them—no sophistry can thwart or sway them."

At about this time the conversationalists are interrupted by the announcement in the corridors that the "Assemblage of Malpractors" was about to take place.

(Note: The former term "Lineup" had been long ago discontinued as "vulgar" by a former Commissioner.)

SUPREMACY in the field of athletic sports has for generations been the cause of bitter rivalry between certain counties in the good old Emerald Isle. It amounts practically to an obsession and remains with the natives long after they have shaken the ould sod for pastures new.

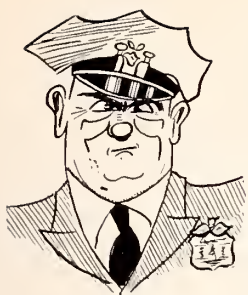
And while it is always a subject for serious discussion with the boys from "over there" rarely is it carried so far as to involve a person's gastronomic abilities or qualifications.

It did, however, in the particular case we now cite, and the two participants in the controversy were Lieutenant John Casey of the 1st Division, and Sergeant Bill Barry of the 2nd Precinct.



It started when the genial Casey, an athlete of considerable ability, who hails from Killaloo, in County Clare (*where the famous Killaloo bird was first discovered*), announced one evening that his success in athletics was due largely to his remarkable capacity for pumpkin pie.





Barry, a native of Tallow, County Waterford (*where the tallow candle first saw the light*), and likewise an athlete of much note, scornfully questioned Casey's alleged prowess as a demolisher of this most delectable of delicacies and forthwith defied him to do combat.

Promptly the challenge was accepted and the date arranged.

Lieutenant Paddy Sullivan, now of the 6th Precinct, was chosen as referee. Sullivan, also athletically inclined, is a proud product of a town called Dingle, in County Kerry, and modestly tells of how one of his ancestors years ago leaped the River Shannon there at its widest point.



Came the eventful day. The boys of the 2nd Precinct showed their interest by chipping in and purchasing 24 large, luscious pumpkin pies which set them back exactly one berry per pie.

Courageously the boys went into action, and as they proceeded swiftly to consume one huge pie after another the excitement became tense. Several times the referee cautioned Casey against swallowing a pie whole without even attempting to chew it, but Casey's digestive organs never before functioned so beautifully, and at 22 minutes he was leading with 12 pies consumed to Barry's 10.

At this point a piece of crust became tangled somehow in Barry's throat and he loudly claimed a foul, which the efficient referee very properly ignored. Encouraged by his opponent's misfortune, Casey attacked the balance of the pies with great gusto and finished with a final score of 14 pies to Barry's 10. Time, 26 minutes flat.

Needless to say the men of the 1st Division are very proud of Casey's mighty achievement. They claim it constitutes a world's record, and they stand ready now to back him against any man in the Department who professes to know his pumpkin pie.

Challenges should be addressed to Lieutenant Jack McAuliffe, Crime Preventor, 2nd Precinct, under whose exclusive management Casey will perform from now on.

McAuliffe, incidentally, hails from Cork, and is best remembered as the former champion bare back rider of the Department.



WE now present for your edification another high powered disciple of rhyme in the person of Lieutenant Mike Murphy, of the Emergency Service Division. Mike became so enthused when his pal, Lieutenant Nick Sussillo, also an Emergency Man, was elected president of the Lieutenants' Benevolent Association recently, that he forthwith and without warning gave birth to the following classic which he claims should be sung to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green". All set? Fine, let's go.



President Nicholas P. Sussillo

The Police Lieutenants' Union  
Sure they met in Proctor's Hall,  
And they came there in such numbers  
Why you'd think it was a ball.  
John Ayers he was presiding and  
Tho Fate against him went,  
A finer fellow never held  
The job of President.

When the boys they started voting  
It looked like Tammany Hall,  
The way they rushed the ballot box  
Up there against the wall.  
They kept it up all evening  
Till the time allowed was spent,  
And Nicholas P. Sussillo  
Was elected President.

When Nick came strutting thru the hall  
A-smiling left and right,  
The boys gave him the old glad hand  
'Twas sure a friendly sight.  
His sweater and his wedding suit  
Were the clothes in which he went,  
But if he were in B.V.D.'s  
He'd still be President.

When the ballots they were counted  
By an honest Irish man,  
Abe Cohen got so excited  
That he started eating ham.  
And Bill O'Brien was jubilant  
The way the election went,  
For Nicholas P. Sussillo  
He is now our President.

## PATROLMAN CHRISTOPHER MITCHELL--REFORMER



**P**ATROLMAN CHRISTOPHER MITCHELL was formerly of the Fourth Avenue Station, Brooklyn. Now he is in the Crime Prevention Bureau, detailed to do welfare work in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. The reason for his transfer was because Mitchell's unique method of reforming cop-haters came to the attention of the Commissioner and the way that it happened was as follows:

The day after Christmas the Commissioner received from John Shannon of 5512 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, a crippled father of a family, the following letter:

"After what one of your cops did for my wife and kids tonight and you don't let him know of you knowing of it, then you are as bad as Seabury.

"This cop on the beat at 55th Street and Third Avenue, Brooklyn. 4 to 12 patrol, tonight (Xmas eve) would not tell his name to me so I am demand-

ing you to look him up so that he will be able to know how we thank him and how we enjoyed his Christmas dinner.

"I have often read stories about cops doing things like this, but never loved any cops, Commissioner; but tonight this cop did what the jails in the United States could not do, made me turn to the Police Department, not against them, and this Santa Claus is one of your boys.

"He having known of my hard luck in losing a leg and my wife not enjoying good health, and also of the kids being without eats and what the cop did for us and if you don't thank him for it Commissioner, something he would not let us do, then if you have a tin box, I hope Seabury gets it.

"He stopped my little girl of seven years this evening on the avenue and asked her what she had for Christmas dinner. When she said 'nothing', he turned around and went to the butchers, fruit store and food store with the kid, laid down his money and sent me my kid home with a swell Christmas dinner. Commissioner if things like this go without you knowing of them how can the boys love their boss? Well Commissioner, from hating a cop to loving them, is what this cop did for me this Christmas Eve. Hoping you will look up this cop for us and let him know the job his own few dollars did for us. May God bless him and all the cops and yourself."

Upon investigation, the Commissioner learned that Shannon was unemployed and had three children aged one, six and seven years. So Mitchell was called to Headquarters two days later and thanked by the Commissioner and later his transfer to the Crime Prevention Bureau was announced.

## 2,000 ENJOY "POLICE NIGHT"

A "Police Night" unmatched in the history of the club life of New York City was held on the evening of December 17, 1931, in the Flatbush Boys' Club and Community Center at 2245 Bedford Avenue. It might almost be termed a "Recruiting Night" for the Police Department for some 2,000 boys between 8 and 16 years of age, who witnessed the entertainment provided by the Police Department, all voiced emphatically their intention of joining "The Finest" when they attained their majority.

The Police Commissioner after a conference with Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additon and Inspector Louis Costuma of the Crime Prevention Bureau gladly offered the club the services of the Police Band, the Police Glee Club and the presence of a battalion of recruit Police officers. And what sterling and stirring entertainment these men in blue provided.

After Lieutenant William M. Mahoney, in charge of the Police Band, and Lieutenant Patrick FitzGibbons, director of the Glee Club, had led these organizations in vocal and instrumental music, the recruit officers went into action. We mean this liter-

ally for Lieutenant Brilla, Sergeant Cantor and Sergeant Gracia put the battalion through a wonderful program of calisthenics and concluded with an exhibition of jiu-jitsu and boxing.

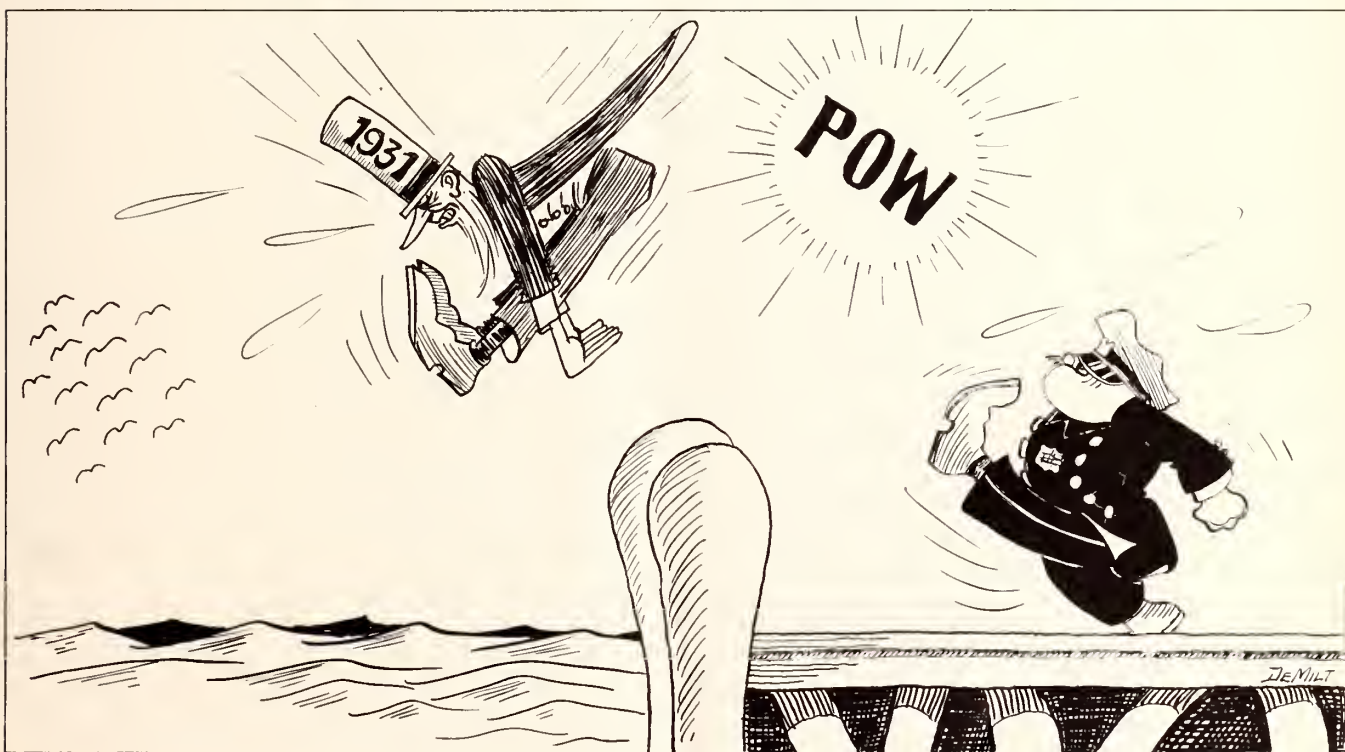
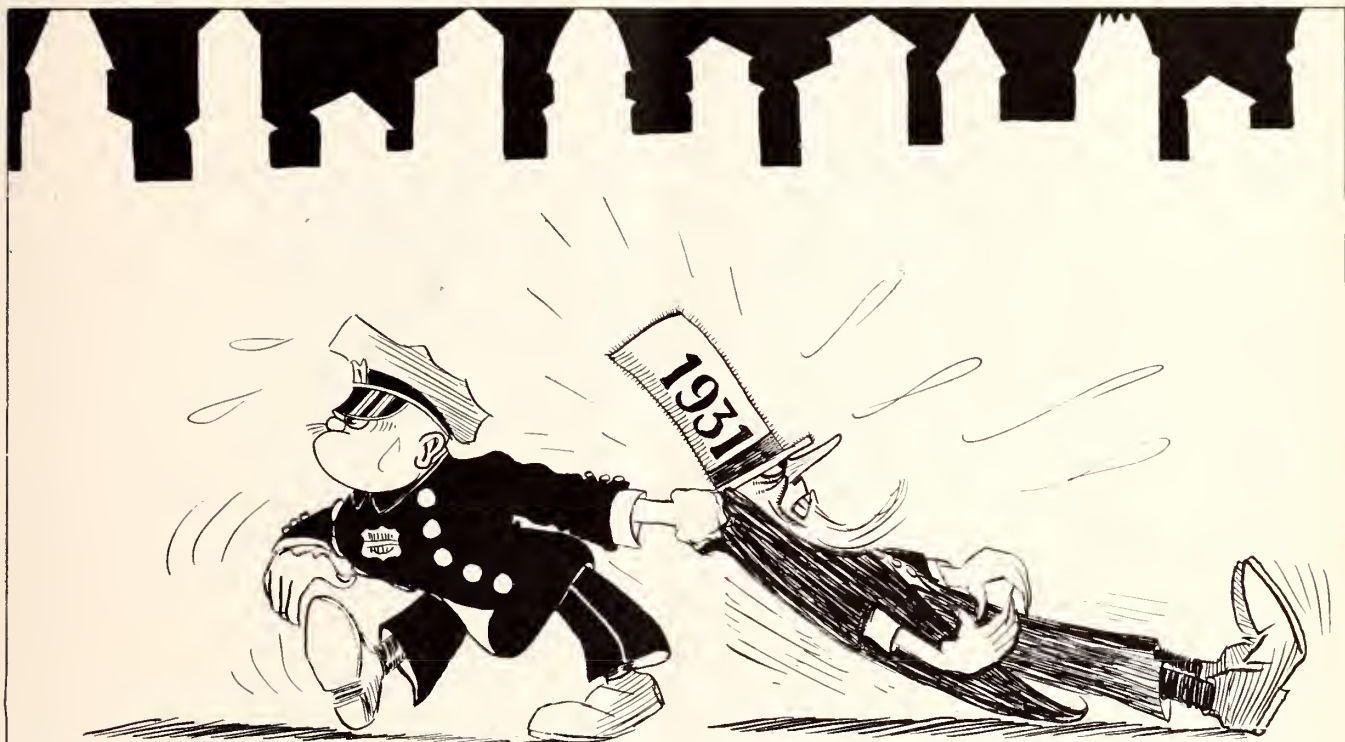
The Brooklyn boys had their eyes opened to a new ideal of a policeman, a strong, lithe, athletic, youthful representative of Law and Order who could take care of himself in either a boxing or a wrestling match. The spirit with which the Probationary Patrolmen "mixed it up" in their boxing and jiu-jitsu exhibitions drew round after round of applause from their youthful audience. Undoubtedly a great deal of the boys' determination to become policemen was born right then and there.

Inspector Costuma praised the effort of the club's officers and directors to prove to the boys that the policeman is their friend. Arthur E. Delmhorst, director of the club, was master of ceremonies and 15-year-old Eli Wallach of the club welcomed the police. The Rev. Doctor Wallace J. Gardiner, rector of St. Pauls Church, also spoke, as did Captain Stillman of the Snyder Avenue Station in whose territory the club is located.



# Barney on the Beat

GOOD RIDDANCE—A STORY WITHOUT WORDS



# High Pressure

By Patrolman JOSEPH G. REARDON, Borough Headquarters Squad, Brooklyn

Second Prize, Short Story Contest



*I'm the cop on post, boss. How is everything?*

THE word "ROOKIE" is very often spoken of in various organizations, such as in the Army, Navy or Police Department. The word itself is defined as follows: "Roo", an Afghan word, meaning: "Nothing" and "Kie" an Indian word meaning "Much". Therefore, we take it that "Rookie" means—"Nothing Much".

One balmy summer morning, in the section of De La Gowanus, or Smoke-la-Terrace, on Rue De Court (Street), one of the famous frontiers of the Brooklyn waterfront, a brand new policeman was laying his pups down on the rather hard terrain of Rue de Court, patiently awaiting the arrival of the Sergeant. He was getting hungrier as the minutes passed.

"I would like to take a chance on a cup of java," he said to himself. But thinking of the possibility that he might get into trouble, he decided to wait for the specified meal time. Finally the hour for grub period arrived.

Gayly, like a lark, and without a thing on his brain, except his hat, he bravely sauntered into the lunch wagon announcing: "I'm the cop on post,



boss. How is everything? No bandits around to-night were there?"

Naturally the boss knew this was a feed on the starched sleeve and replied in the negative, adding a little braggadocio.

"I guess the bandits knew you were on post."

This almost caused the buttons to pop from the rookie's coat. Seating himself at the large marble table under a cooling electric fan, the Rookie ordered the best in the wagon. When he had completed his repast, he requested the best Havana cigar. He then pondered and thought what a sweet racket the cops were in. The time was passing fast. In fact he was about ten minutes over the allotted meal time period, but this did not phase his mind.

On the other corner, and in full view of the lunch-wagon, envying the Rookie's apparent ease and contentment, stood another patrolman, as the saying goes, "a rather hairy individual who knew the ropes." With the experienced patrolman was a roustabout, glib of tongue, but at present not conversing with the Officer. The Officer broke the silence.

"I have an idea," he said. "See that Rookie in the lunch-wagon over there! I'm going to have some fun with him."

"O. K.," said the Buff. "Let's have it."

"You go into the lunch-wagon, pose as a lieutenant and kid that Rookie. Why he's twenty minutes over his meal period now."

He instructed the Buff as to the vernacular and methods of a lieutenant. Off went the latter to the wagon. He found the Rookie preparing to leave and looking as fine as a new born babe.

"Good morning, Officer," said the Buff. "What are you doing here?"

"Who wants to know?" queried the Rookie in sarcastic tone.

"I am a lieutenant," came sharply from the Buff.



The wind left the Rookie immediately.

"Eh—Pardon me Lieutenant, I'm here on my meal period."

"What time do you eat?" with more severity.

"Five-thirty, sir," from the Rookie with much effort.

"It's now five-fifty" barked the make-believe lieutenant. "I have you for twenty minutes".

There was a silent spell. The boss of the wagon stood by in amazement. The Rookie as meek as a lamb, looked like a beaten puppy.

"Well, lieutenant, I'm a new man in the department and if I get a complaint now they are liable to drop me. Give me a chance and I will be extra careful in the future. I did not know my time was up."

"Nothing doing" bellowed the phony lieutenant. "Let me see your memo book, I wouldn't pass up my brother. You are a disgrace to the uniform, a shirker to the citizenry, an imposter, a fraud to the taxpayer, a coward to your duty, a double-crosser to your Captain, a petty thief of time, stealing a few paltry minutes. You thought you were putting something over. Get out and patrol your post, Patrol it properly, or I will have you suspended forthwith."

The Rookie lost no time in complying with the "lieutenant's" command. The beads of perspiration were dropping from the bottom of the rookie's trousers. He had cold sweats, and was a physical and a mental wreck; disillusioned, discouraged, and disgusted with life. It was now time to ring. He rushed to the signal box which was on a pole in the shadow of a building. Right near it was another pole with a HIGH PRESSURE signal box on it, used by the Fire Department. In the confusion and excitement he arrived at the HIGH PRESSURE box, overlooking the police signal box.

The other Officer (the conspirator) in the shadow of a doorway enjoyed the Rookie's excitement. The Rookie espied the Officer and rushed over.

"Take care! Watch your step!" he said. "There is a shoo-fly around. He just got me, I guess I'm finished. I ran over to signal the house and someone stole the handle off the signal box while I was in the lunch-wagon. Gee! One thing after another. How can I account for the loss of the handle off the signal box?"

The hairy officer then took the rookie across the street, saying:

"Don't get excited Rookie, it's all in the job, I guess you will be canned when you go to the house. You are useless as a cop. It's a wonder you did not go to sleep in the wagon. You got a heluva nerve eating on my post. But anyhow, I am going to show you how stupid you are. You tried to ring on the HIGH PRESSURE box. There is the police signal box, as sound as ever, handle and everything, now give the house a peg."

The Rookie signalled and the hairy officer started away from him, but, alas! the rookie was right after him, seeking advice, consolation and help. The hairy officer finally broke the hardship of the Rookie and asked:

"What kind of a looking fellow was this lieutenant?"

The Rookie, overjoyed to learn that he was interested, readily gave him a detailed description.

"I know that lieutenant. He is a good friend of mine. He lives on my post. I am going to get you a break. I am going to take a chance and talk to him for you. You know these bosses might seem friendly and all that sort of stuff, but I will do my best to save your job. By doing this, I am taking a chance on my own job, but a cop is a cop and I am going to help you. Get on your post and don't stop walking. I will see you at the end of the tour—at the house, I'll let you know how I made out."

"Gee! I hope you can do something. My father will kill me if I lose the job. He paid for my schooling and I have not paid him back. If you can do anything, I'll never forget you. Anything you want within reason is yours."

"That's O. K. I am known for being a good fellow and anytime I can help a cop, I'll go out of my way for him. Don't ever get in trouble like that again. Don't be figuring you have me for a Rabbi. In fact I am not guaranteeing you anything. I might be able to put it over. It's a big proposition. See me later."

The Rookie, feeling a little better at the thought of having a friend such as the hairy officer and thinking that he was going to help him, patrolled and patrolled and the time never seemed to arrive when he would see his newly made friend and find out results.

Of course, the conspirator reached the station-house ahead of the Rookie, at the expiration of the tour, and informed all the boys about the whole incident, particularly stressing the high-pressure box. A hearty laugh was enjoyed by all. In strolled the Rookie, still excited. He rushed immediately to his friend.

"How did you make out? Did you see him? Is he going to give it to me? Did you talk to him?"

"Wait a minute, Rookie, let me talk," said the hairy officer. (Very loud so all the boys in the back-room could get in on it.)

"What a tough time I had with that bird, pretty tart gentleman; pleaded with him for one solid hour, tough as the Rock of Gibraltar, thought I'd never move him—finally got his word that everything would be jake—to tell you to forget about it, but that you should be more careful and stay off the other cops' jobs. Of course, I could have gone to the Mayor, or the Commish if necessary. I guess that lieutenant knew my connections, he had to lay off when I said the word."

The Rookie then left after thanking the hairy officer over and over again, and receiving a lot of advice from the rest of the boys. He started for home, feeling again, even with the world in general, that the job was not so bad after all—if one took care of it. Before departing he informed all the boys that he would invite them to a little dinner at his home and a good time would be had by all. He was desirous of showing his keen appreciation of all that had been done for him and the friendly attitude manifested by all concerned.

When he had departed, the boys immediately christened him HIGH PRESSURE. He is still patrolling in the same territory and is widely known as HIGH PRESSURE.



# HEROES ALL

**T**HE Police Commissioner on December 30, 1931, announced 305 awards to members of the Department for valor in the performance of duty. The list included five posthumous awards to policemen killed in the line of duty.

For the first time in the history of the Department two members of the Air Service Division, a pilot and an observer, were commended. These two officers, Patrolman Otto A. Kafka, Jr., pilot, and Patrolman George W. Sundquist, observer, now of the 62nd Precinct, while on flight patrol on July 15, 1931, saved a woman swimmer from drowning in the waters off Coney Island.

The list of those who received Departmental recognition, with the citations of the five to whom posthumous honors were given, follow:

## HONORABLE MENTION

(Awarded June 20, 1931)

(Name to be placed on Tablet at Police Headquarters)

Detective William H. Degive, Shield No. 1187, Main Office 18th Division. At about 10 P. M., March 3, 1931, encountered two men escaping from a holdup in a dance hall at 125th Street and Lenox Avenue, Manhattan; shots were exchanged, and he was wounded and died June 28, 1931.

## HONORABLE MENTION

(Name to be placed on Tablet at Police Headquarters)

Sergeant William H. O'Shaughnessy, Shield No. 784, 28th Precinct. At about 1:50 A. M., June 9, 1931, on patrol duty, entered premises 329 Lenox Avenue, Manhattan, where three men were perpetrating a holdup, and he was shot and killed.

Sergeant Timothy Murphy, Shield No. 511, 8th Precinct. At about 1:25 A. M., September 14, 1931, on patrol duty, encountered three holdup men in a restaurant at 18 East 13th Street, Manhattan; shots were exchanged, and he was killed.

Patrolmen Walter J. Webb, Shield No. 4947, 40th Precinct, and Edwin V. Churchill, Shield No. 10431, Motorcycle Squad No. 1. At about 4:10 P. M., August 21, 1931, Patrolman Webb, in an automobile guarding a paymaster and entering the driveway adjoining 712 East 133d Street, Bronx, was shot and killed by two holdup men. Patrolman Churchill, on motorcycle duty, pursued a taxicab in which the two bandits attempted to escape; shots were exchanged, and he was shot and killed. The two men were subsequently shot and killed by other policemen.

## HONORABLE MENTION

Detective Edward Ledden, 112th Squad, 18th Division; Patrolman Edward J. Scully, 43rd Precinct; Detective William J. Kiley, 11th Squad, 18th Division; Patrolmen Albert F. Walker, 30th Precinct; Francis J. McPhillips, 42nd Precinct; William J. McManus, 34th Precinct; David V. Lewis, Edward Worrell, Traffic Precinct G; Michael J. Lyons, Traffic Precinct F; Detective Milton H. Dunwoody, 47th Squad, 18th Division; Patrolman Michael J. Green, Traffic Precinct E; Patrolman Maurice J. Dorney, 46th Precinct; Patrolman Alexander Calder, 18th Precinct; Patrolman John E. Meenan, 18th Precinct; Patrolman Garret W. Golden, 20th Precinct; Patrolman William P. Callahan, 24th Precinct; Patrolman Ignatius E. Noonan, 13th Precinct; Patrolman Edward F. Garvey, 24th Precinct; Patrolman George B. Regan, 28th Precinct; Patrolmen Timothy P. Foley, James P. Pollard, Jr., 28th Precinct; Patrolman James J. Curtin, Emergency Squad No. 5.

## COMMENDATION

Acting Captains Patrick F. J. McVeigh, and James J. Coy, and Lieutenant William F. Lovett, Main Office, 18th Division; Lieutenant William Flannery, Patrolmen Michael A. Miraglia, William A. Barrisford, and Thomas J. Curran, Chief Inspector's Office, 19th Division; Sergeant Peter M. King, Patrolmen John F. Barrow, and Joseph P. Dooley, 20th Precinct; Sergeant James F. Maloney, 48th Precinct; Sergeant Harry W. Salomon, and Patrolman Cornelius S. Sliter, 46th Precinct; Sergeant William J. Robinson, Patrolmen Albert E. Goss, John Mulvihill, Michael Cummings, and Joseph J. Kavanagh, Chief Inspector's Office, 19th Division; Sergeant Siegel Goldstein, and Patrolman George A. Sequist, 76th Precinct; Sergeant Benedict Reynolds, 34th Precinct, Detectives Philip H. Knecht, 8th Detective District; Clarence M. Martin, 42nd Squad; John Rokee, Main Office; Charles S. Goubeaud, Main Office, 18th Division; and Patrolman Louis A. Schwartz, 23rd Precinct; Matthew A. Welsh, William J. Mooney, John C. Ryan, 34th Precinct; Douglas J. Scott, 48th Precinct; Arthur T. McLaughlin, Paul G. Champlin, Traffic Precinct H; Thomas Lernihan, George A. Reiss, Traffic Precinct E; Detectives John F. Allen, Ambrose P. J. Rikeman, Henry L. Hansen, and Frederick Morlock, 70th Squad, 18th Division; Detectives John J. McDonough, Jr., 71st Squad, and Edward H. Gaynor, 73rd Squad, 18th Division; Detectives Christopher F. Carroll, James Lynch, Francis X. McLaughlin, 23rd Squad, and Peter P. Golemboski, 25th Squad, 18th Division; Detectives Charles A. Tracy, 7th Squad, 18th Division; Detective Joseph B. McCarthy, 88th Squad, 18th Division; Detectives Charles G. Winterhalter and Rudolf Schnitzer, 43rd Squad, 18th Division; Detective Frank W. Heyner, 103rd Squad, 18th Division, and Patrolman George Shoreys, 103rd Precinct; Detectives Joseph M. Fleming and William F. Vaughan, 42nd Squad, 18th Division; Detective William A. Neubauer, 84th Squad, 18th Division, and Patrolman Martin Wiesekel, 84th Precinct; Detective Thomas J. Harte, Missing Persons Bureau, 18th Division; Detective Frederick Trumpf, Jr., Homicide Squad, Queens, and Patrolman Herbert P. Graham, 109th Precinct; Detective

James J. Cully, Jr., and Edward J. Hollingsworth, Main Office, 18th Division; Patrolman Frank D. Macauley, Traffic Precinct E; Patrolman Charles J. Cooper, Emergency Squad No. 6; Patrolman Herman Schwartz, 7th Precinct; Patrolman Joseph M. Brown, 32d Precinct; Patrolmen Edmund Crow and William F. Westfall, 75th Precinct; Patrolman John F. Evelich, 24th Precinct; Patrolman Thomas A. Fant, Traffic Precinct H; Patrolmen William J. Shea and Thomas K. Colton, 69th Precinct; Patrolman Edward J. Demartini, 14th Precinct; Patrolman Raymond L. Nicholas, 66th Precinct; Patrolman Frank A. Roberts, 24th Precinct; Patrolmen Anthony F. Barbaro, Louis H. Rathen and Alfred Geidel, 25th Precinct; Patrolman Arthur C. Johnson, 46th Precinct; Patrolman Albert Ryan, Traffic Precinct F; Patrolmen Charles W. Krauss, 78th Precinct, and Thomas P. Slow, 82nd Precinct; Patrolmen John H. J. Elliott and John F. Colton, 20th Precinct; Patrolmen Alfred Cubbidge and Gordon K. Torkelson, 18th Precinct; Patrolman Henry V. Werner, 73rd Precinct; Patrolman Martin J. Byrnes, 10th Division; Patrolman Bernard Salamone, 44th Precinct; Patrolman Harry Duberg, 114th Precinct; Patrolman Wilfred J. Miller, 23rd Precinct; Patrolmen Emil Heidenreich, William Bauer and Daniel L. Jones, 18th Precinct; Patrolman Michael J. Hickey, 20th Precinct; Patrolmen Otto A. Kafka, Jr., Air Service Division, and George W. C. Sundquist, 62nd Precinct; Patrolman John J. Benn, Traffic Precinct A; Patrolman Michael J. Normoyle, 19th Precinct; Patrolman James F. Mulligan, 11th Precinct; Patrolmen Charles Hubener, Jr., and Francis X. Mulrean, 20th Precinct; Patrolmen Harold F. Schreck, Joseph W. Fleming and John Phillips, 67th Precinct; Patrolmen Edward W. Van Name and Arthur H. Galvin, 14th Precinct; Patrolman Lester Fink, 92nd Precinct; Patrolmen Frank E. McHugh and John J. Bergin, 24th Precinct; Patrolman Louis Levine, 88th Precinct; Patrolman Thomas J. J. Carroll, Jr., 68th Precinct; Patrolman Edward J. Demartini, 14th Precinct; Patrolman Irwin L. Young, 32nd Precinct; Patrolman Henry A. Hiller, 15th Precinct; Patrolman Claudie Wyatt, 43rd Precinct; Patrolmen John F. Fisher and Timothy J. Shea, Traffic Precinct E; Patrolman Frank J. Scaglione, 6th Precinct; Patrolman Edward Schmitt, 23rd Precinct; Patrolmen Edward J. Dougherty and Edward Platt, 41st Precinct; Patrolman Charles E. L. Gumaelius, 105th Precinct; Patrolman Joseph A. McFarland, 19th Precinct; Patrolman John R. Dukes, Motorcycle Squad No. 2; Patrolman Joseph V. Prefer, 71st Precinct; Patrolman James J. Fay, 18th Precinct; Patrolmen Joseph Copeland and Frank Adams, Traffic Precinct F; Patrolman Francis V. McKee, 71st Precinct; Patrolmen George R. Holland, Arthur J. Fidgeon and Philip A. Fornabao, 28th Precinct; Patrolmen Alfred Deutsch and William P. Hayes, Traffic Precinct C; Patrolman Bertrand P. Wray, Motorcycle Squad No. 1; Patrolman James A. Driscoll, 75th Precinct; Patrolman John J. Schrieber, 64th Precinct; Patrolman Rudolph A. Hoehn, Motorcycle Squad No. 2; Patrolman John Snell, 102nd Precinct; Patrolman William F. Reilly, Traffic Precinct O; Patrolman John King, 32nd Precinct; Patrolmen John Brostek and Emmet M. Howe, 23rd Precinct; Patrolman Robert F. J. Sullivan, 92nd Precinct; Patrolman Vincent Marino, 25th Precinct; Patrolman Peter S. Wood, 43rd Precinct; Patrolman Charles F. Wichern, 90th Precinct; Patrolman Dennis J. Ryan, 46th Precinct; Patrolman John J. O'Sullivan, Motorcycle Squad No. 1; Patrolman Warren T. Dunn, Mounted Squadron No. 1; Patrolman John J. McGurn, Traffic Precinct C; Patrolman John A. Cassidy, 70th Precinct; Patrolman Charles W. Draycott, Motorcycle Squad No. 2; Patrolman Thomas J. Lynch, 14th Precinct; Patrolmen Thomas P. Reilly and Jacob T. Suess, 14th Precinct; Patrolman Emanuel Domroe, 67th Precinct; Patrolman Patrick J. O'Rourke, 82nd Precinct; Patrolmen Edward J. Byrnes, 82nd Precinct, Michael C. O'Connor and William J. Burke, 72nd Precinct; Patrolmen Latham G. Bonds and Charles Williams, Motorcycle Squad No. 1; Patrolman Henry Noll, 85th Precinct; Patrolman Harry J. Kelly, 24th Precinct; Patrolman Henry F. Finnegan, 75th Precinct; Patrolman William F. Real, 94th Precinct; Patrolman Robert E. Maxwell, Traffic Precinct K.

## EXCELLENT POLICE DUTY

Sergeant Charles F. Kraemer, 112th Precinct and Detective Charles H. McCarthy, 7th Squad, 18th Division; Acting Lieutenant James F. McCoy, Detectives William C. Whelan, James O'Connell, Frank G. Wilson, Main Office, and Omar O. Ames, 23rd Squad, 18th Division; Detective Francis O'Neill, Main Office, 18th Division; Patrolman Bernard A. Calligan, 104th Precinct; Acting Captain John J. Ryan, 10th Detective District, Acting Lieutenant Thomas M. Reilly, 70th Squad, Detectives Joseph H. Arnold and William F. Kirwan, Main Office, 18th Division; Acting Lieutenant William J. Huben, 122nd Squad, Detectives Thomas G. Murphy, 122nd Squad, John M. Brennan, 9th Detective District, Raymond T. F. Bowen, 120th Squad, 18th Division; Acting Lieutenant James E. Kinney, Detectives Walter H. Skelly, Harry J. Eggott, Howard R. Latting and William A. Justy, Main Office, 18th Division; Acting Lieutenant John J. McGowan, Detectives James J. Kelly and John W. Muchow, Jr., Main Office, 18th Division; Sergeant Jesse A. Upham, Patrolmen Thomas G. J.



Cox, George F. Zegers, Joseph J. Kavanagh, Michael Cummings, Albert E. Goss and John Mulvihill, Chief Inspector's Office, 19th Division; Sergeant Martin Flannery, Traffic Precinct D (was attached to Traffic Precinct J at time of occurrence), and Patrolman Jerry Marino, Traffic Precinct J; Sergeant Thomas J. Feeney and Patrolmen William A. Burke, Herman H. Lohmeyer and Albert E. Gutshow, 14th Precinct; Sergeant John H. F. Cordes and Detectives John J. Broderick, and Francis D. J. Phillips, Main Office, 18th Division; Detective Robert Reers, 43rd Squad, 18th Division, Patrolmen Harry A. Donahue, 44th Precinct (was a probationary patrolman attached to Police Academy at time of occurrence) and Loren R. Jaycox, Traffic Precinct D (was a probationary patrolman attached to Police Academy at time of occurrence); Detectives Arthur M. Harnisch, John A. Langell, 40th Squad, 18th Division, and Patrolman Curtis F. R. Barrois, 40th Precinct; Detectives Angelo Trezza and Robert J. Bowe, Main Office, 18th Division; Detectives Charles D. Murphy, Bureau of Criminal Identification, and Leo E. Murphy, 77th Squad, 18th Division; Detective John P. Coleman, 18th Squad, 18th Division; Detective Peter P. Golemboski, 25th Squad, 18th Division, and Patrolman William J. Scanlon, 5th Deputy Commissioner's Office; Detective Daniel F. Kingman, 67th Squad, 18th Division, and Patrolman Salvatore Marotta, 20th Precinct; Detective Charles A. Tracy, 7th Squad, 18th Division; Detective Charles A. Tracy, 7th Squad, 18th Division; Detective Ignatius J. Gannon, Homicide Squad, Bronx, 18th Division; Detectives William R. Phillips, 19th Squad, George B. Colby, Thomas M. Farrell and William A. Graham, 34th Squad, 18th Division; Detective Harold F. Flay, 101st Squad, 18th Division; Detective James W. McKittrick, Main Office, 18th Division; Detectives Herman Levine, John J. Morrissey, and Patrick J. Noonan, Main Office, 18th Division; Detective Eugene S. Canevari, Main Office, 18th Division; Detective Charles L. Farrell, 62nd Squad, 18th Division; Patrolman Patrick F. Curtin, Emergency

Squad No. 6; Patrolman Richard Barklie, 72nd Precinct; Patrolman Louis P. Muscatello, 41st Precinct; Patrolman Robert D. Reilly, Mounted Squadron No. 1; Patrolmen Amedeo O. Lombardi and Edgar C. Moran, 78th Precinct; Patrolman Maurice I. T. Kinsella, 85th Precinct; Patrolman Edward A. Raschke, 24th Precinct; Patrolman John P. Lehner, 25th Precinct; Patrolman William J. Shea, 69th Precinct; Patrolman Francis J. O'Leary, and Francis A. Gowrie, 24th Precinct; Patrolman Anthony J. Eisser, 69th Precinct; Patrolman Pasquale Di Pippo, Motorcycle Squad No. 2; Patrolman Peter J. Finnegan, 23rd Precinct; Patrolman Charles W. Draycott, Motorcycle Squad No. 2; Patrolman Thomas J. Burke, 4th Precinct; Patrolman Henry Schilling, Jr., 11th Precinct; Patrolman Irving W. Drihhen, 23rd Precinct; Patrolman John F. J. Healy, 70th Precinct; Patrolman John Zottoli, 43rd Precinct; Patrolman John F. Kennedy, Jr., 18th Precinct; Patrolman Edward G. Clifford, 41st Precinct; Patrolman Henry E. Kamping, 71st Precinct; Patrolman John W. Boyce, Traffic Precinct A; Patrolman William J. M. O'Connor, 78th Precinct; Patrolman Maurice F. Savage, Emergency Squad No. 5; Patrolmen Edward H. Grove, 23rd Precinct, Abram Solomon, 4th Precinct and Arthur H. Felton, 25th Precinct; Patrolmen John T. Skelly, 76th Precinct, and Thomas F. Kilfoyle, 78th Precinct; Patrolman Joseph O. Englemen, 25th Precinct; Patrolman George A. Neary, Motorcycle Squad No. 2; Patrolmen Joseph A. Beddy and James J. Ryan, 114th Precinct; Patrolmen Edward McCarthy, 68th Precinct, and Arthur C. Olsen, 63rd Precinct; Patrolmen Francis J. Csaszar and John W. McGreevy, Traffic Precinct D; Patrolman James J. Ryan, Traffic Precinct L; Patrolman Daniel A. Breen, 82nd Precinct; Patrolman Ralph E. Kaufman, Traffic Precinct O; Patrolman Joseph F. Madden, 92nd Precinct; Patrolman Charles N. Silk, 11th Precinct; Patrolman Stephen J. Whelan, Chief Inspector's Office, 19th Division; Patrolman John R. Ashworth, 44th Precinct; Patrolman Rudolph A. Schmitt, Traffic Precinct K.



*Members of the Brooklyn unit of the Crime Prevention Bureau distributing gifts at party given in Brooklyn Headquarters on December 28*

On December 28, 1931, the Brooklyn unit of the Crime Prevention Bureau gave a Christmas party to about 450 children who were members of families that had been aided by the Bureau during the year. The party was held at Brooklyn Police Headquarters and gifts of food and toys supplied by neighborhood

merchants and manufacturers were distributed from a large Christmas tree. The guests all stated that they had had a most enjoyable time and some returned the next day to inquire if a similar party would be held in the Christmas holidays of 1932.





By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

### HANDBALL

After bumping right into the holidays, during which our **DOUBLES TOURNAMENT** was relegated temporarily to the sidelines, everything took a turn for the better again and we promise to have some interesting news for our next issue.

Matching up two teams of coppers to play on the same date may seem like an easy proposition, but when each of the players is on a different squad—take it from me that it's much easier to play **CONTRACT BRIDGE**. (By the way, what is that?)

Up to the present writing there have been no unusual upsets and the favorites are still out in front. Next issue we'll give you a line on **WHO'S WHO**.

### BOWLING

**EMERGENCY SQUAD** No. 19 wants the world to know that they toppled their next door neighbors, Sergeant Gorman and his 111th Precinct Bowling Club, in a five-man three-game series at the Terminal Recreation Alleys.

At the end of the first game, the 111th pinmen led by 41 pins. Going into the third and final game the Emergency boys not only picked up these 41, but they continued right ahead and won by 67 pins. Their best score was 960.

**GAYNOR**, of the Tear Gas Brigade, held high score with 237. . . . The second team of the Emergency Squad, under the leadership of "Muscles" Milligan, is expected to bring home the bacon in the return engagement.

The 64th Alley men won from the 13th Precinct team in a match at the Shore Road Recreation Alleys. The 64th took a commanding lead in the first game and were never headed. The bowling of Patrolman Joe Santamaria and Fred Gloss kept the Bay Ridge men in the lead. Patrolman Peter Maggio and Jack Hafey spilled most of the wood for the 13th. The scores were: 64th—872, 775, 796. 13th—761, 790, 840.

### BASKETBALL

It's very interesting to know that so many of the precincts are playing the cage game and are getting quite a kick out of it. This competitive spirit not only brings good health to the players, but it also

develops a feeling of good fellowship that bands our **FINEST** into a real family group. (Of course, the **BROTHERLY LOVE SHINDIGS** are added features.)

**THE 111th PRECINCT** is "knocking 'em dead" on the basketball court just as they did on the ball field. This precinct may be out in the sticks, but it has a lot of crackerjack athletes who are raring to go. On December 17th they defeated the 64th Precinct quintet in the gymnasium of P. S. No. 104, Brooklyn. The score was 25 to 16. . . . At 10 A. M., on December 23d, Manager Frank Guidera and his assistant, Charles Pentoney, took their Baysiders to Moose Hall in Astoria, where they annexed the scalps of the 114th five by 49 to 21. **BYRNE**, playing left guard for Bayside, starred with eight (8) baskets and one (1) foul. . . . January 11th, on the St. Peter's Lyceum court in Brooklyn, the Bayside gendarmes kept up their good work by taking over the 63d Precinct team, 36 to 15.

**KOFERL**, with 14 points, was high scorer. The box score follows:

111th Precinct.				63d Precinct			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Smernoff . . . . .L. F.	4	2	10	Oeskal . . . . .L. F.	1	1	3
Koferl . . . . .R. F.	6	2	14	Walsh . . . . .R. F.	1	0	2
Stanton . . . . .C.	2	0	4	Palmer . . . . .C.	1	0	2
Schleimer . . . . .L. G.	0	0	0	Rose . . . . .C.	1	0	2
Pentoney . . . . .L. G.	0	0	0	O'Rourke . . . . .L. G.	1	0	2
Byrne . . . . .R. G.	4	0	8	Kaplan . . . . .L. G.	1	0	2
				Lyons . . . . .R. G.	1	0	2
Totals . . . . .	16	4	36	Total . . . . .	7	1	15

### CHALLENGES

**Bowling:** Sergeant Royce of the 64th would like to hear from the 111th, 15th, 62d, 70th and other Precincts. . . . Patrolman John Vaughan, in behalf of the 92d Precinct, challenges **ALL COMERS** and **ALL SIZES**.

**Basketball:** The 63d Precinct is in the field with a fast team and would like to arrange games with other precincts. Address Patrolman Paul J. Walsh at the 63d Precinct. Rev. Father Edward Higgins of St. Peters R. C. Church, Brooklyn, has offered them the use of their fine court. . . . The 64th Basketeers after trimming Company B of the Fort Hamilton Reservation, claim, through their manager, Patrolman Austin, that they are now unbeatable, and are willing to prove it.

It begins to look as though the sporting element is coming to life, and we won't be surprised to get a couple of **PING PONG** challenges any day now. S'long.



# THE POLICE ACADEMY

## City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

### OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Monday - - - 7.30 P. M.  
Tuesday - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Wednesday - - - 7.30 P. M.  
Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.  
Friday - - - 10.30 A. M.
2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Monday - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Tuesday - - - 7.30 P. M.  
Wednesday - - - 1.00 P. M.  
Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.
3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.  
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on  
Monday - - - 10.30 A. M.  
Tuesday - - - 7.30 P. M.  
Wednesday - - - 1.00 P. M.  
Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.
4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

- (c) Falsity must be established by direct testimony of two witnesses or of one witness and corroborating circumstances.
  - (d) Falsity must be established by direct testimony of one witness or by circumstantial evidence with additional proof of personal gain.
  - (e) Documentary evidence alone is sufficient.
4. Examine the following statements or questions and decide with regard to each whether true or false. If true, circle the "T"; if false circle the "F."  
T. F. (a) The law does not take cognizance of a criminal intent unless the criminal intent is accompanied by an attempt to carry out an evil design.  
T. F. (b) A conspiracy cannot be established by circumstantial evidence.  
T. F. (c) Bail is permissible in all felony cases.  
T. F. (d) Parties to every crime are always classed as principals and accessories.  
T. F. (e) Kidnapping with intent to commit extortion is a more serious crime than kidnapping with intent to place the victim in involuntary servitude.  
T. F. (f) An unanimous vote is necessary before a grand jury can return an indictment.  
T. F. (g) In order to prove murder it must be shown that there was malice.  
T. F. (h) The possession of a blackjack is a felony.  
T. F. (i) Stealing a railroad ticket for interstate travel is always grand larceny, no matter what the value of the ticket.  
T. F. (j) Shoplifting might be either petit larceny, grand larceny or burglary.  
T. F. (k) Robbery is distinguished from extortion by the element of consent.  
T. F. (l) An unlawful entry into a building with felonious intent constitutes the crime of burglary.  
T. F. (m) A person cannot be charged with Arson for burning his own building in which there is no human being.

### CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

For each of the following questions several answers are suggested. Read over the answers and then check the answer which is best or most nearly correct. Do not check more than one.

1. "A" and "B" burglarize the store of "X" in Jersey City. "B" transferred the goods to New York City and sold them. "B" returned to Jersey City and divided the proceeds of the sale with "A." A few days later "A" and "B" were arrested for this burglary and "A" was convicted. There was not sufficient evidence to convict "B" and he was discharged. "B" subsequently returned to New York and was arrested for the same burglary.
  - (a) The courts of New York could not have jurisdiction in this case.
  - (b) "B" could be tried in New York for transporting stolen goods, but Jersey City would have no jurisdiction over "A."
  - (c) "X" could not bring a civil action against "A" and "B" before their conviction on the burglary charge.
  - (d) The courts of New Jersey are the only courts that would have jurisdiction in this case.
  - (e) "B" could not be convicted in the New York Court on the same charge on which he was acquitted in Jersey City.
2. In the crime of Receiving Stolen Property:
  - (a) The thief is an accomplice of the receiver.
  - (b) The receiver cannot be convicted on the testimony of the thief.
  - (c) The receiver cannot testify against the thief as to the theft of the property.
  - (d) The thief is not a competent witness against the receiver.
  - (e) The testimony of the thief requires corroboration.
  - (f) The thief is a competent witness.
3. In order to prove perjury:
  - (a) One witness is all that is required to prove falsity.
  - (b) Falsity must be established by at least three others in addition to the arresting officer.
  - (c) Falsity must be established by direct testimony of two witnesses or of one witness and corroborating circumstances.
  - (d) Falsity must be established by direct testimony of one witness or by circumstantial evidence with additional proof of personal gain.
  - (e) Documentary evidence alone is sufficient.
4. Discuss Direct and Circumstantial Evidence and their relative advantages.
5. What is the distinction between Competent and Satisfactory Evidence?
6. Give the provisions of the law to guide a Desk Officer in the case of a prisoner desiring to communicate with friends:
  - (a) By telephone.
  - (b) By letter.
  - (c) By telegraph.
7. A paroled prisoner leaves New York with permission to go to Chicago. While there he fails to report and a warrant is issued for his arrest. He is arrested there. Does he have to be extradited from Chicago?
8. Does a paroled prisoner have to be arrested on a warrant for a violation of parole, or can he be arrested without a warrant by order of Parole Board?

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL  
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1.

1. Subdivision (e) is true.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2.

2. Subdivision (f) is true.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3.

3. Subdivision (c) is correct.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4.

4. (a) True.

Felonious intent alone is not enough to constitute a crime. There must be an overt act shown in order to establish an attempt. (People v. Graham, 176 App. Div. 38). In a conspiracy to commit a felony on the person, arson or larceny, where no overt act is required in order to commit the crime of conspiracy, we have more than intent for we have the unlawful agreement.

- (b) False.

The existence of a conspiracy may be proved by circumstantial evidence. In the case of People v. Connolly, 253, N. Y. 330, 171, N. E. 393, the court said: "In prosecutions for the crime of conspiracy the People's case must usually rest upon circumstantial evidence. It was not necessary to prove the conspiracy before evidence of specific acts of the alleged conspirators could be received. The conspiracy itself could be established by evidence of particular acts, which, taken together, furnished a basis for a finding that a conspiracy existed."

- (c) False.

A felon breaking prison in which he is serving sentence commits a felony in so doing and would not be haled thereon. (Section 1695, Penal Law).

A defendant indicted for murder will not be admitted to bail where it is believed the evidence would warrant a conviction. (People v. Shattuck, 6, Ahhots New Cases, 33).

In cases of felonies, bail is not a matter of right but rests in the discretion of the court having jurisdiction of the case, and bail will be refused where defendant has interposed the plea of present insanity. (People v. Watson, 14 Miscellaneous Reports, 430).

- (d) False.

Parties to misdemeanors are not classified as principals and (or) accessories. Section 27, Penal Law, states as follows: "A person who commits or participates in an act which would make him an accessory if the crime committed were a felony, is a principal and may be indicted and punished as such if the crime he a misdemeanor."

- (e) False.

Under Section 1250 of the Penal Law, the punishment, namely not less than ten nor more than fifty years, is the same for both the kidnapping with intent to place the victim in involuntary servitude and the kidnapping with intent to extort money.

- (f) False.

Section 224 of the Code of Criminal Procedure states as follows: "The grand jury must consist of not less than 16 and not more than 23 jurors, and the presence of at least 16 is necessary for the transaction of any business."

Section 268 of the Code of Criminal Procedure states that an indictment cannot be found without the concurrence of at least 12 grand jurors.

- (g) False.

Murder may be committed by a person engaged in the commission of a felony and without intent to kill, or by an act imminently dangerous to others and evincing a depraved mind, regardless of human life, although without a premeditated design to effect the death of any individual. In both of these cases murder could be established and yet there would be no malice.

- (h) False.

The Penal Law, Section 1897, subdivision 1, states that a person who attempts to use against another or who possesses a black-jack is guilty of a misdemeanor and if previously convicted of any crime, he is guilty of a felony.

- (i) False.

The degree of larceny depends on the value of the ticket.

- (j) False.

Shoplifting is larceny from a store or shop in business hours and it cannot be larceny because that crime requires the breaking and entering into the building of another with intent to commit a crime therein.

- (k) True.

Robbery is the taking of personal property from the person against the will, while extortion is the obtaining of property with the consent of the person.

- (l) False.

Unlawful entry is entering a building in a manner not amounting to larceny with intent to commit felony, larceny or malicious mischief.

- (m) False.

A person who burns his own building with intent to defraud or prejudice the insurer is guilty of arson.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5.

5. Direct evidence is that which tends to establish any fact or matter in issue without resorting to the proof of other facts. Evidence is direct when the facts are sworn to by a witness who, by means of his senses, has knowledge of them. For example, in the case of an assault, that the witness saw the defendant inflict the blow.

It frequently happens that no person was present on the occasion of the crime. Crimes are often committed in secret. Most perpetrators, conscious of criminal purpose and engaged in the execution of criminal acts, secure the security of secrecy and very often darkness. So the use of other modes of evidence other than direct testimony are necessary provided such proofs may be relied upon as leading to safe and satisfactory conclusions.

Among these is circumstantial evidence, which is evidence that relates to facts, other than those in issue, which, by human experience, have been found to have been so associated with the fact in issue that the latter may be reasonably inferred therefrom. Under certain conditions from the proof of one fact or set of circumstances certain other facts may be reasonably inferred or presumed. For

example, the prosecution purposes to establish that X committed a murder. Evidence is introduced to show that X was the owner of the revolver used; that he was seen in the vicinity of the murder shortly before its commission; that immediately after the commission of the murder X fled the State.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6.

6. By competent evidence is meant that which by the very nature of the thing to be proved requires such as the production of a written instrument where its contents are in issue.

Satisfactory evidence is the amount of proof which is necessary to lead a judge or jury to a conclusion.

Whether evidence is competent, that is, is it admissible in evidence, is a question of law to be decided by the court.

Whether evidence is satisfactory, that is, is it strong and sufficient enough to satisfy an unprejudiced person, is a question for the jury to decide in arriving at a verdict.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7.

7. (a) Section 112 of the Inferior Criminal Courts Act provides: It shall be the duty of the Lieutenant or other person in charge at a police station to telephone free of charge to three numbers at the request of the prisoner. In a district prison the keeper shall telephone one number in New York City free of charge, and any other number at cost.

Rule 382 provides: A desk officer shall telephone to three numbers within the City free of charge at request of a prisoner.

- (b) Section 112 of the Inferior Criminal Courts Act provides: When a prisoner is confined in a district prison the keeper shall telephone one number in the City of New York, or give the prisoner a two cent stamped envelope at cost.

It shall be the duty of a prison keeper or desk officer to inform each prisoner of his opportunity to telephone or receive a stamped envelope as above set forth.

- (c) Section 112 of the Inferior Criminal Courts Act provides: In addition to the opportunity to telephone and letter communications in each district prison that there shall be messenger telegraph service established and any messages sent by a prisoner shall not be more than the regular cost.

Although this law is not mandatory on a desk officer in regard to letter or telegraph service it should act as a guide if such requests are made upon him and can be reasonably complied with.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8.

8. A violator of parole who is outside of the jurisdiction becomes a fugitive from justice within the meaning of Article IV of the United States Constitution, and unless he waives his rights he must be extradited. Requisition is necessary in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 9.

9. Section 216 of the Correction Law states that where a paroled prisoner has violated the condition of his parole, such violation should be reported to the Board of Parole and the Commissioner of Correction will thereupon issue a warrant for the retaking of such prisoner.

Section 217 of the Correction Law states that any peace officer, or other person authorized to serve criminal process, may execute the warrant.

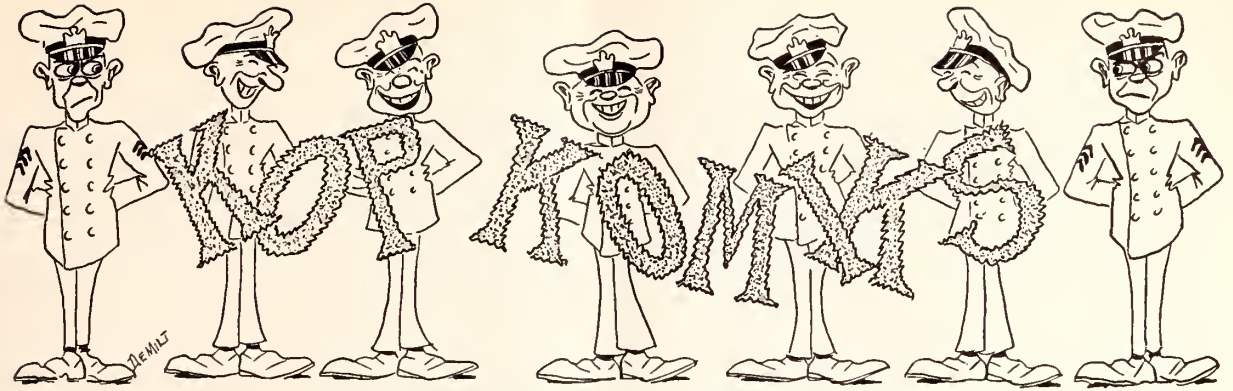
Section 301 of the Correction Law is similar to the above provisions, which relates to the retaking of prisoners paroled from reformatories. The law, then, requires a warrant to be issued before the retaking of a paroled prisoner, but a peace officer may arrest a parole violator without being in actual possession of the warrant, if he knows, definitely, that a warrant has been issued.

## In Memoriam

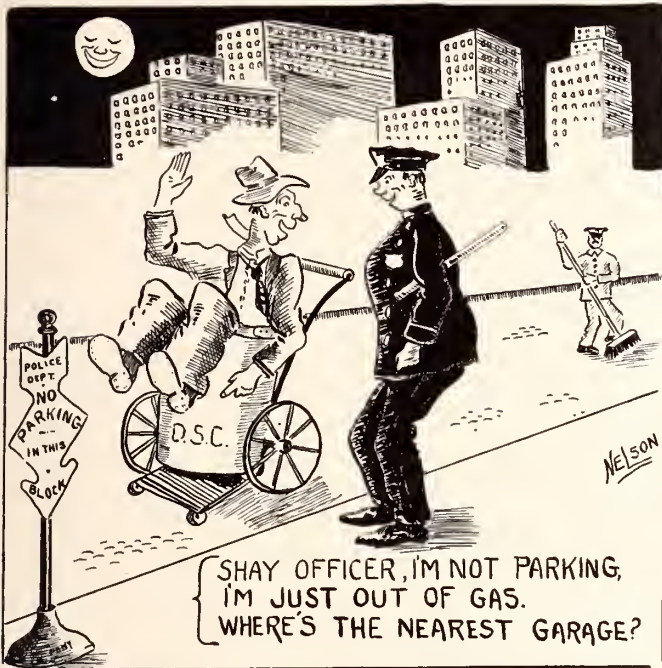
Ptl. William A. Tappen	27th Pct.	Dec. 15, 1931
Ptl. John Joseph Lawlor	70th Pct.	Dec. 23, 1931
Ptl. James T. McKeon	Traf. D	Dec. 24, 1931
Ptl. Thomas Phillips	103d Pct.	Dec. 29, 1931
Ptl. William P. Lavin	70th Pct.	Dec. 31, 1931
Ptl. Rasmus Peterson	48th Pct.	Jan. 2, 1932
Ptl. John A. Kranz	18th Div.	Jan. 2, 1932
Ptl. Joseph D. Baumann	100th Pct.	Jan. 10, 1932
Plt. Michael F. Harrington	61st Pct.	Jan. 12, 1932



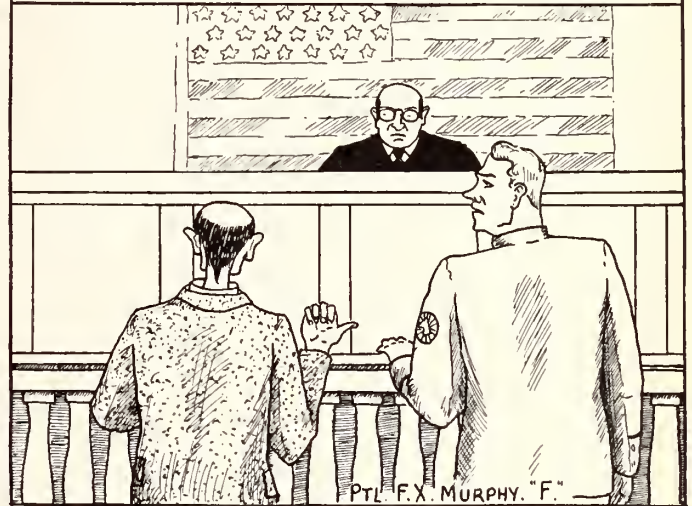




PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



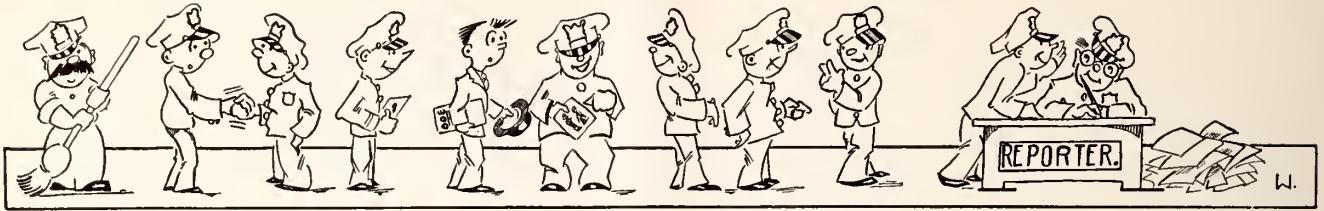
JUDGE—THE TRAFFIC OFFICER SAYS YOU GOT SARCASTIC WITH HIM.  
MR. HENPECK—BUT I DIDN'T INTEND TO BE. HE TALKED TO ME LIKE MY WIFE DOES, AND I FORGOT AND ANSWERED, "YES MY DEAR"—





# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 2d DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. John Stafford  
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon  
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

## LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan  
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.  
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

At 2.00 A. M., December 17th, Lieutenant Charles Humbettel, supervisor of patrol in the 2d Division, observed a taxicab with motor running in front of 57 Clinton Street. As he approached to investigate, he heard a crash of glass immediately opposite the cab and observed 5 men about to commit a burglary. Like a flash Charlie's trusty revolver was out, and sweeping same from right to left he succeeded in coralling the entire group, including the driver. He then ordered them to "Hands Up" and face the building, and after poking his gun into the ribs of each one of them while he searched for weapons, he kept them covered until the arrival of Patrolmen Brady and Hoey, of the 7th Precinct, who responded to the crash of glass. All six prisoners were booked in the 9th Precinct, charged with attempted burglary.

The Honor Board will no doubt recognize this exceptional display of courage and the highly intelligent manner in which the Lieutenant, single handed, apprehended these desperate men.

Sergeant William F. Maley, supervisor of plain clothes patrolmen of the 2d Division, finds it difficult to button his coat. His chest expanded several inches since December 16, 1931.

Tommy Gaine, his boss, let out the secret. On that date Willie shot a perfect score of 100. Just think—10 bulls eyes.

## 3d DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

## PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.  
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

Sergeant Dave Downes is the "proud papa" of another bouncing babe. We wonder if the youngster will be able to throw out his chest like the "old man".

The date the next Sergeant's list is published is all that is necessary for several members of the Third Division to ask for thirty-day leaves without pay. Well, the only consolation is to know we all can't be bosses.

Sergeant Otto Whitney of the 10th Precinct is already talking baseball and about the new prospects he has for the coming season. Here's hoping he gets a few with "baseball brains" and not inclined to be victims of "stage-fright".

Henry Staab became engaged to be married on Christmas day. Henry, being a big hearted fellow, gave the girl an UMBRELLA to bind the troth.

Peter Conway wants to know if the P. B. A. is a Union organization. Pete is a firm believer in "Unionism", and will wear UNION SUITS from now on.

What we need in this precinct is a Sherlock Holmes. Some one got away with a uniform cap belonging to that good-looking rookie, Victor Sav-

age. Vic filled out the proper reports, a U. F. 18 and Q. D. 76.

Lieutenant Jack Connolly, who claims to have lost some weight around his midsection, recently ordered ONE new uniform. He was charged for TWO. Use your own judgment about whether he lost any weight.

Bert Karlson is getting better looking every day. He now looks like Bull Montana.

Sergeant Cornelius Daly, formerly of the "Chief's Office", noting the different changes in this magazine, suggests that a column be started with "Advice to the Lovelorn". Neil, being a bachelor, probably needs some advice.

Should the National Prohibition Law ever be repealed and the old saloon restored to its former prominence, real German bartenders may be called upon. Probably some of the following members of the 18th Precinct would volunteer: Karl Huber, Carl Heiden, Carl Scholle, William Fowler, William Heller, Frank Niedhamer, Franklin Huffaker, Thomas Harges, Paul Kastner, George Schuehman, Daniel Eberle, August Widgren, Albert Schweizer and Walter Wirth.

A list was recently forwarded showing the talent in this precinct that may be had in the event that the department went in for theatricals. Here is another list: Cub reporter roles: Seltenreich and Lennon. (Both wear iron hats)...Simon Legree roles: Michael Radigan...Character who must chew tobacco: Graham, Finnerty and S. Butler. Superintendents of office buildings: Regan, Kirk, and O'Neill. (Regan wants a desk for his monthly reports.) Experts on Hacks: Becker, Foley, Hanigan and Peattie...Society clubman roles: Alfred F. Kling (A perfect gentleman)...Southern roles: William J. Shehan...Politician type: Daniel R. Seannel...Synagogue scenes: Barney Levine, Elias Gottlieb and Sam Cohen. Roaring Nor'westers: Thomas Hudson...Ed. Pinaud. Ads: Duncan, Stevenson, Bauer, Niedhamer, O'Sullivan and Tempera...Ballistic experts: Lanigan and McGrath...Brother act: Glennon, Glennon and Glennon...Six-Day Bicycle Teams: Salvia and Tempera; Ippolito and Catalanello; Padrucco and Selafani; Baccichetti and DeGuili; Romano and DeCarlo; Billera and Rossi; Santori and Alfonso...Voyagers: Harry Jackson, who comes from a long line of Jacksons and is related to one of the members of the law firm Jackson, Jackson & Jackson. What! You don't believe me? Ask Amos and Andy...Umpires: Lieutenants Beach, Holt and Johnson...Knockdown time keeper: Babe Saunders.

This reporter wishes all members of the staff of SPRING 3100 and all the readers in the department best wishes for the coming year. (Thank you.)



## 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

## LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct. Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT** (with apologies to Ripley). In looking over the sports columns there's one record that the sports writers didn't list in their Who's Who and What is What for 1931, and that is: Lieutenant Thomas Aloysius Ryan, the Office Boss of the 6th Division no longer remains in that select circle of gate crashers (that never miss), for he actually went and bought two tickets for one of the important football games at the Yankee Stadium this fall. And to add to the irony of the thing, the seats were away off in the distance, the day was cold, and the game was not so hot.

Lieutenant Michael Raftery is still trying to figure out how attendant "Dinny" Cash (the old Buffalo Hunter) can graze 24 head of cattle on his 25-foot by 100-foot lot. (Must be all "Buuy").

Patrolman George Walters spent his vacation in Fordham. He got plenty of exercise pushing the baby carriage along Fordham Road. His wife enjoyed his vacation immensely.

Patrolman "Emmy" Howe returned from his vacation "Up to Hom", all smiles. Says he got about 30 rabbits and a "dear". "Em" sneaks up on them and puts salt on their tails.

Patrolman George Schmucker, the fourth squad's famous baritone, composed a cute little song entitled, "Every Hat Has a Silk Lining, Except Mine".

Patrolman Raymond Gill sure is an active man. He was recently made a detective for his work on a Bronx Homicide and found time to get married in his spare time. (Good luck, "Ray".)

Do you want to know why Captain Farley feels so proud again? Well, just look over General Order No. 55 and see for yourself. The following members of the 25th Precinct have received COMMENDATIONS: Ptl. Louis H. Rathyen, Anthony F. Barbaro, Alfred Geidel (alias Jackie Coogan), Vincent Marino. These received EXCELLENT POLICE DUTY: Patrolman Arthur Felton, Joseph O. Engelman and John P. Lehner. Who wouldn't be proud of a gang like that?

Patrolman Joseph Creed of the 25th Precinct was recently rewarded for an act done some time ago when he jumped into the river and saved a man from drowning. He received a Life Saving Medal and One Hundred Smackers from the Police Commissioner.

Then along comes Patrolman John P. Lehner our new P. B. A. delegate, and wins a silver loving cup as third prize in the Police Department handball tournament. Keep up the good work, boys, the boss and the entire command are proud of you.

We must introduce to you Friedman and Callahan, who are distributing food tickets to the needy in this precinct, ably assisted by Patrolmen Talbot, Viets and Powers. A big job being handled in tip top shape.

From the manner in which Lieutenant William Kelly assists those asking for aid, one would think that he was conducting his own Emergency Relief Agency. We know the answer, Bill. You have a heart as big as yourself (6 feet 3 inches), and some day you will be rewarded for it.

Patrolman Louis Rathyen, the able motor patrol engineer, took the car out on an emergency call, but forgot the address of the station house, and it took him two days to get back. Laugh that off, "Looie".

The following is submitted by Sergeant Max Isaac-

son, and ye reporter is not responsible for any casualties, so let's go:

## TWENTY, NO MORE, NO LESS.

If they did things to-day—In a certain popular way  
The P. D. would be in a mess.

But it would be sport—to make a report  
With twenty words, no more, no less.

A cop gets a complaint—He thinks he's a saint  
What's more he will never confess.

So he states his case at the usual place  
And gets twenty days, no more, no less.

The wind may be blowing—it's cold and it's snowing  
the boss'll take the Ford; Oh yes!

But he gets disgusted—The Ford is busted.  
He walks—Twenty miles, no more, no less.

When patrolling a beat—A cop goes in to eat  
After that he may get in distress.

These are only some facts—And if he takes EX-LAX  
A personal is—Twenty minutes, no more, no less.

On Sunday, December 27th, the 28th Precinct honored the memory of one of its heroes when the dedication services at Calvary Cemetery marked the last act of the drama of the demise of Sergeant William O'Shaughnessy, who died fighting that civilization may prevail in the everlasting war against crime.

Acting Lieutenant Patrick Fitzgibbons, who arranged the entire ceremonies for the tablet presented by the members of the 28th Precinct to honor their departed hero, has gained the everlasting good will of this command for his painstaking work in connection with the event.

Patrolman Peter Connolly, who holds down Lenox Avenue, can no longer hold his light under a bushel, and his silent charitable acts will eventually find him out, for Mr. Arthur M. Segoins, of 105 West 114th Street came into the station house and expressed his thanks for the "lift" Connolly gave him and his wife and 6 children, saving them from eviction and starvation.

Dominick Marino, the precinct shiek, fell like a ton of bricks for a pretty maid and is now harnessed for life. He pulled the job off in a neat way. Not having been granted a day off, he spent the 16 hours off duty, honeymooning in Central Park. Well, the gang wish him well, and hope a happy future for the young couple.

Baby face Devlin and Cream Puff Reynolds were seen with Mike Delehanty's promotion sheets on "How to become a sergeant". They have purchased strong search lights so that they won't be disturbed in the middle of the block where the patrol sergeant can't see them for a conversation complaint. However, this is a worthy aim in life and judging by their aided cards which are made out by Jones and Hartford, they will be sergeants in 1945.

Willie Carroll was honored by having a poodle dog named after him. The poor dog has our sympathy.

The "homicide squad" of Lenox Avenue, known as Johnston, Tally, Pollard and Foley, lost its quarterback, Johnston, who was transferred to the Health Squad. His pals wish him luck. The precinct lost a good cop. Cholly Brown, who fell into his place, celebrated the event by capturing a "nice" boy with a 45 calibre automatic revolver. We know he will keep up the good work.

Willie Armstrong, the "Necker", grabbed another

cutting culprit the other evening, who was lush-working the 110th Street "L" station at 8th Avenue, after he had put his initials in another brother who was protesting his activities. Willie's slogan is "get your man even if you lose your Christmas dinner".

#### 7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

#### LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan  
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green  
49th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

Patrolman Sylvester Connoughton of the 41st Precinct has been telling us about how he solved the great homicide at Calvary cemetery, when he was in the "Bureau".

Patrolman La Rossa has been stationed at Booth 2 for so long, that next week he is going to sell shares.

Patrolman Charles Yost, the Mayor of Willis Avenue, was presented with a folding night stick by the local merchants for his wonderful attention to duty.

Lieutenant Bill O'Brien of the 40th Precinct will have a birthday on February 29th. Leap year allows him only one in four, which makes him stay young.

Marty Mulderrig, the popular gendarme of Willis Avenue, has been missed by the neighbors since he has been assigned to Borough Headquarters.

The boys of the 40th Precinct are holding auditions as they expect to have a broadcasting station there soon. They may discover a McNamee or a Vallee. Artillo Schemoni is the best bet to date, with Happy Platt running second. Patrolman Nate Chezar has the dialecticians job all to himself.

Patrolman Harry Kretchman, the most talkative man of Simpson Street, has decided to give the boys a few points on married life.

Patrolman Sullivan adorns Intervale Avenue with a Clark Gable smile and a Doug Fairbanks physique, and Sheik Willie Crispin, who trods 165th Street, are God's gift to the girls of this precinct.

#### The 41st Stars:

Joe "YUSSEL" Banner; THE FEARLESS COP.  
Ben Hallett; THE ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR.

Joe Boscia; THE ADONIS WITH THE MISPLACED EYEBROW.

Vince Day; THE REASON GIRLS LEAVE HOME.

Maurice Flynn; THE REASON THEY RETURN.

Joe McGuire; THE COFFEE SERGEANT.

Frank Finger; THE OFFICE BOY.

Geo. Pagliaro; THE MUSSOLINI OF TIFFANY STREET DOCK.

Ken. Brown; THE APPLE KNOCKER.

The boys of the 42d Precinct are glad that Sergeant Herman Giederman has fully recovered from the effects of being hit by an automobile.

Bill McGronan, the Chief of the Unemployment Relief, 42nd Precinct, is so sure of coming out on top of the Sergeant's list he has been making his associates call him "Sarg."

Al Tait, crack emergency operator, has made a New Year resolution. He will relieve Patrolman Doyle a half hour early each day. Ha! Ha!

Edward (Speedy) Frawley had a tough time New Year's Eve. He had to do a 4 to 12, and this prevented him from taking his intended, Dorothy, out to celebrate the coming of 1932.

Frank Roemer, the artist of the 42d will be missed after January 23d. Sorry to say he is to retire. The boys will have to go elsewhere to have their portraits painted.

George Josberger has been up to Throggs Neck

getting his scow ready for the summer. George intends to give the boys some great times fishing and swimming.

Sergeant Burpeau of the 44th Precinct has returned from his hunting trip, glad to be back intact. Some of the hunters thought everything that moved was game, and this made things far from comfortable. "How was the venison, Sarge?"

Lieutenant Ed. O'Neil is quite popular with the embryo Sergeants, Tom Tully, Heiden and Lempke. He is their ready reference when occasions demand.

Jim Lyons has taken Pat Kerins, fresh from the Training School, under his wing, which gives Highbridge another good cop.

Another "Jim" paid Highbridge a visit recently; Jimmy Wynne, formerly of this precinct. He took a sweet number to a "feetsball" game. Hope it's serious, Jim, just someone to understand you.

Our competent clerical man, "Charlie", is now recuperating from a recent illness. During his absence Patrolman Seifert is carrying the bag of the "Chief Lookerupper".

Patrolman William Heiden has donned his grocery apron and is using it while digging clams at Sheepshead Bay.

Our boy-faced Lieutenant James Haggerty is now sporting his new teeth. "Oh you Jimmie".

Art Lempke is eagerly interested in the new sergeants' list. Art claims if his name doesn't appear No. 1, or surely No. 2, he will claim FOUL. Oh, Art. Tut! Tut!

George Ryan, recently acting as attendant, made the comment that if he is expected to be designated as the "Janitor" they will have to furnish him with a vacuum cleaner. He also recommends a second waste basket for the use of left-handed lieutenants, as the one for the right handed ones is overworked.

With the Christmas excitement over, comes the "info", our own SHIEK, Johnny Reidy, celebrated his long awaited ENGAGEMENT party on Christmas day. Jack claims he would have had the gang along, only SHE was SHY. Change to read: HE was S(H)LY. How's that, Jack?

Our Deputy Captain, so-called Bro. Charles Nick-kees, is on an extended leave—doctor's orders. Here's hoping to see you around soon, Charley.

Flyin' Tom Tully was presented with flying togs by his University Avenue friends he met while on patrol. Take 'em off, Tom, you'll scare the Ghosts on the late tours.

Patrolman Fitzpatrick (the fireman) of the 48th Precinct can still be heard in the back room with his "OH MY! WHO MADE THAT ROLL CALL?"

Thomas F. Dwyer, the former tree climber, has returned from sick report. While on sick leave was frequently seen in Crotona Park looking over the trees.

Patrolman Michaels, the silent man of the 48th Precinct has been accused of "conversation".

"Popeye" Baumker, the attendant, has lost his pipe. Finder please return.

Members of the 48th Precinct regret the loss of one of the oldest members of the department in the late Rasmus Peterson, who passed away on January 2d, after 35 years with "The Finest".

#### 8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Mavor

#### LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan  
52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

SMILING SERGEANT MIKE WHELAN of the 43d Precinct has a brand new smile now, because of



the increase in his family. A new cop was born weighing 8 pounds. Congratulations.

Patrolman Bill Morrissey of the 46th Precinct is about to get married to the well known Bronx beauty—Katherine. Bill says that this single life is alright, but he hates to get up and cook his own breakfast.

The officers and men of the 52d Precinct take this means of assuring the Commissioner that we are with him 100 per cent. (and we don't mean 99) for the coming year.

Sergeants O'Neill and McKee (on Lieutenants' List) extend season's greetings to Lieutenants Allgeier, Stainkamp and Miller. May they be with us for Many and Many a year. OH, YEAH!

#### 9TH DIVISION

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Baeschell

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

"Will" (Railroad Bill) White did a good night's work recently, by rounding up a bandit quartet single handed. All they had done was break into a garage, steal two cars, carry two loaded revolvers and were wanted in Brooklyn and Staten Island for bad check operations. Nice fellers! The 123rd Precinct is a good place for their kind to keep away from.

The "Tardy Quintet" of the 123d Precinct (Hayes, White, Guanor, O'Donnell and Wood) lived up to their New Year resolution by being on time for roll call New Year's morning. No wonder; they didn't hit the hay at all New Year's Eve.

Can you imagine?

Dick Crosson passing up a fellow with no lights and no operator's license?

(Cheese) Huber giving the gang a blow-out, Gratis?

(Hock) Murray agreeing with anyone on anything?

(Carlo) Essig keeping a secret?

(Hoot) Manney doing a "Dan O'Leary"?

(Beauty) Smythe doing a hundred yard dash?

(Booty) White having cigarettes of his own and passing them around?

The boys of the 123d Precinct can't.

Patrolman Fetteral of the 122d Precinct, conscientious custodian of the auto parts store room, puts on a one-act playlet, entitled "The Squawk", every time you go down there with a Q. D. 45. The members of the 123rd are thankful he is not the city paymaster.

#### 10TH DIVISION

#### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp

62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie

68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan

70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

Charles W. Carr, better known as "Windy Carr" of the 60th Precinct, has become very ambitious. He is now studying Speed Writing at night school. He is aiming at an assignment to the radio auto. His pal, Dan Maher, says "Windy" will probably be ready for the job in about ten years. Charley has yet to qualify as an operator, but is overcoming this by practicing on a Kiddie Coaster down at Coney Island. He asked the proprietor to install free wheelers as he wishes to be up to date. "You can't keep a good man down."

Patrolman Christ Schultz, commonly called "Bohack" for his efficiency in distributing groceries to the poor of Coney Island, has bought new plates for his car. You may call it a car for it has four wheels,

different sizes, and it takes from 3 to 4 hours to start. However, Schultz refuses to part with it, for he is a lover of antiques.



Patrolman Thomas Jamison, the energetic clerical man of the 64th Precinct, whom the boys call "Getme" (for with him it is: "Get me this or get me that"), is patiently waiting for the sergeants' list to come out. We hope his is on it, if not he will probably shout: "Get me a rope!"

Patrolman Levine—"Say, Goldstein, tal me how the eccident heppened?"

Patrolman Goldstein—"Vat eccident? I didn't hed one?"

Patrolman Levine—"Hoi Hoi, don't told me you wur born wit a fece like dot."

Lieutenant Peter Dondero is back from his vacation looking hale and hearty....Sergeant John Holland has also returned from his in the southlands, where he spent 22 days crocodile hunting. And what a hunter; ask Sergeant Dalton....We wonder if our eminent Italian linguist received a New Year card from his adopted countryman, Mussolini....Sergeant Royce brought home the bacon in a bowling tourney held in this precinct; he rolled 2,012. Patrolman Fred Gloss ran a close second with 2,006....Patrolman Ed. Dauphin has a "feminent interest" in the Bronx....Patrolman Joe Gallasse is getting to look more like the aquarium each day.

Odd sights anywhere—Sergeant John Reardon with a new pipe....Sergeant Royce frowning....Patrolman Ed. Dauphin removing loose hairs from a comb. Henry Camperlingo getting into a pair of size seven shoes....Mike Maloney without a broom....John Murphy appearing at the C. I. O....Frank Nolan refusing dues....Mike Mullane giving away fruit....James Brierten passing up a traffic violator....Tim Sullivan saying "let me wash your auto"....George Munday calling the alarms....Dan Spellman on a Monday morning....Jack Flanagan doing a toe dance.

In the current columnist's manner we announce: They are "blessed eventing" at Patrolman Pat Powers', Bill Morrow's and Bill Hoffer's. The wives and the new arrivals are swell, and the papas are proud.

A certain member of the 66th Detective Squad purchased a new revolver. Look to your laurels, you marksmen.

Bull McCormack is deeply interested in St. Valentine's Day. Get one with "Roses are red and Violets are blue, My darling Louise I sure love you." The sugar part always gets 'em, Mac.

Patrolman Harry Semnig had a dull time New Year's Eve. He changed from a "Yes man" to a "No thank you man".

Speedy Tange wasted advice on Patrolman Joe

Brown when he told the advantages of married life, and being allowed to buy the drapes. Wise guy, Joe, he don't fall so easy.

Things names misinterpret out our way:

Patrolman Ahlgreen is not so green.

Patrolman Blank is not a nitwit.

Patrolman Brennan is not related to the Steamship.

Patrolman Brown is all white.

Patrolman Burns is a cold proposition.

Patrolman Carpenter is not a mechanic.

Patrolman Casey is not Casey Jones.

Patrolman Cucco is of sound mind.

Patrolman Davis is not a powder.

Patrolman DeCicco is not a ginger ale.

Patrolman Dement is not demented.

Patrolman Duck has no web feet.

Patrolman Faruan is not an air plane.

Patrolman Frank is very secretive.

Patrolman Furey is not so violent.

Patrolman Greenberg is not an iceberg.

Patrolman Guider will follow, not lead.

Patrolman Hamm is kosher.

Patrolman Heinze has one, not 57 varieties.

Patrolman Hill is not so high.

Patrolman Hoffman is no part of a highball.

Patrolman Hollender is not Dutch.

Patrolman Kelly cannot slide.

Patrolman Leonard is not an ear oil.

Patrolman Lohman stands high.

Patrolman McFadden has no flats.

Patrolman McCormack is not a singer.

Patrolman Maguire's first name is not Molly.

Patrolman Newman is not so new.

Patrolman Nichols is not a conductor.

Patrolman Parks is always moving.

Patrolman Rich is a poor man.

Patrolman Riddle is not a puzzle.

Patrolman Sands is never on the beach.

Patrolman Schuller is not a musician.

Patrolman Rainey is rather dry.

Patrolman Tange is not the first name of an orange.

Patrolman Boland and Boland are not father and son.

Patrolman Troy does not know Helen.

Patrolman Van Cott is not a bed.

Patrolman Wills has not made out his will.

Patrolman Watson does not carry a needle.

Patrolman Wilson was never President.

Patrolman Woods is not thick. But Patrolman Workman lives up to his name: he's a hard worker.

Patrolman Charley Olsen of the 70th Precinct observed a small girl crying. He inquired as to the cause; the little tot replied: "The dentist took one of my teeth out." At that moment Andy Kerrigan came into view, and Olsen said: "See that man over there? Well, every night he has to take all his teeth out and he don't cry. So dry your eyes and be like him."

Some of the men of the 64th Precinct claim I never put their names in SPRING 3100. So here goes.

#### A SHORT SHORT STORY.

Last MUNDAY while driving through the HOLLAND tunnel in my nephew's HANDY little AUSTIN, a big Rolls ROYCE hit me in the rear. An OHL MANN stuck his head out of the window and shouted, "You ROACH! Why don't you look where you're COHEN?" By all the POWERS I was REIHL mad and getting out of the car I saw that all the

GLOSS was taken off my BROWN fenders. Turning to the old gent, I cried: "KAHN the PATTERN SON until I PAGE a cop. Look what that RAPP in the REAR DON to my fenders! What will WILLIAM SON of my brother say? He will start a ROW AN desides I have no MOORE money." The old gent then put up his HANN and said: "SEISS talking for a SPELL MAN and don't CAREY on like that. I will send my lawyer over to your house to MORROW and everything will be all WRIGHT." I said, Your'e not MAD DEN?" He said, "NO" LAN sakes I am a STRANGIO in GREATER New York. Let's go over to my house. I have a BARR in MARSALA and we will have a STEIN of sarsaparilla." "LUCHS with me at last," I said. So we went to his house on WEST street and had a few sarsaparillas out of GOLD STEINS. I started to feel like a KING and sang "TALONE because I LOVE you." (Editor's note: Too bad you didn't sing your sister's song. Walter, "Annie LAURIE".)

Lieutenant Gallagher is no longer a stepchild of the 62d Precinct. He moved right in and is now a regular. Welcome, Dan, hope you like your stay with us and may you stay as long as you want.

Jake Long was "Loud speaking" on how young he is. But one of the rookies reminded him that he has a son on the job. Jake didn't say much after that. Those rookies will never know their place.

We hope Sergeant Hickson will be back with us soon. Best wishes for a speedy recovery, Tom.

"Patsy", the 62d mascot, is back with the boys again. Both "Patsy" and the boys are happy. Patrolman Mann had him down south on his vacation.

Jim Leddy, the gas dispenser of the 62d Precinct, is also a "gas" dispenser when he's among the ladies. Eh, Jim?

Sergeant Jacobs tried to pull a fast one on Captain Boyle. He applied for a day off to go to the Anchor Club ball. Didn't work, did it, Bill?

Two boys in the back room were having a heated discussion. One pipes out: "Listen, you, I'm one of the big guns around here." The other replied: "Oh, yeah? Well, if that's the case, why don't I hear better reports?"

After six years of married life Artie Pinkernell has become a Daddy, and he sure is proud of his seven-pound Lady Pinkernell. Another illustration of perseverance being a virtue.

Freddie Coppetta learned of the above and chirped: "Well, I'm putting in a request for a tour off; the reason for the request will be "An act of God". Freddie, when will the blessed event arrive?

Lightning Tomford, this is a warning. "Crying" Charley Donaghue noticed "What's the Matter" Walter Matter pinch hitting for you one day and requested your position when the opportunity arrives. He hints he does not want it Christmas day, though.

One of our bright ones told his side kick the proper way to quietly summons aid when the snow is lying six inches deep, is to fire three shots in the snow. Smart guy, him.

John P. Maxwell, attention! The 66th Precinct is sadly in need of your services. We just took them over seven straight. What do you say to that?

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox  
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. Charles Keenan

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

Patrolman Gene (Flash) Connors was seen showing his "ducky wucky" all the nice things in John



David's Court Street window. I wonder if he was telling her about the green golf socks he received for Xmas? Here's hoping you make a hole in "one", Gene.

The latest leak in the 84th Precinct is that Patrolman Paddy Lennon has hired a private detective to trap the culprit who sent him a "Pig's Head" on Xmas day. What's the idea, Paddy, are you trying to high hat the boys down in the Jungle?

If Patrolman (Madam) Hildenbrand, the famous "Aviator", doesn't take this final warning and get a hair cut and shave soon, some of the boys will be shooting him for a rabbit. Sharpshooters take notice.

Patrolman Bill (Red) Walsh, who recently entered a pie-eating contest given by George the Greek, finished a bad third, losing to none other than Mike (Heck) O'Connell by four bites. Mike, being another man of very few words, but OUCH, what a BITE!

At last the secret is out. Patrolman Bill (Chuck) Cush has been walking around in a fog for the past couple of months, and the boys were wondering how come the steeplechase. Well, his storm and strife presented him with a nice baby boy. So good luck to all hands, Bill, but don't fall down on the job.

The other day, Patrolman (Lippy) Connick and his little pal, Patrolman (Allah) Habeeb, were seen walking arm in arm down Henry Street. It seems as though the New Year has done some good for the boys of the 84th. Maybe Connick isn't over the effects of the New Year yet.

Patrolman Walker of the 76th has a Sweetheart, the belle of Bond Street. He's going to take her out to his ranch in Nevada this summer. Since she said she would go, Willie can be found practicing horse back riding on the (D. S. C.) ranch in 19th Avenue.

Anybody finding Christmas packages around 48th Street and 4th Avenue please throw them back in Patrolman Kubasak's window. . . . Patrolman O'Grady got heavy since he's working Larsen. . . . Muggsy Muldoon, better known as the (Clinker Kid) is running wild since the doctor let him put coffee in that Cascade stomach of his. . . . Chip-mond, our attendant, can be found singing "Oh what a pal was Mary" all day long since they took the chimpanzee away. Can't blame you, Chip, blood is thicker than water.

#### 12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy  
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gherich  
69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

#### PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley  
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy  
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

"The Ghost of the Country Club" is in again, and if you can guess who I am—a new uniform cap is yours. Here goes:

We have a basketball team now, and what a team! Men and uniforms and everything, even enthusiasm, and we are scheduled to play the 19th Emergency Squad sometime this month. Officer Propper, our houseman is busy getting the yard ready for that Emergency wagon we are going to bring back. Won't Capt. McManus be surprised to see it, however its still a "maybe". Perhaps the uniforms won't fit our "lankies". That will be Paul Walsh's fault. He's our acting misfitter and ex-tailor.

Officer Millinerie: "Say fellers, can a guy get a "ditto" for overweight?" "Yes, dearie—join the football team, we'll give you a workout."

"Box" Herrity—Full pay this month—keep away from the Chevrolet salesroom. It's the upkeep you

know. . . . Oskay: "Wouldn't you like to know who I am? No! Guess again. . . . "Hansom" Jordan—It's leap year boy. The girls at Barren Island are all studying little speeches. Run—fella—run. . . . "Lock-em-up" Kaplan our summons man. . . . Byrnes and Asher, I saw you both looking at some pretty baby carriages on the avenue. When are you due boys? (I know everything, eh, what?) . . . Pattie O'Rourke—If you guess who I am, I'll buy you a bottle of your favorite perfume. ("Christmas Eve".) . . . Who am I? . . . "Ghost of Country Club."

P. S.—As we go to press, we wish to inform you that we lost that "football" game. (What would we do with an Emergency wagon anyhow?) But just the same watch our step.

Even when MacElarney is on his vacation he can't get away from it. He was seen doing a late tour with one of his squadsmen.

By the way, Muldoon and Martin can't take it, and Joe Goldberg's Rabbi clicked this time.

J. Kennedy and Hen Reder went a hunting, and all they got was weight. Stick to the sea gulls in Canarsie, boys.

Be careful what you eat, superior officers, Patrolman Arnold is getting desperate.

BEWARE—Musclemen, Jumpers, etc. The weights in the Captain's room are getting a workout. The Captain will head a team and challenge all comers. McNamce, Reilly and Murray hold second place in the Jumpers with O'Brien leading with his Kangaroo leap.

You have a poet in your midst, 67th: here's his initial effort:

The 67th Precinct has an Editorial staff.

Their effort at wit would make a horse laugh:

The guiding star is Andy King.

Hereabout known as "Five and Ten".

A real nice boy is Louie Moore,

He clothes the naked and feeds the poor;

Though the pen is mightier than the sword,

Jim Gherich's pen couldn't earn his board.

Through the courtesy of the Rev. Father Edward Higgins of St. Peters R. C. Church, 110 Warren Street, Brooklyn, the 63d Precinct basketball team has been granted the use of the Lyceum gymnasium for games. This is an excellent court. For games, address Patrolman Paul J. Walsh at the 63d Precinct Station house.

Bill Hayes was enlightened not long ago as to the effects of a MICKEY FINN. What is the effect, Bill?

The boys of the 67th Precinct would like to know what this "FORTY BUCKS A WEEK" gag is all about. Maybe Peter "Squint" Lynch can help us out. Keep up the good work, Pete.

Patrolman Gebhart, while on patrol, was accosted by a big BABOON, who said, "Say, brother, can you find a pal a home?" The monkey is now in the Prospect Park Zoo, where he is visited weekly by his good friend Arthur.

We, the members of the 67th Precinct, send our deepest sympathy to the fair maiden who is about to call herself Mrs. George Cavanaugh. Well, make the best of it, little girl, you have our wishes for a lot of good luck.

Patrolman Margolies was sent to East 45th Street to destroy a dog. Not wanting to fire many shots against the pavement, he carried the dog to Schenectady Avenue, where there is a vacant lot. After accomplishing his task, he carried the dead animal back to East 45th Street and notified the desk to

that effect. This is no joke, men, nothing but the truth. He couldn't spell "Schenectady".

#### 13TH DIVISION

#### LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Willis  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muehlich

Willie Pfannkuck of the 77th Precinct has become known as "Spark-plug Willie" since the depressive times. . . . "Harold Teen" Haggren slipped the piccolo to Abe at the 106. Well, it takes a good one to lather Abraham.

The Sardine has become a bit scaley over the "Trader" getting in on the choice claim.

Records disclose that a gent of high rank emanates from the Quaker State in the region of Anthracite and Bituminous, mostly Anthracite.

A certain gent around these diggings received a set of shoes, and has promised to make it as hot for the generous giver as the shoes did for his feet, with music.

We had quite an accident at the 80th recently. Patrolman Canter saw a stray dog, for which there was an alarm. He caught the dog and while bringing him to the house, the bow-wow bit Dick. The Health Department was notified. The owner, learning of the occurrence, came to see the dog, and gave Patrolman Wegge two dollars to feed the hound. The report received from the Health Department said the dog was suffering from malnutrition and nothing else. What did you do with the two bucks, Wegge?

After a successful season managing his baseball team, Sergeant Stuckle, 79th Precinct, is vacationing at Niagara Falls.

Again Patrolman Renz takes his annual vacation. ARE YOU GETTING MARRIED THIS TIME, JOE?

Hold on tight, Gasper, we're going to turn a corner.

The boys are hoping for Bill Fecley's speedy recovery from his recent illness, and hope to see him back at the precinct right soon.

Patrolman Joseph Brown, alias "JOSH THE RUBBER MAN", was seen looking in the window of Busche's Credit Jewelry store, where he finally found the engagement ring he wanted. Did Santa Claus bring you the girl, Joe? Good luck from the boys of the 8th squad.

#### 14TH DIVISION

#### LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn  
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes  
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

90th Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder  
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry S. von Hosset  
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Patrolman (D. O. A.) Daber, 83rd Precinct, saw a Wild West Show last summer and immediately went horse-minded, and longed to be a mounted cop. He sought advice from Bill Murphy, a mounted man of the early 1900's, Emil Sermeyer, who trained horses for a large grocery concern, and Long Bill Lampert, of the western plains. Their advice was so encouraging he bought them all a dinner. Bill advised him to start on a pair of wooden horses. Paul then enveigled Pete, the big guy with the glasses, an excarpenter, into building them. Pete now does his practicing down in his cellar; but finds his feet are too small.

Frank McKelvey and Bill Plieninger have been troubled lately by the motor patrol operators taking their coffee cans and cups. Al Smith presented them with a set of gold band cups and copper lined cans for means of identification. We hope they can enjoy their eats in the future. Don't you, Barney?

Joe Malone, formerly the chief scrivener of the 85th, has left us for the gun squad. The efficient Bill Hughes, also known as "On the alert," will pick up the pen where Joe dropped it in his rush for the squad.

Patrolman Edward Lip Blasie, of the 90th Precinct, former holy stone official of the U. S. Navy, still carries the stick, but the stones with which he formerly cleaned the deck he is now dodging. When asked how he liked Post 1, he answered, "No, mate". Ship ahoy, sailor boy.

Patrolman Dietz, formerly of Bohack's, is now doing a good job, taking care of the poor of the Precinct.

Mike Calicchio, the bigga politish from Park Avenue, no mora rida da automobiles. Hesa walka da post now, but it maka da foots sick.

A fishing party composed of members of the 92d Precinct, including the FLYING 10TH SQUAD, will take place shortly. They are going to Peconic Bay, L. I. Any good fishermen of any other precinct who would like to make the trip, communicate with Patrolman Star Fish Drexler, 92d Precinct.

The entire personnel of the 94th Precinct, including the detectives, are working on a baffling mystery. A box of (twenty words, no more, no less), Cremo cigars, property of Sergeant Louis Wagner, were taken by some vandal from behind the T. T. switchboard. Suspicion points to Frank (Pigsfoot) Klein, our genial attendant, but who can tell?

Patrolman Ginter, the Baron of Norman Avenue, entertained several of the boys at his home the other night. Unlike Eddie Cantor, who has 5 daughters, Al bemoans the fact he has none. Cheer up, Al, where there's life there's hope.

#### 15TH DIVISION

#### PTL. AUGUST BURGER

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigon  
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox  
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

103d Pct., Ptl. George McDonald  
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy  
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kolbacher

During the past year the sergeants of the 104th precinct have listened to the "Dean", Sergeant Seymour, tell what good yeast has done for him. It has even made him know there is no Santa Claus.

Sergeant Best is the best sergeant we could get from Brownsville.

Sergeant Casey says he knew Amos 'n' Andy when they wore diapers.

Sergeant Sterett is known as one of the "Four Horsemen", and he did not go to Notre Dame.

Patrolman Lucaire, Fitzmaurice and Quinn recently went to Havana on their vacation. Now all they talk of is a trip around the world.

On the S. S. Munargo, enroute to Havana, Fitzmaurice upheld the traditions of The Finest. While promenading on the deck he heard a young lady shout for help. Without removing a stitch of clothes he dove into the swimming pool and rescued the fair one. He is now looking for Departmental recognition.

Sergeant Sabbatino was seen standing on the cor-



ner of Fresh Pond Road and Myrtle Avenue with a bootblack box on his shoulder, shouting "Shine, 5 cents". When asked the reason, he answered, "Don't you know the depression is on?"

Ptl. Hofman, the former champion pumpnickel baker of Ridgewood, has increased his corporation since he was taken off the emergency car and is back on patrol on Forest Avenue among his countrymen. Yah, Yah Joe—Vie gates aller while?

#### 16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

#### PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio  
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
114th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Schultz

The boys of the 108th Precinct bid farewell and good luck to their pal Frank Kline, who left the fold. We wish you health and happiness in all your ventures. Don't forget to let us hear from you, Frank, as you will be missed.

Our new recruit in the Benedict's Club is beginning to show the usual signs of married life. Don't forget to obey all lawful orders, buddy.

Another boy who is tired of the single harness is Flaherty. He expects to jump into the matrimonial sea this month. The boys wish him lots of luck and—little ones.

Patrolman Mike Generaltassio, our "Phuller Phun" "Hightalian," says that when he went to shoot a mad cat in a store recently, he first put the "Cartoon" over pussy's head and then shot it.

Well, it's all over now. No more holidays and everything running smoothly again. Ludwig the 5th says it was a wonderful New Year's party, especially since it lasted till 5 A. M.

Yours truly, the reporter, "Fatso Lange," had a story to tell about how he received that beautiful "shiner" on his eye. All the boys agreed it was the same old alibi, and insisted that the wife had something to do with it; so what's the use of contradicting them.

"Hey Bill" Quinn, how is Rabbitt head? . . . Gallicurci still has that thing. . . . Golden is getting a "Head" in the business. . . . Joe Oates, the boy with the newspaper act. . . . Schultze: "We got no bananas" . . . Willenboche and Verbowens. . . . Weber and Fields. . . . Ray Quinn: "Brighten the corner where you are" . . . Battestien: "Oh, if you could only cook" . . . Lawrence Benill: "Quitthyabellyachin" . . . Grabena and Klipera: "Music in the air" . . . Pop Bruns: "If I only played him second" . . . Joey Clark: "Take it easy, first speed".

#### 17TH DIVISION TRAFFIC PTL. JOHN B. WILSON

Patrolman John P. Lorch, of this office, had a Christmas gift presented to him in the person of an 8-pound boy. Two weeks previous to the birth he bought a train set in expectation of the new arrival. How did you know it was going to be a boy, John? You must have consulted a crystal gazer. Congratulations from the boys of the office.

Patrolman Frank Banger is working out weekly on the handball courts in Queens. He is trying to take off some of his excess avoirdupois, after which he intends to challenge the department champion. For games, see his manager, Sauu Young.

#### 1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

A—What's going on down here? All you hear is so and so is getting married, or has already been sentenced. . . . Must expect war with Japan, and they are trying to beat the draft.

Somehow the wires got crossed. Monday of Xmas week found the sergeants 100 per cent. strong. Talk about the Xmas spirit!

Patrolman Shields (P. B. A. delegate extraordinary), after being tipped off by a street cleaner (that's cooperation), entered a vacant store on 14th Street and grabbed himself a burglar (one of them) who had cut their way through the wall into a clothing store, after crashing a house down on Thompson Street. They got the rest of the haul and some more of another, and a couple more burglars. They weren't burglarizing the place, they were moving it. . . . Personally, I'm glad to hear that he does something else besides always asking for dues.

P. S.—If anyone would like to know how it feels to ride in a four-cylinder "Cadillac," ask Sergeant Connie Walters, of the Summons Squad.

Patrolman Twoomey's version of "how come no rabbits." It seems it was kind of warm that day and he took his coat off, and while he was in another field a rabbit came along and ate the license; so he had to quit. No license, no hunting. It must be a tough break to spend a lot of dough for hunting outfits, and after climbing around for endless hours looking for something you can't see (namely, some deer), you decide to sit down and eat, and no sooner said than done, out jumps two of them. Deer, of course. Well, a cop is a cop and a meal period is a meal period, so Patrolman Weiss (the first whip) came home empty-handed.

Patrolman McGovern must have had a mix-up with a band of Indians. He walked in one morning, and by the looks of that haircut (that's what he called it), two or three of them must have tried to scalp him.

Just a passing fancy: Patrolman Oswald telling the D. L. he's boss home. Well, when the real boss reads this he'll be back to the cane again.

P. S.—Even a reporter should get a day off. No? Ain't it? Well, so long 'till next month. I am at present ye reporter of Traffic "A."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Say, Walter, don't SCHAD any tears over that day off. All good things come to those who wait.)

The following members of Traffic Precinct "E" received Departmental recognition as a Xmas gift for services well rendered:

**Honorable Mention**—Patrolman Michael J. Green. At or about 6.10 A. M., January 2, 1931, on patrol duty, encountered two hold-up men in a restaurant at 2365 Broadway, Manhattan. Shots immediately were fired and powder smoke permeated the air, but nevertheless Mike brought his wounded bandit safely to the 24th Precinct station house. Mike is a young man in the Department and a newcomer to the Traffic Squad, but all join in extending to him our heartiest congratulations.

**Commendation**—Patrolman Thomas Lernihan and Patrolman George Reiss. Both doing traffic duty at Broadway and Dyckman Street. At or about 4.10 P. M., August 21, 1931, boarded various automobiles and participated in the pursuit of a taxicab occupied by two bandits who held up a paymaster in the driveway adjoining 712 East 133d Street, Bronx, and who had shot and killed two Patrolmen and wounded several others. The above was that famous 12-mile chase of last Summer through our city streets, and we were all delighted to learn that when courage was needed the boys in blue, both in the



Fire and Police Departments, did not lower the standard of The FINEST.

Patrolman Frank D. Macauley, too, was remembered by the Police Commissioner for a gallant rescue of a woman from a burning apartment at 52 West 105th Street, Manhattan, at about 4.45 P. M., April 15, 1931. We must admire Frank for his modesty in this case as it would never have been known were it not for deep interest of a citizen who witnessed and reported the incident.

Patrolman John F. Fisher and Patrolman Timothy J. Shea also received commendations for the apprehension of two bandits and recovery of a revolver. Both Patrolmen, on traffic duty, were informed that a storekeeper at 29 West 65th Street had been held up and immediately pursued the bandits who were escaping in a taxicab, captured them and brought them to the 20th Precinct for safekeeping.

The above named members and many others not of our command have distinguished themselves and our Department during the past twelve months. Their deeds of bravery and their fidelity to trust is an inspiration to all of us. We congratulate all of them and hope that the Departmental recognition received will be a material aid to each one of them in advancement to higher ranks in our Department.

#### 2D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

G. *Ptl. Walter Bishop*

H. *Ptl. Narcisse Gervais*

Former Inspector O'Connor, who did much for safeguarding human life, was struck by an auto, resulting in his voluntary retirement from the force, to the regret of his many friends.

Deputy Inspector Conway, who temporarily commanded the district, is now singing "Brooklyn, I Love You," while ably assisting Inspector Ahearn, of 3d District Traffic.

Inspector Dodd, who never kisses Queens, recently broke his vow when saying good-bye to the 4th District Traffic, and he now commands the Bronx Traffic Squad with all the ability that the fair borough desires.

Deputy Inspector Eason, who did mounted duty in The Bronx, way back when only the goats were neighbors, is designing a medal for the engineer that formerly laid out West Farms Square. 'Tis believed that the Deputy Inspector will do him justice.

Retirements, promotions and transfers didn't stop Kenneth McKinley from marrying the girl he once rescued, which crowns him "A Typical New York Cop."

Tom Waldron of "G", don't permit two (2) Toms on his post at the same time, this is due to the actions of a tomcat that violated the provisions of the Sanitary Code, not only within his sight, but within the reach of the sense of smell.

Paul Champlain of Traffic "G", will have a parade of his own, on March 17, 1932, when he will march down the middle aisle, to the tune of "Won't We Be Happy", with the girl he loves. The Marshal of the parade will not be named by your reporter.

Dandy Jimmy Shine, our "Messenger", who is single, and considered good looking, was seriously embarrassed, when he was asked by a bunch of classy high school girls, the meaning of "Sigillum—Civitas—Novi—Eboraci", which appears on the buttons of his uniform coat, the other day, and above all days, this was the day he happened to be without his latin primer, his every day companion. Since then Jimmy's percentage decreased considerable.

Bill Nelson, our champ fisherman, is celebrating his 25th year with the Department and is about to leave us for a well earned rest; in other words, from now on. We all hope they make bigger and better fish up at City Island. Au revoir and good luck, Bill.

Othmar Huber, the Big Stop and Go Man, from these parts, has contracted a serious lip disease. Dr. Mehlman diagnosed the case as a slight attack of Mustache. However, we are glad to know that it is not serious and that the patient is doing well.

Here is one for Ripley: George Weiler has a trained hat. With the assistance of a gust of wind, George's hat hitched-hiked a ride on a passing automobile and like a Homing pigeon, finally landed in the Station House.

#### 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

I. *Ptl. James Kenney*  
J. *Francis J. Keliher*

K. *Ptl. Harry Shortell*  
L. *Ptl. John Behring*

M. *Ptl. Thomas Thompson*

I—All the boys of Traffic "I" send their best regards to Lieutenant Slattery and hope for his speedy recovery. A real good boss missed.

A certain cop on post 51a claims that he cannot do a tour on Sundays thinking that he may get varicose veins. Why can't the boys fix CRYING HARRY up with a flivver job on Sundays?

The boys around the Long Island depot are wondering how Patrolman Stott is going to spend the extra (250) increase. Maybe he will donate it to a worthy cause—DEPRESSION.

On Christmas morning Santa Claus left a very nice present in the form of a baby girl at the home of Joe Thomas. Keep up the good work, Joe. There are no hard times.

Since Bill Hanvey quit the Gobel sandwich club and joined the rest of the crowd in the Bergen Diner, he has the chief cook working overtime. He and a certain party make a lot of noise with their typewriters around 1 P. M., dishwashing time. A letter should be sent to their wives to find out if they like housework.

Thomas B. Goodman, the orator lieutenant of the 3rd District Traffic Office, otherwise known as "Windy", has burned the ears of "Pinochle" John (Bauerhause) with daily lectures on death, via Cerebral Hemorrhage route. Look out for the blood clot, John. Ask Dep. Inspector O'Leary about that, he knows.

Patrolman Edward O'Connell (Meandogs) of Traffic "J", the boy with the forehead that almost reaches the back of his neck, has started studying for sergeant by reading detective novels and snappy stories.

"Jakc" Hoeninghausen recently moved into a new furnished room. He rented the shanty from the railroad inspector at Williamsburg Bridge Plaza and had the old man put out.

The Absence of Sam Oldham from a social gathering on Christmas Eve made room for two men at the table and provided eats for the family for the balance of the week.

Patrolman Charles O'Hara, Traffic "J", the apple-faced boy who swings traffic at Kings Highway and Flatbush Avenue, is on the brink. Recent reports have it that Sing Song Charlie has become engaged to a beautiful young lady from Sheepshead Bay.

Frank "Windy" Keliher, Klerical Kop of Traffic "J", or should I say, "Komical Kop" was so full of turkey the day after Thanksgiving that Step and a Half McWalters thought he had swallowed the wish bone. The Clerical Room was as quiet as a morgue.



## CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

PTL. WALTER BRUMMERHOP

The Chief Inspector's Office bowling team went over the bridge on Friday, January 8th, and took on the 64th Precinct in a three-game match, total pins. The 64th, headed by Sergeant Royce, took the Chief's boys over, 2282 to 2259.

Ed. Murnane, of the 64th, took "over" high honors for the evening with a high score of 216. Nice bowling, Ed.

Plenty of excitement towards the end; the Chief's gang were trailing by 78 pins going into the last game and picked up nicely.

Patrolman Whelan, of the Chief's Office, would like to hear from some team for a friendly bout some night.

## BOROUGH HEADQUARTERS, BROOKLYN

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

Patrolman John Meehan, of this office, the former Navy lubricator of the Scotch-American Navy, is all perplexed at his domestic relationship. John explains it in this manner:

"I went with a girl one time and I asked her to be my wife, and she gave me a decidedly negative reply, so to get even with this dame I married her mother; then my father married the girl.

"When I married the girl's mother, the girl became my daughter, so father became my son. When my father married my daughter she became my mother. If my father is my son and my daughter is my mother, WHO AM I?

"My mother's mother is my wife and she must be my grandmother, and being my grandmother's husband, I must be my own grandfather. And there you are. Dope that out."

## 8TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. WILLIAM S. SECOR

Detective Conny Mancini, one of the best comedians in the Bronx, in fact in the world, while attending the Detective's School and after listening to a lecture on explosives, learned all about Nitro-Glycerine and its explosive qualities. He then related the following story to the instructor: During the regime of the Czar in Russia and during the time that the Bolsheviks were trying to overthrow the government, the "Reds" would gain access to wherever the royalty were gathered, especially if the dukes, counts or other big shots were having a ball. The connivers would then sneak into the hat room and rub Nitro-Glycerine into the hat bands of the bewhiskered ones. When the party broke up, and the hoy per loy bedecked themselves in their dicers, they would walk about a block or so away from the ball room when, due to the friction of their heads rubbing against their hat bands, the combustion would cause an explosion and BLOW THEIR HEADS OFF. The result of which led to the Czar's downfall, for on account of the many dances and social gatherings, Old Boy Nick lost quite a few of his Generals and followers, reducing the manpower of his army and friends to such an extent that the rebellious ones took over the country. (EDITOR'S NOTE: He gets an Honorary Degree in the Lowell Thomas TALL STORY CLUB.)

Joe Lamb, our able district clerical man, is now on the Board of Directors of the D. E. A. The boys congratulate him. Jim McCarton, of the D. A.'s office, also elected to the above job, is also congratulated.

Tom Williams, of the 47th Squad, remarked that he goes out with a girl who is so dumb that she thinks "bacteria" is the rear door of a cafeteria.

Tommy Thompson had one of his funny moments the other day and said that the girl he goes out with wears desk hosiery, and when Conny O'Connell asked friend Tom "What he meant?" he answered, "Roll Top."

Before Phil Knecht came in the job he told the boys that the women were wild over him. He was a janitor in a Nut factory and he slept in the cellar.

Mike Foley reports that a certain gentleman in his squad has a wife that makes money in her spare moments. She goes through his pants. (We are not allowed to give the name of the certain gent.)

Bobby Reers informed the boys that during the Christmas holidays his youngster swallowed a half-dollar, and the doctor, upon calling, asked her if anything happened, and she told the M. D. "That there was no change yet." Ouch!

After telling Frank McCarthy that we hoped he'd get better soon, he was advised that if he ever needed a little cheer, to meet Mancini and his audience, Secor, and get a couple of laughs a day. In other words, the name of the act is—Conny Mancini and his Stoooge.

Tom Thompson tells a story about Conny O'Connell interviewing a complainant about a "RIG," and when he got all through he found out it was a "RING." Tom gives all the data possible about the men from Westchester—and don't blame the reporter. Bobby Reers, get this.

What's the news the boys are hearing about Lieutenant Jimmy Dinan? We hope you have a good time, Jim, and don't forget to send cards.

## 10TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. FRANCIS X. GROTANO

Greetings; Mrs. Grottano's bad boy Francis broadcasting direct from the Grill Room of the 62d Precinct by special permission of the copyright owner, Acting Captain John J. Ryan.

I hear that if war breaks out with Japan, Detective Fitzgerald, 68th Squad, will volunteer as a bugler.

The Blacks (Detective Max Black and spouse) are astorking.

Laying aside the hammer for a minute, may I state that some of the finest gendarmes in the Police Department are working in this district, among whom is that Daddy of Detectives, Mike Banano. Mike is a real oldtimer, but he has more pep and go than any two men I ever met. He has a worthy rival in the personage of Jimmie Lavelle. If the Police Department were made up of Bananos and Lavelles, what a sweet job this would be.

Detective Hibbard has shiny sleeves on all his clothes. They tell me it's from leaning on lunch counters. (The cuff is especially worn out.)

Al Doody, the Coney Island Alderman, was seen in Louie Robinson's clothing emporium trying to get a suit with two pairs of trousers for \$14.50.

Detective Rauscher, veteran muleskinner of the fighting 69th, walked past the army reservation at Fort Hamilton the other day and caused a stampede among the mules as they recognized their buddy.

How many men in this district are marked in Detective Fitzsimmons' black book? Acting Lieutenant Osnato, 66th Squad, was at one time Fitz's partner and was rated as No. 1 in the book, but Osnato traded Joe Ownen's overcoat to Fitz on condition that he be marked off.

Confidential information revealed the fact that the famous "Vin Blanc Charlie" of Father Duffy's famous book on the 69th Regiment is a member of the personnel of this district.

We hear that Two-gun John Harrington, 61st Squad, supposedly one of the toughest men in the district, is "Sweet Johnnie" at home. He just walked out of the office and threatened my life if I mentioned his name in SPRING 3100. Heigh ho! Johnnie, the power of the press.

Doc Daily, the famous ex-gob, was stationed for the duration of the war on the battleship that was located in Union Square Park.

Detective Louis White, 62d Squad, has filed papers for retirement and he has been amalgamated with Cross and Cross, famous linen house, as a sheet salesman. For some months now, Detective White has been able to talk about nothing but sheets, and on advice of the squad commander he is retiring in order to take up his life's ambition—the sale of sheets. Rumor has it that he invented the sheet for Mahatma Gandhi—and that's some sheet!

It's easy to see what Detective White had for breakfast by looking at his vest.

Lieutenant Bals, the genial gentleman in command of the home talent, just bought the missus a smoking jacket for Christmas.

Acting Lieutenant Thomas Reilly, 70th Squad, made a trip to Florida and expects to get a commendation for that, as it kept him away from Mamie so long.

Happy New Year from the 62d Squad Detectives, custodians of the well known Shooting Gallery, Bath Beach.

#### 16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

Since it has become a practice to summarize events occurring in the past calendar year, I want to score the following results obtained in the year 1931 by your humble scribe:

(a) Made a mortal enemy of Louis ("Lightning") Cornibert, who swears he is going to get a REAL writer to give me the "works."

(b) Aroused Jack Hurton, the erstwhile reporter of the 15th Detective District to a point where he functions occasionally. (His district fairly teems with desirable news.)

(c) Received forty pats on the back and "atta boys."

(d) Lost caste with the female members of the department, who resent the appellation "matron." (May Foley and Margaret Solon especially emphatic.)

(e) Received complimentary expression from Lieutenant (Cartoon) DeMilt for the "inside" pictures, sketching the characteristics of some of the commanders in Queens.

(f) Arouse the suspicions of everybody in the 16th Detective District (when they see me at a typewriter).

(g) Had my name printed in every issue of SPRING 3100—SOMEWHERE.

(h) Received a thousand suggestions from members of this District to print some "dirt" about someone else.

(i) Made every member of the 16th Detective District eager to get hold of the new issues of SPRING 3100; curious to see who was getting a ride.

(j) Jolly well enjoyed giving some of the boys a ride—and tried to make it a good one.

(k) Received more Christmas presents this year from members of the force than I ever received. (Lest some one feel that these may be "bribes," I hasten to add that they were all received in the spirit that they were given. Poisoned candy, booze and loaded cigars were returned with thanks—the rest have been stored in a "tin box.")

(l) Learned a whole lot about members of the district that I never knew before; even side-partners cannot be trusted to withhold a good story.

(m) Also learned—that I have been rated like a good many REAL reporters—pizonous.

(n) Made a lot of mistakes—; made a lot of friends (?); but I always tried to temper a "knock" with a boost.

(o) I have made Joe Burke notice the ladies once in a while, and by the end of next year hope to have him married.

There's a fellow named Wagner, now in the 110th Squad, who has not yet been mentioned in my column—because I didn't know him well enough to say anything about him. However, I have knocked around with him several times in the past few weeks, and I like him; therefore I want to warn him against Bill Barrett, Tom Caputo, Commish Varrelman et al. . . . I know Bill about twenty years, and since he never married, I am suspicious of him. Tom —? Well, I slept with him for quite a period a few years ago and I never forgot it (neither will he). Fletcher (The Commish) ?— I ate with him several times—and he liked food so much I became sceptical about him (since he has never given me a cigar, I became more sceptical). Now George (Wagner), be guided by an old man's advice. I think your C. O. (Jimmie Smith) will bear me out; BE DISCREET when in their company and learn to laugh or cry with them. Remember—Varrelman always *SMOKES* his own cigars; he *ONCE* gave one to a side partner of his . . . a fellow named Reddington, who has since been made a sergeant. . . . Now Reddington is waiting to catch Fletcher in some derelection.

May I kindly suggest to the Municipal Civil Service Commission that the mortality rate in the Department is going to rise if that new Sergeant's list isn't published soon. . . . And, please . . . place Paul Montgomery's name in the first two hundred and fifty. I made a verbal bet that he would land there, and I want my rating to stand up. If that happened, my followers would think that I knew what I was talking about.

#### TELEGRAPH BUREAU

#### THE "PHANTOM"

A little smile, when troubles come, to help drive off one's woe; a little cheer to brighten up the man with spirits low; a little aid for those who plod 'neath loads up life's steep hill: If these won't win a little pass to Heaven, nothing will.

Sorry to say Sergeant Bob Woods is confined to his home with a stubborn illness. Here's hoping you are soon back at work, Bob. Regards and best wishes from the gang. We are all pulling for you.

Paulus, of Queens, has gone into raising tropical fish. When he gets enough, his "Scotch" side partner, McClelland, is going to buy (?) a pound—some Friday.

Dan Brown, of Brooklyn, I am told, has made application for membership in Lowell Thomas' Tall Story Club. Wish you luck, Dan; you shouldn't have any trouble getting in.

Acting Captain Hemly has organized a Bowling



Club over in Brooklyn and boasts such talent as McDonough, Seemann, McKillop and the Captain himself. He is going to meet his match, though, when his team meets Acting Captain Woll's team of Manhattan next month, the latter having such men as F. Lawer, Heiser, Collins and Coghlin.

McCarthy and Smith, of Richmond, were seen not long ago, late at night, picking up frost fish on the sands of Staten Island. It was on a Thursday night and they had a small wagon loaded down with them, and McCarthy was heard to say: "Say, Smith, that ought to be enough for Dan's Fish Store; let's go." Didn't know you were in the fish game, Mac.

#### HEARD IN THE LOCKER ROOM

Kelly—"How rich would you like to be, Ans-brow?"

Ans-brow—"I'd like to be so rich I could tuck my napkin under my chin when I eat and people would merely think I was eccentric."

Lukas' wife thinks he served in the artillery section of the Army during the World War. In his sleep she often hears him shout, "Aha! Another hit! Let's shoot the works this time."

Keene—"Does your new car have 'wizard control,' O'Connor?"

O'Connor—"Yes—If you call my wife a wizard."

Johnnie Dunn, the boy wonder, still sticks to the walrus mustache. When he retires (if ever), the boys will make him a present of a new overcoat.

Tom Baker is getting to be a pest. Every morning at 6 A. M. he calls up for the correct time. What's the matter, Tom; wife mad at you and only married a short time?

The past summer the "Phantom" was one of a party who were invited out on a boating and fishing expedition with Monahan in his motorboat. We were out all day at Breezy Point and didn't catch a single fish. To add insult to injury the darn boat sank on the way in and we had to swim for our lives. No more fishing with you, Charlie, unless your new 23-foot sea dory with that new four-cylinder Chrysler engine is safer and in better shape than the old one.

Our radio announcer, John Cuff, is walking around lately with his chest away out. Yes, sir, he's proud of his class of announcers that he is training for the police announcing jobs. It seems his class meets every day and have been doing so for some time. When John walks in you can hear all these would-be announcers run up the scale. You know, sort of a greeting, and they all cry out: "Good afternoon, teacher." John answers: "Good afternoon, pupils."

#### REST IN PEACE

This farewell message brings no tears,  
In fact it calls for noisy cheers;  
We hope that Hell has no concession  
For this poor stiff—Old Man D. Pression.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 4 SGT. CONRAD SEEBACH

Well, boys, the list is out. Our temporary man Murphy came out No. 1 on the competitive list for the "Custodian of the Honey Box."

Believe it or not? Patrolman Hoffman tells us that while cruising down the East River on his "scow" with a friend, a huge wave broke across the deck, casting his friend over the side into the waiting arms of Neptune, but it had no more than spent its fury when another wave came from the other side throwing said friend back onto the deck, none the worse for the trip. Mind you, this all happened in

our own East River. No kidding, Hoffman was serious while telling us this yarn.

According to the "Silver Fox," commonly known as the one and only Emery Jones, only four and one-half more years and up to the Old Homestead at Roundout, for the "Fox" himself.

Never mind, "Moe," even though Lieutenant Brennan didn't qualify you as an "A-A" chauffeur, you still have the consolation of being first due on the Bell and Rope.

We have a candidate for Floyd Gibbons' position at the "Mike." Our contribution is Al Loss, the man of a few words; yea, a few million. Some loud speaker!

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 5 SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

The boys are razzing Curtin about that Honorable Mention, but he just plays the "gommi" as usual. . . . Montgomery got rid of his auto. It's a sensible idea, for he is getting so fat that he can't fit behind the wheel. Walking is very good exercise, Tom. . . . Since Cudahy did the loop-the-loop in his Chevvy he seems to have something on his mind. Better keep your life insurance paid up, Larry. . . . Sergeant Morrell turned in his old fishing boat "Chev" for a shore cruiser named Chevvy the 2d. Wonder if he will take his old cronies out for a ride, or Will he? . . . McCusker has the boys in stitches since he has learned to talk baby language, and his chest has swelled to such a size that he looks as though he swallowed a Scotch bag-pipe. Must be a grand and glorious feeling, eh, Jim? . . . Our 10th Squad has three of the most evenly matched long-legged gazabos that you ever saw. These giraffe-sized beauties are Geiger, Morrissey and O'Hara. They are going to challenge the rest of the crew to a foot race. . . . Rumor has it that Edward Pascocello placed a ring on the finger of a sweet little miss named Rose. They say she's from the Emerald Isle. Oh, boy, wait until he asks us up for PASTA FASULE. We'll bring our own fingerbowls.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 6

SGT. DENNIS J. O'HANLON

The donor of this article suggests a Long Distance Pig's Head and Potato Contest to be held in the Sixth Squad. . . . For this memorable event two boys have been making quite a reputation for themselves on their ability to devour whole pig's heads without batting an eye. They are Charley Cooper and Johnny Liston. Big things are expected from these lads on their past performances.

In the course of a very heated legal discussion between Jimmy Griffiths and Paddy Curtin, the promising young "Station House Lawyers," Peter McDermott, who was doing Truck Guard at the time, had to leave his responsible post and resort to the "Kelly" tool to pry the boys apart. . . . Methinks there will not be a shortage of legal talent in the department for some time to come.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 18 SGT. WM. P. FLAHERTY

Patrolman Kelly, our expert on knots, demonstrated a brand new one to the squad: The Horse's Tail Knot. It would behoove any member of the department who has aspirations of joining the Mounted Division to seek the advice of Patrolman Kelly. This officer not only knows how to rescue horses from ditches with his famous knots, but he has spent so many days on the turf that—he can pick a winner after any race.

Reidy has been installed as Chief Boy Scout, and has selected as his assistant, Bright Eyes Blythe, a

quiet, retiring, unassuming handball player who will no doubt be of athletic assistance on hikes and camp meetings.

Sergeant Reubold has gone in for deep sea fishing. Moving his shoulders convulsively from the itching of his heavy underwear (to resist the mid-ocean winds), with a ten-foot German fishing pole and an automobile laden with provisions, he sets out to get the fish before they breakfast. But, alas! The Sergeant's vision of a day's outing is always disillusioned. The fish are out of season.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 15

Since the SINGING KID (Snapper R.) has joined the "troupe", the boys are all harmonizing the "Boston Burglar". Expect to be playing it on our band soon.

Jimmy Larsen, our Boston Terrier breeder, is getting the old Moe Levy pressed up, as he shows at the Garden Dog Show next month. (This is on the level, as he raises champs.) He is a "bite" right now, as he just sold a "prospective" for \$300. Line forms on the right.

Last month a book salesman with a sugar-coated monologue, sold quite a few of the boys "Oppenheim's Works", "Celebrated Crimes", etc. This month the "ole" sheriff has been around *trying* to get the second payment. Looks like second hand books will be going cheap out our way.

Our own Zippo (not of the Four Marx Brothers), better known as "Sarge", says that if he isn't in the first 25, the Smith Boys never manufactured a cough drop. Hope he hits. He's O. K.

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 1

PTL. BERNARD J. CONNORS

Barney Connors, our clerical man, was overheard in a telephone conversation getting a price on a "soup and fish." He was seen later in a 5th Avenue Shoppe getting a try-on. To do this he was compelled to remove his pearl grey spats and shoes, and believe it or not, our star typist has gone Gandhi. Under the spats he had on nothing. His number nines were entirely nude and devoid of socks. What we would like to know is, why the "soup and fish" with bare feet?

Sergeant Thomas is still looking for the man that sent him a telegram—collect, 35 cents.

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2.

PTL. JOSEPH P. HOYNES

Both Patrolman Maurice O'Donald and Hubert Scallon have been blessed with a new addition to each of their families during the past month. Congratulations. Patrolman Bob Herschaft, the father of our troop, is jealous.

Patrolman Henry Thiemans is busily engaged in studying the Real Estate Laws. He says that "when he retires he is going to put Middle Hope (wherever that is) on the map."

Sergeant Albert Harriott is a very busy man these days. He has been put in charge of the School of Horsemanship, and his duties are—to try and make Rough Riders out of the newly assigned men, in case there is another war.

Sergeant Robert Dunn, the master mind of Barracks No. 4, is more or less relieved of his responsibilities since the School of Horsemanship is using his barracks. He needs the added rest to prepare him for the summer season at Coney Island.

Patrolman James Norton is declared the Chief of Kings Highway. Any day he may be observed on his steed with children standing around old boy

"Zev" while he is telling them of the fine horses that are grown in the old "County Down."

By MOUNTED PATROLMAN FRANK H. SMITH  
TROOP "D"  
"HENRY"

Small in build, large in heart,  
Bay in color and very smart;  
Fast as the wind and wind of gold,  
And I'll be darned if he'll ever get old.

With nostrils aflame, he takes his air  
And brings up his forehead feet high;  
His tail is aloft and his mouth very soft,  
Just a star-gazer facing the sky.

He is "Henry," fresh as the dew,  
A little crazy but as good as new;  
With one white sock and a long thin tail—  
And in this job there's none he'll trail.

His head is high and his step is light,  
And if you're rough he sure can fight;  
But don't be rough and you'll have a horse  
That you will learn to love of course.

He is kind and as I said true  
And sure means an awful lot to you;  
When you have rode him for a while  
You can not help but wear a smile.

Sugar he loves and sugar he gets  
But when there's no sugar "Henry" then frets;  
He's like a colt when you let him out—  
And, boy, I tell you he's one fine scout.

Everyone knows him along the street,  
It's "Hello, Henry" from each one we meet;  
He jogs and prances and skips along  
And does his dancing without a song.

He has no trush nor spavin or splint,  
Why, bless his soul, he's hard as flint;  
A hair of his tail I would not give  
For all the new ones as long as he'll live.

#### BUREAU OF CRIME PREVENTION

PATROLMAN IRENE A. PETERS

According to its financial reports, the Bureau of Crime Prevention has expended in contributions, from January 1, 1931 to November 1, 1931, the sum of \$3,555. There are 213 members permanently assigned to this Bureau. These contributions include outings for poor mothers and children, unemployment relief fund, American Red Cross, Evening Journal Relief Fund, and many others. With this amount, from 213 members, it can readily be seen that an enormous amount is contributed yearly by the members of the Police Department.

#### AIR SERVICE DIVISION

PATROLMAN OTTO A. KAFKA, JR.

The Mechs did a good job on remodelling our Hell Diver "2-A". It is now a mystery ship with its face lifted.

Some of the pilots suggested that Major Krzminski be used as ballast in future load tests. Buster Harkins voted thumbs down, as the Loening only has one motor.

Old man Wackerly tried some snake oil on his busted "fin". It may look good Pop, but we think old age can't be covered up. Even the other day somebody mistook "Greasy Pete", the 87-year-old chop house magnate for Chris. This information was volunteered by Frank Moran, Chris.

After a recent flight, Murray was seen to hide a few "convenience boys" in the Loening. Getting weak Larry?



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman John A. Johnson, 32nd Precinct, while on patrol shortly after 4 P. M., on December 30, was informed there was a fire at 232 W. 134th Street. Johnson verified the information, turned in an alarm and proceeded to the burning building, where he learned that an elderly blind man was alone in an apartment on the second floor. The officer entered the apartment and found John Emmons, 84, blind, and in a helpless state. Johnson carried the aged man to the rear fire escape and from there safely to an adjoining building, where the officer collapsed, necessitating his removal in an unconscious condition to Harlem Hospital.

Detectives Arthur Silk and William Murphy, 19th Squad, at about 7.15 P. M., December 10, arrested a man on the roof of premises 924 Fifth Avenue, to which he had gained access by climbing the fire escape. Also present and assisting in the arrest were Patrolmen Terence Baxter and Jeremiah Buckley, 9th Precinct, who were assigned in plain clothes to cover the building. Investigation disclosed that the prisoner was responsible for four recent pent house burglaries. Five other men were subsequently arrested as accomplices and receivers of stolen property, and jewelry valued at \$50,000 was recovered.

## BRONX

Patrolman Silas E. Lefler, 41st Precinct, while on patrol at about 9.35 P. M., December 1, observed an automobile going west on 156th Street on the wrong side of the street. The driver ignored the officer's command to stop. The officer gave chase in a commandeered automobile, picking up on the way Patrolman Daniel Walsh, 40th Precinct, with whose assistance he arrested, after a long chase through various streets and avenues in the 40th, 41st and 42nd Precincts, two of the three occupants of the first car. They admitted having just held up the proprietor of a grocery store at 847 Intervale Avenue. Both prisoners were later identified by the victim. The automobile used had been previously reported stolen in the 25th Precinct.

Detectives William Bechtle and Christopher Forster, 48th Squad, at about 11.15 P. M., December 9, upon information received from Irving Keller, of 4282 Park Avenue, searched and found in Keller's room at said address a .38 calibre revolver with one shell discharged. It was described by Keller as being the property of Otto Jochmann, his room-mate. Further search disclosed in a locked trunk the body of a man who had been recently shot in the head with a revolver and killed. The body was identified

by Keller as that of Louis Jensen, of Hoboken, N. J. Communicating with the Hoboken authorities, the officers learned that Jochmann had been arrested in Hoboken earlier in the day for attempting to remove Jensen's clothing from his room at 309 Hudson Street. Proceeding to Hoboken, the officers interviewed the prisoner, and after prolonged questioning Jochmann admitted the crime. He has been indicted in Bronx County for first degree murder.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolmen Emil Paeper and Martin Howley, 85th Precinct, while on patrol at about 8.35 P. M., December 2, were directed to a fire in a tenement house at 219 Scholes Street. Reaching the scene before the arrival of fire apparatus, the officers found the hallway impassable because of the flames. They saw Mrs. Ida Stein and her 12-year-old daughter at a third-floor window, their escape through the rear having been cut off. Patrolman Paeper ascended to the second floor cornice over a store and with great difficulty succeeded in lowering both safely to Patrolman Howley. Paeper was later treated for third degree burns by an ambulance surgeon.

Patrolmen John P. Maxwell, Henry Sloane, James Briody, George White and Joseph Miceio, temporarily assigned to plain clothes duty in the 18th Division, Brooklyn, while on patrol in a Department car on the morning of December 5, becoming suspicious of the actions of three men in a passing automobile, pursued and stopped them at Sands and Jay Streets. As Patrolmen Sloane and Briody alighted to question the men one of the trio pointed a loaded .38 calibre revolver at them. The suspects were subdued after a sharp tussle, disarmed and arrested. They admitted having just held up the occupants of an automobile at 123d Street and Riverside Drive, who later identified them. The prisoners were also identified as the perpetrators of another recent holdup which netted them \$100 in cash and jewelry.

## QUEENS

Patrolman John Muller, 102nd Precinct, while on patrol in the early morning of November 23, observed smoke coming from a two-story frame residence at 116-11 101st Street. After sending an alarm he was informed by a neighbor that there were four small children in the house. The officer burst open the front door and made his way through dense smoke to the second floor where, in a bedroom, he found Mrs. DeMarto and her four small children in bed. Taking two of the children at a time, the officer succeeded in getting all safely to the street before the arrival of the fire apparatus.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**EDWARD MCCARTHY,**  
aliases **FATS MCCARTHY** and **EDWARD POPKE**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 7½ inches; 167 pounds; blue eyes; dark chestnut hair; medium complexion; sign painter by occupation. 23d Pet.

## WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY



**HUGO WILLGEROD,**  
aliases **HUGHIE WILLS** and **HUGH J. WILLIS**

DESCRIPTION—36 years; 6 feet 2½ inches; 176 pounds; blue eyes; chestnut hair; natty dresser. 17th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JAMES GARCIA,** alias "**BENITO**"

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair; wore a blue suit and light fedora hat. Porto Rican by birth. 10th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JOSEPH SPADARO,** alias **SPATARA**

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**LAWRENCE DE MASSI,** alias "**LARRY**"

DESCRIPTION—27 years; 5 feet 6½ inches; 177 pounds; brown eyes; dark chestnut hair; medium build. 40th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JOSEPH FRANCO**

DESCRIPTION—19 years; 5 feet 3 inches; 130 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; newsboy by occupation. 23rd Pet.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY,** Police Commissioner.



# Spring 3100

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CHARLES  
MARKING

# Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

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VOLUME 2

FEBRUARY, 1932

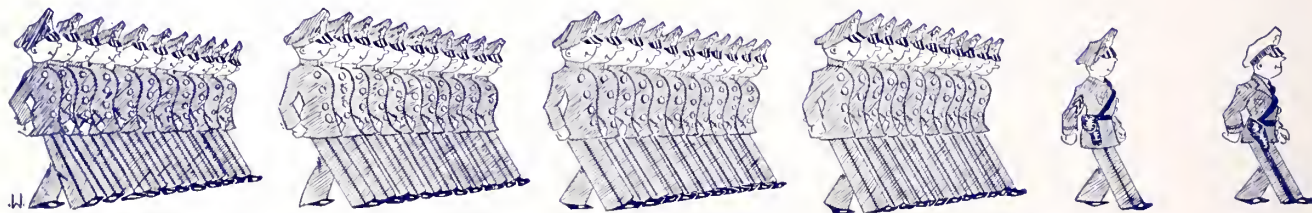
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

# NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,  
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

## STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

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# Editorial Page, or What Have You?



## *Two Years Old and Coming Along Nicely*



**A** SHORT two years ago, dear fellow readers, the Hon. Grover A. Whalen, who was then Police Commissioner, called us into conference and announced that the Police Department, of which he was the head, was to have a departmental magazine. We were commanded by Mr. Whalen to produce said magazine, and two and one-half months after we had done so Mr. Whalen resigned his commissionership and departed, leaving only his name on our inside cover as founder of *SPRING 3100*. Just in the interest of truth and fairness we must add that there was no connection between the appearance of *SPRING 3100* and the resignation of Mr. Whalen as Police Commissioner. It was not, in other words, a case of cause and effect.

Then the Hon. Edward P. Mulrooney, who, as man and boy, has been in this department a long time, dating from the day that the late Theodore Roosevelt told him all about the job, until he (Mr. Mulrooney) became the big boss himself, instructed us to keep going—perhaps continue would be a better word than going. So we did and that's why Art Chamberlin, Johnny Hennessy and Jim De Milt,

the compelling cartoonist, not forgetting Jimmy Wynne and Johnny Lena have been riding, fighting, shooting pals ever since. And if we don't mention Charley Harvold, who draws our covers and Johnny Colletti, who looks after our circulation and distribution, we probably will not have any anniversary number next month.

But just to let you into a little secret, the fellows who keep this magazine alive are the reporters whose precinct news fills twelve pages of each issue. Of course, our other contributors help, but shucks, who wouldn't contribute if he had a chance to add an extra fifteen berries to the old pay check each month. The precinct reporters get nothing unless they write something which happens to hurt a buddy's feelings and then they get hell, all spelled out in capitals. So many thanks and more power to them.

Well, anyway, what we started out to say was that we have enjoyed existing for two years and we hope you have also enjoyed us. The only standard by which we can measure such enjoyment is our circulation and that continues to pass the 19,000 mark each month, just as steadily as the Headquarters clock ticks, or perhaps even more so. And that makes us think that everything is O K, Jake, kopa-setie or all Sir Garnet, as we used to say when we were a bobby in jolly old Lunnnon.

Next month, if we can persuade Jim De Milt to lead a better life and cut down Johnny Hennessy's time in commuting between the Bronx and Headquarters, we hope to start out on our third year with a bang-up bristling number. There is not at any rate any law against making a lot of good resolutions, even if you know they will probably not be kept. Therefore, we say a fond and reluctant farewell to our first two years and enter *Spring 3100* for the three-year-old sweepstakes.

# W P E G Broadcasting

By THOMAS W. ROCHESTER, *Chief Engineer*



Photo courtesy Evening Sun.

*Standing, left to right: William E. Allen, Superintendent of Telegraph; Chief Engineer Rochester; Police Commissioner Mulrooney. Seated: Gerald S. Morris, Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph.*

**B**ENEATH the small dome at the north end of Police Headquarters is situated the operating room of the Police Department's main radio station, whose call letters are WPEG. The staff on duty there at each hour consists of a dispatcher and a radio operator, who also acts as an announcer. The dispatcher sits at a large "U" shaped table measuring nine by twelve feet, upon which are maps of the various New York City boroughs. These maps show the streets, police precinct boundaries, and radio patrol posts.

The dispatcher, ever on the alert, pores eagerly over these radio patrol posts, for there soon will be 400 radio-equipped cars in our police service and upon this dispatcher rests the chief responsibility for the prompt receipt of radio messages by the men in the cars. Therefore, there is urgent need that the dispatcher keep constantly in mind the brass checkers on his map, each bearing the number of one of these patrol cars.



One side of the checker is white and the other side is black. In addition, there are color indications showing whether the car belongs to the precinct patrol, precinct detective squad, gun squad or division commander, or whether it is one of the cars assigned to a police executive.

The white side of the checker is normally uppermost. But, as we watch, the dispatcher receives a telephone call notifying him of a stabbing affray, happening, let us say, at Lenox Avenue and 125th Street. The dispatcher jots down the details as he takes them over the telephone wire and then, studying his map, sees that car No. 292 is in the area in which the stabbing occurred. The dispatcher notes this number on the slip on which he has taken down the details of the stabbing and hands it to the radio announcer, who issues the following order:

"Car No. 292—N. E. corner Lenox Avenue and 125th Street, Manhattan—Signal 30.

"Car No. 292—N. E. corner Lenox Avenue and 125th Street, Manhattan—Signal 30.

"Authority—Telegraph Bureau—Time 1:43 P.M."

Briefly, Signal 30 means: "Investigate and take necessary police action as a report has been received of the commission of a felony." As a result of this message, car No. 292 speeds to the northeast corner of Lenox Avenue and 125th Street. Since, as I previously stated, there will be 400 radio-equipped cars in service to cover the city's area of 316 square miles, the average distance that a car must travel to reach the scene of an accident or crime is about a half mile. Therefore, car No. 292 should arrive at its destination in not much more than a minute after the alarm is sent. Let us hope, both for the purposes of this article and for the benefit of the city, that the car does arrive promptly and that all criminals will be apprehended.

As soon as the radio announcer has spoken his brief message into the microphone, the dispatcher turns over the checker on his map which represents car No. 292. The black side of the checker is now



uppermost and no further orders will be issued to the car it represents until the dispatcher receives a telephone call from a man in that car that the necessary police action has been taken. When this message is received the dispatcher again reverses the checker, placing the white side uppermost. If the dispatcher does not receive a telephone call within fifteen minutes after a car has been ordered to the scene of a crime or accident, another car is dispatched to the same scene so that its occupants may render assistance and telephone to the dispatcher.

When cars are temporarily out of service for radio repairs, an annular brass ring is placed around the brass checker, which is turned with its black side uppermost. This brass ring notifies the dispatcher that this particular car will not be able to receive any radio orders until it is reported "back in service and on patrol." As soon as this notification is received by the dispatcher he removes the brass ring from the checker and turns it so that its white side is uppermost.



*Chief Engineer Rochester examining one of the 2,500-watt air-cooled amplifier tubes. Transmitter and amplifier in the background.*

So that the occupants of all radio-equipped cars may know whether their radio receivers are in operating condition, the time will be broadcast on the hour and half hour. Failure to receive this time announcement will be construed by the patrol car crew as evidence that their receiver is out of service. The car crew will then call the dispatcher in

the main radio station at Headquarters and receive instructions.

A repair car operated by a radio repair man will be maintained in each borough so that it is probable the patrol car reporting faulty reception will be ordered to pull to the side of the road and to await the arrival of the repair car. This plan is expected to result in the making of repairs with a minimum loss of time to the patrol car crews.

While all broadcasting will be done in the main radio station at Headquarters, there will be two auxiliary stations. One of these is located at the 40th Precinct Station House, 257 Alexander Avenue, The Bronx, and the other at the 71st Precinct Station House, 421 Empire Boulevard, Brooklyn. The main station has a 1,000 watt capacity operating at 500 watts, while the auxiliary stations each have 400 watt capacity and operate at 400 watts.

The 1,000 watt unit at Headquarters is the newest type transmitter and is the first 1,000 watt unit designed to operate with air-cooled tubes and no motor generator sets to develop the high voltage plate current. The amplifier tubes which have a rated output of 2,500 watts are the largest air-cooled tubes in commercial use. Even messy storage batteries, which heretofore have been used in connection with the speech input equipment, have been eliminated and a rectifier of the dry type substituted.

The Headquarters station will be connected with each of the auxiliary stations by two direct telephone lines. One line will be used for speech and the other for operating the control relays at each of the stations to place them "on the air." The tubes at all stations will be kept burning and the "carrier wave" will be sent out by closing a switch which will control the high voltage plate current.

The auxiliary stations by this method will be ready for instantaneous operation instead of having to undergo the delay usually caused by waiting to heat up the tubes. While the operation will be in general from the main station, provision has been made to operate the auxiliary stations independently in the event of tubes burning out at the main station or the telephone lines going out of order. Besides the microphone at each station, an additional one has been installed in the Police Commissioner's office and in the office of the Chief Inspector, so that these officials may be in constant touch with the mobile units of the Department.

Let us return for a moment to patrol car No. 292, which we left speeding to the scene of a reported crime. The car is equipped with a receiver made according to Police Department specifications by the American Bosch Company of Springfield, Mass. The receiver is a seven-tube superheterodyne designed to operate on any frequency between 1,620 and 2,500 kilocycles (185 to 120 meters) by means of alignment condensers.

Once adjusted to the frequency of the station, no further tuning is necessary. The receiver uses 5-236, 1-237 and 1-238 tubes operating from the storage battery of the car; the "B" supply is provided by three 45-volt heavy duty radio "B" batteries mounted in a steel battery box, set in the floor of the sedan car or in the back compartment of runabouts.

The receiver is mounted in a metal housing and is arranged to hook onto a mounting plate, which is permanently grounded. In the runabout and coupe models the receiver is attached to a mounting plate within the rear compartment, while in the sedan model it is mounted under the instrument board. The loud speakers, which are of the magnetic type, are mounted on the ceiling of the sedan and coupe models and under the instrument board of the runabout models.



*Patrolman John Cregan at the radio control listening to a message coming over the air from Station WPEG.*

The control located on the steering column incorporates a switch volume control, sensitivity control, and two pilot lights. When it is operated the small switch is thrown and the green pilot light then shows. The sensitivity control is then turned until the red pilot light shows and then the volume control is adjusted. When near the station, the sensitivity control may be operated to eliminate objectional interference. As soon as the knob is turned from its most sensitive position, the red pilot light is extin-

guished. This is a warning to the operator that he is "off" the most sensitive setting for the receiver and that if he continues operating in this position he may miss an incoming signal when in a weak signal area.

The car operator therefore should reset the control causing the red pilot light to indicate maximum sensitivity as soon as the car passes the disturbing influence. The antenna consists of approximately 15 square feet of copper wire screen mounted in the roof of the sedan and coupe models and about 40 feet of insulated wire sewed in the top of the runabout models.

Before I end this article I want to say that each of the auxiliary stations will be manned on each tour by a radio operator who will act as announcer in the event of trouble in the main station. The auxiliary station operator will also maintain the equipment and keep the necessary records. All of the 18 station men and the 17 repair men will be required to have radio operator licenses, which nine of them have already obtained.

Now, in closing, permit me to speak very briefly of the usefulness of such a radio system. Perhaps I can sum it up best by saying that one of the cities which installed radio receivers in 43 police cars last May, had 625 arrests, of which 178 were for felonies, made by the crews of the 43 cars in June, the month after the radio communication service was established. The entire uniformed force of that city during the month of April, the month before the service was established, succeeded in making only 559 arrests, of which 41 were for felonies. So leaving my readers to ponder these figures, I will sign off with the hope that the New York Police Department's radio communication system may be proportionately successful.

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# A Page to Please the Big Boss

*Courtesy, intelligence and efficiency have been stressed above all other qualifications by Police Commissioner Mulrooney in his public and private talks since taking office. The Commissioner's attitude is that New York is the most generous of all municipalities and that her citizens rightly demand intelligent, efficient, courteous service.*

*It is therefore a pleasure for SPRING 3100 to print the following letters from citizens commending police officers who have shown the qualifications sought by the Commissioner. May the other members of the Department all follow these good examples.*

## AN EX-NEW YORKER SPEAKS

LOS ANGELES EVENING HERALD AND EXPRESS  
Los Angeles, Calif.

January 15th, 1932.

Mr. Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Chief of Police,  
240 Centre Street,  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Mulrooney:

The month of October I had occasion to spend in New York City. Being born a New Yorker, I am a Californian by inclination and choice. I sometimes feel that as we go through life, we are rather prone to overlook the good deeds of others and those deeds that are done for our safety and welfare.

While in New York City, I took particular pains to observe your wonderful police force. On one occasion, I was brought into close contact on account of a minor violation on Third Avenue. My friend, Herbert W. Moloney of the Paul Block organization, was driving in the car. This slight violation was really a lapse of memory. I do not happen to know the name of the policeman, but I must say that in all my travels through the country I have never had occasion to meet a more courteous and polite gentleman than this policeman.

May I take this occasion to compliment you and your wonderful police force. Only for the fact that I am an army officer myself, I might have confused your men for officers of the United States Marine Corps. At all times I found them most courteous, agreeable and what I consider perfect gentlemen. You, personally, I believe, are to be commended for the type of men and actions that represent the New York City police force.

I was particularly pleased with the matter and the manner of the handling of your traffic—it being a far better system than we experience in the city of Los Angeles. It is fast and speeds up vehicular traffic to a marked degree.

Perhaps this item would be interesting to you to know that my brother-in-law, William Lee Cunningham, for some twenty-five years was a Deputy Tax Commissioner of New York City.

I feel it my bound duty to send this letter to you to let you know that at least one ex-New Yorker is still pleased with the State of his birth. Should the writer, or the Los Angeles Herald and Express, which I represent, be able at any time to be of service or

benefit to you, we certainly will do our part in any manner agreeable to you.

With very kind personal regards, I am

Yours very truly,  
(Sgd.) PIERRE C. BAYNE,  
National Advertising Manager.

## A BEACON OF LIGHT

Jan. 9, 1932.

Hon. Commissioner Mulrooney,  
Police Department,  
City of New York.

Hon. Commissioner:

I thought it would please you to be informed of a humane and very charitable act of mercy by a member of your Department.

While I was getting my week's supply of groceries at Roulston's store, 74th Street and 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, on Saturday, a man came in and bought a quantity of food and left.

The clerk told me he was a policeman and that he was paying for the package out of his own pocket and taking it to a very destitute family in our neighborhood. I was so touched by this act I inquired who he was and found out his name to be:

Patrolman McNamara,  
86th Street and 5th Avenue Station House,  
Brooklyn.

I immediately secured this family's name and called on them. I found six little starving children, nine months to nine years, eating what Patrolman McNamara had just brought them, and this poor worried mother told me that was all they had had for twenty-four hours.

I immediately saw that they had a good dinner for Sunday, but I want you to know that there was a fine unselfish heart in this officer to keep this destitute veteran and his hungry little children.

Please withhold my name, but this family's name is on record, I understand, at the 86th Street Police Station.

May Patrolman McNamara's little act be a beacon of light to this worried mother and sick veteran husband. God bless him for his kindness and love for little children.

Respectfully yours,

(Editor's Note: The writer's name is withheld in accordance with her request.)

# Pull Over to the Curb



Photo courtesy Times Wide World Photos.

*Scene at opening of the new Traffic and Street Safety School of the Police Department. Standing, left to right: Deputy Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt; Dr. William E. Grady, Associate Superintendent, Department of Education and member of the Advisory Board of the Police Academy; Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell; Deputy Chief Inspector William E. Coleman.*

**T**HE new Traffic and Street Safety School of the Police Department, which offers a series of courses on street safety and problems of traffic regulation for traffic managers, safety directors, superintendents and supervisors of fleets of vehicles operating in New York City, was opened by the Police Commissioner at the Police Academy on the morning of February 1st. The courses will be attended by approximately 200 representatives of 150 firms.

The primary purpose of the courses, as announced by the Commissioner, "is to reduce to a minimum accidents on the highways due to careless operation of motor vehicles and to other causes in which motor vehicles are concerned." The courses are under the general supervision of Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell, Dean of the Police Academy, and the topics will be presented by selected experts of the Police Department.

The Police Commissioner in his opening address on the topic, "Safety Work," said:

"Regulation of traffic in New York City is a very complicated problem. It is getting more so. There is no way of speeding up traffic except by educating the drivers themselves in such a manner as to keep them and pedestrians safe.

"You know what the Department has been doing for years to improve conditions, and the time and money spent in trying to obtain obedience to traffic regulations. While the effort has been partly successful and the 1931 record was the best in many years, especially in the protection of children, we feel that this is not enough."

Commissioner Mulrooney was applauded, as were the other opening speakers, First Deputy Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt and Chief Inspector John O'Brien. Deputy Commissioner Hoyt outlined the history of the Traffic Division since its organization in 1906 and said:

"In those days the automobile was not a problem, but the horse-drawn vehicles got into jams, particularly at intersections.

"It was the custom for the drivers to get out, take off their coats and settle the question of right of way themselves. At first, the traffic officer had no legal authority to direct traffic and the driver might disobey his signal. Until laws were passed correcting this detail, the officers arrested drivers and took them to court, where the driver was discharged and the officer reprimanded."

Deputy Commissioner Hoyt further stated that New York's accident rate was the lowest among the five largest cities and was lower than the general average for the whole country.

Chief Inspector O'Brien, who discussed "cooperation in accident repression," deplored argument among drivers, pedestrians and police. He said:

"Even if the policeman or pedestrian is wrong, these arguments are bad. The driver should be willing to give way a little because sometimes the policeman is a bit ruffled from a previous accident.

"It hurts me to see the driver of a truck traveling 30 or 35 miles an hour jam down hard on the brakes at an intersection. You hear the mechanism of that machine cringe. It is like pulling up a horse sharply enough to hurt the animal."



Each representative received a copy of "Traffic Regulations," a book of rules for making left turns, and the traffic report for 1931, with analysis of causes of accidents.

The courses, which include four weekly lecture periods, will be continued through March.

As further evidence of the great interest in traffic regulation in the city, SPRING 3100 reprints a letter from Mayor Walker to the Police Commissioner which appeared in the January issue of the Police Department publication, "Street Accidents."

The Mayor's letter follows:

CITY OF NEW YORK  
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

January 29, 1932.

Hon. Edward P. Mulrooney,  
Police Commissioner,  
City of New York.

Dear Commissioner Mulrooney:

A perusal of reports of the Police Department, indicating the great reduction in the number of street accidents in this city during the year 1931, prompts me to offer my hearty congratulations to you and the men under you, as well as to all other agencies that cooperate in the safety activities promoted principally under your leadership.

The men in the Police Department and other city agencies are unremittingly engaged in promoting measures to make our streets safer. Traffic signals have been installed by the thousands and at great expense to the taxpayers of this community. Our people should know that the purpose of the installation of traffic signals was not merely to indicate when automobile traffic should stop and when it should start. The signals were installed primarily for the protection of the pedestrian and the expenditure will be nothing but a loss unless we have the cooperation of pedestrians themselves.

These are unhappy times. Economic depression can be made even worse if injury reduces the number of employed and increases the expense of the household. I make special appeal to all pedestrians to realize the obligation they owe their families and society, by maintaining greater care in the protection of themselves than we have known heretofore. I make special appeal to all those who invite serious injury, if not death itself, by crossing busy thoroughfares in the middle of the block. We want to protect them. We will not let time nor money interfere with our efforts, but we feel that we have a right at least to ask them to help us save themselves from destruction.

With the cooperation of the public and parochial school authorities, monthly analyses of the accident situation have been supplied to the schools as a basis for instructing the younger generation in careful habits to avoid injury. The value of these educational methods is reflected in the constant decrease in child street fatalities for the past ten years.

As you have pointed out repeatedly, however, despite these encouraging and constantly improving conditions, the toll from street accidents could be further decreased if every citizen, young and old, driver and pedestrian, would accept his share of responsibility, instead of going carelessly about regardless of the rights of all the users of the streets.

As Mayor of the City of New York, I believe that if all the citizens were to know and appreciate the efforts being put forth by the Police Department to prevent accidents, a much larger measure of cooperation both by drivers and walkers would result. May I suggest that this communication to you be made public through the medium of "Street Accidents," your safety magazine, in the hope that this may lead to a still better record for the year 1932.

Yours very truly,

JAMES J. WALKER,  
*Mayor.*

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## OUR NEW PROPERTY CLERK

Thomas O'Connell, of 555 Broome Street, Manhattan, was appointed on February 1st to succeed the late Thomas Horgan as Property Clerk of the New York Police Department.

Mr. O'Connell for the past 30 years has served as Chief Clerk of the First District Municipal Court and

is therefore well experienced in the administration of Father Knickerbocker's affairs.

SPRING 3100 takes this opportunity to extend to our new Property Clerk hearty congratulations and every good wish for a long and successful tenure of this important office.

# Facing Death

By PATROLMAN RUSSELL A. SHOPLAND, *Emergency Squad 9*

First Prize Short Story Contest

*Ret car*



**J**IM shut the signal box, closed his memo book, mounted and was off about his business.

As the tour rolled on, Alarm 592, Code Signal 8, became his most predominating thought. "What a job!" Fifty thousand dollars in jewels, and a policeman shot. Could that be the couple that had gotten off the 1:10? Would he make a fool of himself if he followed up his hunch? A great job if you are right, and if you are wrong you stand alone. Hadn't it worked that way for him before?

The more he thought of the matter, the more restless he became, until finally he could stand the strain no longer. It was his duty and he would investigate.

The investigation took Jim Hayden, mounted patrolman of the old 79th Precinct, three miles off post, and it was 7:50 A. M. when he rode up to the Lawrence Hotel, located on the city line of East Bronx. Dismounting, he secured Saranac, who was by this time very restless and anxious to be on his way to their relieving point. Hayden entered the hotel lobby to find the night clerk just being relieved.



"Good morning, Officer; can I be of any service?"

"Probably. I'm looking for a man and woman Pete the hackman brought up here from the 1:10 train."

"Oh, yes. A Mr. and Mrs. Peru from Boston. Said they'd be leaving for Albany today. They are up in 38 on the third floor, to the right of the stairs. Anything wrong?"

"We'll find that out later. Tell me, are they still asleep?"

"Why, no, Officer. Mrs. Peru went out. I saw her go about a half hour ago, and as far as I know, Peru hasn't left his room as yet. I'm sure you will find him up there."

"Thanks for the info. I'll just go up and see, and in the meantime you call up the house and request my relief to meet me here pronto. And by the way, if the woman comes in don't stop her. Let her come up."

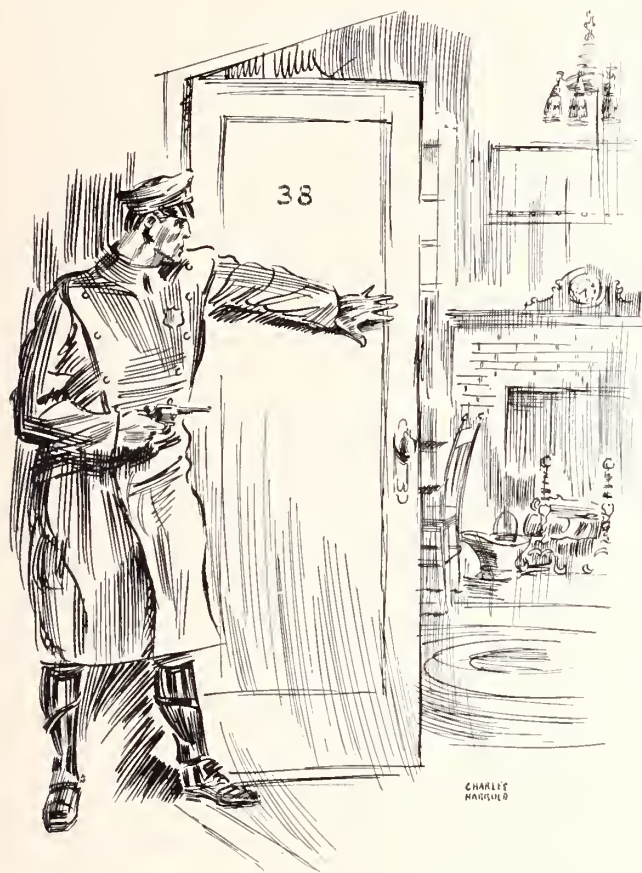
Jim climbed the stairs and for a moment wished he had brought another cop with him, but then he thought of how many times he had carried out arrests single-handed. There would be no difficulty and any way the relief would be right over within ten minutes tops. Why hadn't he stopped that couple last night? Had they slipped through his hands? Were they the right party? Would this man know his rights according to law? Would he meet success and be rewarded with that long-coveted Detective Bureau?

At last he arrived on the third floor. Turning to the right there was Number 38 just a few paces away. Revolver in hand, Jim stood to the side to avoid any mishap and then knocked. No answer. In a moment he knocked again. Then, after waiting a few seconds he turned the knob. The door was unlocked. Jim pushed it open and looked in, and as far as he could see, the place was deserted.

Jim stepped into the room and softly closed the door. Standing in its center he looked around. Opposite him was the fireplace with a gas log turned low. On the left wall there was a window leading to a fire escape. This window was closed and locked.



Against this wall stood a small table with a chair at each end. Against the right wall stood a double bed. Two armchairs were drawn up to the fireplace, some old clothes lay in the corner, but the center of the room was clear of everything.



Jim could see everything in the room with one exception, at the side of the fireplace was a closed cupboard. "Possibly this might contain the evidence," thought Jim, placing his gun back in the holster. He stepped across the room, opened the cupboard, and to his surprise there lay the brown valise. In a few seconds Jim had it open and a tray of dazzling jewels petrified his gaze. The evidence! Now it seemed success was within his grasp. Then the feel of presence, rather than actual sound, caused him to suddenly turn around. A man had entered and was watching him from across the room. A man with reddish complexion, about 25—5' 6"—140 lbs. Alarm 592, Code Signal 8!

For a moment neither moved. Jim felt his brain reel. He was thoroughly convinced that this was the man the entire force was seeking to avenge a comrade's death, and as these thoughts flashed through his mind, he remained speechless, his eyes fixed on the other's face. Then a slight movement of the man's right arm attracted his attention and Jim glanced downward. Peru had taken an automatic from his coat pocket and was holding it steadily pointed at Jim's heart.

"I don't think you've got me yet, Officer, but evidently I've got you," Peru said quietly. "Put up your hands."

As Jim slowly obeyed, he saw that he was facing death. The man's features were set in an expression

of determination. There was murder in his eyes. The man went on speaking in quiet, grim tones.

"I may not escape this time, but I am going to have a try at it. You will never take me alive. I suppose you have men posted below."

"Stranger, there are men coming up those stairs now." Jim lied.

"That so?" said Peru. "They're not hurrying. I shall have plenty of time to do what I'm going to do before they get here. Officer, pray. I'm going to shoot. The upper part of this joint is deserted; there's only a couple of old women on the floor below; the rest of the guys living here have gone to work. I'll kill you, go to the roof and escape by the back fire escape, jewels and all. Pray, I give you one minute."

Jim instantly began to act a part. First he would have to show fear. He would not have to act this part. If he let go of himself he would be paralyzed with terror.

"Don't be a fool," said Jim in a trembling voice. "I know when I'm beaten. My life is of more value to me than success in arresting you. You want your liberty and I want my life and I think I know a way in which we can each get what we want." If his relief would only open that door. "God have mercy on me," said Jim under his breath.

At this point Jim gazed around the room, knowing the other was watching his gaze and he stayed it upon the door. After a few seconds he allowed a look of relief and satisfaction to come upon his face, followed by a slight triumphant smile on his lips. If the acting would only work. It was his only chance.

Peru followed the direction of his glance and at Jim's smile, for a tenth of a second, he glanced behind toward the door, and at that moment, Jim, braced and ready, sprang like a tiger, dropping his head while his left fist struck Peru's right hand upward.

Instantly Peru fired and a hot iron seemed to sear the top of Jim's head, but Jim was not disabled. Seizing Peru's right wrist with his left hand, he made a hard drive at Peru's chin with his right fist. Peru ducked and Jim missed. Then both men began a struggle for life. Peru's efforts were to turn the gun inward, and this Jim tried to prevent. Locked together, they swayed backward and forward. Jim tripped. His spurs had fouled in a rug crumpled by the shuffling feet and both men crashed to the floor. Jim was underneath and he had to redouble his efforts. He was handicapped by the blood from his wound which ran down and blinded one of his eyes. Fortunately Jim was the stronger man and in spite of his handicap his strength and weight began to tell. Gradually he forced Peru's arm around, which caused the criminal to roll over, putting Jim on top. The rest was easy. Puffing and gasping for breath, Jim delivered a right across to the chin and the fight was over.

Yes, gentle reader, the case was closed, the jewels recovered, the man convicted and sent up the river, the woman arrested in Philadelphia six months later, departmental recognition for Jim and a berth in the Detective Bureau, where he served for many years until his recent retirement. But quoting his own words in regard to the case:

"I only did what our 18,000 other cops would gladly do if they had the opportunity. There was no cause for citation. It's all in a day's work."

# Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



First in War—First in Peace—First in the Hearts  
of His Countrymen.

WE quote this immortal tribute to the Father of Our Country, not merely to prove how well up we were in our history lessons at school, but rather in a spirit of homage to George on this, the bicentennial of his birth.

There never will be a greater American, and, as Col. John J. Noonan of the Recruits' Training School aptly puts it—*there never will be another man with so many bridges, streets, schools and monuments dedicated to his memory.*

We also pay tribute this month to the Great Emancipator, another beloved American, whose famous axiom, "*You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time,*" will live in history forever.

Personally, we're not so keen for it. It sounds too much like a grouchy sergeant addressing the boys in the back room just prior to turning them out.

Then we have with us also this month that most lovable of mischief makers, old St. Valentine himself, the fellow who causes your heart to flitter and your brain to flutter—upon the slightest feminine provocation.

We are referring, of course, to all you young squirts running around foot loose and unmanacled. For you it is indeed a season fraught with peril.

Remember that this is the month picked out by the good Pope Gregory a few centuries ago to give to the fluttering femmes an extra day in which to grab for themselves an idol for their dreams. *Hoping fervently that said idol will not pull a Frankenstein and turn out to be a nightmare.*

Of course, there is always the lad with the warm blood of the adventurer flowing through his veins, and he was never before in so advantageous a spot.

And if he feels that his mission on earth is to make some fair damsel his personal cashier for life—that's his funeral, and not ours.

Please do not think we are trying to discourage you young blades, or that we are not deeply appreciative of the joys and the advantages attending the connubial state.

It is an established fact that every man is called upon some time in life to lay his head on the Altar of Chance.

Washington took a chance when he crossed the Delaware that bleak, wintry night.

Lincoln took a chance when he issued his famous Proclamation of Emancipation.

And you, too, are taking a chance when you parade dizzily down the aisle and renounce meekly all rights to the pay check forever more.

And if you think crossing the Delaware was tough, just wait until you become married and try crossing the wife.

Chances are you'll listen to a proclamation that will make Lincoln's sound like a chorus from the hymn book.

Anyway, and for the benefit of those dauntless lads who may have already become enmeshed this month, we quote that cheeriest of proverbs:

*"Never cry over spilt milk—go get yourself another cow and forget it."*

ALWAYS we avoid sensationalism where reasonably possible. And if the narrative we now unfold makes you sit up and gasp, it's simply because the facts so warrant.

Briefly it has to do with the meteoric rise to af-



fluence of one of our best known detectives—Bill Quaine, of the 23d Squad in East 104th Street.

*Bill is not only one of the Department's handsomest and most eligible bachelors, but holds also the unique record of having served as a detective in East 104th Street for more than 20 years, during eight of which, from 1918 to 1926, he commanded the squad.*

His present partner is Detective Jerry Smith, able, efficient, and an exceptionally good crooner. To Jerry we give full credit and thanks for this remarkable story.

They were assigned about a month ago to investigate a burglary in one of Park Avenue's ultra-fashionable apartment houses—one of those twenty-four-room duplex affairs with more servants scattered around than China has generals. They were greeted upon their arrival by a very comely dowager, not of recent vintage, Jerry relates, but rather a product of the Mauve decade.

Almost instantly she went for Bill, in a palpitating way, and the bewildered Jerry claims that within 15 minutes after they had introduced themselves he could not positively swear he had come to investigate a burglary or merely to act as best man.

Bill has since procured a brand new tuxedo, Jerry states, and visits there regularly on his nights off. He has even started to grow sideboards, and is taking up the tango in a serious way.

And he is not infrequently seen these days parked majestically in the sumptuous recesses of a Rolls-Royce with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel.



So don't be startled if you read in the headlines soon that a truly great detective has renounced his career in the Department for a fling into society.

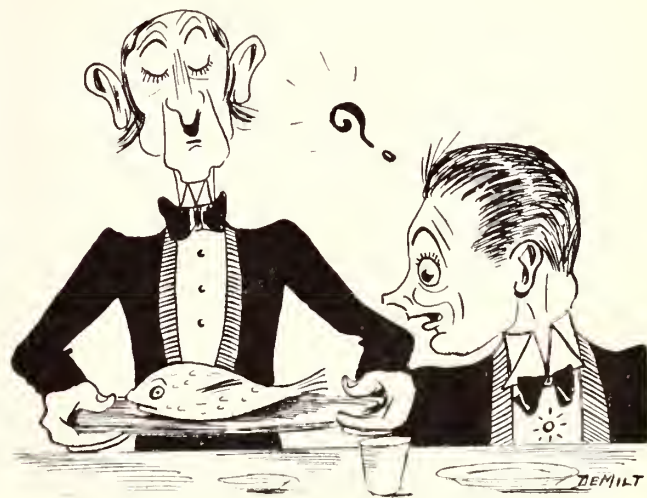
*Love, the Mover of Mountains, has perpetrated even greater stunts than that.*

**T**HERE really should be a stop to this business of pulling fast ones on guileless young fellows like Captain Jim Sheehy, of Traffic Precinct D, an Irishman by birth, a gentleman by nature, and a Democrat by choice.

The story concerns a dinner given last month by the Shomrim Society of the Police Department, a detailed account of which is to be found on page 22.

Patrolman Henry Oppenheim, a member of the Shomrim, prevailed upon Captain Sheehy to attend, explaining that it was going to be one of those old-fashioned ham and cabbage affairs with no time limits involved—and positively no holds barred.

*And when you mention HAM AND CABBAGE to Captain James J. Sheehy, of Traffic Precinct D, you are speaking his favorite language perfectly.*



They greeted Jim right royally upon his arrival at the dinner that night and everything went along serenely until they sat him down and a waiter decorated his plate with a couple of knishes and a herring.

Indulgently Jim brushed aside this most appetizing of delicacies and called loudly upon the waiter to forthwith and without unnecessary delay produce the ham and cabbage.

*Whereupon the said waiter and several other loyal sons of Abraham seated at the table fainted gloriously.*

Next he called for *butter*, and but for the frenzied exhortations of Patrolman Benny Nachmann, president of the Society, Jim might not now be here to tell the tale.

Soon Jim realized he had been betrayed—verily, into the hands of the Philistines.

With noble fortitude, however, he determined to stick. It was his first experience in the realms of Kosher Kooking—and he went to it as only a good son of Erin can.

And believe it or not—he became so intrigued that the waiters were howlegged at the finish just from bringing him extra portions.

And while Jim today is an ardent convert to the culinary artistry of Abraham's children, he still maintains that when a fellow is all set for a ham and cabbage free-for-all—**THAT'S A HELUVA TIME TO PRESENT HIM WITH A HERRING.**

**H**ERE'S a photo that was taken a mere 39 years ago—in 1893, to be exact, and shows a handsome young fellow just entering upon his career in the Department, and proud as any youngster could be of posing militantly in his first uniform.



He was assigned to the West 30th Street precinct, which was commanded at that time by Captain Max F. Schmittberger who later held the rank of Chief Inspector. Inspector Tom McAvoy was in charge of the district, and the boss of the whole "shebang" was Superintendent Tom Byrnes, who later became the first Chief of the Department upon the creation of that rank by an act of legislature.

Today, every bit as handsome and youthful looking, this young fellow commands one of the west side precincts

in Manhattan. He really has changed very little in appearance excepting that the old soup strainer has long since been relegated to the wet wash—or wherever it is they relegate those things when their usefulness becomes questionable.

Recognize him, you old-timers? Of course you do. It's Captain Paddy Shea of the 34th Precinct, as sprightly and classy a lad as ever sported the twin bars.

We dropped in on Paddy the other day on behalf of a fellow badly in need of employment, and his sympathetic response to our appeal touched us deeply.

There is nothing *Arabesque* about Paddy, either, as is amply evidenced by the fact that for the past 47 years has lived with his family in a house at 5675 Mosholu Avenue, right around the corner from where he was born.

He'll talk for hours about his five children, of whom he is naturally proud. If we remember rightly, one is an attorney; another a law student at Fordham; another holds a responsible job in Wall Street; another is a salesman for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and the fifth is a school teacher.

So long, Cap, until we nail you with another contract sometime. And it's a pleasure to know that your aid can always be enlisted simply by busting into your office and slipping you the story.

**T**HERE are so many stories going around about "hard-boiled cops," writes Detective Johnny Werle, of the 16th Detective District, "that you might be interested in a case involving a lot of hard-boiled cops in the 114th Precinct recently.

"A family in Astoria—husband, wife, and three small children—had been on the precinct relief list

for some months. The man was unemployed and ill. They were in desperate straits.

"He died last week and his wife and kiddies were left to face the future alone. Aside from the fact that their insurance payments had long since lapsed, and there was no money available, even for food, certainly there was none with which to pay for a funeral. He was doomed to a pauper's grave.

"Then word to this effect seeped into the 114th Precinct somehow, and immediately those hard-boiled cops out there went into action.

"One hundred and twenty-two dollars was raised right there in the station house, a grave in St. Michael's cemetery acquired, an undertaker engaged and a sad (but reconciled) cortege later passed through the cemetery gates.

"It's just another of those cases about hard-boiled cops," concludes Johnny, "that you seldom ever read about."



**A**T exactly 6:30 P. M., January 29, 1932, the personnel of the Air Service Division was increased by order of Flight Commander John J. Stork, in person.

He paid a hurried visit to the home of Acting Captain Arthur Wallander, where he deposited a nifty eight-and-one-half-pound pilot with instructions for the youngster forthwith to visit our airport and be measured for his uniform.

Needless to relate, both papa and mamma are delighted with this gorgeous addition to the house of Wallander, and rumors have it that Arthur has already gone in training for the nightly marathons incidental to and necessary in the entertainment of so distinguished a visitor.

Already Arthur has predicted that his new charge will become unquestionably the greatest pilot this or any other world has ever known.

*Certainly the new man will not lack for proper tuition in the high art of cloud skimming.*





Photo courtesy Acme.

Scene in St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, 66th Street and Lexington Avenue, where more than 1,000 members of the Department, including Police Commissioner Mulrooney, Chief Inspector O'Brien and other officials attended the annual mass of requiem on February 12th under the auspices of the Police Department Holy Name Society, representing precincts in Manhattan, The Bronx and Richmond, in memory of members of the Department who have died in the past year.

The Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, Departmental Chaplain and spiritual director of the Society, was the celebrant of the mass, assisted by the Rev. John F. White, deacon, and the Rev. L. W. Yarwood, sub-deacon, both of the St. Agnes Roman Catholic Church.

The Very Rev. John H. Healy, of St. Vincent Ferrer's, spoke highly of our policemen in a stirring address, in which he declared no group in the city is so misunderstood. He also deplored the publication of what he termed unfair attacks on members of the Department.

The point of assembly was at 79th Street and Park Avenue, from where the men marched to the church led by the Department band. The Police Glee Club, under Acting Lieutenant Patrick Fitzgibbons sang the mass.

## ANCHOR CLUB RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT

**M**ORE than 3,000 persons, including the Police Commissioner, several of the Deputy Commissioners, Chief Inspector O'Brien, and the Rev. Joseph McCaffrey, Chaplain, attended the entertainment and reception of the Anchor Club of America, Branch No. 1, of the Police Department, at the Hotel Astor on Friday evening, January 15th.

A vaudeville entertainment of unusual merit was furnished by a galaxy of stars of radio and the stage.

Branch No. 1 of the Anchor Club of America was organized in 1912 by 18 members of the Police Department. Today its membership totals 1,400.

Lieutenant John F. Baxter, 28th Precinct, who in

the spring of 1931 succeeded as president Detective Frank Gregory, upon the latter's retirement from the Department, outlined in a short address the aims and purposes of the organization.

The entire proceeds of this annual affair, Baxter explained, are donated each year to the widows and children of deceased members of the organization. Every child under the age of 18 receives at Christmas time a check for \$20.

Notable in the gathering was a delegation of 260 members of the Bridgeport Branch of the Anchor Club, headed by the Mayor and other high officials of that city.



# P. B. A. Ball Aids Needy



**T**HE eighteenth annual entertainment, reception and ball of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, which was held at Madison Square Garden on the night of January 30th, was attended by more than 20,000 members of the association, their relatives and friends. Many thousands more listened to the proceedings as broadcast over station WOR.

Mayor Walker, who last year received in person a check for \$10,000 as the gift of the association to His Honor's Unemployment Relief Fund, was unable to attend this year because of illness. Therefore, Joseph P. Moran, President of the association, presented this year's check for \$10,000 to the Police Commissioner, who later turned it over to the Mayor's Committee for Unemployment.

Patrolman Moran in his speech stressed the fidelity and courage of the average New York policeman in the enforcement of law and the protection of life and property. The Police Commissioner in accepting the check praised the charitable activity of the Police Department.

Seated with the Police Commissioner were First Deputy Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt, Second Deputy Commissioner Felix A. Muldoon, Chief Inspector John O'Brien and Assistant Chief Inspector John J. Sullivan. United States Senator Royal S. Copeland telegraphed his regret that his senatorial duties kept him in Washington and thus prevented his attending the ball. There were large delegations of police from New Jersey cities and New York State and Connecticut present.

Selections by the New York Police Band under the direction of Captain Fritz Forsch and the Police Glee Club led by Acting Lieutenant Patrick Fitzgibbons featured the entertainment. Besides the police musicians, there was an all star vaudeville show under the management of Harry Shea.

The speeches of the Police Commissioner and of Joseph P. Moran follow.

Patrolman Moran said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association extends a sincere welcome to the vast assemblage gathered tonight in Madison Square Garden for its eighteenth annual entertainment and reception. With a membership of more than eighteen thousand in good standing and with the cordial good will of our fellow citizens so eloquently expressed by His Honor the Mayor, the Police Commissioner and hundreds of leaders in political, business, social and labor life, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association has every reason to feel proud of a reputation based upon the fidelity and courage of the average policeman in the enforcement of law and the protection of life and property in the world's centre of human activity.

"This fidelity and courage has been demonstrated signally again since our last greeting a year ago by the willing sacrifice on the altar of duty of no less than eighteen of our comrades who in January last pledged on that occasion, as we do now, loyalty to the city even unto death. To the eighteen whose names have gone upon the Honor Roll of enduring bronze at Police Headquarters we bow in reverent tribute. Their deeds will ever be an inspiration to all. In the increasing perils of police duty we are encouraged by the public utterance of His Honor the Mayor, who since he first stood upon a public platform has shown at all times a deep understanding of the difficulties that surround the average policeman and who as Chief Magistrate of our city has been our foremost friend and advocate.

"To our comrades in other cities whose affiliation with the State Police Conference has brought them in close contact with New York we send best wishes for the year 1932. To the hundreds of thousands of people listening by the side of the radio in this and other states we renew the greeting flashed through the air twelve months ago. We hope that in the address of the Police Commissioner they will obtain a better knowledge of, and thus more readily appreciate, the work of those who are sworn to uphold law and order at the risk of their own lives in every city, county, town and village in our beloved country.

The Police Commissioner said:

"President Moran, Ladies and Gentlemen: In the year that has passed since we last gathered on a similar occasion, the Police Department has been beset with many unusual and abnormal conditions, for never in our history has the municipality, and particularly that part of the municipal government that has to do with the police force, been faced so long with a commercial depression which has affected all walks of life and all business. The depression has resulted in unemployment, poverty and all the ills which follow. We have been beset with crimes which have been drawn by such conditions, and may I say that you have met this problem in a splendid manner, and when the history of the year's activities is written it will be shown, if measured by successful accomplishments, that it surpasses any year's work in police history.



"Besides all the splendid work you are asked to perform, you have gone further. You have been asked to help the committees and organizations in our city. You give and give, month after month, none refusing. You contribute to the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment. You have contributed to the Hearst Christmas Fund, to the Red Cross, to the Salvation Army, to our own outings for mothers and children, and you have also contributed several thousand dollars to defray the expenses of the United States Olympic teams. You have exhibited the greatest of all virtues—charity. Eighteen of our comrades have been killed in the performance of duty in the last year. Thirty-nine have been ruthlessly shot down by criminals and some were so severely injured they may never be able to return to active duty. We point with pride and satisfaction to such a record.

"It may be of interest to you to know that during the course of the year the Department received hundreds and hundreds of letters criticising the Department or condemning the actions of some of its members, but the number of letters of commendation far exceed the number of letters of complaint. You are constantly being commended for your courtesy and charity, and I know that you will join with me in pledging every courtesy to the people of our city and to the great commander of our city, the Honorable James J. Walker.

"I have just talked to His Honor the Mayor and I regret being compelled to say to you that following the instructions of his physician he will not be permitted to leave his residence this evening, but the Mayor asked me to say to you how much he appreciates the very generous offer of the Patrolmen's

Benevolent Association in donating ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) to the Mayor's Committee for the needy and unemployed.

"Unless you are in close contact with conditions in New York today you would know but little what that contribution means. The depression has cut into the earning powers of most all people and organizations; none have suffered more than the charitable organizations. As a result they have been unable to meet the great demands made upon their treasuries. This has placed a tremendous burden upon the Mayor's Committee which, as you know, is entirely dependent on contributions from the civil service employees, amounting to \$300,000 a month. The committee has to take care of 30,000 families with food and fuel, and pay rent for thousands more and distribute such articles of clothing as may be sent to us for distribution. The gift that you have given tonight is greatly appreciated by His Honor the Mayor and his Committee, and, I am sure, by all of the people of the City New York.

"I want to thank you on behalf of the Mayor and on behalf of myself, personally, as a member of the Mayor's Committee.

"I wish to extend to you every good wish for a very pleasant evening."

Patrolman Moran then said:

"Mr. Commissioner, in the absence of His Honor the Mayor, I wish to present to you, the Police Commissioner of this city, for the second time, a contribution of ten thousand dollars from the receipts of the affair tonight, for the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment."

## POLICE NIGHT FOR OLD BROOKLYNITES

**M**ISS HENRIETTA ADDITON, Sixth Deputy Commissioner, in charge of the Crime Prevention Bureau of the Police Department, was the guest speaker at a meeting of the Society of Old Brooklynites, held on Thursday evening, February 4th, in the Surrogates' Court, Hall of Records Building, Brooklyn. The evening was known as "Police Night" and the Police Double Quartette, which was present through the courtesy of the Police Commissioner, sang several selections.

The audience, which numbered more than 100, listened attentively as Commissioner Additon told of the Police Department's crime prevention work. The speaker stressed the importance of community protection for juveniles, and said:

"The youngsters in the crowded poverty stricken areas of our city need protection by civic interests when they cannot obtain the necessary home care.

"Our records have shown certain centers in New York where we can predict every year a crop of gangsters, dangerous to the community at large. They come from the broken homes, where they have grown up without any security and without the attention and the affection they need.

"The task of our nine units, comprising 200 officers, is to help these children and to help the city through aiding its boys and girls."

## AMERICAN LEGION ENTERTAINMENT

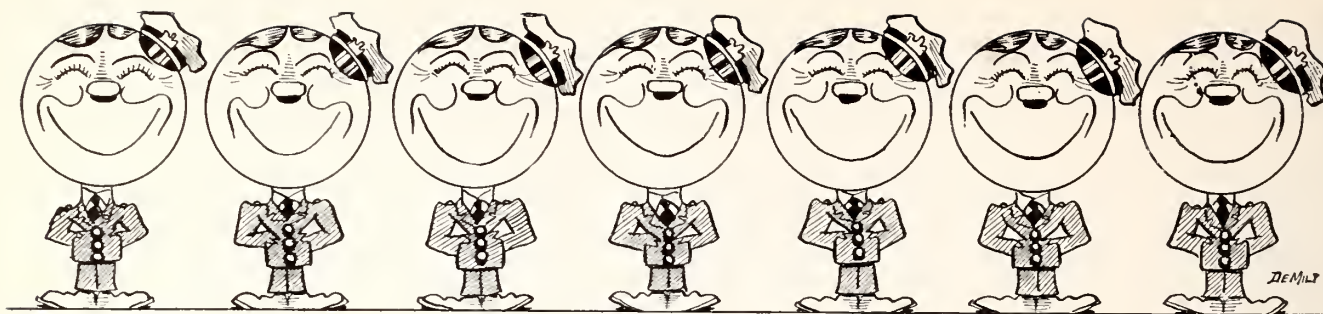
**T**HE New York City Police Post No. 460 of the American Legion held its thirteenth annual entertainment and dance on Tuesday evening, January 19th, at the Hotel Astor.

Beginning at 8:30 P. M. the New York Police Band entertained, after which "The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung. A splendid entertainment was furnished by R. K. O. artists.

The post was honored by the presence of three distinguished Legionnaires, Judge Horace Hale of St. Lawrence County, Past State Commander Albert S. Callan of Chatham, and State Treasurer Harold De Wald of Philmont, who, by their efforts in the legislature, aided in obtaining the passage of the \$3,000 pay rise bill. As an expression of gratitude, the post presented each of them with a beautiful Legion ring.

The post Chaplain, Father Joseph McCaffrey, spoke of the commendable work done by these men. The post Commander, Matt Skea, expressed the thanks of the members of the post to the Police Commissioner and the Chief Inspector for granting time off to attend, thus contributing greatly to the success of the evening.

The dancing was so popular that Commander Skea arranged to have it continued from three to four o'clock.



# The Prize Winners

## KOP KOMIKS

### PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.  
 Patrolman Anton Svoboda, 23rd Precinct.  
 Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."  
 Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

### THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for our monthly limerick.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

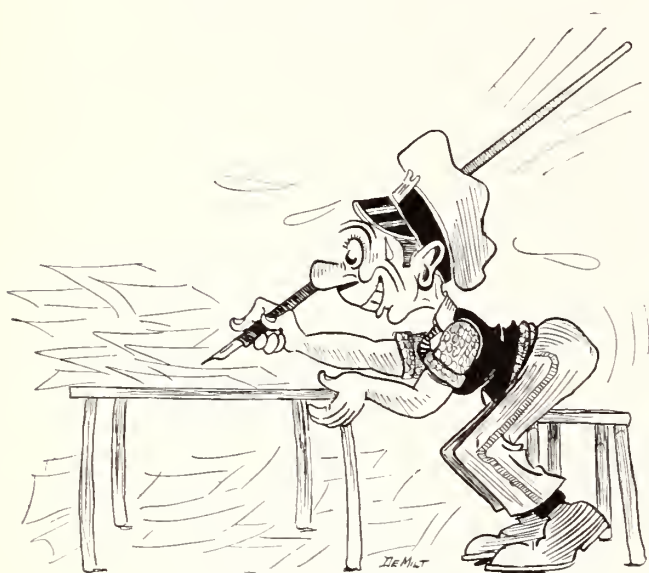
The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than March 8th.

### THIS MONTH'S LIMERICK

"McSweeney is now an Inspector,  
 In charge of a very large sector;  
 He makes a swell boss,  
 But we're still at a loss,  
 ....."

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.



*If at first you don't succeed—*

### SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Russell A. Shopland,  
 Emergency Squad 9

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman William G. Gossman,  
 Air Service Division

### LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Thomas Ryan,  
 42d Precinct

A Deputy Inspector by rank,  
 And who has McSweeney to thank;  
 The Old Penal Code,  
 And the straight narrow road,  
 "Composed his victorious plank."

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Albert Kinstrey,  
 Troop D, Mtd. Squadron 1

*"Brought his latest success with a yank."*

3rd Prize, \$5—Patrolman John G. Chambers,  
 Emergency Squad 7

*"'Twas knowledge, not liquor, he drank."*



## PRIZES FOR SPRING 3100 WINNERS

**A** CAPTAIN, a lieutenant, two sergeants and 17 patrolmen were present in the Board Room at Headquarters on the morning of February 8th, when the Police Commissioner distributed the prizes to the winners during the last three months of the various prize contests conducted by SPRING 3100. The prize winners were presented to the Commissioner by Arthur N. Chamberlin, Managing Editor of SPRING 3100.

The Police Commissioner in a brief speech congratulated the prize winners and complimented them on the quality of their work. The Commissioner also spoke of his pride in SPRING 3100 and the usefulness of the magazine as a departmental organ. The list of those who received prizes follows:

NOVEMBER, 1931

### Short Story Contest

1st Prize, \$15—Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr., 18th Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Lt. James McElroy, Police Academy

### Limerick Contest

1st Prize, \$15—Ptl. Louis A. Frank, 43d Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Ptl. Thomas L. Keenan, 15th Division

3d Prize, \$5—Sgt. William M. Carroll, Mounted Squadron 1

### Kop Komiks—Prize, \$2

Ptl. Bill Boos, 75th Precinct

Ptl. T. Brennan, 92d Precinct

Ptl. Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F"

Ptl. Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop

DECEMBER, 1931

### Short Story Contest

1st Prize, \$15—Ptl. Florance J. Sullivan, 43d Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Ptl. James A. Sparrow, Emergency Squad 8

### Limerick Contest

1st Prize, \$15—Ptl. Frank J. Pipolo, Emergency Squad 7

2d Prize, \$10—Capt. Michael Flattery, 50th Precinct

3d Prize, \$5—Ptl. Bernard N. Covell, 120th Precinct

### Kop Komiks—Prize, \$2

Ptl. Bill Boos, 75th Precinct

Ptl. J. J. Lynch, 20th Precinct

Ptl. Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F"

Ptl. Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop

JANUARY, 1932

### Short Story Contest

1st Prize, \$15—Ptl. George W. Lilienthal, 1st Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Ptl. Joseph G. Reardon, B. H. Squad, Brooklyn

### Limerick Contest

1st Prize, \$15—Sgt. James P. Dermody, 47th Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Ptl. Maurice F. Savage, Emergency Squad 5

3d Prize, \$5—Ptl. Frank J. Pipolo, Emergency Squad 7

### Kop Komiks—Prize, \$2

Ptl. Dennis Sullivan, 74th Precinct

Ptl. Anton Svoboda, 23d Precinct

Ptl. Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F"

Ptl. Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop



# The Second Gun

By PATROLMAN WILLIAM C. GOSSMAN, Air Service Division

*Second Prize, Short Story Contest*



*"Hello, Joe," said Frank*

THE rain beat against the windows with uncontrolled fury as if seeking to penetrate the coziness of the living room, while the thunder shrieked its defiance. "Gee," thought Frank Breton, of the Fifth Detective Squad, as he sat before the fireplace in the living room of his home, puffing lazily away at his pipe, "I'm glad this is my night off." He glanced at the clock above the fireplace and saw it was midnight. "I guess I'll turn in," he murmured.

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by the clamorous ringing of the telephone. He picked up the receiver and was greeted at the other end by Mary Burns, a charming and beautiful girl with whom Frank was keeping company. "How's my girl friend?" asked Frank. "What's that? Your brother Joe is in trouble. Arrested? What for? Killing a man. Well, I'll be—sure, I'll do what I can for him. Yep, I'll go right down and see him. I'll call you in the morning. Good-bye."

A short time later Frank arrived at the jail and was ushered into the cell occupied by Joe Burns. Orphaned at the age of ten, Joe Burns hadn't helped his sister Mary in her efforts to make a man of him. Taking to staying out late nights at an early age, it was only natural that, in the course of time he would begin to frequent places where thieves and



others of their ilk were wont to gather. Natural also, that he'd adopt a philosophy common to most criminals; that the world owed him a living, and, as Joe would often say when talking with Mary, with so much easy money lying around, he'd be a sap if he didn't get some. Now at the age of twenty he was going to pay the price for that easy money.

"Hello, Joe," said Frank.

"Aw chase yourself, I've told you cops all I'm gonna," answered Joe. "I guess you wanta know where the gat is, too, huh?"

"Listen, you fool, I'm trying to help you for Mary's sake, not yours," snapped Frank.

At the mention of Mary's name the look of defiance passed from Joe's face. "You help me," answered Joe, "say, that hands me a laugh."

"How did it happen?" inquired Frank.

"Well," began Joe, "I'm down at the poolroom and in walks Lefty Collins, he's one of Marko's mob, and says the chief wants to see me. So I goes up, and when I go in the room he's standing behind the table and I could see he's sore about something. I says, 'You want me, chief?'"

"Yes, I want you," says he.

"We starts to argue," continued Joe, "and before I know anything he goes for a gat in his pocket. The sap's got one lying on the table all the time, so I grabs it and gives it to him. Marko grabs his chest and falls; I get excited and takes a run-out powder and ditches the gat, as I goes outa the house. I walks around a while," went on Joe, "and it starts to rain, so I goes back to the poolroom. Things is quiet and I figures I'm in the clear, when in walks the bulls. They asks me where I was a couple of hours ago. I loses me nut and starts to stutter. They takes me to the coop and you know the rest. Where was he shot? I didn't look when he falls. I took it on the lam. I'll be all right? You're crazy, I can smell myself frying."

"Things look tough for the kid," mused Frank, as he was on his way uptown to the scene of the crime. Arriving there, he made a search of the surrounding



ground. At last his efforts were rewarded by finding the gun, which he put in his pocket as he made his way with a thoughtful look on his face upstairs to the late gang chief Marko's room.

"Hello, Lefty," said Breton as he walked into the poolroom at Second and Fourth Streets, a short time after leaving the late Marko's room. "I've a funny story to tell you, Lefty."

"Yeah," answered Lefty Collins, a member of Marko's gang, "let's have it, copper."

"It's about a wise guy who left his fingerprints lying around careless," said Frank. "Why, what's the matter, Lefty?" he continued. "I thought you were going to take a dive."

"No, I'm just sick," said the other.

"Well, as I was saying, Lefty, this fellow knocked a guy off," Frank went on, "and they sent him up to the big house to wait his turn. Yeah, Lefty, it's the waiting that gets you, and while you're waiting your mouthpiece is trying to save you. Gee, that hands me a laugh."

"Cut it out," growled Lefty.

"Why, I thought this would interest you, Lefty," said Frank innocently. "Well, anyway," continued the detective, "as I was saying, there's the last night. They're sure big-hearted, Lefty, they'll give you anything to eat with a hair-cut thrown in for good measure. Did I say a hair-cut? I'm sorry, I meant to say a shave. You see they have to be sure the old skull piece fits. Then you get your last exercise. Why, it's a regular march, with your pals saying good-bye for music."

"Then you get inside the room," barked Frank, "gee, it's hot in there with all the witnesses, most of whom are reporters. They'll tell the world and your pals how you passed out. What? You didn't know that, Lefty? Why, sure, that's your audience—to watch you burn, Lefty!"

"Not me burn," shrieked Lefty. "You asked for it, copper."

There was an explosion, two shots blending as one, and Lefty swayed with a surprised look on his face. "Gee, you're fast, copper," he gasped and fell.

"Yeah, copper, thanks. I feel better. You say I'm going to croak? Yeah, I give it to the dirty rat. I hears him framing me with another guy. Marko's got a pretty risky job to do, so he figures we'll use Joe Burns. He was going to have a gun on the table loaded with blank cartridges, then pick a fight with the kid."

"Marko was going for his gun in his pocket; the kid would naturally pick up the one on the table and give it to Marko. Marko was going to fall over and fake it. I was going to threaten to rat on the kid if he didn't do the job Marko wanted done."

"After I loads the gun with blanks and puts it on the table I goes down and tells the kid, 'The chief wants to see you.' Then I goes back and slips up the fire escape and waits. Pretty soon the kid comes in and they starts arguing and everything turns out as planned."

"That is, pretty nearly everything. When the kid grabs the gun off the table and lets Marko have it, I lets mine go, too, and mine wasn't loaded with blanks, see? The dopey kid runs right out without looking back."

"Say, copper, these lights are getting pretty dim. What's that I was saying? Yeah, that's right, that's how I did it, and with a choking rattle in his throat, Lefty Collins, gangster, fell back, dead."

Frank Breton was the center of attraction at the Burns' home that evening. "But how did you know Lefty did it?" asked Mary.

"I didn't know until I found the gun," replied the detective. "You see if Joe had kept the gun, instead of throwing it away, he would have found it was loaded with blanks," continued Frank, "and would have known he was framed. 'When I found the gun I did a lot of thinking,' went on Frank, "and after looking over the room and the footprints on the fire escape I figured I'd take a chance with Lefty."

After a while Frank and Mary were alone. "Mary," began Frank, "there's something I've been wanting to ask you."

"Yes," answered Mary as her heart skipped a beat.

"Well," said Frank, "you see, that is, er—well, I was wondering if you'd go to the detectives' ball with me."

"I'd go anywhere with you and forever," said Mary.



*Cop—"Patrolman Fitzdoolittle on Box 13."*

*Irate Lady—"Listen, who cares who you are at this hour of the night?"*

## SHOMRIM SOCIETY HOLD PUBLIC INSTALLATION DINNER



*Seated on the dais, left to right: Assistant District Attorney Charles N. Cohen; Patrolman Harry Schiff, retiring president; Chaplain William G. Ivie; Chaplain Isidore Frank; Hon. Edward R. Cohen, president Mt. Neboh Temple; Patrolman Benjamin Nachmann, president, Shomrim Society; Judge Algernon I. Nova, Kings County; Chaplain Joseph A. McCaffrey.*

**T**HE Eighth Annual Public Installation Dinner and Dance of the Shomrim Society was held on Monday evening, January 18th, at the Broadway Central Hotel, 673 Broadway, Manhattan. The setting, the atmosphere and the dinner itself left nothing to be desired.

The Shomrim Society, composed of members of the Department of the Jewish faith, was organized in November, 1924, and is one of the most active as well as fast-growing organizations in the Department. Originally having a membership of about 200, it now boasts over 600 members.

Its annual entertainment and ball is one of the social functions of the Department. Its annual boat ride and games are a source of great pleasure and joy to its members and their families.

Under the guidance of its Spiritual Director, Chaplain Isidore Frank, the society is making progress

in all its undertakings, and is the only active police organization owning its own burial grounds, for the interment of its members and their families.

The 1932 officers are: Benjamin Nachmann, president; William Wittenberg, first vice-president; Hyman Weinstein, second vice-president; Jacob Levit, recording secretary; Samuel Pierson, financial secretary; Emanuel Zwerling, treasurer; Albert Pollack, sergeant-at-arms; Albert Joseph, assistant sergeant-at-arms; Harry Schreiber, marshal.

The objects of the Shomrim Society are:

"To promote the religious spirit among members of the Police Department of the Jewish faith.

"To promote social intercourse, strengthen friendship, and promote each other's welfare among all members of the Police Department and co-operate in the general welfare work of the community."

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## BLUE SOCIAL CLUB OPENS MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

**T**HE Blue Social Club of Queens County, composed of members of the Police Department both active and retired, has started a membership drive. This organization has only been in existence since September, 1931. They started inconspicuously with a membership of but 35 and held their meetings in a small store. The founders, being real live wires, have had the satisfaction of seeing their organization mount from its humble beginning

to a membership now of 350. They occupy their own club house at 131-31 Merrick Road, a well appointed colonial mansion, spacious, comfortable, so-cial, and centrally located.

Sergeant Eugene Thibadeau, 4th Precinct, corresponding secretary of the organization, requests members of the Department desiring further particulars regarding the Blue Social Club and its activities to communicate with him at the club house.



# SPORTS

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

## HANDBALL

**NOTICE—Four-Wall Players Get Ready.** The singles tournament will start on March 1st. If you want to verify your entries, you can either call or write to Spring 3100. Games will take place at the West Side and Bronx branches of the Y. M. C. A., at 10:00 A. M.

We promised you some action in this issue, so lend us your ears. Edward Hopke and Peter Seward breezed through their side of the bracket without much competition. What they did in the semi-finals to John Lehner and John Moroney of the 25th Precinct was wicked. They slaughtered them in the first game, 21 to 0. (What a shellacking! Crying towels were in order.) The two Jacks opened up in the second and got as high as 18 points, but not enough to win. In the first game of each of their matches Hopke and Seward did not give their opponents more than two points. (Sort o' stingy.) In the other bracket Edward McGovern and Simond Ambraz came out on top. All of their opponents extended them to three games, excepting Tom Cox and Clifford Rogers, who were defeated 21-15 and 21-17 in the semi-finals.

Some of the other games went as follows: McCarthy and Nicolosi, that great Irish-Italian combination from Clamdiggerville or Emergency Squad 20, took over those two boyhood chums, Silvey and Siff from the rival Emergency Squad 14. The match went to three games, with the corned beef and spaghetti duo coming out on top. Mike Kelly, the famous horseshoe pitcher from Rockaway, is their trainer. They claim that Mike can hit a dime at forty paces with a horseshoe. (When his team lost to Hopke and Seward Mike must have run out of horseshoes.) Those two MIKES, Hartling and Courtney of Emergency Squads 7 and 8, were going great guns until Seward and Hopke knocked them off. Hartling brought along a bodyguard to see that he got a square deal. (What's the idea, Mike? You look big enough to take a fall out of Carnera.) James Hart and George Allen of Emergency Squad 14 were both good losers. They lost out after three games to Lehner and Moroney. James is a player with a lot of HART and an elongated pair of lunch-hooks that hit back many impossible shots. George Allen, that reformed pugilist from the city of churches, said: "Well, it's ALL-EN fun. WEIS and FORSTER played McGovern and Ambraz three games. They lost the final by 21 to 2. WEIS came on the court dressed up like an Eskimo. He's a good two-handed player with a swell kill shot. During one of the games a spectator took Ambraz for a wooden Indian. He stands so still that it's impossible to get by him. One of the biggest surprises of the tournament was the team of Larry Runey and Charlie Baumgartner of the Auto Bureau. This team made things so hot for Ambraz and McGovern that they had to take a cold shower to cool off. RUNEY and AMBRAZ, playing the left side of the court,

hooked into many a lively skirmish and we thought there would be a fight. That would of been bad, for RUNEY is an ex-fisticuffer and only two years ago held the title of amateur light-heavyweight champion of the Bronx (wherever that is.) Charlie (Bridge) Baumgartner had an off-day. He had bridge on his mind. Instead of giving the ball a GRAND SLAM, he gave it a little one and his opponent out-tricked him.

## BASEBALL

**HERE'S SOME NEWS FROM THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE . . .** Sgt. Otto Whitney, manager of our department baseball team, informs us that his boys are already lined up for the coming season and have been limbering up for the past two weeks in a big gymnasium where they are taking the kinks out of their system. (The boys refused to go South; they claimed it was too HOT.)

Five new recruits have been added to the roster and will be given a thorough tryout. ANY PLAYER desiring a tryout with the team may write to Sgt. Whitney, in care of the 10th Precinct. . . . Most of the games will take place in New York this season against such clubs as the Bushwicks, Bay Parkways, Farmers and Carltons.

**JUST RECEIVED A LETTER** from the members of the 15th Precinct ball team. It seems that they are hot and bothered about forming a Precinct Baseball League. They have a first class team and will be first to join such a league if established. Ptl. William Buckholtz also wrote in and said that last year his precinct won 17 and lost 14 games. Three years ago they copped only three games all season. His players are all on the same squad, which makes it very easy for them to get together—and they would welcome a chance to play. . . . Ptl. Clarence (don't let the name fool you) Donady chips in with another entry in behalf of the 114th.

**WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?**

## BASKETBALL

The 114th team is showing up real well and has won eight out of nine games played. Their only defeat was at the hands of the 111th Precinct from Bayside. This defeat was avenged early in February when they nosed out the Baysiders in a nip and tuck affair by 30 to 29. The 114th boys grabbed the lead and held it throughout the game. "Red" Donady, the big Bertha of the 114th, was high scorer. "Stan" Swanson and "Gorgeous" George performed with some classy floor work. Kroferl, Stanton and Byrne played best for the losers. Lineup follows:

111th Precinct.				114th Precinct.			
Kroferl	L. F.	1	3	Donady	L. F.	6	13
Smernoff	R. F.	0	0	Nidds	R. F.	4	10
Stanton	C.	5	10	George	C.	1	3
Byrne	R. G.	5	12	Swanson	L. G.	2	4
Cagney	L. G.	0	0	Newman	R. G.	0	0
Gaynor	R. G.	2	4	Grapes	L. F.	0	0
				Finch	R. G.	0	0
Total		13	29	Total		13	30

(Continued on page 24)

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## THOMAS E. O'BRIEN, 1861-1932

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**T**HOMAS E. O'BRIEN, Superintendent of Buildings of the Police Department, with the assimilated rank of Deputy Chief Inspector, died suddenly on February 13th in the Atlantic City (N. J.) Hospital. He had gone to the resort for a brief holiday. Superintendent O'Brien, who was in his 72d year, had been a member of the Police Department for 42 years and in charge of the Bureau of Repairs and Supplies since its establishment in 1895.

Mr. O'Brien, who lived at 2788 Bainbridge Avenue, The Bronx, was born in this city and educated in the public schools. After working as a carpenter, he was appointed a patrolman in 1890. While a sergeant in 1895 he met the late President Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner, on patrol one night and they became firm friends. Mr. O'Brien studied architecture at night in Cooper Union and obtained a degree. It was Commissioner Roosevelt who aided the ambitious policeman by placing him in charge of the Bureau of Repairs and Supplies. Mr. O'Brien became a lieutenant in 1896.

The legislature in 1923 enacted a law creating the post of Superintendent of Buildings, and former Police Commissioner Enright appointed Mr. O'Brien to that office.

When the Honorable Grover A. Whalen was Police Commissioner in 1929 he reappointed Mr. O'Brien Superintendent of Buildings and praised his work, saying he was one of the "outstanding men in the Department."

Superintendent O'Brien is survived by his widow, Mrs. Eleanor F. O'Brien, and his daughters, Miss Florence A. O'Brien and Mrs. Adelaide R. Halloran, who were with him at Atlantic City when he died, and two other daughters, Mrs. Eleanor F. Fennell and Mrs. Gertrude B. Lewis; two sons, James J. and Joseph G. O'Brien, and a sister, Mrs. Mary Winbourn, all of this city.



Police Commissioner Mulrooney, Deputy Commissioners Philip D. Hoyt, Felix A. Muldoon, John A. Leach and Nelson Ruttenberg, together with Chief Inspector John O'Brien and Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessy were among the mourners at Superintendent O'Brien's funeral, which was held on February 16th. A requiem mass was celebrated at the Church of Our Lady of Refuge in The Bronx and burial was at Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Pleasantville. The coffin was borne from Superintendent O'Brien's home by eight patrolmen, while the Police Band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, commandant of the Recruits' Training School, commanded four platoons of student patrolmen who were drawn up in formation across the street from Superintendent O'Brien's home.

The Revs. William G. Ivie, Caleb Moore, Joseph A. McCaffrey, Isidore Frank and A. Hamilton Nesbitt, Departmental Chaplains, with relatives and friends of Superintendent O'Brien, completed the cortege.

Mr. Byron Wilson, Assistant to Superintendent O'Brien and one of his closest friends, in paying a tribute to the late Superintendent of Buildings listed ten characteristics of Mr. O'Brien which will always be remembered by his associates. "Superintendent O'Brien," said Mr. Wilson, "realized and exemplified in his life the value of time, the success of perseverance, the dignity of simplicity, the worth of character, the power of kindness, the influence of example, the obligation of duty, the virtue of patience, the value of courtesy, and the improvement of service."

A bronze memorial tablet will be placed by members of Superintendent O'Brien's bureau staff on the seventh floor of the Police Academy, where the late Superintendent of Buildings had his office.

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## SPORTS

(Continued from page 23)

In a game played at the Flatbush Boys' Club the quintet known as the Flatbush Cops were victorious over the 111th Precinct by 30 to 22. Slavin, for the "Bushmen," ran wild and caged nine baskets. The Flatbush coppers are playing big-time basketball and expect to be heard from.

## CHALLENGES

Basketball: The 114th Precinct has open dates. For games, get in touch with his nibbs, Ptl. Nidds, 114th. . . . The FLATBUSH COPS, a collection of coppers residing in the vicinity of Flatbush, are open for games. They have such outstanding players as

Eddie Stuchbury and Charlie O'Brien, formerly with the Assumption Crowns, one of the outstanding teams in the country. Jimmy Lynch, who used to cage them for Visitation; Willie Martin, from all points East, and longest, but not the least, Frank Brooks, who hits the altitude pole at 6 feet 7½. Frank Kieran of the Cr. Prev. Bur. is the manager of this all-star group. . . . (Go ahead 114th, here's your chance to knock off some choice "meat.") JOHN MORONEY, who starred with the Police Five last season, is out with a challenge for his 25th Precinct team. He especially mentions Paul Walsh and his 65th Precinct club. John claims that he'll not only guard Paul and stop him from scoring, but he won't even let him get hold of the ball. ATTENTION. Bayside: The 64th is anxious to get another crack at your scalps. Be sociable and give them a chance. S'long.





# THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

## OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

### 1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday - - - 7.30 P. M.

Tuesday - - - 10.30 A. M.

Wednesday - - - 7.30 P. M.

Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.

Friday - - - 10.30 A. M.

### 2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday - - - 10.30 A. M.

Tuesday - - - 7.30 P. M.

Wednesday - - - 1.00 P. M.

Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.

### 3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday - - - 10.30 A. M.

Tuesday - - - 7.30 P. M.

Wednesday - - - 1.00 P. M.

Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

3. X was an ice dealer serving ice to his customers. Y with intent to take X's customers, followed X from customer to customer, recording the address of each in a book.

Can Y be convicted for a violation of any law for the above act?

4. X sold a lady's diamond ring to Y, who paid a part of the price in cash and for the balance he executed to X, a jeweler, a purchase money chattel mortgage, covering the ring, under which he obligated himself to pay that balance in weekly installments. The mortgage contained the usual provisions that on failure to pay, the jeweler could retake the ring. Y failed to make the installments and also refused to disclose the whereabouts of the ring.

(a) Could Y be convicted of any crime?

(b) What procedure would a police officer follow if X made this complaint to him on the street?

5. What is the reason for the "Left Turn" traffic regulation on light controlled streets?

6. Mention the various prohibitions and privileges imposed upon and granted to various persons and officials in the use of automobile identification plates.

7. Twelve hundred and twenty-one persons were killed in vehicular street accidents in this City during 1931.

From your experience state the principal cause of such accidents and briefly describe the principal factors in such cause, as regards the driver and the victim.

8. A citizen complains that his baggage is being held by the proprietor at his boarding house for board money due. The proprietor of the boarding house refuses to deliver the baggage until the amount is paid.

As the officer called to the premises what would be your duty?

9. Jones being out of employment desires to make a living. He goes to a wholesale house and purchases a small quantity of brooms, placing a label on them marked "Made by a Blind Man." Jones then sells same.

Has Jones violated any law?

## QUESTIONS FOR THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. X is charged with murder in the first degree for causing the death of Y while perpetrating an independent felony. The homicide is established by a confession and corroborated by the finding of the dead body with bullet wounds and the testimony of the Medical Examiner. The only evidence of the independent felony was the confession of X that he was committing a robbery. Must there also be corroboration of that part of the confession which relates to the independent felony before X can be convicted?

2. A peace officer arrested X without a warrant for a misdemeanor not committed in his presence. The officer, in attempting to search X was resisted by him. X was then charged with a violation of Section 1325 of the Penal Law, for resisting an officer in the performance of his duty.

Can X be convicted of a violation of this section?

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL  
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. No. Section 395 of the Code of Criminal Procedure states as follows: "A confession of a defendant, whether in the course of judicial proceedings or to a private person, can be given in evidence against him, unless made under the influence of fear produced by threats, or unless made upon a stipulation of the district attorney that he shall not be prosecuted therefor; but it is not sufficient to warrant his conviction, without additional proof that the crime charged has been committed." The crime charged against X is homicide and the fact that a homicide was committed is established by the confession and the finding of a dead body bearing bullet wounds, and the testimony of the Medical Examiner. Section 395 of the Code of Criminal Procedure is then satisfied and while no further proof of the robbery is necessary police officers must make the most adequate search for evidence.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. No. The arrest of X was for a misdemeanor. The crime was not committed in the presence of the officer, nor did the officer hold a warrant for the arrest. Therefore, the arrest was illegally made and the officer had no right to search the prisoner. X did not resist an officer in the performance of any duty and no crime was committed.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

3. Y can be convicted of disorderly conduct under Subdivision 2, Section 722, Penal Law, which states that any person who, with intent to provoke a breach of the peace, or whereby a breach of the peace may be occasioned, commits any of the following acts, shall be deemed to have committed the offense of disorderly conduct: Acts in such a manner as to annoy, disturb, interfere with, obstruct or be offensive to others. The acts of Y in following X did interfere with and was offensive to X and tended to cause a breach of the peace.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. (a) Y could be convicted for a misdemeanor under Section 940 of the Penal Law which states in part as follows: "A person who, having heretofore executed a mortgage of personal property, secrets or otherwise disposes of any part of the property, with intent thereby to defraud the mortgagee, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Y could be charged with secreting the ring. When by the terms of the written agreement he authorized the mortgagee, upon default in payment to seize the chattel, he placed upon himself the active duty to reveal its whereabouts at the time of such default; and in the face of that active duty, mere inaction and refusal to disclose its whereabouts constitutes concealment or secreting.
- (b) The police officer on post should obtain the name and address of the complainant, the name and address of Y, the value of the property, description and circumstances of the transaction. He should advise the complainant to go to the magistrate's court with a view of obtaining a warrant. In cases of this kind it is good procedure to have the facts placed before a magistrate. Enter all facts in memorandum book.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. So that left turns are made against the smallest amount of traffic. Regardless of whether on the green or red light the Police Department rule is that the turn be made when the traffic is halted on the street on which the traffic lights are. The disadvantage of the left turn is that in waiting for the left turn the vehicle about to make it might block traffic. The rule has subordinated the facilitation of traffic to safety.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. The Penal Law prohibits the use of plates or signs, arms, lettering or insignia of the Government of the United States, State or City, on vehicles unless they are owned or used by the said governments. The letters "P. D." shall not be placed on any motor vehicle or motorcycle unless the vehicle is used by a municipal or state police department. The Police Commissioner uses a prescribed plate marked "P. D. N. Y. 1" for purpose of identification, giving him the privilege of right of way in emergencies. Other members of the Police Department may display prescribed plates on Department cars for identification and privilege of right of way in emergency cases. Prohibition: Not to be displayed inside or outside of automobiles except as above mentioned. Not to violate traffic regulations except in urgent necessity. Commanding officers responsible for proper use of plates. Fire Department Vehicles—used by members of the Fire Department and Honorary Chiefs—plate prescribed by Fire Commissioner. Privilege: Identity of vehicles of Fire Department. Identity of other vehicles used by Honorary Chiefs when accompanied by a card bearing auto license number and signature of Fire Commissioner. Vehicles used by members of Board of Estimate and Apportionment and heads of City Departments. Privileges: Identification in cases of emergency. Plate prescribed for Mayor, Comptroller, President of Board of Aldermen, Department of Correction, Commissioner of Sanitation, Department of Hospitals—prohibited to others. Physician's vehicle having prescribed auto emblem of county medical society and identification card signed by secretary. Privileges: To leave auto in street in front of premises where attending patient. Prohibitions: Not to be an excuse for unlawful parking. Not to use street for storage of automobiles.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. While there are over seventy different causes of accidents listed by the Safety Bureau of the Police Department, the outstanding cause of death in highway vehicular accidents is "Pedestrians crossing the

street not at the crosswalk," which shows a mortality of 241 deaths and 9,499 injuries for the year 1931. This is a decrease of 80 deaths and 1056 injuries as compared with 1930. Consideration of this cause involves factors covering the pedestrian and the driver. The principal factors in regard to the pedestrian are:

- a. Ignorance of the hazard.
- b. The pedestrian chance-taker.
- c. Inattention or absent-mindedness; mind on other matters.
- d. Hurry to work or hurry home.
- e. Impatience to delays at crosswalk.
- f. Belief it is safer than crosswalk.
- g. Troubles, sickness, family cares, etc.
- h. Taking the shortest route.
- i. Diagonal crossings.

The principal factors in regard to the driver are:

- a. Speeding.
- b. Discourtesy.
- c. Inattention—lack of vigilance.
- d. Belief in his prior rights between intersections.
- e. Lack of proper control of vehicle.
- f. Poor brakes.

Attempts have been made in the past to repress the unsafe practice of crossing in the middle of the block or crossing not at crosswalk. These results have not been successful. Until such time as the public is ready to accept a regulation preventing crossing in the middle of the block or not at a crosswalk the sustained cooperation of drivers of motor vehicles is essential. The remedy for this is education of the driver and the public. The exercise of vigilance by the driver should reduce the toll. The driver approaching the pedestrian with his hand on the horn and his foot on the gas shows a mental attitude unsuited for driving. Yet, this does happen. Courtesy is the keynote of safety at all times.

# ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8

8. Obtain name and address of complainant and proprietor. Learn facts and circumstances of case. Endeavor to settle dispute by mutual agreement. If unable to settle, advise complainant of the provisions of the Lien Law as follows: "The keeper of a hotel, boarding or lodging house except an immigrant lodging house has a lien while in possession on all baggage and property brought on the premises for all charges due for board or service to guests. If a keeper has knowledge of or was notified when the property was brought in that: a. It was not in legal possession, or b. That the person bringing it in was not the owner—then a lien will not exist on such property. Further that exorbitant charges will invalidate a lien." Advise complainant that under the circumstances court order will be necessary for the recovery of his baggage and any damages incurred through the withholding of the baggage by the proprietor may be the basis for a civil suit. See that peace is preserved. Enter all facts in memorandum book.

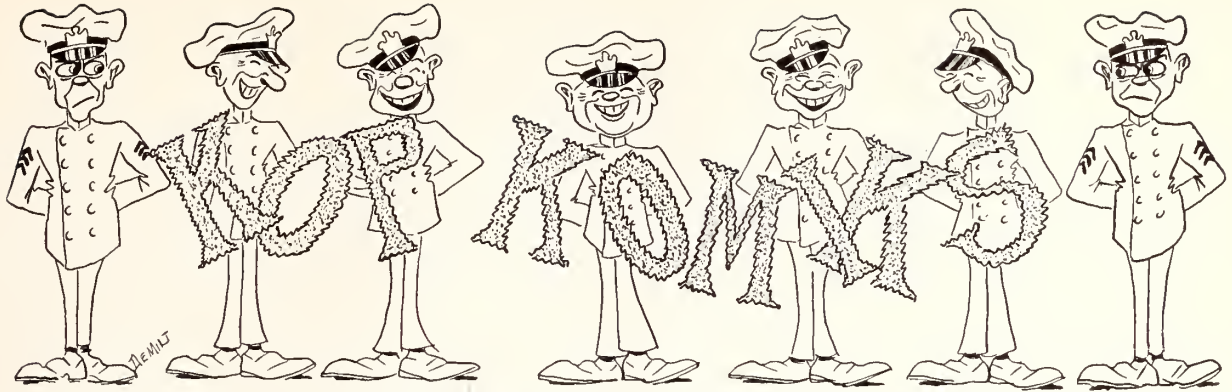
9. Jones has violated Section 961 of the Penal Law and is guilty of a misdemeanor.

# In Memoriam

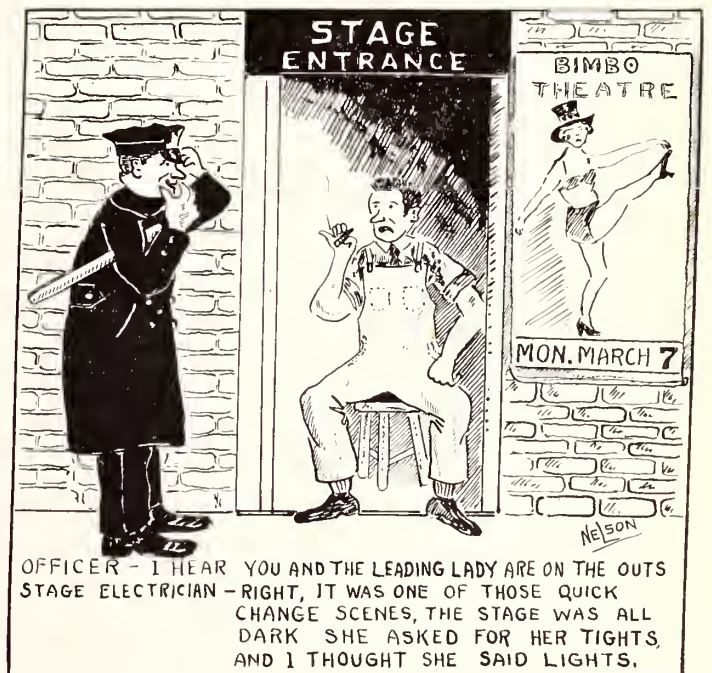
Ptl. Thomas Mooney	74th Pct.	Jan. 20, 1932
Ptl. John Walsh	Tra. C	Jan. 21, 1932
Lt. Anthony N. Kelly	19th Div.	Jan. 22, 1932
Ptl. Francis J. A. Meade	Tra. E	Jan. 24, 1932
Ptl. Thomas McGrath	Boiler Sq.	Jan. 24, 1932
Ptl. Gustave M. Mlessman	62d Pct.	Jan. 25, 1932
Ptl. George W. Ruppert	8th Pct.	Jan. 27, 1932
Sgt. Sylvester O'Connor	34th Pct.	Feb. 5, 1932
Ptl. George Green	Boiler Sq.	Feb. 11, 1932
Ptl. John J. Barry	74th Pct.	Feb. 12, 1932
Ptl. Daniel P. Kavanagh	9th Pct.	Feb. 12, 1932
Supt. of Bldgs. Thomas E. O'Brien		Feb. 13, 1932
Ptl. James R. Goodwin	34th Pct.	Feb. 15, 1932
Ptl. Daniel J. A. McLaughlin	10th Pct.	Feb. 16, 1932







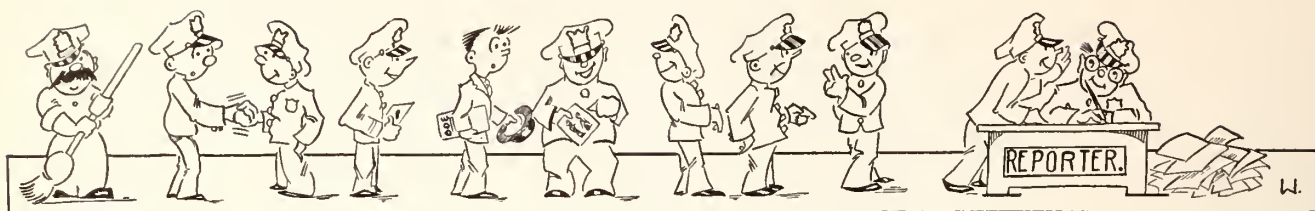
PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT





# Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



## 1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley  
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

## PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch  
6th Pct., Ptl. A. Buttacavola  
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

"Jock" McConville and two other less significant "Bus Boys" of the 1st Precinct, were detailed to the church services of the "Black Watch," a brigade of kilted Highlanders from dear old Scotland, one snowy day last week. "Jock" and one of his partners misjudged the weather, failed to bring their raincoats, and received a severe "dressing down" from the Inspector in charge of our forces.

Now, "Jock" is a very hasty, headstrong son of Mrs. McConville, and the ungracious address of the Inspector hurt him to the very core. Well, you have no idea of the tough struggle his two partners had in preventing him from throwing off the uniform, donning kilts and signing up with the "Black Watchmen." In fact, if Andy Kerrigan had not pointed out the bare knees and draughty apparel that this outfit was wearing in such rotten weather, Capt. Hourrigan would have been shy one fine young recruit.

Detective Joseph (Hippo) Casazza, attached to the 1st Detective Squad at Old Slip, Manhattan, had a mysterious package with him the other day, when he left for Philadelphia. It was a thermos bottle containing a beef stew "a la Italien." According to "Scotch" McDonald, "Hippo" explained, "Der prices on der road is too tough, dey even charge a slug for ham and."

## 3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor  
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

## PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.  
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

Patrolman Matty Lynch and his wife are the recipients of congratulations these days due to the arrival of Matty, Jr. The Whitestone air seems to do wonders for some people. Matty is thinking of getting one of those electric cradles.

Artie Burns and John Mintern were trying to figure out the meaning of the word "cynic." After some discussion, Artie said: "Gee, when we lived on Washington Street they used to call them sinks."

John ("Larry") Seaman is one of those with a depressed feeling. Maybe he would feel better if he had his pants pressed.

Tom Grady is thinking of getting married again. We imagine he will sing that famous song, "The Thrill Is Gone."

Two of our literary inclined patrolmen were discussing the merits of O. Henry's immortal tale, "A Retrieved Reformation," in the back room a few days ago. Mention of Jimmy Valentine's sand-papered fingers, burglar's tools, etc., flew thick and fast. Our genial attendant, Frank Mavlick, overheard and mistook the subject of the confab for our demon motor patrol operator, Jimmy Valentine. Now, Mavlick and Jimmy are not so friendly, be-

cause Frank believes Jimmy was the culprit who broke open the commissary and misappropriated the teaspoons. We hope this sets things right.

George Rose says "It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," but we wonder if George knows what it means to get out of the habit of being loved.

Patrolman Anthony J. Cunningham, also of the 18th Precinct, having been directed to investigate a mysterious telephone message from Buffalo, N. Y., came upon Elsie Cook, who had attempted suicide. His timely discovery and valuable knowledge of applying artificial respiration resulted in saving the young woman's life.

Patrolman Harry (the one and only) Jackson, received a tip, and upon investigating became suspicious. He summoned Officers John J. Cusick and George W. ("Football") Fowler. They decided that his suspicions were well founded when he was unable to gain entrance to the Hardman-Peck Piano Company's building. Without making their presence known, they waited patiently across the street for something to happen. Shortly afterwards the doors of the freight entrance opened and a large truck started out. The officers captured two prisoners and recovered \$13,441 worth of tobacco, cigars and cigarettes, also the truck. The thieves had entered the piano factory, bound three watchmen to chairs in the office and then broke through the wall into the adjoining building, occupied by a tobacco concern. Neat work I call it. Always something doing at the 18th Precinct.

Matthew A. ("Mugg") Byrne has left the 18th Precinct to do his stuff in the Detective Division. A number of the boys were sorry to see him go. Lots of luck, Matty! Come in and say "Hello" once in a while.

## 4TH DIVISION

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin  
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

## LIEUT. JOHN J. FLYNN

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll  
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney  
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

Maybe Captain Bernard F. Byrne of the famous 15th Precinct can answer these:

## I WONDER WHY?

A certain well-dressed patrolman of the 15th Precinct never removes his hat.

A certain clerical man is complaining of pains in his back. (Would cutting wood do this?)

A certain patrolman never goes fishing any more.

A certain patrolman is not receiving any more mail from Mae.

A certain patrolman sent his wife to Niagara Falls after getting two box seats for the P. B. A. ball.

A certain patrolman never leaves his address when going to Atlantic City.

A certain acting attendant never gets tired of talking.



It is hard to get money from Ears.

A certain patrolman got white when he was told that the tailor cut the arms off the overcoat.

A certain patrolman is not giving any more clothing away.

A certain patrolman stopped talking to the boys since the gold cup is missing.

A certain patrolman has the skin you love to touch.

A certain attendant does not get his meals for a penny any more.

A certain patrolman got peeved when asked: "Didn't I see you in Ireland?"

#### 6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer  
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

#### LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer  
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

The entire personnel of the 23d Precinct are glad to see Sergeants William Morris and Bernard Clarke back on the job again, and hope to see them continue in good health.

Patrolman Edward Perez tried to sneak off and get married without anyone knowing it. "You can't get away with that, "Ed."

Patrolman "Bimmy" Crowe came to work the other day with spats on. When he went home after his tour, he had them under his arm. Why wear them at all if you're ashamed of them, "Bim"?

Patrolman Nicholas Feaster has turned in his papers for retirement. We all enjoyed working with you, "Nick," and wish you the greatest success in anything you might undertake in your new role of "private citizen."

Patrolman Edward Mackay is becoming the "Eagle-Eye" of the 23d Precinct. He recovered three stolen automobiles in less than 24 hours.

Patrolman Milton ("Gigilo") Fardon holds the endurance record for back seat "necking." (Demonstration upon request.)

Ye gods and little fishes, strange as it may seem, believe it or not, Patrolman Peter Mulvihill, of the 25th Precinct, that "Nuttin to it" Peter of Park Avenue, brought in two burglars. Irish papers please copy.

Well, listen to this, boys: After about 25 years of perfect freedom, Patrolman Charles Gillis (alias "Cop Charlie") and Detective Joseph Pickett (alias "Doll Baby"), both of the 25th Precinct, recently tore up a copy of the Declaration of Independence. What! You don't get the drift? Well, here goes: Congratulations to both couples.

We have a recent arrival from The Bronx, namely, Sergeant McKee. Welcome to our command, Russell, and may your stay be a long and delightful one.

Patrolman Hugo Mayer of the 25th Precinct is complaining of sore puppies since the avalanche of transfers.

Talking about transfers, the cyclone brought back to us the following patrolmen: Hester and Kenny, two crackerjack 106 men; Strack, an expert plain clothes man, and Burnell, of Glee Club fame, who thinks that he can sing.

The 25th Squad Detectives recently had a new arrival in the form of Detective Irving Kaufman.

Somebody said that ye reporter of the 25th Precinct is beginning to slip. He was seen at three police affairs with the same nice little girl. When is it coming off, Abe? Let us in on it, will you? We hope it's true.

Thank you, Sergeant Max Isaacson of the 25th Precinct is doing very nicely. We haven't a thing to say about him in this issue. But, my, wait until the next one.

Patrolman William Goetz (alias Willie Stevens) was recently appointed Chief Attendant of the 25th.

Henceforth he will be the chief broom wielder. My, how that guy can keep a room warm, but not from the furnace.

The officers and members of the 32d Precinct desire to express their deepest sympathy to Patrolman J. Langan and A. J. Benton and their respective families who suffered the loss of a dear one... Congratulations to Patrolmen ("Two-Gun") Brownstein and John Burke, who recently complied with an old Bible edict, that every man should take unto himself a wife... It is rumored that Sergeant Norman and Lieutenant DeWitt have become inseparable pals. Well, neither could find a better pal... Sergeants Chisholm and Tuxson are the two lone wolves of the 32d Precinct... Patrolman Roosevelt (Silent) Washington recently phoned to headquarters for an ambulance and morgue wagon for what he thought was a D-O-A, and when both wagons arrived, the supposed deceased sobered up and told all concerned to go to h——. They looked deader than he did... On February 5th some charity organization sponsored a circus at the 369th Regiment armory and discovered a great shortage of actors (clowns). They requested Lieutenant Hughes, who was on duty at the time, to send over some talent and the good lieutenant sent the following patrolmen: Goshen, E. and C. Jackson, Parler, Slone, J. Rhodes, Richardson, Hellestrom, Barts, Colaio, Sumpter, Walton, Sevarino, Bevans and N. Carter. Benton was off that day and the boys did remarkably. (Ed (Humpty-Dumpty) Greene played his Boob McNutt role jam up.

#### 7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura  
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway  
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

#### LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McCronan  
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green

Having lost three men by transfer, namely, Patrolmen Mayer, Kurner and Grecco, we wish them happy landings, and offer a sincere welcome to their replacements, Patrolmen Goldstein, Stellwagon and Cimler.

Patrolman McGann, upon being asked the doctor's name for his aided card report, replied, "Put down any doctor, they all work for the same boss."

Patrolman Rose, our genial patrol wagon operator, has now lost a checker game to every one in the house and was seen purchasing a book entitled "How to Play the Game of Checkers." Good luck, Fred, but don't forget the "M. of P." or the "R. R."

Patrolman Toomey requested his vacation at the first sign of frost, so that he could fly south with the birds.

Patrolman Eugene Sullivan wants to be called Solomon, as he thinks it sounds more business-like.

Patrolman Carl Bahrman expects to become a member of the Radio Squad and is now known to all as "Radio Rex."

Patrolman Bill Mildrum is now getting ready to retire and the boys of the 42d Precinct wish him luck. Rumor has it that he is going to Scotland, the land of his birth.

Lieutenant Sylvester Hlavac, since moving to Little Neck, has been trying very hard to get transferred to Queens.

Sergeant Tracy has ordered spring practice already. All the ball players have been directed to report at the 106th Field Artillery Armory for first practice on February 22d. Watch the boys from the 42d this year.

It is reported that Sergeant Gruber of the 44th Precinct attended a pig roast recently and the following was heard: "Waiter, let's have a yard from the old porker." After a short while the waiter returned with a huge platter containing three pig's feet, and



laid them before the sergeant with the comment: "Three feet make one yard, don't they, mister?"

Here's one on the reporter: Last evening he was putting air in the tires of his car, ready to do patrol, when a PAL hid his "bat" in another car. Said car went all the way to the 47th, where this reporter had to go to recover it. YEAH, that's a good trick, but who did it?

Sergeant Burpeaux and Lieutenant O'Neil maintain they are not as yet nominated for any office—therefore please omit flowers—pardon—we mean publicity. Yeah, and don't blame it on Green. At least, not when you are handling such weapons as a nightstick.

Patrolman Bill Conroy of the 48th Precinct has a miniature menagerie in his home. He has all kinds of canaries, pigeons, fishes and what-not. When Bill gets home from patrol his household pets recognize their master's footsteps and they whistle at him. Their favorite tune is "YOO HOO!"

Our deputy station house post patrolman, "Fat" Burns, was overheard in earnest conversation with our beloved Captain one bright Sunday morning. He encountered said Captain leaving the 7 o'clock mass. He said: "Gee! Captain, wasn't that a long mass?" Smart boy is "Fat."

#### 8TH DIVISION

#### LT. JAMES F. DONLIN

43c Pct., Sgt. A. Haslitt  
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Maver

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan  
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan  
52d Pct., Sgt. R. McKee

There is a mystery at the 43d Precinct that has baffled the sleuths of this command. The mystery is, who removed Patrolman (Putty Face) Gleiman's personal locker from Booth 39, located at Hunter Island. Patrolman Gleiman has his own suspicions, and they point to his relief, Patrolman (Stranglehold) Schackne, formerly a wrestler in The Bronx, who has often boasted that he could throw any man in the command who has over 20 years' service like himself. Gleiman has accepted the challenge. Starlight Park Coliseum will be the place of combat.

Patrolman Solomon has volunteered to referee this match under one condition—that all the bundles be left outside the ring. Sergeant (Loudspeaker) Fick will be official announcer.

Good morning, Mr. Additer,

It shall come to pass, dot dis is de fordy-seven perlice precinct, an it iss abott time dot you put in de paper dot de reporter vat vos is no more, an by a majerity of von, im erlected, an from now on you vill here vrom me. Whom am I? Ah, ha, you is a vise guy, vit your monkey doodle bizness, makink fool pictures from cops. Vell, if you cen guess, rite; you rong anyvey.

Anyho, de Irishers here are still here. De Captain is de finest boy-chik in de land, is de boss, und from de vay he bosses dots nobodis bizness. Captain John Schmucl Burke. I tink he should shell id "Burkenski," dots how goot he iss. Lts. Morriece Enwright, yong feller, und Rabbi, off Mont Vernon by de sea, I dink he is a Litvak, but outside off being a leetle shop vorn is K. O. De odder Lts., Walshovich und Brackendorf, are galizanias whom are labelled de poy twins from de Vakefield, und have got der second vind, und are stattink a nudder rond of 25 years, but oddervise are goot an sond, and reglar fellers. No more now, mebbe next mont more. In de meen time, de bazimers here vish de bazimers don der, vot ve say if Franch—Good Yontiff.

Patrolman Herr Von Halle has the most remarkable record, perhaps, of any policeman in the Department. During his eighteen years' service in the Department he has made 3,407 arrests. He has brought in everything from a murderer to an organ

grinder, and he points with great pride to the fact that all the organ grinders were convicted.

Now that the patrol wagon drivers, Messrs. Egenberger and Peterson, are at loggerheads, both are undergoing an extensive training campaign, "Ed" Egenberger eating nothing but raw meat, while "Art" Peterson dons his spurs just before being relieved by the former. All of the aforementioned activity tending to produce, at a very early date, a match of unprecedented ferociousness. Tickets are now on sale for this friendly get-together, which will probably be staged in the patrol wagon at the 50th Precinct, which is now equipped with a prayer rug.

Patrolman Joiner, known to thousands of golfers and countless policemen as "The Song Bird of the South—half of Post 7," has retired.

Patrolman Matthew McGrath is of the opinion that all the descendants of the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow" are now operating automobiles through Van Cortlandt Park, at all hours of the day and night.

The first time that George Washington attempted to cross the Delaware he made the grade, but Patrolman Brennan was left on the Sergeants' list THREE times. This has not discouraged him and he has started to study again. He feels that the examiners are bound to make a mistake sometime and place him some place where he will be reached.

Patrolman Lynch of the Park Squad is more than convinced that Rudyard Kipling was inspired to write his famous poem, "Boots," after doing a tour in a police booth. If he changed the word "Boots" to "Booth," and read the poem, one could understand the feelings of a man who performed a tour of duty in a booth.

Patrolman Pensel was slightly injured while crossing the street, which proves that a pen may be driven, but a pencil must be lead.

Sergeant McLaughlin, the Sam Lloyd (puzzle man) of the 50th Precinct, at last has a puzzle that he can't solve himself. He has been trying to find out the name of the man who BORROWED his raincoat. He offered a reward, but received a reply to kindly leave his rubber boots and cap cover where he had left the coat.

Patrolman Koop still persists in carrying a whip when he drives his flivver on his day off. (You can't teach an old dog new tricks.)

Sergeant Seeley is a great dog fancier, and he has just succeeded in raising a police dog to be a sergeant. (Quite a stunt.)

"Who shot what—off whose head?" is a hard question to answer, but Captain Michael Flattery asks the following question of all who apply for a hack-driver's license. And ninety per cent fail. "At the foot of what street is the Dyckman Street ferry?"

Patrolman Miles is a large man who moves very slowly, and at the same time goes very fast. He is the only man that wears slippers while he is doing house duty. He is as fast as a fat cop and as swift as a cow.

One of the gang from "Indian Head" sends in and says to credit these cracks to the 52d Precinct until they get a new reporter in place of Sergeant McKee, who was transferred.

By the way, I was near forgetting that Lieutenant Allgier of this precinct will be able to shoot less than 100 when he starts playing golf this season. He has been wearing out the front room rug trying out a new set of clubs which he received for Christmas, and he states that it beats playing by the pail.

By the way, the above is a notice to all the GOLFERS of the 52d Precinct to practice up on their game as Fred is going to go after them—and this is no joke. Lieutenants Flynn, Miller, and Sergeants



O'Neil and Thomas Lyons take notice. When the above get playing, Sergeant Dan Harrington is going to be the umpire.

#### 9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis  
123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

#### PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell  
123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

Captain John De Martino, "our new skipper," wishes to express through this column his thanks and appreciation to his many friends who sent their good wishes and felicitations on his promotion.

Our ex-Captain Harry A. Taylor sends us cards from Miami, Florida, where he and ex-Sergeant Bob Benedict are spending the winter catching alligators, fishing, swimming and everything else we would like to be doing.

Retired Sergeant Freddy West was in to see us, and says he is doing his late tours in bed now. He also states that he has been busy digging tinker clams down at Princess Bay, and that as long as his chickens keep laying and the tinkers keep paying, the depression will never worry him.

Former clerical man John Cook writes that he has just been appointed Police Commissioner in Williamsville, Del. The population of this thriving community is now 23, but it is sure to grow when the new Commissioner puts his new regulations into effect. These include: "All night parking," no speed limit, no red lights, if you don't like the road try the ditch, no summonses, etc. The Commissioner states that he will be glad to have any of the boys stop in and see him.

The members of this command do not like the insulting remarks passed by the Clam Diggers of Tottenville about our Service Station Guardian, Charles Fetteroll. We have always found Charley to be an obliging, good-natured chap, with a ready smile for everyone. We suggest that the Tottenville boys who don't like him try getting their supplies from "The Crossen Old Junk and Wrecking Company" of Huguenot Park, in their own precinct.

Our days of peace and quiet have apparently ended again. We see Rickenbacker, the only man to drive an auto 40 miles an hour backwards, is with us again. The Air Service will have to disband now.

Charles (Grouch) Franklin, the minion of the law at the Outerbridge crossing on Staten Island, has completed his course in economy and has quit smoking cigarettes at 15 cents a pack. He now smokes a corn cob, and gets a big bag of Havana clippings for the price of a pack of butts, and it lasts him a week. He expects to save enough to finance the waterproofing of his cellar at home. Take a lesson from Charles and send to the 123d Precinct for his set of rules on how to economize.

The personnel of this precinct extend their sincerest sympathy to those in our midst who have lost beloved ones since the holidays: Patrolmen Godfrey Jensen, Samuel Johnson, Daniel Murray, Daniel Thorsen and Lieutenant Frank White.

We lost some good sergeants when we lost Sergeant Fred West (the square shooter), Sergeant John O'Brien (the pious one), and Sergeant Robert Benedict (the dahlia expert). In return we have received Sergeants John Mohr and Louis Glasser, who are known as good policemen and will surely be unbiased and square shooters, as real policemen always make good sergeants.

#### 10TH DIVISION

61 Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp  
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long  
60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan  
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell

#### PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie  
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan  
70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

Among the odd incidents which occur in this quiet little town of Bay Ridge, the following is one: A

sparrow was observed by a taxpayer hanging from a high tension wire in the street by one leg. An emergency truck was summoned, and one-half of the outgoing platoon also responded. Sergeant John Hess directed operations, and the helpless bird was released. We understand several rookies have made application for commendations.

There flourishes in the basement of ye olde 64th Precinct a first-class cafeteria run by our illustrious brother officer, Michael Mullane. Mother-in-law coffee, or "swampwater" as it is commonly known, can be purchased in connection with the five-cent sandwiches he sells for a dime. At noontime there is heard such debates as: "The Peruvian Situation," "The Sergeants' List," "The Cost of a Funeral," and so forth, etc.

The prize quip of the month was pulled by Patrolman Hanson. He awoke late one morning and called the station house. The nature of the conversation was as follows:

Hanson: "Hello, Sergeant, this is Hanson. I overslept today, so I don't think I'll be in."

Sergeant: "You won't be in? What do you mean? Get right down here!"

Hanson: "Gee, Sergeant, when I worked for Edison's and I was late they told me to take the day off."

I have been requested by several members of the 64th Precinct to do a tintype on the well-known explorer, Sergeant Bill Holland.

**SERGEANT WILLIAM HOLLAND:** Born in the quaint little town of Brooklyn in the year of 1876. Is most noted for his many roving expeditions into foreign territory and his skill at crocodile hunting. The members call him "Gypsy." His main object in life is to take a trip to California, so that when he makes a speech he can say, "From the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California, and, etc." His favorite authors are Aesop and Horatio Alger. His favorite food is apple pie a la mode. He speaks two languages, English and broken English. When he's asleep he reminds you of a steamer lost in a fog. Also is a member of the precinct quartet consisting of Sergeants Dawson, Scully and Hyland. Has a mania for stealing road maps. **HIDE YOUR ROAD MAPS,** here comes Bill Holland.

Patrolman Edward Healey defied depression by entering the ranks of matrimony. Congrats, Ed., but be careful that wifey don't throw any rolling pins at that chin.... Congratulations are also in order for Patrolman Jimmy Malone and his missus. The stork dropped by their home and left an 8-pound parcel.... Attendant John Whalen has purchased a 1932 Auburn sedan. Lots of luck with the new baby, John.... Joe Gallasso wants it known that he will wrestle anybody in the Department. I don't think you will get any challenges, Joe, as we have no elephants in the Department.... We all wish to congratulate Lieutenant John Downey and his able assistants, Patrolman Thomas McNamara and Michael Santinello, for their expert handling of the Unemployment Relief Department at the 64th. I have it from a reliable source that Tom, on one of his recent investigations, dug deep into his pockets and fed a family of six who needed immediate relief. Good work, Tom.... Santinello's efficiency in handling and understanding the people who come in for relief is unbeatable.... Note to Detective Lucas Grottano, 62d Squad: I hear our detectives over here are still trying to find out why you call your place the "Shooting Gallery." They claim they can outshoot you any time at all.

Our good friend Jimmy Duck states that when he takes out a marriage license he will also make a down payment on a "Fridgetair." When asked why, said, "I was once an iceman."



Patrolman John Mitchell was observed taking 33-inch steps along 13th Avenue, and when questioned by the inquiring reporter, said, "Economy, my boy, economy. I save three inches on each step, therefore, wear and tear on sidewalk, which in turn saves the city cost of replacement."

Speaking of economy, watch Steven Hennessey turning out the lights while you are still leaving the room. Steve wants illuminated arrows painted on the floor so you will be able to walk around in the dark.

Patrolman Jim Byrnes has just returned from his vacation spent on his farm.

**THINGS WORTH WHILE SEEING:** Jim Morrissey walking on Broadway near the Capitol theatre with the little woman....Bull McCormack with his ( ) legs....Carl Ahlgren driving a nail. (Better than the 22 Dodge.)....Anthony De Guiseppe without the flivver....Buck O'Neill without his teeth, and on a diet....Terry Moriarity without the brogue....Edward Tange with a little pep....Dave Gandolfi without his broom....The Hack Bureau with cigarettes.

Lieutenant Daniel Cashman is spending his nights at home teaching the new arrival how to become a cop. O. K. with us, Lieutenant, if he will be half the man you are.

Dame Rumor has it that Patrolman Thomas Guider is the honor student in the new course for operators on auto mechanics.

#### 11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox  
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins  
76th Pct., Ptl. Charles Keenan

#### PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes  
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly  
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

#### "MINUTE-MEN"

The "minute-men" of Colonial days have long since passed away, but the noble spirit still carries on.

Only the other day a woman called at the 72d Precinct and stated that she was deeply in need of help for herself and nine children.

It happened that several detectives and patrolmen were present when she recited the story of her sad plight and the boys lost no time in digging down in their pockets and raising an emergency fund of their own.

Suffice to say, she left happy and deeply grateful for the kindness that a few men in a few minutes could accomplish.

Our Department is full of these "minute-men," ever ready and willing to help bring a ray of sunshine to some poor soul.

Hats off to proud Patrolman Eugene O'Donald for good work on the 12 to 8—nuff said.

Ludwig and Matthews (sounds like a vaudeville team) are still telling about their coming hunting trip, and no doubt will write a book about it when it's over.

Too bad Officer Testina is away with his broken arm; he'd enjoy listening to this team, and the boys all miss him.

The members of Butler Street regret the loss of the late Patrolman Tom Sutherland.

Our genial delegates, Bob Hock and John O'Neill, are persuasive talkers regarding associations.

Patrolmen Pat O'Rourke and Red Breen are to be commended for heroic work performed on Columbia Street.

"Hot Lips" Scelig is now driving one of the flivvers.

Sergeant John Leonard, Patrolman Leighley and Detective George Shahadi arrested three safe men at work in McCrory's store last December. They were armed and in possession of a complete set of burglar's tools.

Patrolman Paddy Hagerty, who has worked about six months on the jungle posts, is thinking seriously of requesting an interview with the Commissioner to get an extension of sixty days with his regular vacation. Paddy wants to take a trip to Africa to see how the cops act there with the Senegambians. Here's a tip for you, Paddy: take Old Boy Collins, our bootblack, along as interpreter, and you will surely enjoy the trip.

Patrolman Eddie (Baby Face) Connolly recently had a crying spell in the back room because his wet nurse, Jack (Ducky) Dunne, was a little late in arriving at the station house. Well, he soon got over it when Jack used that motherly love stuff and tucked him away in bed with a left hook to the chin. Gene Connors handed him a crying towel.

Patrolman Nappi, who was caught napping on one of his days off selling clams and snails off a pushcart over on Hester Street, is now trying to clown his way out by saying that it was his twin brother.

The other evening, Jack Riordan and "Comparre" Fasano had a long-distance duel over the 'phone, as both are jockeys of the same baby Lincoln. Fasano accused the Irisher of putting a fast one over on him. However, crying towels were supplied and they called it a draw. No hits, no runs, 2 errors.

"Shades of the old Irish Club House on lower Fulton Street, Brooklyn."

Roll call in the 84th Precinct ten years ago: McCarthy, O'Reilly, Sweeney, Murphy, Burns, Mulvey, Shiel, Crehan.

Roll call same precinct, 1932: Silberstein, Abramowitz, Albano, Amadio, Terrantino, Rizzo and Casazza.

#### 12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy  
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Ghericich  
69th Pct., Ptl. William Dillon

#### PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley  
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy  
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

Overheard in the office of the 63d Detectives:

The time: Saturday night about 7 P. M.

The characters: Detectives Taaffe, Cross, Mullady, Sheehan, Leahy, Ashly, Seelandt and Hagan.

At about 7:15 P. M. Louie Pfeifer, a business man in the neighborhood, drops in. Receives a swell greeting all around. (He has a good car and don't mind helping out if the boys have to go some place.) 7:30 P. M. Acting Lieutenant Suss arrives. (Just heard Amos and Andy; in fact, he never missed them.)

Acting Lieutenant Suss: "Anything doing?"

The Squad: "Not yet."

Acting Lieutenant Suss: "Well now next week you fellows will have to get in here early every morning to cover milk wagon drivers."

Taaffe: "I remember one time when I was in a medicine show in North Dakota we——"

Ashly: "What, that stuff again?"

Sheehan: "Now, when I worked on the West Side I——"

Cross: "Let's not go into that again. I want to tell you fellows about the two Scotchmen I saw giving away ten-dollar bills."

Hagan: "I bought a nice fox terrier for twelve dollars——"

Mullady: "You could have gotten a horse for fifteen."

Acting Lieutenant Suss: "Oh, I meant to tell you fellows. You will all have to get in here early every night next week to cover chain stores."

Seelandt (brushing off his derby hat and looking in the mirror for the tenth time in half an hour): "I should think they would have some kind of an insurance policy against dust on your hat." (He has collected every other kind.)



Leahy: "I heard a program on the radio last night and—"

Acting Lieutenant Suss: "Well, whatever it was, it wasn't as good as Harbor Lights."

Hagan: "Well, Cross and I are going over around those stores on Avenue J. What are you going to do, Ashley?"

Ashley: "Get four poached eggs and some coffee before I do anything else."

Louie Pfeifer: "Speaking of eating, here is something. Of course it has quite a smell to it, but you take some hand cheese and—"

Mullady: "No, you take it and keep it."

Acting Lieutenant Suss: "Say, I want you fellows to be in here early every afternoon next week to cover delivery wagon drivers."

Seelandt: "Come on, Sheehan, you know I have to get a face massage right away."

Sheehan: "They used to give them with night sticks on the West Side."

Ashley: "Well, now for the eggs."

Leahy: "I hope you are not going to Izzie's for them?"

Seelandt: "I have to buy a new Tuxedo."

Acting Lieutenant Suss: "Now, when you fellows are not busy next week I want you to get at that paper work, look after the car, and so forth, etc."

Taaffe: "Oh, yes."

Cross: "I was expecting that."

Mullady: "I'll be back around 1 o'clock."

Sheehan: "I'll cover those stores on the west side of the precinct."

Leahy: Full and complete silence.

Ashley: "The man loves work."

Seelandt: "I would like to go to one of those costume balls."

Hagan: "I think my dog has indigestion."

And out they go.

On the morning of February 14, 1932, Patrolman Burke of the 12th Division presented Hack Inspector Carney of the 75th Precinct with a pedigreed Boston bull pup. Carney was elated, and deciding to take the dog home to Carney, Jr., who by the way is well started on the way to collect a menagerie, as he now has a turtle, a monkey and a parrot, Carney placed the dog in care of Attendant Lott in the cellar of the station house.

In about a half hour Carney and the attendant were rushing about the station house whistling and shouting for "Minerva" (it's that kind of a dog), for it had disappeared. They investigated the coal pile and even looked in the Captain's bed, but no dog was to be found.

In about three-quarters of an hour somebody informed Carney that there was a dog in the quarters of Emergency Squad No. 14. Accompanied by three detectives, Carney went to investigate. He found the dog, but one of the emergency men explained that an unknown man presented it to him.

Carney then grabbed a cab and took the dog home to Mrs. Carney and Junior, and you can just gamble that Mrs. Carney was glad to see them. Said she: "I have a turtle, a monkey and a parrot, and Lord only knows how to classify you. Now, you bring me this." When last seen, Carney was rushing down Bushwick Avenue with the dog wrapped around the back of his neck.

#### 13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor  
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge  
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

#### LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills  
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner

The "Communist Party" that represent the Day Squad are advocating the overthrow of the Rookie

Squad by various methods, but were advised to use their crutches as they might fall by the wayside.

Ira Gaynor, the scribe, who is now recuperating at his home, after a recent operation, states that in the event of another one, he will have a zipper installed.

The first broom, Patrolman Howey, had his paper in his pocket ready for the big lam to the country to rest his weary body and spend the rest of his days chasing the elusive rabbit and buck; but he had a very successful fire, so until he gets a new home that paper will remain in his pocket.

When Patrolman Charlie Ernst, 79th Precinct, took a week from his vacation, it wasn't to paint his house or repair his car. Charlie took unto himself a wife. Best of luck and may all your troubles be little ones.

Abner Hanneman wants to know if the 2d Platoon can't be turned out at 9 A. M. The reason: Abner is moving out to the sticks.

Patrolman Calendrillo won the back fence hurdling contest when he hurdled eleven fences in capturing a colored woman wanted for felonious assault.

This is the final episode of the scalping feud by the O'Flaherty's, against the Big Chief, Schowers, in the 80th Precinct. Since last month, when the Indians sent one of their high officials to investigate this wholesale slaughter, they decided to call their Wanderlust Chief back to his Happy Hunting Grounds, the 52nd Precinct. Good luck, Jim.

#### 14TH DIVISION

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn  
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes  
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schuebel

#### LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

90th Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder  
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry S. von Hasselt  
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Phil Lang of the 83d Precinct has the pages of the red book worn out looking up manufacturers of baby carriages. Ruddy is in hopes of getting a job from Phil.

When Al returns to patrol duty, for all the titles he received since he became Chief of the Unemployment Relief Bureau, especially "OH, YOU'RE A NICE MAN, MR. SMITH."

Harry Klein seems to be very quiet these days. "Perhaps it might be after Easter," according to his friend Charlie. Then there is a reason; fitting up a new home these days means a lot. He has received a great deal of good advice from the older men, especially his commander. By this I don't mean his new better half.

Dan Custy was busy one morning after the late tour making out forms for summonses served. One of the rookies tried to assist Dan, but Dan wouldn't let him. He said he was from the old school where they were taught how to do their work, and one stroke of the pen and no more cop.

Amos and Andy have nothing on Little Bill McKee, the caretaker, when it comes to keeping a check on the coal line.

The Floradora boys of the "Day Squad," 85th Precinct, are still recuperating from the extra four hours they put in New Year's eve. It certainly was tough on the old boys.

It's in the wind that Julius, our sad-faced attendant, is planning to retire in the Spring, and since Van Houten heard about it he is going around with a big smile on his face.

George (Mop Feet) Water's Ford is in the repair shop. He is getting arch supporters installed in the pedals. We hope his feet don't give away until he's able to put them in the Ford again.

Little boy looking out of the window said: "Mama, look! Here comes a parade."

Mother: "Hush up, my darling, that is no parade; it's only Policeman John Hock going into the station house after a strenuous tour."



Sergeant Al Lilly and Patrolman George O'Keefe were seen passing a red light at Bushwick Avenue and Meserole Street on a two-seated bicycle, so Luke Stakem reported them because they wouldn't let him ride on the handlebars.

The boys of the 87th Precinct are happy over the fact that Joseph Schlipf was promoted to Sergeant, and wish him the best of luck in his new rank. Don't be hard on the boys, Joe.

Since Patrolman Michael Dougherty of the 90th Precinct went up in an airplane a few months ago, you can't keep him on the ground. He is getting air-minded. A few more flights and he will be eligible for a pilot's license. Lots of luck from the first squad.

Patrolman William Kennedy, our esteemed Hack Inspector, was recently elected Grand Exalted Boo Boo. Members of the 90th Precinct who wish to have their children frightened, houses haunted, or mothers-in-law kept out of family affairs, or anything of like nature, will kindly leave applications in hack room.

Patrolman Peter (Pop) Essig, the congenial P. B. A. delegate of the 92d Precinct, has just rounded out 28 years of continuous service, all of which was served in this precinct. We think this is a record which exceeds all others. Twenty-eight years, no more, no less. Well, Pete, the first 50 years are the hardest.

Bill Real, P. B. A. delegate of the 94th Precinct, together with his able assistant, Artie Mahon, were all slicked up at the P. B. A. ball and made quite a hit.

Joe Jungerman (Light Duty Joe) was heard to state that he's glad car No. 832 is back again, as his feet caught a bad case of corns. He hopes that Bill Calby stays away from the car now.

Bill Mutz was eliminated from the precinct checker contest by Mike O'Connell. Mutz was good at one time, but it took Dick Early and Charlie Morton to show him the Coney Island moves.

The 6th Squad misses Mike Donohue and his ready smile. Mike is temporarily assigned to the Boiler Squad.

Tony Walsh and "Fifi" McGee are expecting to spend part of their vacation at Lake Placid this month. "Fifi" was one of the amateur long-distance skaters in the old country, and Tony won several cups at Iceland Skating Palace in New York for fancy skating.

Johnnie Rasch, jovial attendant, while doing a 4 to 12 tour, was taken ill with cramps. An ambulance surgeon told him to place a hot water bag on his stomach to relieve the pain. He's been doing that ever since.

George Morano, who spent his 1931 vacation in Honolulu, is seriously thinking of returning there. His tales of this island made "Pansy" Burke and Gene Baynon go into a huddle, so we think that George will have company.

#### 15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan  
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox  
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

#### PTL. AUGUST BURGER

103d Pct., Ptl. George McDonald  
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy  
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher

Patrolman Willie Puller of the 104th Precinct has been seen hanging around a beauty parlor quite a bit lately. He expects to be glorified by Ziegfeld in his next beauty show.

Patrolman George Dammeyer has been paying quite a few visits to the stables of Fitz-Doerr-Carrol, on bargain days, Tuesdays and Thursdays. He is getting experience riding horses since he filed an application for the Mounted Squadron.

Patrolman Milton Price has been around the Tax Office quite a lot lately. He's been trying to get 10 per cent off on his tax bill, but found out that the shield was no good.

Patrolman John Otto is doing a lot of shouting in anticipation of being detailed as an announcer of the new police broadcasting station.

#### 16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange  
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn  
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

#### PTL. JOHN DAHLEM

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio  
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields  
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

The boys of the 108th Precinct have organized a "Tall Story Club," and, boy, some of them are pretty fair. For instance, there is Patrolman Buckley, the newlywed, who says he could do a straight eight on a fixed post without taking a "personal"; also, "Barbasol Joe" Odze says that he likes to be out in all the fresh air instead of raided premises; Gall Curci, the boy with the "It," insists that he can stay on a traffic post for eight in a row; and last but not least, "Papa" Charlie Busse claims that he lost his engineer's license and can't pull the ashes no more.

Received a card from our old colleague and buddy, Frank Kline, who is taking things easy with the Mrs. down in Florida.

Our old legal talent, Mike Generaltassio, is at it again. He just heard of a woman who is going to sue for "defamation of carrots." Cut it out, Mike.

Patrolman Flaherty says that being a newlywed entitles him to a chance on the "Day Squad." He says that the nights are so nice in his cozy little home. O. K., John.

Frankie Firth, the boy with the "shiner," says that next time he'll look out for the horse cars. One of them backed up and kicked him.

See that we have "Young Matty" in the "Blue Club" now; also Gall Curci, Henry Kaufman, Ray Dust and Pretty Jerry Buckley. "Young Matty" will now sing, "All of Me."

#### OBSERVATION

Lawrence Berrill: "Turn around so I can see you." Slicklen: "Lend Lange your coat." Jo-Jo McDermott pinning the commendation on Patrolman Bill Quinn. Ludwig the 5th looking at a beautiful flapper; Dinny Gannon broadcasting his limited knowledge; Ray Quinn behind the wheel of the radio car, trying to look officious; Battestein blushing all over the back room; and Nine Necks Heinold doing his best to Rolls-Royce the 1015 car.

The 112th Precinct, "land of the fallen angels," now boasts of a new society within its ranks called "The Foreign Legion," made up of the boys who work the one-arm posts on Metropolitan Avenue. Their motto is "60 minutes to the hour," and like it or not, they're living up to it under the gentle but firm supervision of their superior officers.

Patrolman Kopp is now called the ghost chaser of the precinct. Sent one night on a burglar scare to St. John's Cemetery, he gained access to the office building and was feeling his way along the wall in a dark room when his hand struck a switch. Thinking it was an electric light switch, he pressed it, and instead of lights an organ started to play a dead march. It was a cold night, but he did sweat plenty until he got his bearings.

Sergeant Martin Gill left the 114th Precinct for Traffic "D." The boys sure miss their "foreman" of the baseball team. Good luck in your new assignment, Marty.

"Adonis" Donohue and "Goat" Goetz recently took unto themselves a life partner. Good luck to the new Benedicts.



Last statement from: P. B. A. Evers: "Get it up for the tickets."... "Hank" Rohde: "Who put them papers on the floor? Oh, yeah!"... "Olie" Bergmann: "So I sez, sez I."... "Dave" McFarlane: "Gee, I thought it would never end."... "Willie" Heise: "What's the trouble, you got a ship on your shoulder? I wish I could talk like the Jankees."... "Wacky" Nidds: "Well, what do you know about the alien law?"... "Aviator" Lieutenant Brennan: "Don't bring that auto in here."... "Our Own" Lieutenant Brennan: "Yes, Kate, it's just a Scottish inspiration, Hoot Mon."... "Father" Dan, Lieutenant Foley: "Take your posts, give attention to East Elmhurst. Thanks, my dog was found."... "Augie" Lieutenant Cook: "If I had another ace I would make four no-trump."... "Whispering" Judge: "I hear there's going to be a lot of transfers."... "Head Clerk" Feaster: "The baby keeps me awake nights."... "Horse Face" Buser: "None of the other attendants do as much as I do."

#### 17TH DIVISION (TRAFFIC) PTL. JOHN B. WILSON

Patrolman George Killen, while passing a famous cigar store recently, saw a sign which read "Big Cigar Sale Today." George immediately thought of his many friends in the office who would enjoy some of those cigars; so he placed his hand in the proximity of his pocket. As he did this, he suddenly had an attack of cramps and took his hand away. He decided to wait until another sale—if ever. George isn't exactly what one would call a spendthrift, but he likes to treat the boys occasionally. (Here's hoping.)

#### 1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

##### PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad  
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica  
C. Ptl. Joseph McGill

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell  
E. Sgt. John Wallace  
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

A—Well, fan ma brow! Professor Menken and his trained mice in person.

Thirty years ago: A Broadway trolley coming on the gallop (5 miles per hour) in charge of now Patrolman Dooley, with Patrolman Knoblauch snatching nickels and keeping the stove "agoing."

Patrolman Hunold shot himself some days off. Yes, sir—plenty.

Patrolmen Larkin and Kurth were seen walking around with their chests out, but when they heard of Sergeant Grimes being presented with twins, and both boys, well, that settled that.

Patrolman Buelow's baby is a prize winner in the News contest. Another \$25 for Pop, maybe!

Patrolman Chevvett, custodian of broom No. 2, thought he'd retire. Well, he's back. What's the matter? The boss says no!

(Say, Walter, that last crack of yours was pretty fishy.)

E—Delighted to report to his many friends and pals that Patrolman Matthew Meyers, who was seriously injured last November by a hit and run driver while regulating traffic at Riverside Drive and 165th Street, is now well on the road to recovery.

Patrolman James T. McDonald spent his New Year in Harlem Hospital, having been injured while directing traffic. Glad to report that Jim is now back on his old post at 145th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue.

Patrolman Walter J. Klein recently spent a few weeks on the sick list from injuries received on the job. Walter is lucky he escaped, and we are glad to have him back with us again.

Patrolman Arthur Waring also had a mishap while on traffic duty when he was thrown by a careless driver making an improper turn.

While the writer was doing duty in the Borough of Queens last Sunday, my attention was attracted by the strains of some real Irish melodies. Stopping to listen for a few moments, I was surprised to learn that the piper was none other than our star traffic officer from 57th Street and 8th Avenue, Patrolman John Montague, celebrating the birth of his fifth son. Good luck, John, and may he some day be a Bishop. Incidentally, you should have seen Lieutenant Armstrong of Traffic "C" smack his lips after those chicken sandwiches.

Patrolman Barney Heustis doesn't mind making coffee at luncheon for the clerical staff, but when ordered to prepare it for breakfast by Johnny O'Connell, Barney certainly does some "perculating."

Recently the entire personnel of Traffic "E" was shocked at the untimely passing to his eternal reward of our pal, Francis J. Meade. Frank, as he was familiarly known to all, spent the past 15 years regulating traffic at the busy intersection of Broadway and 72d Street, where, daily, he greeted and directed thousands of pedestrians with a most gracious smile. The boys of Traffic "E" mourn our pal, and extend to his bereaved ones our SINCERE SYMPATHY.

#### 3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

I. Ptl. James Kenney  
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher  
K. Ptl. Harry Shortell  
L. Ptl. John Behring  
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K—Patrolman Louie Laut, who spent 25 years in the Chief Inspector's Office, has done nothing for the last nine years he has been in Traffic "K" but annoy Dave Maune.

Morgan Fleming, one of the bridge politicians, would like to know how Smiling Joe Cassidy gets that attendant detail.

The regular bowling team of Traffic "K," composed of John Doris, Francis McDermott, Tom Greene, Henry Kohn and Louie Laut, defeated a team composed of the following: Sergeant Grealis, Jake Noble, Sam Oldham, Eddie Cahill and Short Coat Hoenighausen, by 1,200 pins in a three-game match. This team thought they could bowl. Charlie Milmerstadt acted as referee and score keeper.

John Donohue wanted 60 days' leave to visit Ireland, but was allowed only 30.

John Moench was pinch-hitting for George Cook in Traffic Court the other day, but the defendant didn't show up. No runs—no hits—no errors.

George Cook is laid up with a broken leg, due to another of those drivers whose mind wasn't on his work. Didn't see the officer—until he was knocked down.

Patrolman Lou Essig, of the 80th, and Shortell, of "K," journeyed out to "Pop" Coleman's house the other evening and relieved him of some of his choice cigars while playing pinochle.

Haven't heard from Gong Gong. Has Freddy Meyers finally got him tamed?

M—MUSIC LOVERS, ATTENTION! A member of this command is at present dickering with the Music Publishers' Association of America regarding what he considers to be the song hit of the season. (Name) "Irving Ben, I Hear You Calling Me."

#### MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 1 PTL. CARL J. FRITZ

Is it true that "Gigolo" Pollion wants to get married? Heard it said that \$50,000 takes him home. What a bargain, girls!

Mike Ryan stopped buying cook books for the sweet lady. Gosh, she learned fast. Why don't "youse" guys come out to dinner some time.

Does anyone know where to get a pad of knee bumpers cheap? See Geiderman.



Have you heard about Patrolman Alletz Lauser going over to 1st Avenue looking for the express highway?

Patrolman Gentner is going to Hollywood on his vacation. He heard they're making "All Quiet on the Western Front." Gosh! What a head to stick a fork in.

Why does Rickert's partner always try to put the tub into bumps? Is it to keep him alert or awake?

Gosh! Lots of "youse" guys never thought you'd have a chauffeur drive you around, did you?

"No Tools" Fulton is certainly being kept busy with the side-cars these days.

Can't we have a wrestling match sometime between Barry and Roberts? Let's get working on this.

I watched Horning eat. He doesn't need a large spoon. You're all wrong. He needs a shovel.

Darienzo won't get heartburns any more. He's back on solo.

"Minnie," our little mascot's leg is all better. What about the flowers?

Can't someone invent some sort of bracket for Wardel's pipe? Can't type and hold that darn thing.

#### BORO HDQTS. SQUAD, BROOKLYN

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

In the garage at Brooklyn Police Headquarters a discussion arose regarding the war clouds spreading in the Far East in connection with the Sino-Japanese conflict. (THE BATTLE OF THE LAUNDRY MEN AND ACROBATS.)

Patrolman John Woods, the chauffeur de luxe for the Deputy Chief, and his able-bodied assistant. "Texas John" Houston, both well versed diplomats, were discussing the situation from an international point of view.

"Texas" Houston, a seasoned warrior, formerly a "leather neck marine," seemed to have the best of the discussion.

The question then arose as to what each had done in the last melee in Europe. Of course, "Texas" Houston won his point by stating actual service somewhere in the Canal Zone, Panama, where men are men and boys are boisterous.

"Silver-Tongued" Woods had no real war service, but related his own story of what he had done for his country.

He went on:

"When war was manipulated in 1917, I transgressed to the Navy Yard. Of course, I made a connection. Connections can be made there as well as any other place. My retentions was good. I had a desultory desire to build big and huge battleships and destroyers. I obtained me a pair of overalls and jaunted around the yard day after day, looking for a ship to build.

"My foreman was a cantankerous, carnivorous personage, the best bloke in the 49 States. He told me to always convey a hammer in my mitt and look busily enraged all the time. This went on for a considerable eon. Day after day, night after night (overtime) I took cognizance that a guy was sort of 'tailing' me around the yard. It worried me. I thought some gink might have put the finger on me. Every place I went, sure enough, this gigilo was behind my rear. I got tired of this sort of thing. Up I goes to the foreman, my pal, and required of him what the idea was of having this bloke 'tailing' me and spying on me all the time. I, personally, emphatically remanded to know who he was.

"The foreman, my ace-in-the-hole, seemed somewhat surprised, and said, 'Why, you damn fool, that is your helper.'"

[Editor's note: John Woods always uses big words and in most cases misplaces them, making his conversation a sort of an Amos and Andy type.]

Here's one that slipped in on your reporter: Patrolman Joseph Reardon, the Walter Winchell of the D. C. I. Office in Brooklyn, has developed a new yen since SPRING 3100 accepted and published a contribution of his. It has been remarked that his picture, published in conjunction with the story, "High Pressure," in the January issue, was a striking resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte. He is now wearing laec collars, his hand in the top of his vest, and takes a nap every afternoon. Lieutenant Hale's attention is called to the last line. It would be a sad loss to the department if some of the tabloids went out with a hook and grabbed him off.

#### 6TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. CORNELIUS J. BROWNE

Detectives James Lynch and Frank McLaughlin are the Beau Brummels of the 23d Squad. They have bought themselves some style-fitting clothes, and are now studying a book on what the well dressed men should wear.

The hat stores in the 23d Precinct are making tremendous profits selling derbies to the members of the 23d Squad. Doyle and Grippen are the leaders.

Well, everything is safe now in the 6th District. Our good old friend Henry Bauerschmidt is back at that office once more, so the boys won't have to worry about "Pocket Book Droppers."

Detective Michael Foley of the 23d Squad was heard asking Acting Lieutenant Shields for a comb, and all the Lieutenant did was to take his hat off and tell Mike that he used Staycomb and didn't need a comb.

Leon has been making inquiries as to Detective Mahoney's legs. He believes they have holes in them.

The members of the 6th Detective District offer their sympathies to Acting Captain Louis Hyams at the loss of his beloved sister.

Act 1, Scene 1. Place—23d Squad at 9 A. M.—A familiar voice: "Where is your partner?"

#### 10TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. FRANCIS X. GROTANO

Acting Lieutenant John Osnato and his men are sure cleaning up the precinct of burglars. Keep it up, 'Jawn,' old boy. We are behind you.

It is noticed of late that our "Grandfather" McGowan is wearing his stove lid. I wonder if he's trying to hide from his side-kick, Detective Giddings.

Detective Giddings has moved from the barber section of Brooklyn to the elite section of Bay Ridge. (What's the secret, Art? And by the way, how is the baby?)

Detective James Moran, our newlywed, is sure puffed up of late, running back and forth for his sweet bride.

Detective Tom Hammon, the Beau Brummel of the squad, sure is a stunning fellow. One look at Tom and the girls go "Ga Ga."

The recent arrest by Detectives Dardis and Gaffney of three young men who were cleaning up the district sure did make the boss feel good. I bet Acting Lieutenant Osnato wishes he had a few more

#### 16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

It is rumored that Lightning Louis Cornibert is ready to hand in his shield. Yep, I have been advised that he has had an offer to double for "Frankenstein" in the next issue of that picture.

The "Up-State Special," Ed Lamouree, and his partner, the "Flying Dutchman," Hen. Wittel, are



raising the dust all over Long Island City, trying to get a typewriter thief. (Don't get me wrong—these are not female typewriters; just machines.)

There's a darn good chance of that fellow to be nailed pretty soon, for the services of Ed. Hatrick and Frankie Farley of the 112th have been drafted.

Speaking of the 112th, everybody is giving a hand to the famous team of Williams and Woods. They broke up a mob concerned in stealing valuable paintings and recovered EVERY darn one that was stolen on their job. There are about fifty waiting to see how much of a reward they're going to get; for the gent representing the insurance company certainly gave them the glad hand and commended them publicly. The insurance on those easel hangers was in the neighborhood of thirty "grand," which is a lotta dough—depression or no depression. How about it, Mike and Frank—have you figured on a percentage basis how much the pension fund is going to get?

A new team was formed in the Newtown squad—Mitchell and Juber—and frequent comment infers that they are working as hard as their individual efforts combined will let them. Well, me lads, as the Inspector would say, there's always room for hustlers, so keep at it.

During the past month Shevlin proved to me that water couldn't hurt him, for he planted with me on some roofs in Sunnyside for a week, during which time the rain poured and poured, and Gene took to the water like a duck. Gosh, did we get wet, eh, Gene? And—some of the mugs around here did a lotta kidding about it, inferring that there must have been some other attraction than water or flat burglars.

"Mickey" Powers, the Astoria dynamiter, is still knocking 'em dead. Every so often Mickey makes a "collar" that deserves comment. (I have to reserve the commendation to the boss, Mickey.)

That sharp-shooting utility man, Anthony Duane (of the famous Duane family), who pinch hits as a stenographer, clerical man and detective, still functions in Dave Daly's bailiwick—Flushing, or properly termed the 109th. You know he's one of those guys who goes along quietly and effectively, and don't get his name in the magazine as often as some of the others because of that. (I didn't forget you this time, Andy.)

The poor old 111th Squad (I say *poor* advisedly, because it really isn't old) is now functioning without the services of Vincent Treanor and Hughy McGovern of 3X fame. Vincent is now pinch hitting in the Borough Office and the Lieutenant has now been in command of the 108th Squad long enough to know that daisies don't grow in Long Island City any more.

Since Sergeant John McCoy is now commanding the 111th Squad, ALL of Queens is being well served, and it seems to me that Captain Burke of this district and Inspector Gallagher, the Borough Commander, survey their commands with pride.

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 15

Patrolman Walter Grebner expects to be detailed soon as assistant to the veterinary in charge of the Department horses. Walter's knowledge of horses is prodigious, and dates back to the days when he acted as nursemaid to a couple of skates in an animal act playing the leading burlesque houses. He claims he rode a horse all through the World War, too, a feat which in itself speaks well for his equestrianistic accomplishments.

With everything freshly painted, brass all shining and floors well slickered, our shoppe stands out like a sore thumb right now.

Noticed O'Toole, Grebner and Duffy in a huddle over some trick salve and soap for massaging the hair and scalp. Sergeant Smith says with the comic valentine "pans" on that trio it's a wonder they start beautifying the old noodle first.

Joe Flanagan says that he is off letting the missus do any more of his shopping. That last batch of underwear would overlap on Carnera. He's broke buying safety pins to hold it up.

"Local boy makes good." Chris Sold, our straight man, now getting his finger nails henna-ed tri-weekly. Hotcha!

Big Jack Boyle, the Anchor Club delegate, says this is the toughest time of the year for him, coaxing the boys "to get it up" for 1932. After looking at that 6 feet 3 inches, 225 pounds of man mountain, don't see how anybody'd have the nerve to stall him off.

Johnny Simmerlein, the pig's knuckle kid, can do more with one of those choice morsels than Houdini ever could do with handcuffs. Can render anything from the "St. Louis Blues" to Beethoven's Melody in F, without half trying.

Ginger, our commissary man, clips us for a dollar monthly for the regulation coffee, tea and milk, and we KNOW he's on the level. Hear some squads get roast turkey, club sandwiches, and chicken chow mein for their buck. Let's know how you do it, will you?

#### EMERGENCY SQUAD 18 SGT. WM. P. FLAHERTY

Patrolman Weber, dressed in an imported suit which matched his derby and looking like a youngster, blustered into this squad recently on a friendly visit. He made inquiries about the blotter entries and stated that he will not relax in his studies until the Lieutenant's exam. Also stated for publication that he will soon be finished with his bungalow plans and invited his old emergency friends to spend a week end with him when it is built.

It is expected that Patrolman Backert will soon resign. Patrolman Kelly has had him in training a year now to wrestle Londos. He has been built up to a mere 245 pounds. Backert has a weakness which Kelly cannot overcome. During every period of training he stops long enough to eat, and you can't go near him then.

We are sorry to announce that the rules of the Department do not permit us to accept a mascot from Patrolman Cushions Walsh. It is especially regrettable when we appreciate the fact that the father of the mascot is a blue ribbon winner, a genuine Irish terrier, from Greenpoint.

#### AIR SERVICE DIVISION PTL. OTTO A. KAFKA, JR.

"Dutch" Hellebrand has been in his glory since the arrival of the Do-X, chinning with the "rye-loafs" in their native language. Just wait till them fellows ship a glider over so that our reporter can shine.

Anyone desiring bargains in anything from a lock-washer to a dog, get in touch with Jake Friedman, our bargain hunter. Is there any truth to the rumor that you used to be an "I Cash Clothes" man, Jack?

John Sullivan is about to be christened "Rip Van Winkle." How any man can fall asleep while working is beyond us.

Schmitt doesn't deny nor affirm the report that he is looking to be transferred to China. Trying to get flying time, Joe?

The pilots have a new theme song, to the tune of "Barbasol." (By special permission of Frank Moran, the copyright owner.)

"Overalls, Overalls. All the pilots must pitch in. And get all messed up with a grin, Overalls," etc.



Murray and Pete Terranova are now preparing a movie thriller entitled "Fur" or "Nertz." It will be a box office attraction.

We regret the transfer of five of our men. Now we have to concentrate our puns at some we have missed lately.

Frank Moran tells one as follows: One summer night while on patrol I heard a woman scream. I rushed over to the scene, reached into my overcoat pocket, drew my gun and saved the lassie. Must have been a cold summer, Frank?

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON NO. 1

PTL. BERNARD CONNORS

Dave Levy, the Beau Brummel of Squad 1, is highly indignant over an incident that occurred recently. It seems that Dave was observing the distribution of shoes by the Salvation Army to those unfortunate men who make up the army of the unemployed, when one of those distributing the shoes took a look at Dave's No. 14's, and, with a cheery, encouraging "Good luck, brother," handed Dave a pair of shoes. The irony of it is that Dave had just discarded what was left of a pair of shoes, after twelve years of wear out of same, and was coming from the Howard factory with a brand new "Tux."

The sea of matrimony engulfs many of our best friends, leaving an aching void in the old gang, but we always manage to carry on, once the shock is over. Your reporter now has the painful and regrettable duty to inform the gang that we are about to lose the venerable and superannuated James "Pickles" Hynds, who, on the best of authorities, has ventured beyond his depth, and like the poor, unwarly fish, succumbed to temptation, gulping hook, line and sinker, and landed high and dry on the shore, gasping, dazed and unable to tell how it all happened. There is, of course, some excuse for those who make the first dive, but evidently James has no sense of humor where the "December-May" combination exists; yes, he's went and picked himself a blooming young maid for his second helpmate. Well, he's not far from his second childhood, so it may work out well after all.

John "Pay-Your-Dues" Uminger, the Pony Express of the Mounted Squad, is a devoted disciple of Bernarr MacFadden, the well-known physical culture expert, and daily performs the calisthenics outlined in the "Graphic" by those two charming young ladies pictured therein. It's a piteous and pathetic sight to see this old-timer bend his creaking joints in the various positions, and though advised by his friends to be careful, John heeds not the scoffers, and continues recklessly on. He proclaims loud and often that he expects to live forever. Talk about the optimism of youth!

Johnny Cotter has finally decided to invest some of his great wealth in adding to his wardrobe a Tuxedo. To those who know John, this may seem to be a misstatement, but there's a story attached to this. It seems that Johnny attended a formal dinner recently, and hired a Tux for the event; during the evening his Tux just parted in the middle, right down the back, and aside from the embarrassment and humiliation attendant upon such an occurrence, John refused to make good to the tailor from whom he hired the Tux, and said tailor has brought suit against him for the damage.

While working on First Avenue, Jimmy Conley observed a column of smoke coming from the end of the pier at the water front. Jimmy, with visions of commendations, newspaper head lines, etc., dashed to the scene, and was greeted with a terrible odor, which emanated from a burning garbage can. Boy, ain't that a ripe one!

#### SEEN AND HEARD IN THE SQUAD ROOMS:

1. Bill Mott, the riding master, explaining the equestrian art to admiring rookies.

2. Eddie Aylward, displaying his latest gift, a wrist watch with the engraving: "From your greatest admirer, Eddie Aylward."

3. Jimmy Kenny alibi-ing his way out of a very tall story he has just tried to put over.

4. Dashing Phil Lafferty telling about the "practice jump" he took with his horse over an excavation on 10th Avenue. Witnesses say the horse took Phil over without his knowledge.

5. Hahn and Campbell, the two play boys, explaining why they're so decorous and meek when out with friend wifey.

6. "Handsome" McDonell, of "A," figuring out the payments on his new Packard. His friends assert that an AUSTIN is about his limit.

#### MOUNTED SQUADRON NO. 2

PTL. JOSEPH P. HOYNES

The following are a few lines that came to mind during my Andy Brown spells of meditation and are given to our mounted boys:

"In blue and gold,

Like knights of old,

Mounted on steeds of bay,

Our lives, if need be,

We gladly give thee,

In performance of duty each day.

Nothing much happened in this squadron during the past month outside of new additions to families, and boys stepping into the happy and joyous bonds of matrimony. On account of the weather, not much can be done with the various teams we have in practice. Shooting is the outstanding stunt. It seems that all the boys are very anxious to get the extra two days vacation, for they are continuously practicing. Well, practice makes perfect.

Sergeant Benjamin Leffler returned with the news that he shot a ninety-seven and feels very much downhearted on account of those other three points. All that I can say to this is, I would be lucky to make the score with the figures just turned around.

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Patrolman Henry Buckley, of the front office, celebrated just one more birthday recently. How old did you say? Well, ask Henry yourself. But I've been told that he used to shoot marbles with the Indians up at Jones's woods. Figure it out for yourself. Sincere wishes for many more, Hen, old-timer.

Congratulations are in order for Patrolman Walter Harkins. Another baby girl. That's four in a row. Too bad you have to return that boy's suit you purchased, Walter, but don't give up the ship.

Brother Stork sure is a busy guy these days. He is running around so much that his legs are getting small, and he's beginning to look like a duck. Patrolman McEntee had him drop over at his house and deliver a baby girl, also. The best of everything to you and yours, Joe.

And on top of that, it is rumored that Patrolman John Trihy, of the "Cabaret Squad," is about to take the step. Nothing can scare some fellows. My advice is to go right ahead, John. I would do the same thing over again and have no regrets. Sincere wishes, and hope you, too, in the future, will have more than a fence running around it.

A demonstration of free wheeling: Patrolman George Ehrichs attempting to sit in an office chair. Patrolman Joe Brown, the auction room victim, who will buy anything from wet matches to cut glass safety razors.



# ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

*A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.*

## MANHATTAN

Patrolman John A. Leonard, Borough Headquarters Squad, Manhattan, while on plainclothes duty at about 12.55 A. M., Jan. 7, followed three suspicious appearing men into a store at 407 West 57th Street where they suddenly drew revolvers and ordered those present to throw up their hands. The owner of the premises attempted to escape and was promptly shot and killed. Patrolman Leonard immediately drew his revolver and exchanged shots with the men one of whose bullets pierced the officer's coat striking the police shield in his pocket. Patrolman Joseph Tubridy, 18th Precinct, on patrol at the time, heard the shots and arrived on the scene as the bandits were escaping with Patrolman Leonard in pursuit. Tubridy succeeded in capturing one of the men after a struggle. From information received from the prisoner, the actual murderer, William Turner, was later arrested in Brooklyn. He has since confessed to the crime.

Detectives William J. Czerend, Fred A. Braumann, Robert Sheffield and Fred Sorger, 14th Squad, after painstaking investigation brought about the arrest in Miami, Fla., of two bandits who on Dec. 16, 1931, committed a robbery at 35 West 33rd Street, and another on Dec. 18, 1931, at 114 West 42nd Street. One of the prisoners, a notorious criminal named Reynolds Foresbrey, has a record which includes several escapes from prison. A third man also was arrested as an accomplice.

## BRONX

Patrolmen Louis P. Muscatiello and Harriss Michaelson, assigned to plainclothes duty in the 7th Division, while patrolling in an automobile at about 12.15 A. M., Jan. 6, observed in front of 1772 West Farms Road an automobile containing several bundles and two men carrying another bundle from the premises. Stopping to investigate Patrolman Muscatiello entered the premises and observing two men jump from a rear window pursued and captured them. Several detectives of the 41st Squad then arrived and with their assistance another prisoner was taken and a quantity of merchandise similar to the bundles already removed was found in the premises. This merchandise proved to be the loot of a recent \$15,000 burglary in Bound Brook, N. J. Six prisoners were taken of whom five have previous criminal records.

Detective Joseph Shibuski, 48th Squad, upon information received and with the assistance of Detective Robert Rehman, 48th Squad, located and arrested two men who at about 6 A. M., on Jan. 19,

shot and killed Solomon Atkatz, proprietor of a grocery store at 1618 Washington Avenue, after having robbed him at revolver point. Both men admitted the crime and have been indicted for first-degree murder.

## BROOKLYN

Patrolman Daniel Mullady, 77th Precinct, while on patrol in the vicinity of Atlantic and Brooklyn Avenues, at about 12.30 A. M., Jan. 27, observed four men acting in a suspicious manner. They ran upon his approach, but the officer overtook them after a short chase and with revolver drawn lined them, with arms upraised, against a wall. Search of the first man revealed a loaded .38 cal. revolver. Firing two shots from this weapon the officer attracted the attention of Sergeant William P. Young and Patrolman George A. Hampson, of the 77th Precinct. The other prisoners were then searched and each was likewise found in possession of a loaded revolver. One of the prisoners attempted to shoot Patrolman Mullady but was quickly subdued. Two of the men have previous criminal records.

## QUEENS

Patrolman Robert A. Brown, 110th Precinct, while on patrol at about 8.15 P. M., Jan. 23, observed three men enter a hunch wagon at 103rd Street and Roosevelt Avenue, Corona. They resembled the description of three men wanted for several holdups in that vicinity. The officer, with revolver drawn, intercepted them as they left the hunch wagon, and with the assistance of Patrolman John M. Lovell, on booth duty nearby, brought them to the 110th Precinct station house where the prisoners admitted having robbed on Jan. 16 the proprietor of a butcher shop at 97-68 Corona Avenue. They also confessed to four other recent holdups in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Queens. A fourth man, said by the prisoners to have supplied the revolvers used in these crimes also was arrested.

Detective Edward Hatrick, 112th Squad, while on patrol at about 10 A. M., Jan. 15, observed four men in an automobile, acting suspiciously in the vicinity of Austin Street and Ascan Avenue, Forest Hills. With the assistance of Patrolmen Benjamin Wozniak and Daniel Merkel, 112th Precinct, Hatrick ordered the men from the car a search of which revealed three loaded revolvers, a quantity of rope and a hacksaw. Upon being questioned at the 112th Precinct station house the four men admitted they had intended stealing the payroll of a contractor at work in the vicinity. Three of the prisoners have previous criminal records.

# CRIMINALS WANTED

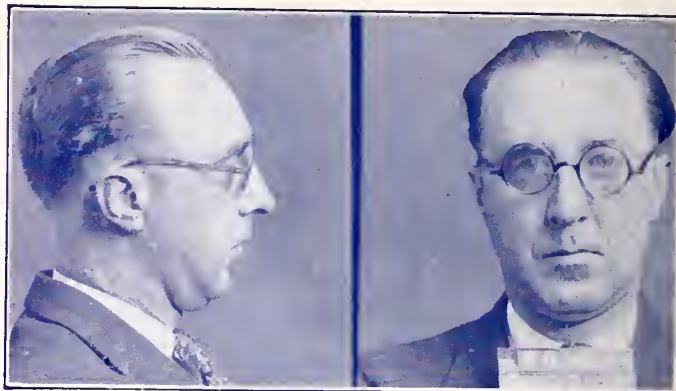
## WANTED FOR MURDER



**EDWARD MCCARTHY,**  
aliases **FATS MCCARTHY** and **EDWARD POPKE**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 7½ inches; 167 pounds; blue eyes; dark chestnut hair; medium complexion; sign painter by occupation. 23d Pet.

## WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY



**HUGO WILLGEROD,**  
aliases **HUGHIE WILLS** and **HUGH J. WILLIS**

DESCRIPTION—36 years; 6 feet 2½ inches; 176 pounds; blue eyes; chestnut hair; natty dresser. 17th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JAMES GARCIA,** alias **"BENITO"**

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair; wore a blue suit and light fedora hat. Porto Rican by birth. 10th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JOSEPH SPADARO,** alias **SPATARA**

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**LAWRENCE DE MASSI,** alias **"LARRY"**

DESCRIPTION—27 years; 5 feet 6½ inches; 177 pounds; brown eyes; dark chestnut hair; medium build. 40th Pet.

## WANTED FOR MURDER



**JOSEPH FRANCO**

DESCRIPTION—19 years; 5 feet 3 inches; 130 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; newsboy by occupation. 23rd Pet.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

**EDWARD P. MULROONEY,** Police Commissioner.











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